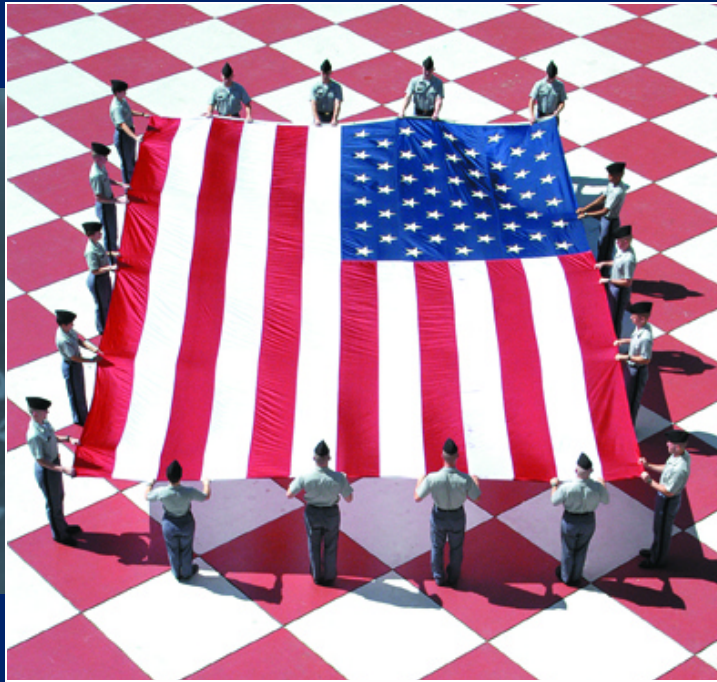


THE CITADEL



2003



“The Citadel stands as a beacon for the nation.”

General Charles P. Summerall
president of The Citadel from 1931 to 1953



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Contents

Excellence in the education of principled leaders.

- 2 A WORD FROM THE EDITOR
- 3 THE TOOLS OF LEADERSHIP
by Citadel President Maj. Gen. John S. Grinalds
- 4 MEDIA HIGHLIGHTS OF 2002-2003
by CGPS Student Mary Morrison
- 8 SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE
A Slight Reminiscence by James O. Rigney, '74
- 12 SUN, WIND, DUST AND WAR
An Alumnus's Journal by Todd Garrett, '98
- 18 BUILDING AN EDUCATION
The Four Pillars by Jennifer Wallace with assistance from Jeff Wright, '03, and Cadet Daniel Clinebelle
- 28 INSIDE LESESNE GATE
by Russ Pace
- 38 TEACHING AT THE CITADEL
by Col. James A. W. Rembert, '61
- 42 CGPS GOES TO COSTA RICA
by Max Ballard, CGPS '03
- 44 THE EVOLUTION OF A KNOB
by a Cadet from the Class of 2006
- 50 HOW YOUR DOLLARS MAKE A DIFFERENCE
- 52 KRAUSE INITIATIVE TO CRAFT LEADERS
- 54 METSKER FUND KEEPS MEMORY OF FALLEN
CITADEL HERO ALIVE *by Joe Galloway*
- 56 GIVING BACK
Thoughts from the Society of 1842
- 60 TAPS
Remembering Shane Childers, '01, Ben Sammis, '96, and Peter Ober, '98

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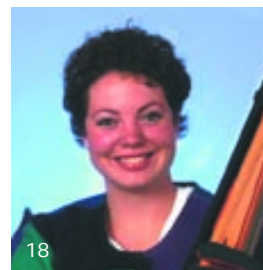
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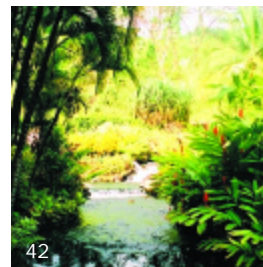
Lt. Col. Ben W. Legare, Jr., '63



12



18



42



44

A word from the editor

Welcome to the inaugural issue of *The Citadel*, an annual magazine produced by *The Citadel* and The Citadel Foundation to showcase this institution. Born out of *The Citadel Magazine*, this new publication is a complement to *Alumni News*, which includes information on class news and events and is distributed to alumni association members three times a year.

This first issue features an eclectic group of writers beginning with Citadel President Maj. Gen. John S. Grinalds who writes about leadership, a theme that weaves throughout. We were delighted when *New York Times* bestseller James O. Rigney, '74, The Citadel graduate behind the Robert Jordan penname, accepted our invitation to write for the magazine. The author of the popular *Wheel of Time* series, Mr. Rigney takes us back to the late 1960s to tell how he came to be a veteran student at the college. Another graduate, Todd Garrett, '98, offers a stirring account of his service in Iraq so real that you almost feel the heat and the dust and the mania of war. In *CGPS goes to Costa Rica*, Max Ballard describes a unique adventure he had in his pursuit of a master's degree in business administration through the College of Graduate and Professional Studies.

The foundation pages continue the theme of leadership with an article on The Krause Initiative in Leadership; Joe Galloway's piece on fallen Citadel hero, Tom Metsker, '61; and a memorial to three graduates who died recently while serving their country. *Thoughts from the Society of 1842* is about the generous donors who support the college. Leaders in their own right, these extraordinary people help the college in its quest to produce the next generation of leaders.

The central piece of this magazine, *Inside Lesesne Gate*, is not even an article. A pictorial of the 2002-2003 academic year, it highlights some of photographer Russ Pace's never-before-seen pictures, telling The Citadel story in a way words cannot. While telling The Citadel story is the mission of this magazine, the mission of the college is to educate principled leaders, and as you make your way through this magazine, we hope that you will see just how the military college continues this tradition.

From the president

THE TOOLS OF LEADERSHIP

Whenever I talk with cadets about leadership, a favorite topic of mine, the discussion always elicits some interesting opinions. Those in the spotlight at this leadership laboratory we call The Citadel have an up-close and personal experience with the subject. After we have discussed the traits of a strong leader, I sometimes ask how many have seen examples of bad leadership. A few tentative hands will go up and others will nod in agreement, suggesting that cadets learn lessons in leadership through both instruction and observation.



As a leader encourages others to follow, he or she has an ample supply of tools. One who wishes to lead may rely on inspiration or intimidation, respect or fear, skill or aggression, integrity or deceit, or a multitude of combinations. The options are as varied as the situation and the person who is taking charge.

History has taught us that while leaders can survive and accomplish their goals using unsavory methods, they are neither great nor respected. Instead, succeeding generations label them as malevolent, egotistical or self-serving. Leaders become great by earning the respect and loyalty of others. Strong leaders control; great leaders inspire.

What are the tools of choice for a great leader? The most fundamental, I believe, is character: a leader must be one who is worthy of our trust.

That precept is fundamental to our development of leaders at The Citadel. While our military chain of command gives rank-holders authority over others and upper class cadets an authority over the fourth class, those who would lead have an obligation to live and act in a way that commands respect. This year's Regimental Commander Keane Phillips understood this principle when he started military training by telling the fourth class, "I will not fail you, and I expect you not to fail me."

The Citadel's vision statement—excellence in the education of principled leaders—recognizes that character is the most important dimension of good leadership. You cannot have one without the other.

Excellence in the education of principled leaders is an eloquent statement of what The Citadel strives to produce. It is both our challenge and our commitment.

by Maj. Gen. John S. Grinalds, USMC (Ret.)

IN THE NEWS

MEDIA HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 2002-2003 ACADEMIC YEAR

THIS ISSUE

CITADEL EARNS HIGH RANKINGS FROM *U.S. NEWS*

HARDBALL COLLEGE TOUR TELECAST FROM CITADEL

CADET PAINTBALLERS COMPETE IN FIRST WORLD CUP

GOOD MORNING AMERICA ADS FEATURE CITADEL CADETS

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION CELEBRATES 150 YEARS

PAT CONROY RETURNS TO THE CITADEL TO PROMOTE NEW BOOK

NEW NAVY COMMISSIONING PROGRAM COMES TO THE CITADEL

CITADEL TOPS STATE IN ATHLETIC GRADUATION RATES

HISTORY DEPARTMENT HOSTS CIVIL RIGHTS CONFERENCE

NEW VENTURE COMPETITION SPURS INTEREST IN BUSINESS

NUMBER OF CADETS COMMISSIONED ON THE RISE

CONSTRUCTION OF PT BARRACKS MOVING ALONG

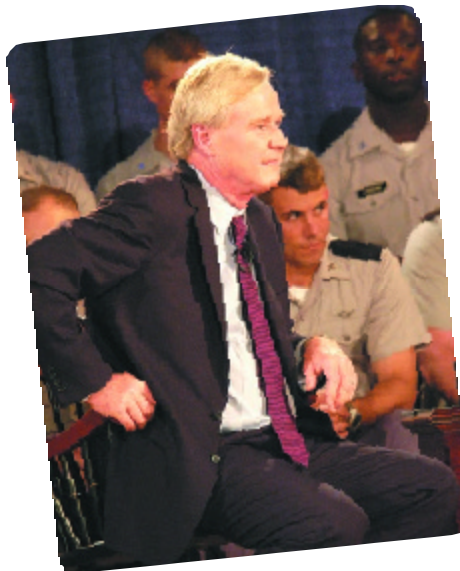
MEDIA ATTENTION REMAINS STRONG

by CGPS student Mary Morrison

Citadel earns high rankings from *U.S. News*

Breaking news Aug. 22, 2003: The Citadel was ranked third among the South's top public universities in the 2004 college rankings published by *U.S. News & World Report*. The news magazine also ranked the military college:

- 14th for best value in the South among universities with up to master's programs,
- 10th for best Southern public and private universities, with undergraduate and graduate degrees,
- and 27th for best engineering program at a public university or college—the fourth consecutive year that the engineering program received top recognition.



Hardball College Tour telecast from Citadel

Hardball with Chris Matthews, MSNBC's

Washington, D.C.-based series, broadcasted live from Mark Clark Hall Oct. 2 as part of its year-long College Tour 2002, featuring top political leaders and culture figures at college campuses nationwide.

U.S. Sen. John Kerry of Massachusetts was the guest. More than 500 cadets had the opportunity to ask questions and participate in a discussion with Matthews and Kerry. Following the telecast, Cadet Nicholas Sinclair, who graduated in May, sat in the *Hardball* Hot Seat for a rapid question and answer session with Matthews.

IN THE NEWS CONT'D

MEDIA HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 2002 - 2003 ACADEMIC YEAR

Cadet paintballers compete in first World Cup

Ranked 18th in the country, the new club sport was invited to participate in the 2002 World Cup competition Oct. 24-27 in Kissimmee, Fla.

Good Morning America ads feature Citadel cadets

Good Morning America, the ABC television show, came to Charleston in November. Five cadets appeared in the ads announcing the event.

Alumni association celebrates 150 years

Homecoming 2002 was like no other before.

The Citadel Alumni Association celebrated its 150th anniversary Nov. 7-10 with numerous activities, including the burial of a sesquicentennial time capsule.

New Navy commissioning program comes to The Citadel

The Citadel is now one of the 16 colleges in the United States that will educate enlisted men and women for commissioning into the Navy nuclear officer-recruiting program. The Nuclear Seaman to Admiral Commissioning Program began in the summer with eight enlisted students who are stationed at the Naval Nuclear Power School or Naval Nuclear Power Training Unit. It is projected to grow by eight to 10 students annually who will major in electrical or civil engineering, mathematics, physics, or chemistry.



Citadel tops state in athletic graduation rates

The Citadel's 67 percent graduation rate for student athletes is the best among all public Division I state colleges according to the NCAA. The college's graduation rate of 70 percent is also top in the state.



Pat Conroy returns to The Citadel to promote new book

Pat Conroy, '67, returned to The Citadel Nov. 8 to sign copies of *My Losing Season*. The novel, which made the *New York Times* bestseller list, is an ode to Conroy's senior year as starting point guard of the basketball team.



IN THE NEWS CONT'D

MEDIA HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 2002 - 2003 ACADEMIC YEAR

History department hosts civil rights conference

A March conference featuring former Gov. John West, '42, Sen. Fritz Hollings, '42, and such civil rights trailblazers as Harvey Gantt and John Hope Franklin focused widespread attention on the history of civil rights in South Carolina.



New Venture Competition spurs interest in business

The annual spring New Venture Competition is designed to encourage cadets to launch real world business ventures. Four members of the Charleston business community judged a group of highly competitive business proposals submitted by 14 cadet teams. Cadets Matt Fussell and John Wintz tied with Cadets John Alexander, Chad Priest and Rutledge Vaughan for first place. The first place teams received a scholarship of \$4,000 while the third place team received a scholarship of \$1,000.

The College of Graduate and Professional Studies celebrates 35 years

The year 2003 marks 35 years that The Citadel's College of Graduate and Professional Studies has been providing advanced educational opportunities to thousands of Lowcountry residents in the fields of business, education, counseling and technology. The evening undergraduate and graduate program has grown from 177 students and five graduate programs to 1,100 students and 25 degree programs, including three evening undergraduate degree opportunities. When professional development programs for teachers in Lowcountry schools are figured in, CGPS's enrollment climbs to 4,000 annually.

Moore receives state small Business Administration Award

Col. Dorothy Perrin Moore, the Distinguished Professor of Entrepreneurship, received the Women in Business Advocate of the Year Award for South Carolina. U.S. Small Business Administration sponsors the awards program to recognize individuals who have made outstanding contributions in the field. Moore has published several books and is the senior female faculty member at the college.

Number of cadets commissioned on the rise

Forty percent of the class of 2003 received commissions in the armed forces—up from 38 percent in 2002, 36 percent in 2001 and 27 percent in 2000.

Forty-three members of the class of 2003 were commissioned as second lieutenants in the U.S. Army. The total enrollment numbers for Army ROTC at The Citadel are the highest they have been in the past nine years. Scholarship money paid to the college by the Army ROTC Department reached an all-time high last year. In conjunction with scholarship efforts, enrollment figures for



MEDIA HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 2002 - 2003 ACADEMIC YEAR

cadets taking Army ROTC are also at an all-time high. With more than 900 cadets enrolled in the program this past year, the department is managing more classes than ever. The primary mission remains to focus on producing quality officers for the Army.

The Air Force commissioned 43 graduates as second lieutenants, and the Navy commissioned 18 new ensigns.

The Marine Corps commissioned 12 senior cadets and four students in the Marine Enlisted Commissioning Education Program in May. Additionally, two senior cadets contracted through the Platoon Leader Course were commissioned during the May ceremony, bringing the total to 18 newly commissioned Marine second lieutenants.

Construction of PT Barracks moving along

With support from Sen. Hollings and Sen. Daniel Inouye of Hawaii, The Citadel received a grant of \$15 million in federal funds to replace Padgett-Thomas Barracks. The federal grant along with \$11 million in state funding allowed the college to begin reconstruction in June 2002. The barracks should be ready for the students in August 2004.

Media attention remains strong

Positive media interest in The Citadel has been on the rise in the last two years. From documentary film crews to cable television networks, the military college has been in the spotlight on numerous occasions. Upcoming productions will include a look at morning mess on Turner South and Christmas at The Citadel on Southern Living TV. In the last two years, *Good Morning America*, MTV's *Road Rules* and MSNBC's *Hardball College Tour* have been on campus as have reporters from newspapers in



Baltimore, Atlanta, Charlotte and elsewhere. Faculty and staff have regularly provided expert commentary on a variety of news-making events on television and in local, state and regional newspapers. During the war in Iraq, Tactical Officer Maj. Bruce Norton and Assistant Commandant of Cadets Col. John Lackey appeared on Charleston news stations as military analysts.



To keep up with what's going on at The Citadel, check out the Public Affairs Web page at www.Citadel.edu/pao. Subscribe to the college's online newsletter, *Pass In Review*, or check out the news release page for daily updates.

Some Things Never Change

A Slight Reminiscence

Some time ago, Pat Conroy put it to me that The Citadel was the only school in the United States that had two alumni who had reached the number one slot on the *New York Times* bestseller list. Namely, himself and me.

He thought I should check this out to confirm his notion. I'm uncertain why he thought he could assign the task to me. Maybe, as someone recently said to me,

"The class system never really ends." But as a wise old man said to me when I was a boy, "Sometimes it don't, and sometimes it do."



by
James O. Rigney
CLASS OF '74



In any case, I decided to take up his challenge. Well, we're not the only school with two number-one bestsellers. Harvard has Michael Crichton, Peter Benchley, Norman Mailer, John Updike, Eric Segal, and just in the last few weeks, Dan Brown. Several other schools had two or even three writers who had made the list, but none other that had two who had made number one. So, if Pat was wrong, he wasn't far from wrong, and it puts The Citadel in pretty good company.

Harvard and The Citadel. I like the sound of that. The Citadel and Harvard. I like the sound of that even better. I've often said that I want The Citadel mentioned in the same breath with Duke and Stanford, and this is certainly a beginning, if a very small one.

I almost didn't come to The Citadel. Although I read every word I could find on Citadel sports, I didn't know that the veterans' program had been reinstated, and after two tours and a bit in Vietnam, with the armed forces in disarray, as they were then, the last thing I wanted was to put on a uniform again. I took my discharge and came home in August 1970, and I was staying with my parents before heading off to college on the GI Bill. I won't say where I was going because it hardly matters now, except that it was somewhere warm. I had grown accustomed to the weather in Southeast Asia, and frankly, I now found August in my native Charleston tolerable, and September decidedly cool. By the beginning of October, I was freezing! That only made me gladder I had picked a school in a place that, supposedly, never had any winter. Col. Bunch changed that.

Col. Bunch, who among other things was the tennis coach at the time, kept calling and leaving messages for me at my parents' house. I never did find out why he pursued me so assiduously. Maybe, as some people have suggested, he thought I would go out for the football team as a walk-on, but I suspect that he just had a list of men living in Charleston who had recently been discharged. Whatever the reason, I'm very glad he persisted.



At first, I didn't return his phone calls. As much as I rooted for The Citadel in football and basketball, there was The Uniform. If I had wanted that, I would have taken the offer to re-enlist and go to OCS. Finally, my mother told me that I owed him the courtesy of a return call, and you know that when your mother says something like that in a certain tone of voice, you're going to do it. Otherwise, life becomes very complicated in very short order. It was Col. Bunch who

explained to me about the veterans' program. I could attend The Citadel without having to put on a uniform again. I leapt at the chance.

He did mislead me on one point, however. He told me that I could keep my mustache, but when it came time to get the photograph for my ID card, I was told I couldn't get it without shaving. No ID would have meant all sorts of problems, of course, beginning with no way to get my books from the bookstore. In the end, I simply shaved for the photograph and grew the mustache back afterward. You just have to be flexible now and then. I didn't

keep the mustache the whole way through school, but I wanted to make a point.

It did get a few stares, all waxed and curled as it was.

At that time, there were three things that a cadet was forbidden to have: a mustache, a wife and a horse. Sometimes, old rules hang on for a very long time. A horse? Is that rule still in effect?

During my three and a half years at The Citadel (I entered school in January, and did summer sessions to catch up), I never attended a class without at least three or four other men in civilian clothes present. Sometimes, half of a class were veteran students, all of us older than our classmates and more intent on doing well than all but a handful of the cadets. Not that the cadets slacked off any more than any other college students, but we veterans were focused like lasers. We had earned our presence there in a very hard way—for me, as a helicopter door gunner—and no one was going to make anything but the best of it that he could.

A fair number had been in the 'Nam, as we said back then. I never knew exactly how many because once you've been in combat, it's something you talk about willingly only with others who have been there, too, and not always then. Fairly often not even then. My father served in the Army in the

South Pacific during World War II. Not long after the invasion of the Philippines, the points system was instituted, based on time in the combat zones and decorations, and he immediately had more than enough points to be sent home, though it took several months for the paperwork to go through. Because of his special skills, however—he had been doing recon behind the Japanese lines—he was given a 30-day leave and transport back to the States, and ordered to report back. Although he wasn't told so, it was certainly for the invasion of Japan itself. But the only parts of his experience I ever learned from him were that he had been in the Solomons, and later in New Guinea and the Philippines, and that he was in Miami with my mother when he heard that the first A-bomb had been dropped, and realized that he might not have to go to Japan after all. Even those remarks came incidentally to talking about something else. The rest, I learned from men who had served with him, and from relatives who knew what his decorations meant. It just isn't something you talk about very much. In any case, Citadel men have served in combat in every war since the founding of the school. We veteran students just did it before attending. I note with sadness that two Citadel men—Marine Capt. Benjamin Sammis and Marine 1st Lt. Shane Childers—have been killed in Operation Iraqi Freedom. Some things never change, and one that remains certain is that in any future conflict, Citadel men, and now Citadel women, will be there. Another woeful certainty is that we will have the duty of placing new plaques for our Citadel dead. In 'Nam, another sergeant said to me that he liked to think of himself as standing guard like a Roman legionary. "The civilians can sleep quietly," he said, "because we stand guard on the wall." But sometimes there is a price to be paid for doing your duty. He intended to go to college on the GI Bill, too, and try for a commission, but he was killed in the Central Highlands. His name was Sandy Peres. He would have made a good Citadel man. I urge you all to give to the memorial funds set up in the names of Shane Childers and Benjamin Sammis.

Casualties are always a grim thought, yet they are much in my mind of late, though not quite in the way they may be in most minds. Or not entirely the same. In World War I, out of every 15 American men who were sent in to the combat zone, one became a casualty. In World War II, the ratio was one in

15, and in the Korean War, one in 13.

In Vietnam, it was back to one in 15. Remarkably constant, given the differing fields of battle, the differing conditions and battlefield technologies. If that ratio had held for Operation Iraqi Freedom, based on the latest figures I've seen for how many people we have actually inside Iraq, we would have suffered more than eight thousand casualties. Some things do change, thank God.

We veteran students got a rather varied reception at The Citadel. Most of the faculty and cadets were unfailingly polite, and I formed several friendships with cadets, though time and separation has long since worn those away, as happens with most college friendships. There were exceptions, however, receptions that were less than warm. I won't go into every one—there were not many—but I can recall an Army officer, a graduate returning to the campus for a visit, who mistook my charcoal gray trousers and Navy blue jacket for a new style of uniform; he was very friendly until he learned that I was a veteran student, whereupon he gave me the cut direct. The very first write-up about one of my books that appeared in *The Brigadier* said that because I was not a cadet, I "had never really been part of The Citadel." Boy, were they ever wrong. The fact is, I bleed Citadel blue. I just tell people that I did my knob year(s) in the Mekong Delta and the Parrot's Beak and around the Black Virgin

Mountain.

As far as I know, only one faculty member remains from my time at The Citadel, Joel Berlingheri, who looks no older now than he did then despite the passage of more than 25 years. Some things never change. My connection to The Citadel is as strong in my heart today as it was when then Capt. Berlingheri taught me physics. Pat put it best. "I wear the ring," he wrote. For as long as I live, that will never change. I wear the ring.

"Some things never change, and one that remains certain is that in any future conflict, Citadel men, and now Citadel women, will be there."



Robert Jordan is a penname for James O. Rigney Jr. who graduated from The Citadel in 1974 with a degree in physics. He is the best-selling author of the *Wheel of Time* fantasy series and has written several books in the Conan series. Rigney served two tours of duty in Vietnam, earning the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Bronze Star and two Vietnamese Crosses of Gallantry before entering The Citadel as a veteran student.



EXCERPTS FROM IRAQ

After serving in the war in Iraq for an intense four months, Marine Corps 2nd Lt. Todd Garrett, '98, returned home safely and shared his journal with his alma mater. The following excerpts are from the compelling account he kept of his stay there.



30 JANUARY

The day of departure Dad dropped me off in an easy rain. Waiting under the armory's awning, I arranged gear. Young brides cried, desperately clinging to their last moments with young Marines. Children looked confused. Red, wet faces huddled together for emotional comfort under the eaves of our tank ramp. Long wails interrupted our travel before we left the hangar in the early hours of the day before dawn.

1 FEBRUARY

As the sun's first rays lightened the horizon, we touched down at Kuwait International. The plane darkened for security. We hastened down the stairs and onto the buses. With curtains drawn, they whisked us down the open runway into a

secured area where U.S. military personnel recorded the arrival of each Marine and issued ammunition. From there, Hummers manned with .50 caliber weapons led us to our assembly area in the desert. The lieutenants emplaced security around the perimeter, and everyone began setting up tents and digging fighting holes through the sand and then through the rock.

Jets and attack helicopters flew security above. Marines manned the perimeter holds below. We bedded down under a blanket of stars in peace but focused on the conflict of wills awaiting us. Rising early, we manned our fighting holes during the most dangerous time of the day when Iraqis usually attack.

We were treated to our first sand



storm. Terrific gusts flattened tents, reformed the landscape, and filled our mouths with grit.

Night before last, flames jumped in the horizon miles away. Speculation on the source included an oil refinery, a factory and an arms store building. Bedouins were spotted and approached in the open desert. They had cell phones with Iraqi government numbers. Our encampment grows daily with new tents and personnel. It will eventually hold 6,000 and be a rear site for rest and recovery. For now, no hot meals, no showers, no phone calls, but no war either.

7 FEBRUARY

Yesterday, the Marines moved out of our encampment and into the white tent city behind us. I was tasked with researching Iraqi artillery pieces; my first assignment was to research the 51st

logical agents were present.

We had chickens to detect agents, but they've since died of an unrelated disease.

4 MARCH

Each Marine has his area of the tent, a space the size of a twin bed. They have their sleep sack on top of a roll-out mat, flanked by their sea bags, backpacks, NBC [nuclear, biological, and chemical] protective gear, and assorted boxes from care packages. Most have a CD or tape player. Laundry dries on the ropes atop the tent's walls.

6 MARCH

"Gas, gas, gas!" rang out through the tent at 1:20 a.m.—an unwelcome wake-up call. The fluorescent bulbs flickered to reveal masked bodies busily beginning to dress themselves. We gathered our sergeants together and reported all hands present. The only problem was that one of the staff sergeants still dozed in his vehicle,

here, poking fun at the smell of port-a-jons, the local gunnery sergeant and his working parties, the frequency of chicken and rice for dinner, and the blowing sand that accompanies it all. The commotion drew admirers from neighboring camps, including two friends from The Citadel, Mason Harlow ['99] and Geoff Gifford ['01].

19 MARCH

During an afternoon meeting, word came in that we would be leaving in 12 hours. Meeting interrupted as another message arrived—we would be leaving in 2 hours. Back to our meeting when a third message arrived, "Get in your vehicles. Leave now." Then a scud missile was fired toward us, so we had to put on protective gear. Very hot and hard to see.

Our convoy was several miles in length, and the dust made visibility difficult. The

Just as my anxiety was reaching a good pitch, 1st Lt Matt Bain, our battalion logistics officer, pulled up beside me in his Humvee. "I was sent to meet you." I've never been so glad to see another Citadel grad.

Mechanized Division that we'll face north of the border.

Yesterday a truck drove into camp command some seven miles away and exploded. No word yet on whether anyone besides the driver was killed, but the whole area immediately changed into protective suits in case the bomb contained chemical or biological agents.

14 FEBRUARY

I spent my Valentine's Day on a tank firing range in the Kuwaiti desert. We put the tanks on line, fine tuned them, fired them, and then adjusted according to how they shot. One round was a dart of depleted uranium, and the other, a contact exploding round. The latter of these contacted the target's side post and obliterated it instantly.

Dad would've appreciated the great show of lightning last night—huge bolts on the horizon with light rain.

26 FEBRUARY

After an unexpected explosion today, we wore gas masks for an hour until we verified that no chemical weapons or bio-

unaware of the drill and unaccounted for.

10 MARCH

Tired. As worn out as I've been here. Last night, I reported to my new company commander in H and S Company. I am to command a provisional rifle platoon of 47 with the mission of protecting our supply trains throughout our movement to Baghdad.

16 MARCH

One night this week, we had a terrific sandstorm. Dust filled the air like a fog. You couldn't look up for the sand in your eyes, and when you had to check your course, you couldn't see five feet in front of you.

Last night, we had a talent show billed as the First Annual 2nd Tank Battalion Kuwaiti Talent Show.

"And last!" yelled one hopeful Marine. Some talent was quite witty—songs about our desert existence and the personalities



truck behind us ran into us. The vehicle in front of me got lost, so I had to tell him to stop and follow me until I got us back to our convoy.

20 MARCH

After the tanks of 2nd Tank Battalion had already blazed the first trail into Iraq,

we followed through as the sun's first rays dawned. We crossed the border just like crossing the street. No bombs, nothing. It wasn't until the sun was well up that artillery rounds started landing around us.

21 MARCH

As we arrived north of the Ramaylah oil fields to our battle position east of Basrah, the Iraqis continued to fire lone mortars and sent several trucks with .50 caliber machine guns, but all organized resistance was broken. The next day, I took a truckload of EPWs [enemy prisoners of war] and a trailer full of weapons to a central holding location run by the Brits. The trip took longer than I expected, and I knew that my battalion would be moving out soon. The sun began to dip behind the smoke of oil fires as I raced back to my planned rendez-vous point.

No one was on the highway except the Brit guards behind me, and my battalion was already out of radio range. Without a solid grid on the battalion's next stop, and unsure if they'd remembered sending me with the EPWs, I waited with my .50 caliber gunner and my driver as it grew dark. Just as my anxiety was reaching a good pitch, 1st Lt Matt Bain ['99], our battalion logistics officer, pulled up beside me in his Humvee.

"I was sent to meet you."

I've never been so glad to see another Citadel grad. He had the battalion's coordinates, and we were soon in the back of a convoy that would continue marching north for the next three days without stop. Seventy hours without sleep, several without food. We crossed the Euphrates, taking up a route on an unfinished highway stretching north to Baghdad.

26 MARCH

Security emplaced. Shepherds and herd. White Toyota pick-up wasted. Three dead Iraqis. White vehicle pushed through our position. Marines should've used deadly force. Unable to see anything. Hurricane force winds. Heard enemy motorcycles in area. Rain, hail storm probably saved lives by hiding our position 208 km from Baghdad. On the move. The storm stopped all traffic for miles. Witnessed a Marine 7-ton truck

run completely off road into overpasses, trailer flipped. Camels walked through our camp this morning. Currently stopped in convoy.

27 MARCH

Moved out from last night's camp beside two herders' mud and straw houses, empty and recently abandoned. Artillery coming in and going out.

Moved out from our location on the fly. Confusion. First sergeant sent with maintenance sweep team, two medivac helicopters passed flying fast and low. There must have been contact up front. Land mine set off by camel last night.

Waiting on side of road. CD player pulled out—Nirvana and rap. Monitoring a group moving through grass field off at flank. Fire fight up front. Convoy halted. RCT-7 [an adjacent regimental combat team] was a screening force for our advance, but became decisively engaged. The battle raged on the horizon.

28 MARCH

I've passed out hand grenades and

we've dug in for the evening.

30 MARCH

Cold clear morning. At 1800 last night, our planned mission and timeline was thrown out the window in favor of a less risky prospect and timeline. Translation: get up now and pack—move north. Marines were motivated and moved quickly.

As the sun now rises on the thick red-black silt of central Iraq, I see Marine drivers and gunners unmasking after a cold night's drive—a New York son of Polish immigrants, a Burmese boy who came alone, a Columbian who came to join his family, a Gambian who joined his father, a Guyanan, a Cuban, a Korean, and a Chinese boy whose parents still don't speak English. Each of these plus the sons of Carolina farmers and Pittsburgh steel workers sit in their Humvees or 7-tons or tanks, warming by the heaters.



The multinational coalition came together on the ground here, despite failures at the U.N. So to our critics: we don't have a U.N.-backed multinational coalition, we have a U.S.-backed one, full of nationals who have left all and voted with their feet in favor of our freedom and liberty and unashamed of sharing them. Arguably, this is a multinational coalition.

"We crossed the border just like crossing the street. No bombs, nothing."


31 MARCH

Last night, on the road, stopped in a convoy. Tonight, stopped on a highway. Pretty farm country with date palms, green fields and thick turquoise irrigation streams that breathe life into this area.

My Marines just paid \$16 for a pack of cigarettes.

A family to our right has several mud buildings in their compound. The women and children left one man and older sons as they departed with goods wrapped in blankets; probably scared of us.

The surrounding families will no doubt be glad to see us go. They've waved and been friendly when they passed through our area, but as a captain and an interpreter approached a house, everyone hid. The man came out and first requested that we not bother his wife or daughters. The captain allayed his fears and gave them humanitari-



an rations.

Late afternoon, crossing canal short of Tigris. First dead bodies seen strewn about.

2 APRIL

Cars left abandoned. Fresh tomatoes and dates stacked in a blue Corrola. No clue whether the drivers fled or became EPWs. Au Numaniyah at dusk, Marines in former Iraqi fighting positions. Charred Iraqi tanks and BMPs [Iraqi light armored fighting vehicles]. Shot up and burning buildings from last night's fight. Little boys rushed out to wave at the passing convoy. No light discipline. Marines were smoking and driving with headlights. Fires burned.

3 APRIL

Moving back to Au Numaniyah to cross Tigris, something few Americans have done. A Brit currently leads our column. We arrived north of the Tigris to find an overwhelming and growing refugee and EPW problem. The refugees

only wanted to head south. They wanted water and food. We had none. After being searched, the civilians were set free. Upon seeing them leave, the EPWs tried to rush out. I drew my pistol and my Marines followed suit with M16s. Hundreds of refugees in buses, trucks, cars, and on foot. Babies withered in the heat, carried on foot by worried parents. We only had enough water for the babies. We searched about half, finding discarded enemy uniform on buses before the captain gave the word to wave through because of the weight of numbers. Baghdad's lights on the horizon. A starry tent vaulted over us with its far edges dancing with the flashes of bombs by the capital city.

4 APRIL

Day began with volley following volley of artillery shaking the ground as it impacted enemy holdouts in areas we had already passed through. Now we are pushing back

through there to get more fuel, food, ammo. Colossal traffic jam. Civilians jubilantly waving as we pass. Most wave white flags just in case. Several looting areas we just bombed. Iraqis now asking for humanitarian meals. Seventy minutes ago, 2nd Tank Battalion moved first into the attack on Baghdad.

The houses are all dirt and straw, brick or regular stuccoed brick, except for some more palatial homes. A Lincoln Town Car and a Mercedes S-Class have been the only exceptions to aged and rattling vehicles. Hard fighting up front. Yesterday Lt. Zummo was medevacuated while attacking. Sgt. Andrew Michael ['00], his forward observer, was unhurt. He's okay; the RPG [rocket-propelled grenade] missed him. Today, Lt. McPhilips died. Cpl. Gooden died. Capt. Houston urgently medevacuated. First Sgt. Smith hurt bad. Ten miles from Baghdad. Artillery rounds landed within our camp today. Shrapnel landed several feet from my position. Sweltering heat. Unbearable for too long

Beat down by the heat, yet serenaded by a hidden chorus of perched birds. "Mail! We've got Mail!" was the call from the back of the truck.

during the days. Just went to chaplain's service. Bombs continued to burst throughout. Yesterday's dirty attack turned out to be rockets which could have been much worse. An Iraqi gave out our position over a cell phone. Our forces were monitoring the conversation. A Republican Guard major general lay dead at the local street corner. His Al Nida division is now combat ineffective.

Beat down by the heat, yet serenaded by a hidden chorus of perched birds.

"Mail! We've got Mail!" was the call from the back of the truck. Binoculars were needed for confirmation. Sure enough, the orange sacks behind the adjacent's truck were full of letters.

This morning, as my dehydration headache receded, the sun clouded over, the wind picked up, and the word came over the radio that we're back to MOPP [Military Operational Protective Posture] Level 0; cammies back on. The protective suits that we'd worn for three weeks, draining us of water and energy, were gladly discarded. We sit in a field brimming with winter wheat. The black-robed woman whose home we neighbor returned yesterday with two young men. She waved cautiously, fed her animals and left again with two cows and a white flag.

8 APRIL

The last two days were painfully slow, and with dehydration, miserable. Good news on the radio about the war ending within 72 hours and tanks in front of the presidential palace. Locals here tried to loot a home left alone by retreating or fighting owners. Their neighbors ran them off.

A quiet night. The woman has yet to return this morning. Her chickens have retreated from the wind to their mud shelter.

9 APRIL

Our neighboring family has returned en masse with women and children, indicating that they don't expect further hostilities here.

Whistles, clapping, and cheers as we enter the capital city. Ladies unveiled, waving from upper windows. It is akin to

a Christmas parade—the looters stand beside their new tires, appliances and sinks, applauding our procession, and we, the main attraction, expecting the crowd to shoot at us any minute. We wave back and smile. Then our eyes refocus on rooftops, alleys, culverts, and dark windows.

Our loop through Baghdad led us by countless abandoned bunkers and military vehicles. Unused and unwanted ammunition, weapons, and uniforms scattered about each position. One man with an AK-47 ran shooting in front of a lone tank in the rear. His upper torso fell beside his legs as his foolish enterprise ended.

"Good Bush! Good Bush, good!" Out of the mouths of babes, but no doubt a repetition of something heard from adults.

Baghdad, full of millions, lies silent except the evening prayers wail over the rooftops. No electric lights in town. Orange fires provide the only illumination to complement the moon's pale glow.

12 APRIL

Shots ring out at random around us, and it's never clear if they are aimed at us or looters. Four 1st Tank Battalion Marines were killed today as a Syrian approached their tank, portraying himself as a friendly gardener. He then pulled an AK-47 from his robe and shot them.

19 APRIL

Today we left Baghdad!

20 APRIL

Easter on the road south. Two tanks stuck. Three 7-ton trucks ran into each other. More well-wishers as we push south. Helicopters are once again over us but now Black Hawks instead of Cobras. I haven't heard a gunshot in more than 24 hours.

27 MAY

After a month of sweating nights south of Baghdad, we finally got permission to return to Camp Mathilda in Kuwait. Upon arrival, we cleaned our tanks, trucks, weapons, and gear. A few hours of sleep, and then, we turned-in most of our equipment. Here, at the last stop before going back home, it's like a cattle feedlot. They give us air conditioning, hot food, showers,

and pizza delivery. They fatten us up before returning us home.

Lt. Carter woke me last night with the good news that I'm going back to A Company.

Lt. Grindstaff joined the A Company lieutenants and me for dinner in the chow tent. As the easy laughs and joking commenced, I realized that something has happened to the lieutenants here. At our first meeting, most of us were unknown to each other. Now after having depended on each other for fire support, for guidance, and for comic relief in the trials of the desert, the individual personalities are melded. Following dinner, we retired to a pile of sandbags by the dysfunctional generator that is supposed to run air conditioning. Lt.s Greene and Dekryger joined us and we all pooled our tobacco. The bull session covered war stories, preferred types of ammunition, and support from home. Many of us have received dozens of packages and letters, often from complete strangers. The effect has been humbling. No one can live up to the acts of gratitude that the home front has shown. Lt. Dekryger said that the banners at home should thank the citizenry for their support, not us. We've been thanked in full and the gratitude due is to them: our family and neighbors.

Cigars burnt short, we put them out, exhaled, and rose to stand. "A wake-up," noted Lt. Moore. "That's all we have is a wake-up."

And with that, our time here is done. "Good evening, gentlemen."



Todd Garrett is currently serving in the 2nd Tank Battalion in A Company. A member of the Honors Program, he majored in history at The Citadel. He was a recipient of the Star of the West Scholarship and a battalion commander and a Summerall Guard. Following his graduation in 1998, he earned a master's degree in public policy from Harvard. He plans to continue his service with the Marine Corps for two more years. After that he will work in Latin America in micro finance before ultimately returning to South Carolina to work in commercial real estate.

Building an Education

by Jennifer Wallace with assistance from Jeff Wright, '03,
and Cadet Daniel Clinebelle

“The Citadel is a place of pride and tradition. A place where the standards are high, the discipline is strong and leaders are born.”

—President George W. Bush, Sept. 23, 1999

The Citadel is long renowned for molding leaders. Inherent in a Citadel education is a foundation built on the four pillars—academic instruction, military training, physical readiness and development of character. From the

17 degrees offered in the college's broad curriculum to a staunch

honor system, there are a myriad of classes and activities that make up the four pillars.

The following pages highlight an example of each.



In mid-June, the pace at The Citadel has slowed considerably and the atmosphere is relaxed to accommodate the scorching Charleston summer days and the downshift from graduation to summer school.

Summer school students stroll around campus with backpacks wearing shorts, T-shirts and sandals while many faculty and staff members have traded their military uniforms for more leisure wear. Summer furlough is in full swing.

Twenty miles west of the military college at Durham Canal Landing, Jacoby Davis is sitting in a small aluminum boat sporting the beginnings of a beard he will have to shave off in August. Forging through the waterway with him is biology professor Lt. Col. Joe Kelley. The rising senior cadet from North Carolina is continuing a study he began his sophomore year—the proliferation of a water primrose called *Ludwigia hexapetala*.

“We had some hard freezes on the Cooper last winter,” Kelley says to Davis. “It’s going to be interesting to see what impact they had on this year’s seed production.”

As the cadet and his professor head toward the Cooper River, they pass abandoned rice fields that once dominated Charleston agriculture. The banks of the canal are overgrown with lush vegetation, including magnolia trees now in blossom. The eyes of a large alligator sink into the water as the boat passes and

farther away a great blue heron takes a break from his morning fishing to sun himself. And everywhere vast floating mats of *Ludwigia* tangled with water hyacinth and smartweed clog arteries and hinder navigation. The pretty yellow flower and its vine have spread



through the waterway the way kudzu spreads among trees.

The *Ludwigia* roots in shallow water and sends vines out as far as 30 feet. Kelley and colleague Col. Richard Porcher, who retired from The Citadel Biology Department in

May, found that floating vegetation blankets 1,500 acres of sub tidal open water habitat in the Cooper River.

The viny water plant got an unintended boost in 1985 when the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers implemented the Cooper River Rediversion Project to alleviate sedimentation in Charleston Harbor. The plan also reduced water levels in the Cooper River and increased shallow habitat, making conditions ideal for floating vegetation, in particular the *Ludwigia* plant.

The momentum behind Davis’ project is to find adjustable conditions in the germination process to control the spread of the *Ludwigia* without using chemical pesticides.

To do this, he is studying the plant life cycle and the conditions under which it germinates.

Davis’ research often takes him on field trips to the Cooper River to record flowering and seed development times and to trap seed capsules. In the lab, he has set up an aquarium to simulate tidal cycles, daylight and night-time hours and to expose seeds to different water levels.

His findings so far sug-

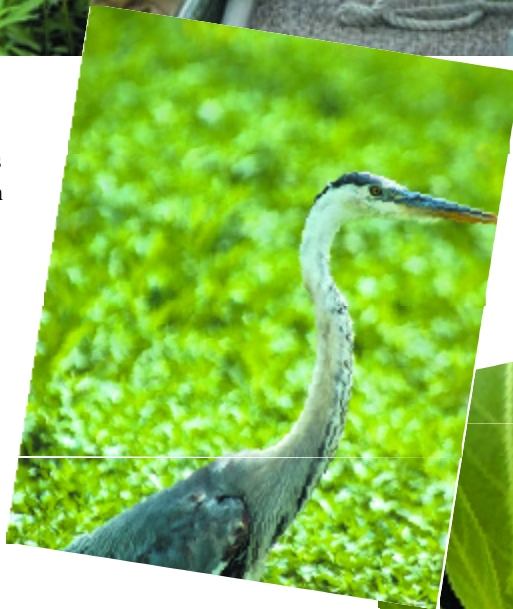


gest that containment of the Ludwigia may be possible by using floating nets in dike breaches to trap the capsules in years the plant bears significant levels of fruit.

Davis' project was made possible by a \$2,000 grant from the South Carolina Aquatic Plant Management Society and support from The Citadel Foundation. After graduation in May 2004, Davis plans to conclude his study of the Ludwigia and be commissioned into the Air Force. He would like to eventually earn a doctorate in field biology.

"I want to be like Dr. Kelley. He and Dr. Porcher are my inspiration," Davis says.

Perhaps one day many years from now Davis will return to the Lowcountry to continue along the path set before him by Kelley and Porcher. And maybe on a June morning he will take another eager young cadet out on



the Cooper River in a small aluminum boat and explain how great mats of water primrose called Ludwigia hexapetala once threatened to overtake the river.



Since 1988, some 40 cadets have launched the academic year with a grueling training regimen to prepare for a two-day competition each October at Fort Jackson, in Columbia, S.C. The members who make up the elite division of the Army ROTC team are serious about winning the 5th Brigade Ranger Challenge Competition. In fact, The Citadel Ranger Challenge Team has won 12 of the past 14 competitions.



Established by the U.S. Army Cadet Command, the competition includes the commander's event—a mystery match that changes yearly. In the 2002 tournament, it was a vehicle push and a tomahawk throw. The other eight contests are standard.

RANGER CHALLENGE COMPETITIONS

- **Army physical fitness test:** Two minutes of push-ups, two minutes of sit-ups and a timed two-mile run.
- **Hand grenade assault course:** Cadets complete a timed course in which they throw hand grenades at six enemy positions. Using the high crawl, low crawl, combat roll, and proper grenade throwing technique, they are scored on time, accuracy and form.
- **M-16 rifle station:** Cadets sprint 50 meters, disassemble and then reassemble an M-16 rifle for time. They then perform a functions check and sprint back to the starting point.
- **Patrolling exam:** Cadets take a written examination based on the Army's Infantry Rifle Platoon and Squad Manual.
- **Forced road march:** Cadets run 10 kilometers transporting rucksacks with combat gear.
- **Rope bridge construction and crossing:** Cadets are given ropes with carabiners. They use two pre-selected trees on opposite sides of a ravine to anchor the bridge over which they will transfer personnel and supplies. Proper knots, technique, and time are all factored into the score.
- **Land navigation:** cadets locate 40 check points throughout a four-square-mile course.

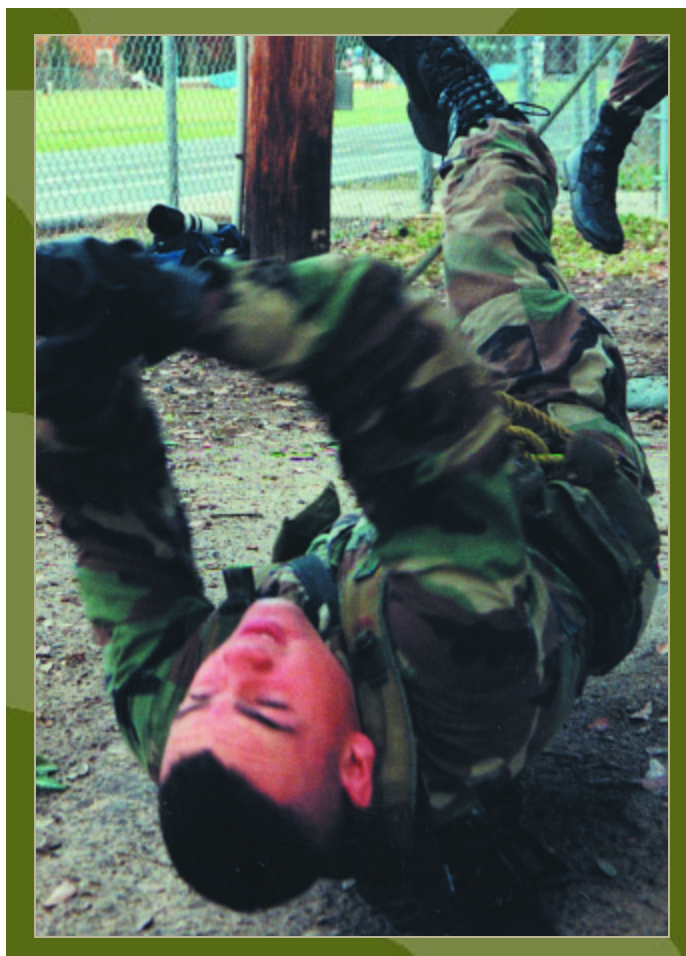
Maj. Erik Kramer, '90, and Master Sgt. Roger Pye, both military science professors, serve as faculty advisors and instructors for the team.

"The Ranger Challenge competition is the ultimate skills test. Not only are the cadets using their leadership and team skills to work together, they must be mentally and physically prepared," Kramer says.

The Citadel fields two teams of nine cadets ranging from sophomore to senior. Membership is open to any cadet enrolled in Army ROTC. At Fort Jackson, they compete against 23 other colleges and universities from North and South Carolina and Tennessee. In the 2002 competition, both Citadel teams won their respective divisions.

Training is intense for the cadets who choose to participate, and several will find that they do not have the time to commit to the team and will

drop out. But those who choose to participate will give up their free time,



Cadet Seth Layton, a junior from Boca Raton, Fla., negotiates the rope bridge.

including weekends and lunches, to train until the competition takes place in October.

Commanding the 2003 team is Cadet Nick Goshen of Silver Lake, Ohio. As

regimental athletic officer, a member of the Summerall Guards and a Writing Center assistant, the business administration major stays busy, yet somehow he manages to keep up with his demanding schedule.

"Ranger Challenge is the most challenging and the most rewarding," he says. "In the mornings, we're up before everybody. In the afternoons, we're out training. While everybody is out having fun on the weekends, we're training."

"We train about 30 hours a week," Pye explains. "There's PT in the morning, map reading and patrolling at lunch. There's a 3:30 p.m. practice and one again at

5:30. Cadets give up their Saturdays to train as well. The cadets who compete are very determined and competitive. They're here to win."

PHYSICAL READINESS



RIFLE

“It’s always hot,” says sophomore Cadet Encarna Keating. “You are wearing so much gear that you are sweating. People are shooting beside you, but you still have to keep still and breathe right. Even if you see that you’ve missed your target, you have to keep your focus and keep going. All of this is happening at one time.

It isn’t one-on-one, but you can see the other person’s results, and you see your own. It’s intimidating.”



So describes the competition in the college's newest varsity sport. Although the rifle team was organized on campus in 1914, it has operated as a club sport in recent years. In the 2001-2002 academic year, it was promoted to a varsity sport. Now, under the auspices of the athletic department, the team competes on the NCAA level.

In its first year as a varsity sport, the co-ed team won the Southeastern Air Rifle Conference Championships. In the 2003 season, the team finished second in the conference, missing first place by only 17 points.

"Many people don't realize how specialized the sport of rifle is. It requires precision, discipline, patience, the ability to relax under pressure," Coach Bill Smith explains.

Smith expects a dozen members on the 2003-2004 roster—roughly half will be women. Smith became involved while his nephews were on the team during the 1990s. He served as president of Charleston's Palmetto Gun Club for seven years and ran the junior program. In addition to coaching at The Citadel, he is in charge of the club's small-bore rifle matches.

When Smith learned about Keating's background in marksmanship at the beginning of the fall 2002 semester, he took her to Deas Hall to see what she could do. After putting several rounds through the 10

ring, she earned a spot on the team.

The rifle sport uses a black circle target with rings an eighth of an inch apart. The center ring, the 10 ring, is worth 10 points. And in the center of the target is a pencil dot—the bull's-eye. The bull's-eye is a tie-breaker. When the bullet hits the bull's-eye, the shooter scores 10 points and an X. To score a perfect 10, the bullet must strike a target no larger than the capital O on this page from 10 meters away. How do they do it?

"I just have some natural ability," says Keating. "I was raised on it. When I was 5 years old, my dad took me out to start hunting."

Keating's informal shoot at Deas Hall was far from match conditions. In addition to highly tuned compressed air rifles, shooters wear specialized clothing to enhance accuracy. Rigid jackets and pants restrict movement to allow a more stable shooting platform, and even specialized gloves and boots are used.

Of all the things that make shooters more accurate, the most important has nothing to do with equipment.

"It's in your head," Smith says. "You must do everything perfect—your position, your hold, sight alignment, aim, breathing, trigger control, pulse and follow-through after the shot.

The ability to focus and stay calm while

shooting is a mental game."

The team practices every day from 3 to 5 p.m. They practice with air rifles in Deas Hall, and until the college's rifle range is built, they go to the Palmetto Gun Club to practice the .22.

Construction on the rifle range is scheduled to begin in November on WLI Field. Plans are to have 16 small-bore points on the first floor and air rifles with electronic targets on the second floor.

The new facility is being funded by a \$3 million federal grant sponsored by Sen. Fritz Hollings, '42, and Sen. Daniel Inouye.

Although 2002-2003 was Keating's first year on the team, she managed to letter. To earn a letter in rifle, a shooter must place in the top eight at a conference match with 30 to 50 shooters competing. But success for Keating and the team is not just limited to the rifle range. Five team members of the 2003 team, including Keating, were awarded Academic All-America status by the Collegiate Rifle Coaches Association.

Keating's success is not surprising. She is very focused on her target, both on the rifle range and in the classroom.

"It takes concentration. Even if you see that you've missed your target you have to keep your focus and keep going."



CHARACTER

ETHICS CLASS

You are a Marine officer in the Vietnam War. Your men are in a village being attacked by a large force. If you don't call for artillery fire around their position, they will lose the battle and probably their lives. If you do call for fire, civilians will likely die, but your Marines will survive. What do you do?

That's the perplexing question Marine Corps Col. Ralph Tice asks cadets in Naval Science 402, Leadership and Ethics, the capstone class for Naval ROTC students. The class strives to develop a cadet's capacity for making and justifying well-reasoned, ethical decisions.

The course combines a study of philosophy with actual case studies in moral dilemmas.

"To make a decision there are several positions that must be considered," says Cadet Jeff Wright in response to Tice's question. "Is this action required to complete the mission? Is there a way to accomplish the mission without endangering civilians?"

The class has taught Wright, a senior from Atlanta, and his classmates to weigh different perspectives before making a rash decision.

"One of my primary objectives over the course of the semester," says Tice, "is to teach students not what to think, but how to think about ethical decision-making. This will mentally prepare students for the numerous and complex ethical challenges they will encounter after graduation."

Tice teaches on two assumptions—that there are good and bad reasons for every decision and the ability to evaluate reasons for action can be improved by education and reflection.

Cadets study a range of moral theories, including utilitarianism, relativism, Divine Law and Natural Law. They combine these theories with the teachings of philosophers that include Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and Epictetus.



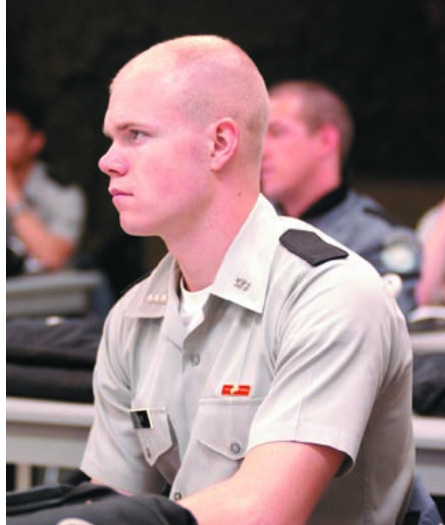
In emphasizing the development of character, The Citadel has always encouraged cadets to practice their religious beliefs. There are 16 different religious organizations on campus, including Protestant, Catholic, Jewish and Muslim. Cadets also live by an honor code that states that a cadet does not lie, cheat, or steal, nor tolerate those who do.



Then they are required to apply these ideas and concepts within the contexts of military ethics, constitutional ethics, Just War theory and the conduct of war. The class is taught through a series of extensive readings, case studies, debates, papers, presentations, and exams.

"The basis of my instruction is properly channeled and sequenced questioning," said Tice. "After the first class, my goal is to have the students do 75 percent of the talking. Class participation is the most important aspect of the student's success in this course."

Tice is emphatic that the class will not teach students to be ethical or even give them the right answers. The class will not present every possible situation students will face. Instead, students will consider thematic questions: What is the right thing to do? Is it morally right or wrong? How does loyalty affect moral decisions? What is the source of a person's moral obligation? What is the source of a military officer's moral obligation? And how does an officer deal with his or her conscience when ordered to do something against his or her morals? By challenging his students, Tice hopes to increase their capacity for critical thinking, including examining their own ideas and beliefs.

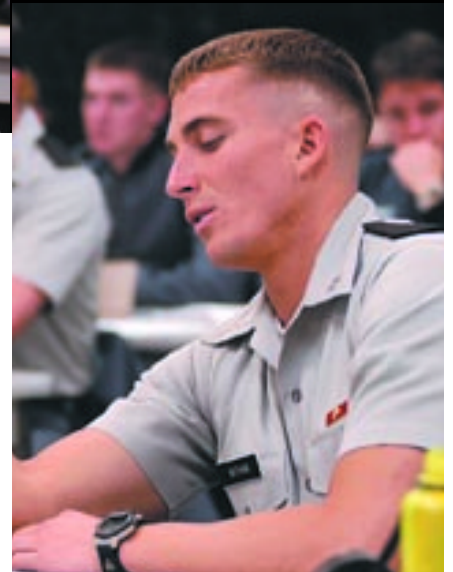


At the same time, his goal is to ensure that they understand the moral obligations and responsibilities of being a leader.

"This is an important course leading up to graduation and commissioning as an officer in the Navy or Marine Corps," Tice explains. "It fully supports the core values espoused by the Navy and Marine Corps—honor, courage and commitment."



"One of my primary objectives over the course of the semester," says Tice, "is to teach students not what to think, but how to think about ethical decision-making. This will mentally prepare students for the numerous and complex ethical challenges they will encounter after graduation."





I n s i d e

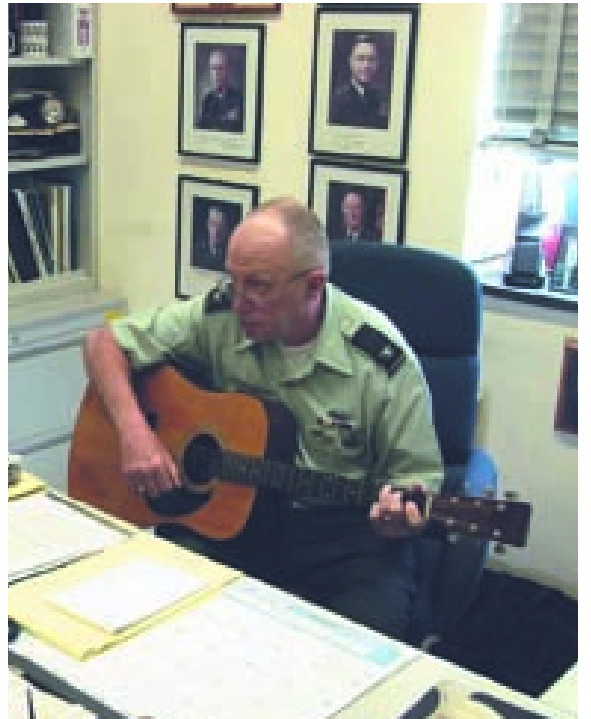
LESENE GATE

Unless otherwise noted, all photographs in this magazine are the work of Russ Pace, The Citadel photographer and a member of the public affairs office staff. With a true artist's eye, Pace has photographed thousands of athletic events, cadets activities and candid scenes. He has been employed at the college since 1986, and his talent for capturing just the right moment has been unrivaled. At this writing, Pace has photographed 492 parades. He is often working when no one else is—after hours, weekends and holidays—always trying to land the best shot The Citadel has to offer. The scenes in the following pages speak for themselves. Rick Johnson with his adoring niece smiles big after CGPS graduation, Donnell Florence of the physical plant paints Mark Clark Hall, Deputy Commandant of Cadets Col. John Lackey, '61, strums his guitar and cadets are busy in their in everyday activities—shining brass, studying and competing in athletic events.

Photos by Russ Pace, Citadel Photography



















TEACHING

at The Citadel

by Col. James A.W. Rembert, '61





Cadets in Class

When a freshman crinkles paper in his book bag, he will hear, "Mr. Willis, no candy in class. Stop that. The noise distracts us."

Again the crinkling. "Mr. Willis, that's twice. The third time will prove you unworthy to sit with these fine gentlemen and the lady."

Five minutes later a subdued crinkle. "Mr. Willis, rise and go to the window." (Mercifully the English department is on the first floor of Capers Hall.)

At the window he hears, "Open it." He does so. "Now, climb up on the sill and jump to the ground," which is a short hop.

"Sir, may I get my cap?"

"No, you may not."

"But, sir."

"Leap, my good man. Leap."

The knob jumps out the window and finds himself on the grass, a mere fourthclassman outside a building with no cover upon his nearly bald head, a crime indeed.

"Mr. Willis, face into the room." Only his head and shoulders are visible.

"Stand at parade rest, and pay attention." He does so.

When time comes for him to read his daily paper aloud, the professor directs it to be passed to Mr. Willis, and he reads aloud from outside into the classroom, for a grade. The teaching continues, until suddenly Mr. Willis snaps to attention, does a crisp about face, and begins replying to a cadet on the sidewalk, a company first sergeant who wants to know, "What are you doing, knob, out here with no cover?"

"Sir, I was made to leave the class."

"What company? Oh, I see. Your first sergeant will have something to say to you at noon formation."

Another about face, then a snapping to parade rest, and the delighted and horrified class continues.

The cadet first sergeant is not the only passing upperclassman to address Mr. Willis during that class period. His predicament is seared into memory. Never again will Mr. Willis reach for candy inside his book bag. Defenestration is an effective method of insuring future compliance with standards.

These cadets are not like lazy lizards lying in the sun, soaking up knowledge as it comes, with a "teach me if you can" attitude. They are like predators seeking knowledge, understanding, experience and self-discipline. They are varied, usually intelligent, amusing, entertaining, surprisingly honorable, tough, quietly ambitious, appealing, and some teachers miss them when they leave for the summer and especially when they graduate and leave for good.

Some few cadets, of course, are lazy, unkempt, feckless, irresponsible, ambitious but incompetent, devious, unmilitary, self-

After being primed by the swamp master's, or duckherd's, e-mails to fear water moccasins and alligators, each one in the single file of cadets, with a few young graduates and a Marine sergeant or two, simply follows the cadet in front without showing fear. The prevailing attitude must be, "If the others are doing this, so can I." Never a whimper or whine, certainly not from the female cadets who invariably volunteer to go on these odd treks and who would die before giving a male cadet the satisfaction of seeing a female cadet unable to take the shock of finding herself thigh deep or waist deep in black water tromping through a swamp for two or three hours in the dark of night before exiting to high ground.

The cadets don't know that moccasins rarely stay in the water at night. Cold blooded, they like dry land when the air cools. The next day we often find a moccasin in the sun as we troop along high ground for miles. The professor holds the snake's head to the ground with a stick, picks it up, firmly grasped just behind its jaws, squeezes till the mouth opens wide, then strokes the fangs with a twig to milk the poison. Cadets and others stand in a wide semicircle to observe and to learn how to tell the characteristics of a pit viper from those of a harmless snake.



destructive, cocky to a fault or whiny, or suddenly famous like Knob Willis. Many of these can be entertaining, and we suffer somewhat to see them depart also. In class we get the good and the bad together, thank goodness. The mix makes the good ones stand out, and the bad. A mischievous cadet—this happens about once every year or two—persuades the class to pick up their desks and face the back of the room, so that when the professor enters to teach, he steps to the lectern and sees only broad backs and backs of heads. The professor checks attendance quickly and begins his lecture.

The first cadet who glances back over his shoulder to check out this unperturbed teacher hears, "Mr. Thompson, keep your eyes to the front of the room."

The entire class period goes this way, and the unfazed professor never mentions the episode again, but one can believe the story spreads in the mess hall at lunch.

Cadets in the Field: Swamp

These delightful cadets grow subdued on field trips if the trips are of the right kind. Many cadets have never seen a Southern swamp, few have walked knee deep in one, and few if any have walked in a swamp at night. Some cadets, hard to believe, have never spent a night on the ground. Yet these brave lads and lasses ask to go on the next swamp hike, because they have heard about good times in the out of doors where we have no mountains or cliffs, nothing difficult but forbidding cypress swamp hikes, not sponsored by the college but led solely by an old English professor reliving former days in Army Ranger training.

Then the professor will remind the group of Genesis, where God said to the serpent after the Fall, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman."

But female cadets are not your everyday woman. "Who will come forward and touch the head of this venomous snake?"

Invariably one young woman will come forward, and the professor will say, "No, come here, from behind, away from the fangs, and touch between his eyes. Good. Brave lass."

No one says anything, but cameras are clicking, and surely the lads and lasses will not forget that sight. Parents should have little fear: these hikes are timed for very early spring and late fall when few snakes are out. We've never encountered an alligator, but the cadets do not know that.

Cadets in the Field: Mountains

When the 20th-Century Drama class is on special leave for an academic weekend at the professor's mountain house, the cadets must divide into three groups, as they have done once a week all semester, and write, rehearse and perform an original play for an academic grade. The professor and his wife invite friends from the mountain village as audience, and the cadet subgroup which is the silliest will get the lowest grade, and the most focused, the highest grade. Once the regimental commander, of all people, turned out to be the best actor of the weekend.

The next day the class is taken on a creek-hopping hike until the group reaches the top of a 50-foot high waterfall. Invariably some cadets, energetic and fearless, male and female, will raise their arms and fists like Rocky at the top of the steps in Philadelphia.

Around a campfire in swamp or mountains cadets tell stories and soon ask for a story, and nothing will do but a story about the professor's younger days when he has amusingly suggested he was sweetly dangerous among the ladies. He demurs, says he cannot remember. Some remind him of the story he told in class two years ago during a weak moment. "Well, you've heard it."

"No, no, we haven't heard it; only those two heard it. Tell it, tell it."

"I cannot, really." "Tell it, tell it."

The stories, well rehearsed over the years, show the old man as a young man invariably failing to get the girl, always coming close, suspense building, tension heightening, but finally left to nurse his wounded ego or heart. That seems to be enough for cadets, to imagine an old man as a young man, seeing that even in the old days emotions were the same as today. You see, as my wife, also a college professor, has pointed out, students cannot imagine a teacher being anything but an old teacher at the front of the classroom, unimaginable to picture as a dashing swain, even if exaggerated. The final disappointment in the game of love seems to make the story come out right for the cadets.



Teaching at The Citadel

Teaching at The Citadel is not all fun and diversion. It is virtually the same as teaching at Wofford, Furman or Davidson, for example, and our faculties are interchangeable. We must do research, writing and publication to achieve tenure and full professor, and we do these, and we secure grants and deliver papers at professional meetings for love of learning if for nothing else. But teaching here can also be quite different from teaching elsewhere because a professor can draw on the military system if he likes. If a cadet complains or asks for favors in class, the response can be, "This is a military college," followed by a remark learned from cadets, "Suck it up." Many think military discipline is off once they enter the classroom, but the tension between the cadet system and the freedom of academic inquiry into the nature of truth makes for a heightened sense of adventure in class.

Imagine the challenge of having to have something to say twice a day to bright young faces five days a week, the challenge to teach, to keep the class awake, to inform, delight, to transform those partly formed uniformed young souls asking only to be inspired for the next 50 or 75 minutes. Only? Who is capable of inspiring young people two times a day, day in and day out? That is a daunting prospect.

Maybe it helps if The Citadel teacher has been a Scoutmaster, a summer camp counselor, waterfront director, an Army company commander, a paratrooper, a Ranger-qualified Special Forces A-Team leader (back in the late 1960s), all dealing with young

folks, volunteers committed to learning and enjoying, to being competent at whatever the mission involved. What a deal. But, knowing one's stuff, keeping the animals moving in the cage, keeping them awake, inspiring them if possible: it ain't easy, but it's fun.

Postscript

Studying for years at a foreign university I learned in some detail how medieval and Renaissance university dons taught their charges, with daily oral exercises, pitting one undergraduate against another, supervised by the teacher. I brought that back to my Citadel classes, believing that a cadet must stay awake and alert if at any moment he might be called on to read aloud his one-page daily paper, graded on the spot after his classmates and the professor comment openly on the paper's quality. The paper is a daily requirement in all of my classes. This recurring public demonstration of one's academic competence does something to cadets. They are fearful and embarrassed the first week of class, but they get used to the procedure and become proud of their obvious improve-

ments in reading, thinking, writing and oral delivery, and their classmates as well as the professor comment on their improvements. Fear of public embarrassment is a splendid motivator.

Years later former cadets write, telephone or drop by and say how much they learned and what it has done for them. I respond that I did nothing but require; they did all the work. They speak of their characters' being molded, their philosophies of life being clarified. How is a poor teacher to respond, except to say that the classes were just catalysts to help them become the kinds of fine men and women they were going to be anyway. And they are fine. What a privilege and an honor to have been associated with them all these years.

Col. James A.W. Rembert, '61, is legendary on campus for his colorful stories. Since he began teaching at The Citadel in 1968, he has been friend and inspiration to scores of cadets inside the classroom and out. In his tenure, he has served as faculty advisor for the Honor Committee, the Round Table, the Summerall Guards and Tango Company. He holds doctorate degrees from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and from Cambridge University in England.

COLLEGE OF
GRADUATE
AND
PROFESSIONAL
STUDIES

goes to
Costa Rica



by Max Ballard, CGPS '03

Photos by
Chris Wilkinson, CGPS '03

When the College of Graduate and Professional Studies' (CGPS) Maymester trip to China was canceled because of the SARS epidemic, business professor Lt. Col. Steve Silver scrambled to put together a last-minute substitute. Silver and Maj. Shelia Foster along with 23 masters in business administration (MBA) students traveled to Costa Rica for an international business study that included a first-hand look into the country's government, economics, industry, and agriculture. MBA student Max Ballard reports on some of what the class learned during their eight-day stay.



We began our tour with a visit to Café Britt, a medium-sized producer and exporter of fine arabica coffee in Heredia. At the production facility we learned about the history of coffee in Costa Rica, the importance of coffee to the middle-class economy and the importance of distinguishing their fine coffees from the melee of commodity producers. Most coffee is augmented with sugar before it is roasted, an economical way to boost the yield and disguise unpleasant tastes of poor quality coffee. We enjoyed a very personal lecture and discussion with the facility's general manager, Pedro Vargas. It was a rare treat to listen to the political challenges and marketing decisions facing him and his management staff in the highly competitive coffee exportation industry.

Using double planting techniques and natural shade provided by banana trees, Café Britt works the land based on long-term commitments to preservation of their natural resources. Most other countries saturate the soil with fertilizer to boost their crop yields, but in that process, deplete the soil of its natural nutrients, rendering it useless in 20 to 25 years. The fertilizer runoff from these practices may also cause irreparable damage to both wildlife and domesticated animals.

We took a day trip to a banana plantation operated by the agricultural extension of the University of Costa Rica where we saw huge clusters of fruit being processed and packaged for delivery to the United States. The newly stripped stalks and waste bananas are ground and recycled into paper, a great example of the environmentally conscious business practices of Costa Rica.

The average worker on the plantation earns about \$10 a day for labor in the fields. Laboring six days each week, the banana worker can expect to earn only \$240 a month to support a family. This is why most agrarian families in Costa Rica live together in small apartments.

We noted some simple, yet important differences between our two cultures. While Americans are bustling and hurrying to go faster and farther, Costa Ricans are content with their own slow pace of life. Most retail stores and businesses operate for limited hours, which typically begin at 10 a.m. and end at 4 p.m. The standard of living is somewhat below what we are accustomed to in Charleston. Costa Rica is by no means destitute or poverty-stricken as some neighboring countries—I drank water from the tap and ate food from roadside vendors without fear, but in

many parts of the country there are homes that resemble fortified chicken coops, and in rural areas, the roads are simply dry creek beds.

The tour guides we met were very well educated in their specific fields and took time to educate the tourists they guided. Most business practices seemed to center around environmental friendliness, and much of this philosophy could easily be applied to our own way of conducting business.

The trip also included a walk in the clouds. At 11,700 feet we stood at the top of the volcano at Irazu. In Heredia we visited the Basilica, a beautiful Catholic church that houses the Virgin of Costa Rica, a replica of the Virgin Mary, which appeared to a local girl over 200

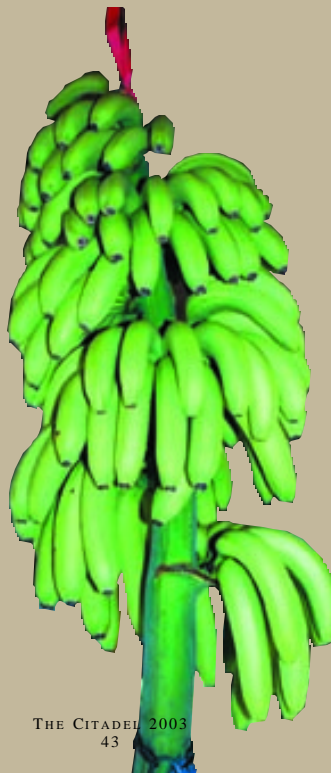
years ago. We went snorkeling to a small reef located in a natural park off the coast of Puerto Viejo. The current was strong and the water somewhat silt laden. The fish were not abundant, but the ones we saw were beautiful. I got a peek at a small octopus that was brilliant red. There were lots of parrot fish and some small tropical varieties ringed in yellow and orange. We enjoyed sitting on the shore of a deserted peninsula eating fresh melons and pineapples and talking about our adventures.

Hiking through the jungle, we learned about various plants, animals, insects and local history. We saw howler monkeys, various crabs, spiders, cutter ants, tree sloths and a few dolphin off shore. We dined on black beans and rice cooked with fresh coconut milk, salads

filled with fresh vegetables and hearts of palm, fresh sea bass and chicken and homemade ice-cream with pieces of Butter Finger.

Using their natural resources as a source of revenue is a tremendous boost to the Costa Rican economy and could easily work in the United States. Costa Ricans are also a proud and friendly people. Theirs is the only country in the civilized world that does not have an army to defend its borders. Costa Rica is very dependent on the United States for their way of life. American support of tourism, imports, manufacturing and port activity keeps the economy functioning.

The most notable experience of the whole trip was the bonding among the students and faculty. It is almost regrettable this was my final course in the MBA program. Hopefully, future classes of both MBA and undergraduate students will be able to experience studies abroad with their classmates early in their programs. Maybe they too will travel to the tropical paradise of Costa Rica.



THE EVOLUTION OF A KNOB

FRESHMEN CADETS ARE CALLED KNOBS BECAUSE THEIR CLOSELY SHAVED HEADS RESEMBLE DOORKNOBS.

As this magazine goes to press, approximately 650 young men and women are beginning their freshmen year in a rigorous program of military discipline, known as the fourth class system. The experience is an ambitious undertaking that is not for everyone. Approximately 8 percent will drop out before classes even begin. But those who remain and go on to complete their freshmen year will consider reaching Recognition Day one of the greatest achievements of their lives. The following account was written by one such cadet.

Now a sophomore, he prefers to remain anonymous.

Day 1 Well, here I am! My parents dropped me off, and I am talking with my new friends in the cool shade of the galleries while the hot August sun beats down on the checkered quad. I feel excited and a little bit nervous, but I tell myself that it was my decision to come here. No matter how bad it gets, I will never quit.

Day 2 The first weekend is busy with academic orientation and casual meetings that prepare us for the year to come. I have started to become familiar with my new friends, and despite our various backgrounds and individual personalities, we feel a sense of unity.

Day 3 Hell Night begins my life as a cadet. My fellow classmates and I stand at attention as we hear the clang clang of the battalion gates shutting. The barracks loudspeaker blares, "Attention to the orders! Attention to the orders! The fourth class system is now in effect!"

"Brace! Get your chin in! Brace!" are the only words I hear.

My heart pounds and sweat begins to stream down my face as we file up the four divisions of Murray Barracks. Our chins are forced to the back of our throats and our backs are nearly parallel to the floor. The air echoes with the screeching shouts of the cadre. The pain I feel from the push-ups and the bracing is nothing compared to the excitement and anxiety that suffuses my body. As I reach the top of second division, my first sergeant screams for me to run to the bottom of the stairs and start

again. After three hours of madness, I finally reach my room where I find little comfort in a short night's sleep.

Day 5 The long, agonizing days of Hell Week are fraught with endless yelling, sweeping the barracks three times a day, waking at 5 a.m. to run, learning proper drill and shoe shining. I really begin to ques-

tion my reason for coming here. I feel useless and inferior. I was the high school football captain and a popular leader among my friends back home. Now it seems like I am lower than dirt. The days are full of turmoil. Nothing I do pleases the demanding cadre, and their yelling seems to be nonstop. I compose myself and firmly resolve that I will continue to fight. I want to prove to everyone—parents, friends, class-

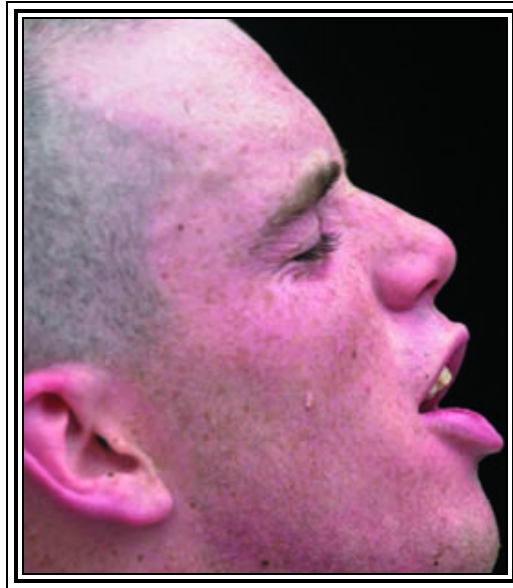
mates, and most importantly, the cadre—that I will succeed.

Day 8 In the mess hall, I sit rigidly on the front three inches on my chair, chewing rapidly, praying that I am not asked to recite any mess facts [history and Citadel trivia freshmen are required to know].

"Knob," the mess carver says looking at the freshman beside me. "How many tiles are on the quadrangle in Stevens Barracks?"

"Sir, 737, sir," he yells out, answering correctly.

Day 12 Classes finally begin. I breathe a sigh of relief as I walk into my first class of the year. It is Dr. Bowman's biology lecture, and I quickly realize that college classes are more challenging than the classes I took in high school. As he goes over the syllabus,



Physical exertion is an important aspect of fourth class training.

remind myself that despite my current circumstances, grades take precedence over everything.

Day 57 I can't believe midterms are already here, and the time has gone so fast. I've been working hard, but I still feel stressed out. Parents' Day is a great time to see my parents and my girlfriend, knowing in the back of my mind that I can never let them down by quitting. I feel a sense of pride shaking the hand of my father who graduated from

The Citadel in 1966.

Day 123 Christmas furlough begins after a hard week of exams. My grades were great, and I feel my confidence returning. Being back home for Christmas is unbelievable. I see my old friends, visit relatives, sleep late, and eat until I can't breathe.

Day 149

Approaching

Lesesne Gate after a month of normal life, I instantly feel the stress of being a knob. My pulse is racing and I feel a little nauseated. As the guard waves my dad's car through the gate, I am fully reminded that I have only completed half of knob year, and an entire semester is still left. We drive down the Avenue of Remembrance. I look at the battalions from across the parade ground and feel my shoulders tighten.

Day 157 A week goes by, and I am once again immersed in the everyday struggle of being a freshman. My new sophomore squad sergeant reminds me of my Hell Week cadre sergeant. He demands more responsibility and effort from me, and his inspections are thorough. Since my classmates and I have learned the tasks required of us, the new sergeants challenge us to learn more knob knowledge. I am expected

to be perfect from head to toe in appearance and attitude. I am required to try harder and harder everyday. Their screaming seems endless, and the new tasks pose a challenge for the remaining four months.

Day 159 The blue steel door in my room flies open with a crash, and I leap to attention. It is my company commander, and I rack my brain to remember what I did earlier in the day that could have brought

him to my room.

He walks up to me and stares. His eyes are hard and his presence is intimidating. He looks at me for a long moment before he speaks.

"Knob, you've done an outstanding job so far this year, and it will all soon be over. Keep up the good work. I'll look forward to shaking your hand when the

year is over."

As he leaves the room, I feel determined to continue working hard and finish the year strong.

Day 161 Taking my first overnight is great, and I feel relief knowing that I will be able to spend weekends outside the barracks. I go downtown for dinner with my girlfriend and some of her College of Charleston friends to A.W. Shucks. After a week of small bland meals, the fried shrimp is unbelievable. We head to a friend's apartment to hang out for the night. I can't wait to sleep in tomorrow morning.

Day 178 February brings on further responsibilities as classes continue to get harder. President's Inspection is the biggest Saturday morning inspection of the year. Our rooms are expected to be immaculate. Personal appearance is to be at its best



Fourth class cadets do pushups before going to the mess hall.





The end of Recognition Day signifies the end of the fourth class year.

Day 178 February brings on further responsibilities as classes continue to get harder. President's Inspection is the biggest Saturday morning inspection of the year. Our rooms are expected to be immaculate. Personal appearance is to be at its best with shoes, brass, and uniform in perfect order.

Day 197 After achieving OPA [outstanding personal appearance] and OR [outstanding room] in the President's Inspection, I continue to understand that the only way to succeed is through tireless hard work.

Day 228 Coming back from spring break and a week at the beach with my friends means that in one month I will be done with knob year! All I can do is laugh when I remember questioning my decision to come to The Citadel. Grades look good, and the weekend beach trips are constant reminders that summer is not too far off, and all the struggle and stress of knob life will soon be over. I feel strong and confident in my ability to do what is required of me.

Day 256 With exams over, I am certain that grades will be great, but all I can think about is Recognition Day, the last day of my knob life.

Day 264 The day begins at 3:30 a.m. and does not end until 6 p.m. The physical activity and struggle are nonstop. After a four-mile march to hear Mayor Riley speak at Marion Square, we spend the morning cleaning the barracks. All the upperclassmen are screaming their lungs out for the last time this year. My adrenaline

is surging, and as the sweat rolls down my face, I remind myself that in seven hours I will no longer be a knob. After a brief lunch and an afternoon of rifle drill, my classmates and I file up the battalion stairs to change into PTs [shorts and t-shirts cadets wear during physical training] for our final spirit run. My pulse is racing. The battalion is filled with company chants and screaming upperclassmen as we run



As Recognition Day comes to an end, upper class cadets introduce themselves to freshmen by their first names.



This year's fourth class began Recognition Day with a four-mile march to Marion Square.

lunch and an afternoon of rifle drill, my classmates and I file up the battalion stairs to change into PTs [shorts and t-shirts cadets wear during physical training] for our final spirit run. My pulse is racing. The battalion is filled with company chants and screaming upperclassmen as we run out of the iron gates. The hot May sun beats down on us as we exercise, doing pushup after pushup. I am exhausted, and the final spirit run is the hardest thing I have ever done in my life.

As the loud speaker announces, "The fourth class system is no longer in effect," my classmates and I emotionally grab each other in happiness with tears rolling down our faces. I lay down on the quad in a sweaty pool, feeling a sense of happiness that I have never experienced. We have all made it together. As knobs all we have is each other to carry us through the year, and I will never meet friends like the ones I have bonded with this year. I don't regret my choice to attend The Citadel, and I anticipate great challenges in the years to come.



Knobs stand around their company letter to hear a company commander's announcement.



Knobs learn the proper way to salute in the first days of fourth class training.



"The pace this week will be fast and furious," said Brig. Gen. Emory Mace to the freshmen class on their first day of military training. "Your life will be a blur of PT, drill, shining brass, shining shoes, and more drill."

THE CLASS OF 2007

A record 2,113 young men and women applied for admission this year. Of the 638 members of the class of 2007, there were 67 athletes who reported July 31. The rest of the class reported Aug. 16. Other facts quick facts about the new class:

Women: 43
African American: 63
Total Minorities: 93
International Students: 10

In-State: 276
Average SAT Score: 1106
Average High School GPA: 3.30
Most Subscribed Major: Business (135)

Your Dollars Make A Difference

The Citadel Foundation in partnership with The Citadel Brigadier Foundation—supporting The Citadel's mission to prepare graduates to become principled leaders in all walks of life by instilling core values in a disciplined academic environment.

THE CITADEL FUND

Sustains the excellence of the college by bridging the gap between the cost of educating a Citadel student and resources available from the state, tuition and endowment income.

TECHNOLOGY AND EQUIPMENT

Enhances learning with state-of-the-art scientific equipment, information systems and other technology.

FACULTY

Provides money for faculty chairs and professorships, continuous education and research and visiting scholars.



SPORTS

Funding supports construction of the new Johnson Hagood Stadium and funds athletic scholarships, giving young men and women the opportunity to participate in sports that stress excellence in competition.



STUDENTS

Funds scholarships and graduate assistantships as well as offering special lecture series, fine arts performances, special training initiatives and other activities.



The Citadel Foundation puts your dollars to work making the college a success. To discuss ways in which you can give, contact The Citadel Foundation at www.Citadel.edu/tcf or 843.953.5297.

KRAUSE INITIATIVE

TO CRAFT LEADERS THROUGH \$2 MILLION GIFT

A \$2 million gift from The Krause Foundation that will fund The Krause Initiative in Leadership and endow The Krause Chair in Leadership will greatly enhance leadership training at The Citadel.

Bill Krause, '63, and his wife, Gay, of Los Altos Hills, Calif., are the driving force behind the leadership initiative.

"The Krause Initiative in Leadership will enable The Citadel to integrate leadership models and ethical principles into continuously expanding aspects of campus activities and create much-needed leaders with high integrity for society," Krause said.

The fund will support a new initiative in ethics and character development designed to strengthen the college's education of principled leaders. "The essential goal," Krause said, "is to engage students in a discussion of leadership principles, character development, and ethics."

Citadel President Maj. Gen. John S. Grinalds is enthusiastic about the impact the program will have. "Such qualities are the centerpiece of a Citadel education, which is based on an honor code that expects cadets not to lie, cheat or steal or tolerate those who do," said Grinalds.

With the program's emphasis on the honor code, cadets will be challenged to study the theory of leadership in everyday life through an interdisciplinary, strategic, and action-oriented approach.

Regardless of their majors, cadets will emerge as better problem-solvers, strategists, innovators and team-builders. The Krause Initiative will also provide support for a program director who will coordinate leadership activities throughout the campus and oversee the program development. Lt. Col. Jeffrey M. Weart of West Point, N.Y., was named to the position in August. He was chosen for his extensive background in leadership development, particularly in a military college environment.

Krause is currently chairman and CEO of Caspian

Networks, an Internet networking systems company. He is perhaps best known for his role as president and CEO of 3Com Corporation through the company's high-growth years in the 1980s and as chairman of the 3Com board from the late 1980s to 1993.

Krause's leadership transformed 3Com from a venture capital start-up into a \$600 million publicly traded data networking company with operations worldwide.

In addition to his involvement with 3Com, Krause spent 14 years at Hewlett-Packard and served as president and CEO of the digital imaging company Storm Technology, Inc. He has been president of LWK Ventures, a private investment firm, since November 1998.

Krause's wife, Gay, a former elementary school teacher, counselor, and middle school principal in Mountain View, Calif., has been instrumental in developing the Krause Center for Innovation, a teacher training center at Foothill College. As executive director of the Krause Center for Innovation, she has established an outstanding regional technology-training center for educators in Silicon Valley.

Through their extensive community commitments, the Krauses have demonstrated their profound commitment to leadership, innovation and education. The Citadel Foundation is pleased to express its gratitude for the Krauses' long-term dedication, through The Krause Initiative in Leadership, to ethics and character development at The Citadel.



Metsker Fund

KEEPS MEMORY OF FALLEN
CITADEL HERO ALIVE

by Joseph L. Galloway

"Greater love hath no man than this that
he lay down his life for the sake of another."

That love was never more apparent than in the middle of the afternoon of Nov. 14, 1965, when Capt. Thomas C. Metsker, '61, climbed aboard a Huey helicopter jammed full of other wounded 1st Cavalry Division troopers.

Tom Metsker had been shot in the right shoulder an hour or so before in the thick of close-range combat in the small clearing designated Landing Zone X-Ray in the Ia Drang Valley of South Vietnam's Central Highlands. He was Lt. Col. Hal Moore's S-2, or intelligence officer, in the 1st Battalion 7th U.S. Cavalry.

Tom was the last man aboard the evacuation chopper. He looked out to see a litter party bringing the more critically wounded Capt. Ray LeFebvre, commander of Delta Company 1/7, toward the helicopter.

Without giving it another thought, Tom got off the chopper and helped load Capt. LeFebvre in his place. As he stood in the doorway a sniper shot Tom Metsker in the back. He fell forward onto the other wounded as the helicopter lifted off.



We who care for his memory, and his sacrifice, have launched the Thomas C. Metsker Leadership Endowment Fund at The Citadel and have begun the search for gifts that will help the Metsker Fund make a difference in the lives of future Citadel cadets.

The Metsker Fund is intended to provide program funds—including funds for the Greater

Issues lecture series—to bring to the campus nationally recognized speakers who will place a special emphasis on character development, ethics and leadership.

The Captain Thomas C. Metsker

LEADERSHIP EDUCATION FUND

Greater Issues lecture series—to bring to the campus nationally recognized speakers who will place a special emphasis on character development, ethics and leadership.

To his classmates and peers at The Citadel he was known as “Tommy,” and his claim to fame was as a champion pole vaulter who was instrumental in The Citadel team winning the state championship in track. Privately, they will grin and admit that Tommy was also known for practical jokes: rappelling down the library wall; setting off a bag of cherry bombs at 3 a.m. in the quadrangle; and participating in a famous wee hours raid on the campus of rival Presbyterian College.

The latter episode earned him a record number of punishment tours, mainly for having the poor fortune to be the only one of two dozen culprits who was nabbed.

To those of us who knew him in Vietnam he was a fine officer who seemed bound for greater things. He had caught the eye of then-Lt. Col. Hal Moore, the battalion commander, who was determined to give Tom command of the next infantry company that came open.

Tom Metsker was already an old hand when the newly designated 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) arrived in August 1965. He had served half a tour as an

adviser to a South Vietnamese Army unit and had earned a Bronze Star with V in combat. He was transferred to the 1st Cavalry Division in a get-rich-quick program intended to infuse the new division’s ranks with experienced people.

Tom was married to the former Catherine LaPlante of

Evansville, Ind. He was father of Karen Doranne Metsker, then just 17 months of age. Karen today is married to the author of this article, and we are raising Tom’s three grandchildren, Thomas Alexander, 11; Abigail Catherine, 13; and Alison Elizabeth, 15.

The first push to make the Metsker Fund a reality came from Horace

Flemming, an educator whose son is a Citadel cadet.

Horace had read the book,

We Were Soldiers Once...and Young, and while touring the campus, his son pointed out Tom’s name on the memorial plaque on the wall of the chapel and told him the story of Tom’s heroism and death in battle. Later Horace urged the family to take the lead in creating the Metsker Fund.

Contributions to the Thomas C. Metsker Leadership Endowment Fund are welcome, and may be directed to The Citadel Foundation, 171 Moultrie St., Charleston, S.C. 29409.



Joseph Galloway (pictured above with the Mestker family) is senior military correspondent for the Knight Ridder Newspaper Group, a nationally syndicated columnist, co-author of *We Were Soldiers Once...and Young*, and co-author of *Triumph Without Victory: The History of the Persian Gulf War*.

He can be reached at jgalloway@krwashington.com.

SOCIETY OF 1842

We recently interviewed members of the Society of 1842 — donors who have given \$1 million or more—to find out what inspired them to give to The Citadel. Here is what they had to say:

“ Too often you leave things to your children and your grandchildren that you have worked hard for all your life, and then a developer comes along, and on a whim your life's work is lost.

“My grandfather had a grade school education. He saved and bought a 40-acre tract of land and a mule. By day he worked on the railroad, and at night he and my grandmother worked the land with a lantern.

“I wanted to honor my ancestors for their life and their work by creating something that would continue their legacy, and at the same time, I wanted to show my gratitude to The Citadel for all that it has done for me. I was the first male in my family to go to college, and I am honored that it was to The Citadel.”

—from a 50's graduate who prefers to remain anonymous

“I like what The Citadel has to offer—
a strong education and leadership training.

“My youngest son Ted graduated in 1987, and my grandsons, Wesley and Walter, graduated in 2002 and 2003. And when a local young man with good grades wanted to go to The Citadel, but couldn’t afford to go, I told him not to worry about a thing. I paid for his education and sent him a check each month for his spending money. He just graduated, and now he’s in Texas working for Rubbermaid. That’s what a Citadel education does for you—it makes you a success!”

—*T. Walter Brashier*

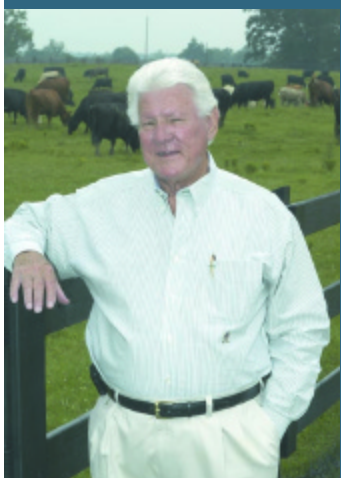


Photo by Russ Pace

“It was Charles Daniel’s dream
to attend The Citadel.

“In 1914, he won a scholarship to the college, but times were difficult financially for the Daniel family, and he was forced to leave after his sophomore year to join the Army in World War I. After the war, he took a full-time job with a large retailer of building supplies. In the meantime, he worked hard to put his younger brother Hugh—my father—through The Citadel.

As Hugh excelled in the Corps, in sports and in academics, he fulfilled Charles’ dream vicariously. While Hugh was at The Citadel, Charles was climbing the corporate ladder, and in 1935, he borrowed \$25,000 to establish Daniel Construction. With his younger brother working alongside him, Charles built the company into a multimillion dollar business.

“The Daniel brothers loved The Citadel—it mirrored their own values of honor and character. I think it is a fitting tribute to their memory that we at the Daniel Foundation are able to continue their legacy by our gifts to The Citadel.”

—Charles W. Daniel, President,
The Daniel Foundation

“Recently The Citadel updated its vision
for the future of the college around the
theme of achieving excellence in the edu-
cation of principled leaders.

“This updated vision for The Citadel was timely, captured the best of the past, and painted an exciting future for The Citadel. My wife and I were further inspired by a visit from Gen. Grinalds to our home where we discussed how The Citadel



Photo by Joe Hu

was instrumental in whatever success I had had as a leader by instilling in me the core values of honesty, trust and integrity. This stimulated our thinking about how we could give something back to The Citadel in return for all that it had given to us. After a few discussions with Gen. Grinalds and members of The Citadel Foundation staff, the idea was born for an initiative in ethics and leadership to include funding for a director and eventually a fully funded chair of ethics and leadership at The Citadel.”

—L. William Krause, ’63



Photo by William Zars

“WHEN THE CITADEL APPROACHED ME ABOUT MAKING A CHARITABLE GIFT TO SUPPORT THE NEW SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING, I WAS ENTHUSIASTIC.

“I WAS PULLED OUT OF THE CITADEL BEFORE MY JUNIOR YEAR TO FIGHT IN WORLD WAR II. THE MILITARY TRAINING I HAD RECEIVED FROM THE CITADEL WAS INESTIMABLE TO ME DURING THE WAR. LATER, I RETURNED TO THE CITADEL AND GRADUATED IN 1949 WITH A DEGREE IN CIVIL ENGINEERING. WHEN I APPLIED TO MIT FOR GRADUATE SCHOOL, THEY WROTE ME BACK IMMEDIATELY WITH AN ACCEPTANCE. THAT’S HOW GOOD THE CITADEL REPUTATION IS. A CITADEL EDUCATION IS SECOND TO NONE—I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE.”

—WALTER E. KUNZE, JR., '49

“As you age, you experience more challenges in your professional and social life.

“As a result of facing these ever-increasing challenges, it is easier to look back and recognize the positive impact of the lessons learned at The Citadel. Being involved with the foundation allowed me to see the needs and opportunities that Gen. Grinalds has so effectively outlined in his discussions about giving

at The Citadel. “I am glad I can do my duty. I hope one day I can do more.”

—Anderson D. Warlick, '79



Photo provided by North Carolina Magazine

SOCIETY OF
1842

“IT WAS A PRIVILEGE AND AN HONOR TO BE ABLE TO MAKE A GRANT TO THE CITADEL.

“I am confident that had I not received the principled training which I did as a member of the Corps of Cadets, I would never have achieved the success in my life and business that enabled me to make this gift.

“I can only hope that my example will kick-start other members of The Citadel family to respond in kind and put this program over the top.”

—Gene Moore, '50



Photo by Russ Pace

The Citadel grieves for the death of two graduates killed in the war in Iraq and one who was killed while on duty in Italy. Marine 1st Lt. Therrell Shane Childers, '01, was leading a platoon that was capturing the Ramalla oil fields when he was shot and killed March 21. He is believed to be the first American serviceman to die in the war. Marine Capt. Benjamin Sammis, '96, died in combat in central Iraq April 5. Navy Lt. Peter Ober, '98, was one of four crewman who died when their Sea Dragon helicopter went down July 16 in eastern Sicily.

Taps

REMEMBERING SHANE CHILDERS, '01,
BEN SAMMIS, '96,
AND PETER OBER, '98

A Marine Enlisted Commissioning Education Program student, Childers, 30, was a French major. He was a native of Harrison County, Miss., and was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division, in Camp Pendleton, Calif.

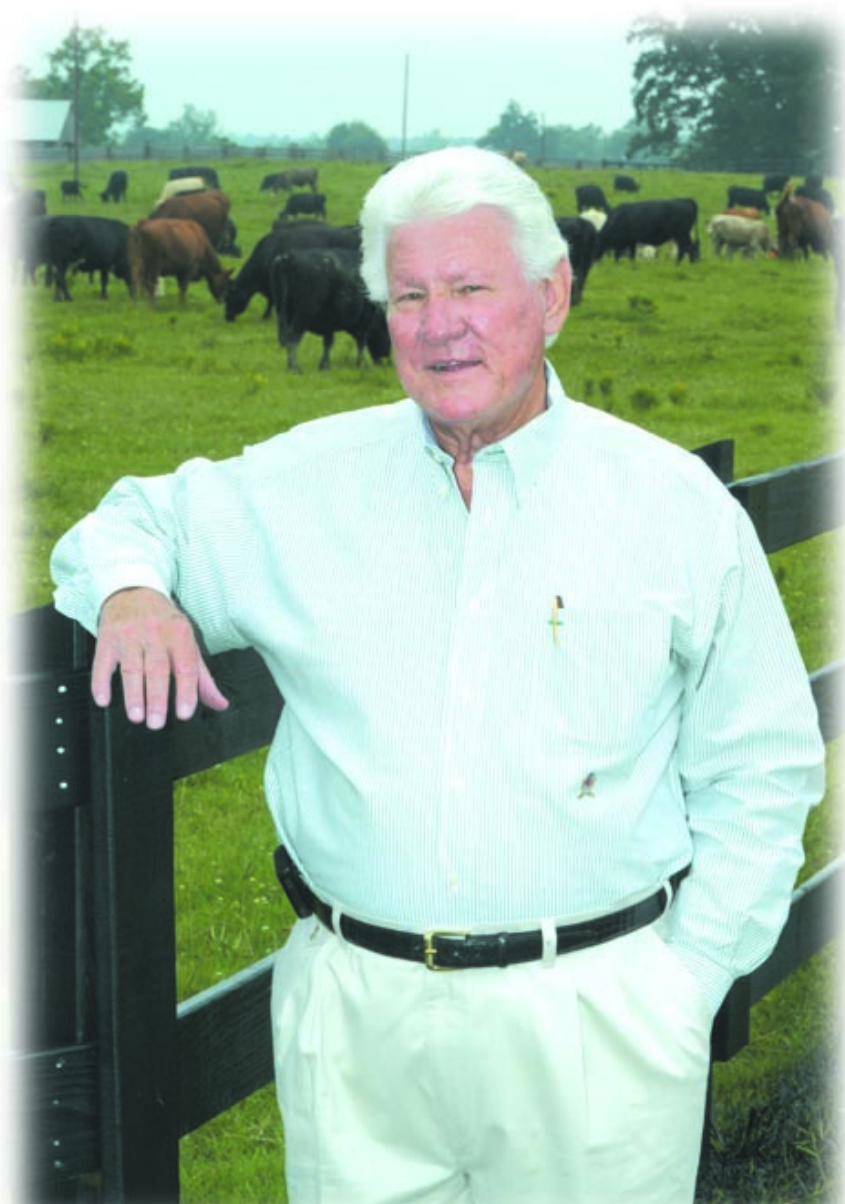
Sammis, who was born in Rehoboth, Mass., was a civil engineering major and a member of Kilo Company. Sammis earned his pilot's wings on April 2, 1999 in Pensacola, Fla. He is survived by his wife, Stacey.

Ober was a health, exercise and sports medicine major, a varsity wrestler and a member of Charlie Company. The crash occurred within 10 miles of the Navy base at Sigonella where he and his family lived. A native of Jacksonville, Fla., Ober is survived by his wife, Alicia, and their four-year-old daughter.

*Memorial funds have been established in honor of all three graduates.
Gifts can be made online at www.Citadel.edu/tcf or by mail
to The Citadel Foundation, 171 Moultrie St., Charleston, S.C. 29409.
Please designate the Childers Memorial Fund, the Sammis Memorial Fund,
or the Ober Memorial Fund.*

T. WALTER BRASHIER

Travelers Rest, S.C.



"I like what The Citadel has to offer—a strong education and leadership training. My youngest son Ted graduated in 1987, and my grandsons, Wesley and Walter, graduated in 2002 and 2003. And when a local young man with good grades wanted to go to The Citadel but couldn't afford to go, I told him not to worry about a thing. I paid for his and sent him a check each month for his spending money. He just graduated, and now he's in Texas working for Rubbermaid. That's what a Citadel education does for you—it makes you a success!"

T. Walter Brashier, Travelers Rest, S.C.

Mr. Brashier contributed \$2.5 million to Citadel scholarships. For information on how you can contribute, go to www.Citadel.edu/tcf or call 843.953.5297.

