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From the President



Cadets, Faculty & Friends:

As May draws to a close, I am reminded of Graduation at CMA. Graduation was always an exciting time on campus with so many activities going on. There was the presenting of awards, the big dance, drill competition, graduation ceremony, then the Final Formation, playing of taps, then dismissed, and the hats flew. It was a mixed bag of emotions as we all enjoyed going home, but we were leaving our friends and CMA Family.

We held our Spring Board of Directors Meeting April 22, welcoming several new faces to the group. Looks like we're getting some young blood to invigorate this bunch. A few highlights of the meeting: Dr Thomas addressed the Board and updated us on the happenings at CA. He proposed a CMA Day on campus to coincide with our Fall Meeting and have Board Members speak to some of the classes and possibly their morning assembly on the Friday before the meeting. Dr Thomas and the entire CA Staff continue to accommodate our Association in every way they can. Your Board of Directors has agreed on the contract for the Marriott Cool Springs to hold our 2018 & 2020 Reunions. The hospitality they show us

along with reasonable rates continues to be a great situation for our Association. The 2018 Reunion details will be published in the Fall *Bugle*. August 2018 may seem a long way off, but get in touch with those old classmates and friends and invite them to join us. There was further discussion of the revision of our By-Laws. The final revision will be sent to the Board members for review and to be voted on at the Fall Meeting. Mike Gilchrist is working with David White to determine the best type of storage containers for our CMA photo negatives. There was also a discussion of scanning the negatives to a digital format to permanently preserve them. We are looking into our options to get this done. John Bass, one of the most loyal Alumni & Board Members we have ever had, resigned from the Board due to health reasons. Mike Gilchrist made a proposal to the Board to make John our first Honorary Member of the Board of Directors. The Board unanimously voted him in as an Honorary Member. I will continue to lean on John and seek his advice as we move forward.

The class representatives for the 1968 & 1969 classes' 50th Reunion next year are Bill Wade '68, and Howard Keltner '69. Please help them to connect with any lost members to join in celebrating their 50th.

I hope all enjoy their Summer, and if you get to the beach, look me up.

Robin

Robin Salze
Class of 1966
CMAAA President



Museum Work Day

As mentioned in the Spring edition of the *Bugle*, it is time to make some upgrades to the museum, both in appearance and in artifacts displays. After almost nine years of operation, it is time to change out some of the displays and see if we can bring in other artifacts for visitors to see. Also, there is a good amount of maintenance work to accomplish. Some wood replacement is needed on the outside of the building, fresh paint is needed in many areas, displays need to be completely cleaned, as well as many minor fixes. The first bit of this work is planned for Saturday, 22 July. This will be the initial maintenance, clean-up, and painting day. Once that type of work is completed, additional dates will be set to do work on the displays and artifacts, etc. The goal is to have the museum in AGI shape in time for the 2018 CMAAA Grand Reunion. As with previous Museum work days, we are looking for volunteers to help with the effort. If you can join the bullring crew on the 22nd, please let Woody Pettigrew know at wpettigrew@knology.net.

Then and Now

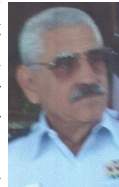
Ernesto (Ernie) Sariol, Class of '50

Ernie was born in Camaguey, Cuba in 1932. After attending various schools in Camaguey and Havana, and not doing well, his father gave up and sent him to the USA to CMA. He arrived there in September of 1947 and finished high school in 3 years because he did summer school since his father did not want to him to return to Cuba until he finished high school.



During the last year of high school he did go back for a while with his friend Bill Adams before summer school started. He made very good friends at school like Bill Adams and Garrett G. Duckworth, who was from Lewisburg, Tennessee and who taught him how to eat frog legs and many other things that he had never tasted before; and Cecil B. Little who everyone knew and loved. Ernie belonged to the Glee Club under Captain Moore. He remembers marching through Columbia to go to a football game for the local high school. They marched all the way into town and were brought into the police station for disturbing the peace. He also remembers the time he left a lit cigarette in his locker (he doesn't remember if someone was coming, or if he just forgot that he left it there) and all that was inside the locker burned... uniforms, under wear, etc. Ernie finished high school and learned English with a Tennessee accent, and has never grown his hair back, always keeping a crew cut. After graduation from CMA, he went to Tulane University for one year and there met his future wife, getting married that same year. After a summer in Cuba, they returned and went to the University of Florida where they only stayed one semester and both decided to quit school and go back to Cuba, where Ernie started to work in his family's business, a dealership of International Harvester (Sariol Implementos Agrícolas SA) in which his whole family worked, selling tractors and heavy farm equipment. He and his dad had an opportunity to buy a poultry farm which he administered and expanded it into a dairy farm. Meanwhile, he and his wife had three children; Sofia Luisa, Ernesto Jorge and William Lewis Sariol (named after Bill Adams). Everything was go-

ing well until 1959 when Fidel Castro took over and Ernie and his family lost everything and had to immigrate to the United States. The only thing he was able to bring to the States was an old 45 foot US Coast Guard cutter which they had purchased and converted into a fishing boat, and he managed to get a permit to bring it to Miami to get it fixed. Ernie had gone to school in Cuba and became a licensed small vessel captain as required by law in Cuba, but had to sell the boat in Miami because we needed the money, not the boat. In Miami Ernie worked for four different companies until he landed a job with the International Harvester Co. and started to work as a counter parts salesman. A few years later he was promoted to Parts Salesman visiting customers. Since he was not a great talker, his second wife (by then he had divorced his first wife and married again) suggested that he take a Dale Carnegie course in public speaking, and he stayed with them for a few years as a teacher at night to help other people like himself get better at public speaking. He retired from International in 2001 and was able to give more time to his other endeavors. He had also joined the Power Squadron and taught Seamanship and became a Flotilla Commander. After two years he quit the Power Squadron and joined the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary a few years before retiring and volunteering as a shooting instructor at the Miami Coast Guard Station shooting range. He became Flotilla Commander of Flotilla 6-3 and that year his flotilla won the prize for the best flotilla in all the USA. He and his wife also did volunteer work at La Liga Contra el Cancer, a cancer clinic founded by Cuban ladies in Miami, where they did the mailings, counted money and did any other jobs needed. They also did some traveling; Spain in 1976, England and Scotland in 1978, Switzerland in 1980, Italy in 1995 and Paris in 2001, right after the attack on the Twin Towers in New York. They also spent one week every summer in Cancun, Mexico at a time share they had there.



Richard Smith, Class of '68

Richard Smith came to CMA in the 10th grade and lived in South Black Hall. The teachers that were most influential in his time there were Graham Hann and Coach Radabaugh. He believes the main lesson learned was to work hard not only in the good times but also in the bad. Master Sergeant Allen was influential when he worked for him in the Armory. Richard was in charge of the M-16's and ammunition. He was the Battalion S3 and graduated at rank of Captain. After CMA, Richard attended Auburn University and is a member of the Auburn University Alumni Association. He was selected to the Prestigious Samford Society; members are selected by being former officers in a local Auburn club and making monetary contributions to Auburn University. He also received the Golden Foy Award for 25 or more consecutive years of contributing to the University. This is his 47th consecutive year of ordering Auburn football season tickets. After graduation from Auburn, he worked as Athletic Director for the City of Florence Parks & Recreation Department. After 15 years, he decided to return to school. In 1983, he received a Masters of Arts in Counseling Psychology from the University of North Alabama. He went to work as a Psychotherapist with the North Central Alabama Mental Health Center in Decatur, Alabama. He continued working there as Director of Albany Quest Counseling Center and served on the North Central Alabama Mental Health Board. After 17 years, he moved to Riverbend Mental Health Center in Florence and retired from there. Richard also won a seat as delegate for Senator Bob Dole in the 1996 Republican Primary when the convention was held in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Richard is a member of the Florence Kiwanis Club and was elected Outstanding Alabama Club President in 1983. He is also past president of the Quad Cities Quarterback Club where he has been a member for 45 years. Richard has 2 sons; Richard of Florence, Alabama who manages the family farm and Robert of Denver, Colorado who is



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a tour guide and instructor of skiing & kayaking. His sons participated in athletics throughout school and his oldest son played college football at Samford University in Birmingham, Alabama. Richard has always enjoyed coaching and watching sports. To this day he is referred to as Coach by many young men. Richard is married to Paula George Smith, a chef. Today, he is recovering at home from an illness that kept him hospitalized for 41 days this year. He is now doing well and improving daily. Richard looks forward to continuing traveling with Paula. They enjoy working and entertaining family and friends in their new home. Richard still keeps in contact with many lifelong friends that he made at CMA. He can be reached at 256-710-9276.



Laura (Harlan) Harpel, Class of '75

A native of Mount Pleasant, Laura Virginia Harlan entered CMA in the fall of 1969 as a seventh grader. She was one of the first coeds admitted to the academy as day students. It was a time of many "firsts"- the first time women had crossed the threshold of that august institution as anything other than guests for selected social functions, the first time wearing a school uniform, the first time to sit in a classroom headed by an instructor in military uniform and outnumbered by classmates of the opposite sex. It was an atmosphere charged to test the very mettle of one's being, and a perfect catalyst to forge lifelong friendships and camaraderie. In the six years that she spent within those grey stone walls, Laura developed a keen situational adaptability and a penchant for challenging the status quo. Stereotypes were made to be broken: she started running track with the fellows, before becoming a founding member of the girls' track team. She added the rifle team, the role of Abigail Adams (1776), honors classes, Homecoming court, National Merit finalist, class valedictorian and the title of MISS CMA 1975 to her resume before embarking on further studies for a college degree. Coach Murphy's physics and chemistry classes launched her successful acquisition of a BS in chemistry



(with a minor in animal science) from Middle Tennessee State University, and she went on to complete her DVM at the University of Tennessee (Knoxville) in a 3 year curriculum. After graduation in 1982, she returned to Clarksville and provided equine ambulatory services over a seven county area for 21 years. She served with the Tennessee Veterinary Medical Association as a member at large, and chaired both ethics and peer review committees, as well as a five year term with the Board of Veterinary Medical Examiners for the state of Tennessee. Ever adapting to her surroundings, she was recruited in the early 90s by a military colleague to provide veterinary support at the local army post (Fort Campbell) while troops were deployed to Operation Desert Storm. What started as a six month contract has now expanded into 24 years and counting as a NAF (non-appropriated funds) veterinarian with the Department of Defense. Not one to let grass grow under her feet, most Saturdays you will find her at The Cats on Commerce, a feline specialty practice operating out of historic downtown Clarksville in a building that once housed her grandfather's foundry and machine works. Along the way she met and married a Clarksville native, Phil Harpel, and to date they have shared 32+ years, eight horses, and the affection of countless dogs and cats. They have seen the Appalachian trail on horseback, ridden bicycles in the French Alps, and watched whales off the island of Maui. She is an avid reader, gardener and sometime artist who is eagerly anticipating her next great adventure- retirement! (And to think, it all started with an entrance exam on the upper floor of Academy Hall!).



Class of 68 — Start Making Plans for the 2018 Reunion

Bill Wade is asking all member of the Class of 1968 to start making plans now to attend the 2018 CMAAA Reunion. This reunion will be the 50th for the Class. Bill is asking that classmates contact him with any ideas, comments or thoughts on how to make this a special reunion for the class. He can be reached at: englandclarkwade@bellsouth.net

The Dream

There were eight men with a dream that met in nineteen and four,
In the Tulane behind a closed door,
Their purpose was clear, to mold and to bend
Young men into soldiers, their country to defend

Soon their dream was realized with the laying of the first stone,
After several years the construction was done,
In the end there were thirteen buildings in all,
All built to withstand and not to fall.

For seven decades this dream was kept alive,
By young men and others who were willing to strive,
For the good of many people who came from far and near,
To partake of the knowledge that was to be found here.

There were many great things that came out of that place,
Governors, senators, and football players that could knock you on your face,
Many of these young men grew up to lead,
Some in the military and others may have become planters of seed.

For many years its fame was known far and wide,
With a reputation that was impossible to hide,
Then down like a bird with a broken wing,
This dream, like a fallen bird, soon ceased to sing.

After many years this dream of eight like a balloon burst,
Only to give rise to another dream that was similar in purpose to the first,
One big difference of the second that bears heed,
Is that the second dream would help its students the Bible to read.

This second dream was also a difficult one to attain,
But it had nothing to lose and all to gain,
Hopefully it will continue throughout the years,
But only with hard work, sweat and tears.

Harry Garner
April 17th, 1990
Columbia Academy Class of 1990

Viet Nam, 1968, JAG Activities As Recorded by Russell D. Thompson, CMA Class of 1955

This is not an expose of how we won the war, or why we lost it. This is just memory and personal daily diary excerpts of one USAF Captain, Judge Advocate officer, stationed in Viet Nam in the year 1968, taken from the book, titled, "Hut 135: Bien Hoa AB, RVN, A Viet Nam Diary", c. Russell D. Thompson. All the comments hereto and therefrom are purely the responsibility of the author, and not subject to security classification, nor for any part sponsored by or attributed to the USAF or the United States Government.

How I got commissioned was purely one of those accidents of life, perhaps God given. At that time I was recently graduated from law school, 1964, and working part-time in the drafting office for the Senate of the Mississippi Legislature. Drafting was needed, off and on, and was paid for, but the work was temporary. However, as luck would have it, one day our Attorney General supervisor asked if I would like to be a JAG. I said, yes, and applied for a commission in the USAF Judge Advocate Department, was accepted, and commissioned a First Lieutenant. In my high school days, I had attended Columbia Military Academy, a full-time ROTC military academy at Columbia, Tennessee, so the military concept was not foreign to me. My first assignment in the USAF came, and with my wife, Lucy, and child, Melissa, age 3, we went off in January, 1966, to Myrtle Beach AFB, South Carolina, for a three year assignment. That was simple enough. They flew F-100s there, the Super Sabre of the 354th Tactical Fighter Wing, Tactical Air Command.

At Myrtle Beach, we had a fine house on base. My trial duty there was so light that I had to go to Shaw AFB up near Columbia, South Carolina, about 100 miles away to get my JAG trial certification. That went on for almost two years. Meanwhile, the Viet Nam conflict grew and our three F-100 Squadrons went to war one by one; one to Phu Cat AB, one to Tuy Hoa AB, and one to Bien Hoa AB... three different sectors of South Viet Nam. That depleted our flying complement. I knew most of those pilots, and others also assigned to Viet Nam. With patri-

otic spirit, I volunteered in October to join them. Word of my assignment came while on a deer hunt in the Francis Marion National Forest south of Georgetown, South Carolina, just after Thanksgiving. We moved home, back to Jackson, and after a short leave, I left for Viet Nam on Christmas Eve, 1967. Lucy and Melissa stayed comfortably with my parents, and near her's as well. Lucy was eight months pregnant. We were a committed AF family. You get orders, you go, tears and all.

This modern warfare is not like the pictures from WWII. They put you on a big airliner, 707 then, and whisk you from Travis AFB, California, with a stop-over for fuel and crew change in the Philippines and then on directly to land at Bien Hoa AB. There were other ports of entry, but that one worked best for me. One of my Myrtle Beach friends met me with a cold beer and a jeep. Both appreciated. Getting around an airbase can be an arduous walk without transport. So there I was, smack in the war zone. I had received thirty minutes of instruction at Myrtle Beach on being in the war zone that was officially provided by a recently returned master sergeant. I remember that he told me if you can hear the machine gun firing, it's somewhere else, but reason enough to keep your head down. That was the extent of my training for the danger of this mission.

Different military people referred to JAGs as non-combatants, somewhere like cooks and clerks. I think that meant you can get shot at but generally are not expected to shoot back. Speaking of the war, before I left Myrtle Beach, my formerly across the street neighbor sent back a tape that in today's parlance went viral, "What the Captain Means". It was done by fighter pilots who used barracks language to describe an air mission supposedly to a news interviewer, with the response cleaned up by the sponsoring announcer. Instead of saying something (modestly here) like we strafed and bombed the living hell of those lousy commy bums until we ran out of ammo, the announcer would come on and say, What the Captain means is that he was assigned an interdiction mission that involved firing on an enemy convoy and unloading prescribed ordinance for a successful mission. The whole truth of the matter was that our air crews were flying and taking the battle to the enemy,

but it was not providing a satisfactory outcome. They did their job and shared their own comments about it.

The JAG business was not too different. We did our job, but did not have very much to joke about or enjoy except where we found hootch mates and others to be good company at off duty times. The AF had eight or nine principal air bases in the four main sectors of the Republic of South Viet Nam. Phu Cat AB was in the northern jungle highlands where there were friendly and supportive natives. The rest of the bases were coastal, more or less. The whole country was coastal to me, like being in Coastal Mississippi, hot and humid, always summer by temps. That's why it's called the Breadbasket of Asia. They can grow rice all year long, moving from planting patty to patty, and harvesting on a rotational basis. They enjoy eating pigs and anything seafood, including specially raised dogs and small mammal animals. They eat a number of times daily, just not a lot at any one time. They have a sauce that is called Nunc Mam. It's hot, but not our style of pepper sauce.

Cam Rahn Bay AB was definitely coastal, big and well known in the US news, with a US Naval installation there as well. The Russians have thanked us for it. Tuy Hoa AB is coastal above Cam Rahn. Phan Rang AB is further south as is Nha Trang AB. Da Nang AB is very well known in the US and active in the middle part of the country. In the southern sector, Bien Hoa AB and Tan Son Nhut AB are each near or in Saigon, which has a deep water port. Further south is Bien Thuy AB, a small base on the Me Cong River close by a US Navy installation of river boats. AF JAGs were assigned to each of those principal bases to manage fully staffed legal offices just like stateside. That concept changed considerably for the more recent conflicts and action in the Mid-East. Air Force JAGs are still at some base units there, but on a reduced basis of numbers duties, so far as I am aware, not to operate full base style office activities. There is ancillary JAG support in Italy and Germany, perhaps Turkey as well.

Here are a few items taken from the diary. It is annotated to date and location as the diary was developed. As JAGs our duty required us to move around a lot for court martial duty at

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different bases, but basically we functioned out of our home base, Bien Hoa AB for me, for duty and hootch life. Daily we enjoyed our happy hour with drinks together at our little bar carved out of space in the hootch by previous occupants. The hootches at Bien Hoa were in an officers' cantonment of about 400 small screened-in cabin like buildings (think summer camp) with louvered sides and asbestos roofs with accommodations for eight. No insulation was required. They were wired with ceiling fans and electrical outlets. There was not much relief from the heat. We had running water (not potable) in the nearby toilets and showers. Potable water was supplied at a central location on base and hauled back to the hootch. Actually, it was first class living. In earlier years an engineering unit had done good work on this.

The common joke on the Air Force is that when it is decided where to build an air base, they first build an officers' club. Our officers' club was no great shakes architecturally, but it served as a functional mess and assembly area. Our JAG office was close by in a portion of an old French building. It sufficed. On the opposite far side of the base, way over beyond the runway, there was an old French Fort. The US Army was on that side in tents, much less gracious accommodations. Either the 101st or the 82nd Airborne Divisions were there on a half year rotational basis. A myriad of aircraft flew from Bien Hoa AB. At one time it was considered the busiest airport in the world, even more than O'Hare in Chicago..

Due to flying backward into the international date line, my arrival at Bien Hoa was on Christmas Eve day. The only thing different from any other day then was that for Christmas and New Year's a declared truce was in effect. Fighting was limited by agreement. How, I did not know. But for my first few duty days there, nothing much was happening. Within a few days I was taken off base to a crash site for my first solatium payment event. This was on Sunday, 14 January. The crash was an F-100 about three miles from the air base. "The pilot was killed - bad ejection." The seat separation resulted in the seat's falling on the roof of the resident farmer's little house and knocking off some roof tiles. That was the only damage to be considered for US pay-

ment of solatium for the incident. Solatium payments demanded our (JAG) going into the field to survey damages from a crash, which came at intermittent intervals. Immediate response was required, much like local police going to a car wreck. We used a scaled cash payment guide (in piasters, RVN funds) for payment directly to the owner for damaging injury or to property, including death. For value, it was relatively low in US terms.

Also, in these first days for me at the office, I asked where were our weapons? The response was that they were over in the armory, somewhere on base. My thought that since this was the war zone, we should have weapons readily available. In due lawyer fashion, I looked up the regs and found that by MACV (Military Assistance Command Viet Nam) regulations, officers were each due a personal side arm and supply of ammunition. That suited me. At that point, the other two officers then assigned to our legal office were away on temporary duty, so I was chief of the office, even as most junior for time in country. I worked through supply with a "Form 601b", and was issued four pistols (additional officer due later in the year) with 300 rounds per month per each approved for target practice. I was now satisfied for field duty. And I went for approved weapons training at the base firing range. In addition to the 38 cal. pistol and M-14 rifle, I liked the M-40 grenade launcher and 50 caliber machine gun. I trusted that I could maybe get a shot back at the enemy if he missed me first.

By 21 January, I was assigned to TDY (temporary duty) at Tuy Hoa AB, first to participate in two cases for court martial as defense counsel. They had several JAGs at Tuy Hoa, but they had all been declared in conflict of interest by the base Staff Judge Advocate. It took the better part of two days to get there, even getting flights from Bien Hoa through Saigon and Cam Rahn Bay and on to Tuy Hoa. The base was mostly prefab buildings. They had originally had a planked steel runway laid on the sand. Pilots said that you could see the runway unfolding out before you as it flexed in landing and take off. This was an F-100 base manned by one of our Myrtle Beach squadrons, of whom I knew a number of the pilots, including the wing commander. In effect, I was at home and

made welcome in my duty. The two trials turned into six, so I stayed much longer than anticipated.

During that time, the SJA (boss) asked if I would defend an enlisted troop on an administrative board, part of our ordinary duties, and I agreed. This was a most interesting case. To administratively dismiss someone from the Air Force in the war zone for inappropriate conduct was hardly understandable to me. In the concept of General Patton, this was not even combat fatigue, but in this case more like willful disregard of personal hygiene. But I turned to in good faith, and said that I would do the best that I could. Boards are administrative, not criminal, so for the supportive evidence there is wide latitude. The case was for excessive venereal disease, 4 separate cases alleged. Distasteful, perhaps, but all treated and cured at the base clinic. However, four runs at it was considered excessive, thus the proposed discharge. As a practical matter, that seemed like an easy way to get out of the AF and come home. I checked the man's medical records as part of the evidence, and found that only one case was documented. There was no other competent evidence although it was known that he had more incidents, but all the other proposed testimony was not supported, if not improper, for consideration by the board. After hearing by the Board, the man was not dismissed. My last words to him were to clean up his act.

On 25 January, at Tuy Hoa, near the close of day, I wrote about going over the 100 yards from where I bunked "to the beach and had a good after supper walk for about 30 minutes." I wrote, "You'd never know there's a war going on from the peace and serenity at the edge of the South China Sea here - beautiful blue water and lapping surf." Despite the tranquility, there was unknown big action pending.

Before I could get transportation out of Tuy Hoa, the great TET OFFENSIVE resulted on 31 January, 1968. This was supposedly a national holiday truce period, but was broken by the North Vietnamese Army with a surprise attack. That was a massive attack by the army of the north at a set time and date over all of South Viet Nam. We responded well, and repulsed the enemy over a period of about 10 days, but they did hit our bases severely, more so in

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different places. The air base at Tuy Hoa was separate from the town of Tuy Hoa by about 5 miles with a battalion of South Koreans located in between that defended the air base generally. Nothing happened on the air base itself, but the local town with a US Army air field was devastated with heavy casualties and damage. We could watch the planes bombing, and returning to land and load, and go again.

There was more for me on 31 January. The Red Cross had hunted me down and advised that mother and child were doing well in Jackson. Lucy had our baby boy, Douglas, during the day at the St. Dominic Hospital. Obviously, this was all great news to me. I did not have any kind of telephone or other connection to call back to Lucy to congratulate her except by an established radio relay program through ham operators called MARS in the military. She did eventually get my message. Letter writing was slow, but effective over time through the US Postal Service if you were at a location where you could receive your mail. By 9 February, I was back at Bien Hoa and got my mail.

4 March, Bien Hoa AB - "Attack last night at about 0200 for about 20 minutes. Guess about 25 rockets came in. We were in our bunker at the hootch with no problem. Don't know any damage assessment yet - casualties very light. Made a tape of sounds." That tape was kind of dramatic. I had my recorder set to punch the "on" button, so when I rolled out of bed to go to the bunker, I turned it on. You could hear our sirens blasting their warning of rockets seen as incoming. And then a lot of muffled booming sounds when they hit. We had outlying observation posts for observers to see the rocket exhaust flares and sound the alarm sirens. Crude maybe, but it worked to give us maybe 20 seconds to get out of bed and into the bunker. If a rocket didn't fall right on top of you, it would mostly just blow a hole in the ground. The rockets were usually launched in a trough of corrugated tin held at the right angle of inclination by a stick. Our planes on flying alert at night could then try to bomb the launch site, but for the most part, these launches were controlled by makeshift timers, stolen clocks (early IEDs), so the enemy was long gone by the time they ignited. Bombing provided some relief to us as

trying to convince the enemy that they couldn't win.

28 May, Bien Hoa AB - "Saw by a little piece in the Stars and Stripes yesterday that Oxford University's debating team voted that they would be glad to see the VC and North Vietnam win this war. They just couldn't be of a rational mind, but then they are students and having nothing else to rebel against, all society and organizational precedents are the target." Little did we know how infected our overall thinking would turn.

Also, on 28 May, the note goes on regarding a court martial we held that day. "Will (Denton, fellow Mississippian also stationed at Bien Hoa) and I were finally able to get ourselves organized for trial. It looks like a simple thing to do, but we don't have a courtroom so we have to check first here and there because the room we use is often required for other purposes and the place we had became unusable (not available). A court president complained about the heat and aircraft noise - besides the ceiling was coming down in one place." Memory recalls that this day we had a big action near the air base. The air craft were loading and flying to the nearby target to bomb. We were hearing the booming noise, and there was a little shaking too. The planes came and went all afternoon. We were later told that a battalion of the VC had been sighted locally moving in the open and were being worked on by our air crews. To my understanding, this was about the last big action in our sector until the fall of the year when the VC had had an opportunity to rearm and regroup. I have always thought that after TET we had won at that point, but things went on for several more years.

Life for us in JAG for the rest of the year was mostly daily routine, with intermittent breaks, like the morning at the office I was told to go immediately to the flight line, that a plane was being held for me to go on to Can To, a Provence capitol well south of Saigon on the Me Cong River. At Can To I was met by one of the senior USAF people there and taken to the flight line for a military piper cub (O-1) flight to Ap Nam, a spot somewhere down a canal close to the South China Sea to make solatium payments. In leaving Bien Hoa, a finance office rep had met me and delivered a brief case full of cash to make the payments found necessary.

We got to the designated location, but could not make contact with the army liaison for necessary protection. Good thing too. The landing place was on a narrow road with a wire fence on either side, and a strong cross wind. Even the experienced pilot said we shouldn't land there. I was brought back the next morning in one of those little bee like helicopters and met with the elder of the little town and some residents for a "speech" with him to make solatium payments, that were kindly received. Then I had to go to the local hospital for solatium to the more seriously injured. I did the best that I could, but those hospitals were not much of a clean place for medical treatment. Then I was able to get on back to Bien Hoa before the close of that second day.

In closing, I served my year, received a regular commission, even with Lucy's permission, planning to remain in the Air Force for a career. I got home to Jackson, to Lucy and both children, and our parents, had about three weeks for leave, and we moved to Charleston AFB, South Carolina, where we stayed for about four and a half very enjoyable years, there in the low country. Ultimately, we moved to Keesler AFB, Mississippi, in Biloxi, and have lived in Ocean Springs, where we stayed. I finished ten and a half years on active duty, and transferred to the reserves for thirteen more years and retired in 1990. Except that Lucy never got her assignment to England, we have been happy. We are in Mississippi; it is home. Lucy has said that I was first a little bit of a problem settling down getting back from Viet Nam, living in a slower pace of life, but no PTSD. Both children have done well in growing up, mostly in Mississippi. In 1990, son Doug was commissioned in the US Navy, became a Navy helicopter pilot, served his 20 years, retiring as commander of a Navy helicopter squadron with three mid-East tours. He retired as a Commander, with numerous awards and decorations. Lucy definitely contributed her part to our military mission activity as wife and mother.

Russell Thompson attended CMA for four years, graduating with the Class of 1955. He currently lives in Ocean Springs, Mississippi.





Randy Howell ('72) represented the CMA Alumni Association at the CA Graduation ceremony this year and presented the CMAAA Scholarship to Marshall McKee, this year's recipient as selected by the school. Marshall assumed leadership roles within the school, serving as Student Body President and a chapel small group leader. He also sought to serve others through his participation with groups like Best Buddies. His classmates recognized his determination and voted him "Most Likely To Succeed", and the Upper School honored him by selecting him to be "Mr. CA" Marshall will be attending The Citadel this fall.

CMA Alum Travels to Cuba

It was 1951 when I left my comfort zone in the small community of Brilliant, Alabama for a more disciplined and controlled life style at Columbia Military Academy in Tennessee. Television was just starting to be introduced in rural areas of my state, and the boarding school I was going to had no TV (It would come a year later in the YMCA hut behind the gym). My hometown friends were bused in from farming areas within the county and others were from the coal mining camp at the edge of town. I was about to join a student body mostly of kids from urban areas and a few kids from other countries.

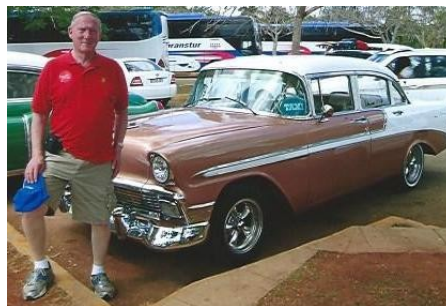
In the fall, I moved in to the newly outfitted barracks called Lee Hall and met the young men I would be living with for the next nine months. They were from Florida, Texas, Kentucky, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama and Cuba! I had never met a kid from another country before, but would soon be having classes with one of three brothers from Mexico, Alberto Fargi. I thought maybe someday I might be able to visit their respective countries.

Fast forward 60 years, the U.S. State Department launched a cultural pro-

gram called People-to-People whereby American citizens were allowed to visit Cuba's now thriving cultural scene where one might meet artists, craftsman, dancers, and musicians. A number of U.S. Travel companies have been granted specific licenses by the U.S. and Cuba to visit the island for this education exchange curriculum. Travel companies are responsible for obtaining visas and any letters of authorization that may be required. This program began in the U.S. in 2012, however, Europeans and Canadians have frequented the island for some time.

Following a U.S. State Department presentation in 2016, my wife and I decided this trip was achievable and added it on our bucket list. In February, we made it a reality. A short trip is available by air; however, we chose an extended venture by cruise ship, leaving no doubt where we would eat and sleep!

We found the Cuban people to be very friendly, anxious to work - - - with what little materials and tools they have, plus they play and enjoy their music. Many street stalls display their wares and are available for purchase (visitors will learn about their currency, one for locals and one for tourists). Older U.S. made automobiles have been restored and are used as taxis. It was just a matter of time before a duplicate of the car I drove in college would be spotted on the street, a 1956 Chevrolet. Russian architecture is prominent in the way of apartment housing, as are their old farm tractors and old automobiles. The only modern transportation we saw (and used) were tour buses, made in China. Sites Americans like to visit are Hemingway's home and San Juan Hill (Teddy Roosevelt's Cuban adventure). We found the trip a delightful experience back in time and were glad we got to see it when we did!



Jim with a restored 1956 Chevy like the model he had in college.

My advice to future travelers

there would be to go by air so one can spend more time on the island rather than at sea. Local tour buses, with guide, met expectations. Our group did stay one night at a major Havana hotel and it was just fine. Rural areas of the island are a different story.

James Dickinson
Class of 1955

CMA Memories

Former cadets of a certain age will remember the weekend bivouacs in Maury County Park in the late 1950s. The ROTC Senior School cadets hiked out to the park where we made camp and divided into teams of "Aggressors" and "Defenders" to practice the small unit tactics we had been taught in the classroom. I was in Headquarters unit and our tents were pitched in the camp occupied by the ROTC instructors. Colonel Heymeyer, the PMS, had a big tent of his own along with Captain Moreman, his assistant. The enlisted instructors occupied tents of their own. The instructors were to judge the performance of the competing units, resolve disputes, and generally maintain order and serve as referees. We had our supper (3rd Mess) delivered to us from the CMA kitchen and were standing around in the growing dusk as the instructors prepared to go out and inspect the defenses around Headquarters. As darkness fell, we were surprised to see a dejected platoon of Aggressors, their weapons slung upside down in defeat, being marched toward us by guards. They were a platoon of Band Company commanded by my old roommate Kenny Beall and they appeared to be thoroughly beaten. Some defender unit had done a good job. As they drew nearer we could see that something was not quite right. The guards were members of the platoon and there were evil grins and murmurings in their ranks. Too Late! We gave an alarm but they were on us like rats on a cheeto. There were yells, curses and laughter...maybe even a fist fight or two. Someone threw a smoke grenade in Colonel Heymeyer's tent and the situation really deteriorated. A combination of the big campfire and the purple smoke issuing from the Colonel's tent created a surreal setting. Order was finally restored. The tent was permanently blotched with purple.

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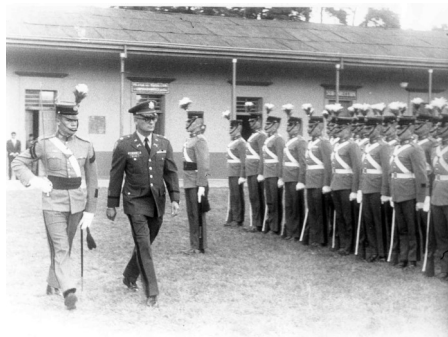
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Colonel Heymeyer did not have a coronary, but his face was as purple as his tent. The enlisted instructors thought the Band platoon had executed an excellent attack and they were reluctantly declared winners for having captured Battalion Headquarters. After sixty years, I still laugh about this episode. What grand times and fine boys! To my knowledge, smoke grenades were never again issued for bivouacs.

“Whhhhaazzuuppp Dudes” Odds and Ends



Wally Kistler and Bill Payne, both of the Class of 1971, enjoying spring ski conditions on Buttermilk Slopes, third week of February, Aspen/Snowmass.



Dateline 1973. Colonel (then Major) Williams "troops the line," inspecting the Corps of Cadets, Guatemalan Military Academy on the occasion of his farewell parade. Nevin R. "Pete" Williams, CMA Class of 1952, served as an Advisor to the Guatemalan Armed Forces School System and he also taught English at the Military Academy from 1971 to 1973.

Lyle Hampton, CMA Faculty member and Soccer coach in the 1960s and 1970s has a number of slides of soccer players from the 1970s that he would like to provide to anyone who is interested in having them. They are in a carousel and still in very good condition. Anyone interested should contact him at lyhamp5216@gmail.com.



The weekend of 4-7 May saw the annual gathering at the Blue Wing camp house on Reelfoot lake as Dudley and Mildred Dolinger welcomed another 21 CMA cadets and friends for some socializing and eating...and there was plenty of eating. As evidenced in the picture above, food was the order of the day, every day. This particular meal consisted of fried catfish and crappie (freshly caught by the merry-makers), hushpuppies, french fries, and cole slaw (all home-made by master chefs), and the crème-de-la-crème dish of Crawfish Etoufee (Sharon, aka Tammy, Norris in charge) put together with the left-over crawfish from a crawfish bowl the previous night. Needless to say, a fun, full time was had by all.

Commemorative Marker. Columbia Academy is going to construct a commemorative marker on the site of Moore Hall. The school plans to unveil the marker on Friday, October 13 before the home football game. The marker will be constructed from bricks from Moore Hall and will include a bronze plaque with information about the building. CMA alumni and others who make a tax-deductible donation of \$250 or more will have their names added to an additional plaque on the marker (as long as there are at least 10 donors). Please make gifts out to Columbia Academy at 1101 West 7th Street, Columbia, TN 38401 and note "Moore Hall marker" on the memo. Please include a note of how you would like your name to appear on the plaque. Gifts must be received by August 15 to be included on the plaque.

SILVER TAPS

Judith “Judy” Howell

Judy Howell, 75, retired Maury County teacher and counselor, died Sunday March 5, 2017 at NHC Maury Regional Transitional Health Care following a battle with cancer. Judy was the wife of A.C. Howell, CMA Instructor and Commandant



Judy Howell of Cadets during the period 1964 to 1975. During their time with CMA, A.C. and Judy lived in Frirson Hall (1964-66) and Moore Hall (1966-1975). Many former Cadets who lived in those two barracks will remember Judy not only as A.C.’s wife but also as a member of their CMA family. Judy was born February 9, 1942, in Columbia. After graduating from Columbia Central High School in 1960 she attended Middle Tennessee State University, earning a Bachelor's degree in Business Administration. After college graduation, Judy returned to Columbia to marry her long-time love, A.C. Howell. Judy was hired to teach eighth grade science and math and high school business at Culleoka School. After three memorable and educational years there, she left to complete her teaching certification and received a Master's degree in the new field of guidance and counseling from MTSU. During this time two daughters, Amy and Mary, were born. Once both were in school, Judy resumed her education career, retiring in 2002 with more than thirty years of service, twenty-two as counselor at Whitthorne Middle School. Survivors include her husband of fifty-two years, A. C. Howell; daughters, Amy Howell Carney of Memphis; and Mary (Jeff) Mahoney of Franklin; four grandchildren; and sister, Claudia (Mike) Caruthers of Millington, Tennessee.

Steve Harper, Class of ‘45

F. Stephen (Steve) Harper, age 89, passed peacefully from this life on February 6, 2017. Born March 30, 1927 in Ashland City, TN, his death came less than two months after the passing of his wife and life focus, Judy L. Harper. The two are now reunited after a brief

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SILVER TAPS

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pause in their union of more than 68 years. He is survived by his caregiver and close family friend of 43 years, John M. Crow as well as his daughters Elizabeth Fendley and Deborah Stillwell along with 4 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. Having lost his mother to disease at age five, and with the influence of his brothers, Steve found athletics as an outlet for his energies, culminating in his graduation from CMA in 1945 by being honored with the Spirit of Columbia award. That success was followed by yet another during his army enlistment as an integral part of the undefeated football team for Fort Benning, which brought home the intra-service trophy. Entering Vanderbilt University after the war, Steve made the roster as a starting left handed pitcher for the university baseball team. But by his own estimation, his greatest success and triumph came after meeting his future wife, Judy, on a blind date shortly after his service discharge. It was to prove an inseparable union that was to last for nearly seven decades. Completing his education at Vanderbilt University in 1950, Steve joined the staff of the Newspaper Printing Corporation, later to be merged with the present Tennessean newspaper. After a career of more than 39 years he retired from his position as director of advertising to devote his attention to the development of the farm and dream home that he and Judy had envisioned. Many happy years followed.

Bill Pennington, Class of '45

Bill Pennington went to be with the Lord on February 26, 2017. Born in Memphis, TN on August 26, 1927, to Alice Imogene Stites and Pink Pennington, he attended CMA for three years graduating with the Class of 1945. He then joined the Marines where he served as a Staff Sargent in WWII. He attended Southwestern University in Memphis for one semester because, as he often said, "it didn't take me as long as most people to finish." In 1950 Bill married Norma Faye Smith and they were married for 50 years, before her



Bill Pennington

death in 2000. Bill and Norma were lifelong members of Central Christian Church where he served as an Elder and Sunday school teacher. Bill concluded his 65-year career in furniture sales at Stylecraft. He was a founding member of Memphis' Old Time Car Club and the Model A Club. Bill also enjoyed model trains and, in his later years, learning karate. He gave blood every time Lifeblood called, donating over 7 gallons over a 27 year period. Bill leaves behind a loving family: daughter Penni Pennington Walker (Don), sons Bill Pennington, Jr. (Mary) and Randy Pennington (Candy); and four grandchildren. Bill was predeceased by a daughter, Pamela Ann Pennington.

Gwin C. Scott II, Class of '57

Gwin Chalmers Scott, II, passed away April 21, 2017. Gwin was born on May 8, 1939, in Memphis, TN, where he attended Snowden Elementary and from there attended CMA for four years, graduating with the Class of 1957. He then attended and graduated from Ole Miss, where he met his life's partner and love, Eleanor Wynn Skipper. They were wed on June 13, 1964. They are long-time members of Grace-St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Memphis. Gwin was also a cherished member of the SAE fraternity and loyal Ole Miss Rebels' fan. Gwin is pre-deceased by his father, John Gwin Scott, mother, Louisa Warfield Scott, sister, Louisa Scott Bender, and two grandchildren. He is survived by their four children: Gwin (Lara), Lacey (Ned), John Skipper (Laurian) and Rhodes (Betsy), as well as 11 grandchildren.



Gwin Scott

James R. Dempsey, Class of '61

James Ryals Dempsey, 73, passed away Monday, February 13, 2017. James was born in Mobile, Alabama on March 31, 1943 to the late James and Margaret (Ryals) Dempsey. He attended CMA for four years graduating with the Class of 1961. He



James Dempsey

was a Vietnam veteran and attended Calvary Chapel in Melbourne. His family includes his wife Marie; Daughter and Son in Law Rachael Marie and Mike Allen; son Ricky Ballard; grandchildren Nore Ballard, Seventh Ballard, Bryce Ballard and Samara Allen and brother and sister in law George and Marcia Dempsey.

Wade H. Bowie, Class of '61

Wade Hampton Bowie, Jr., passed away on March 31, 2017 in Hoover, Alabama, after a life of service to others and country. Born to the late Wade Hampton Bowie and Nora Esther Clemens Bowie, Wade grew up in Columbia, Tennessee. He became an Eagle Scout and attended CMA for four years, graduating with the Class of 1961. He was Drum Major for two of those years. He later enlisted in the U.S. Army, serving as a platoon leader in Vietnam and later as the head of security for the Supreme Allied Commander at the Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE), and at numerous US posts. After 28 years of service, Wade ultimately retired as a Lieutenant Colonel. He attended law school and subsequently enjoyed a second career as a prosecuting attorney in Kansas, where he tirelessly worked to protect at-risk children and their families. In addition, he participated in a number of state-based initiatives and served on a committee that successfully revised the juvenile codes of Kansas. He also met and courted his fiancée, Karen Hopkins, who joined him on a series of domestic and international travels, including a trip to China and a return relief and mission trip to Vietnam.



Wade Bowie

Steve G. Smith, Class of '64

Stephen Guthrie Smith, 70, of Little Rock passed away March 22, 2017 after a courageous battle with Parkinson's disease. He was born October 10, 1946 in Little Rock, Arkansas. He attended CMA for 2 years, graduating with the Class of 1964. He received a Bachelor's Degree in Business Administration

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SILVER TAPS

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from the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville. Steve was an avid, life-long outdoorsman and when he became the President of the Arkansas Game and Fish Foundation in 1989 his passion also became his job. In 2003, he was inducted into the



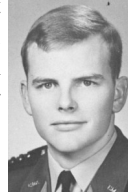
Steve Smith

Arkansas Game & Fish Outdoor Hall of Fame and in 2015 he was named Arkansas' Ducks Unlimited Sportsman of The Year. He was a Ducks Unlimited national trustee emeritus and served two seven year terms as an Arkansas State Police Commissioner, where he was known as a "troopers commissioner." Steve and the Foundation were driving forces of the 1996 successful campaign to pass a conservation sales tax to provide permanent and solid funding for the AGFC, Arkansas Parks, the Arkansas Natural Heritage Commission & the Keep Arkansas Beautiful Commission. Steve is survived by his wife of 39 years, Etta Irving Smith, his two sons Stephen G. Smith II (Christa White) and William Bryant Smith (Sayward) and two grandchildren Alexis Irving Smith and William Beckett Smith. He is also survived by his brother Mike Smith (Nancy) and former wife and friend, Susanne Hall.

Daniel M. Speer, Class of '69

Daniel McKenzie Speer, age 67, passed away on April 20, 2017. Dan was born in 1949 in Pulaski, Tennessee. He attended CMA for four years, graduating with the Class of 1969. After CMA, he

attended and graduated with a BS and Masters from Middle Tennessee State University. Dan's first elected office was Pulaski city alderman in 1984. In 1990 he was elected Mayor of Pulaski, an office he held for 21 years. In 2010 Dan stepped down from political office and be-



came Executive Director of the Pulaski/Giles County Economic Development Commission. He served as Director until his health compelled him to step down just days before he passed. Dan always attributed his proudest work to the sense of community and undiscriminating love of those around him. Dan was a lifelong student of local history, an avid runner, an accomplished chef, and a lover of good music. Dan adored Brenda, his family, his pets Lucy, Mac, Ozzie and Guy, and his many friends. Dan was preceded in death by his parents, Dr. John and Johanna Speer, brothers Michael Speer and Steve Speer, and sister Mary Toby Speer Perkins. He is survived by Brenda Sanders Speer, his wife of 34 years, brothers John Speer of Bowie, Maryland and Frank (Joanne) Speer of Smyrna, sisters -in-law Nancy Manthey (George) of Knoxville, and Sue Braly (Jeff) of Pulaski, Beth Speer of Thompson's Station, several nieces, nephews, grandnieces and grandnephews, his many friends and associates, and his church family at First Presbyterian Church.

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