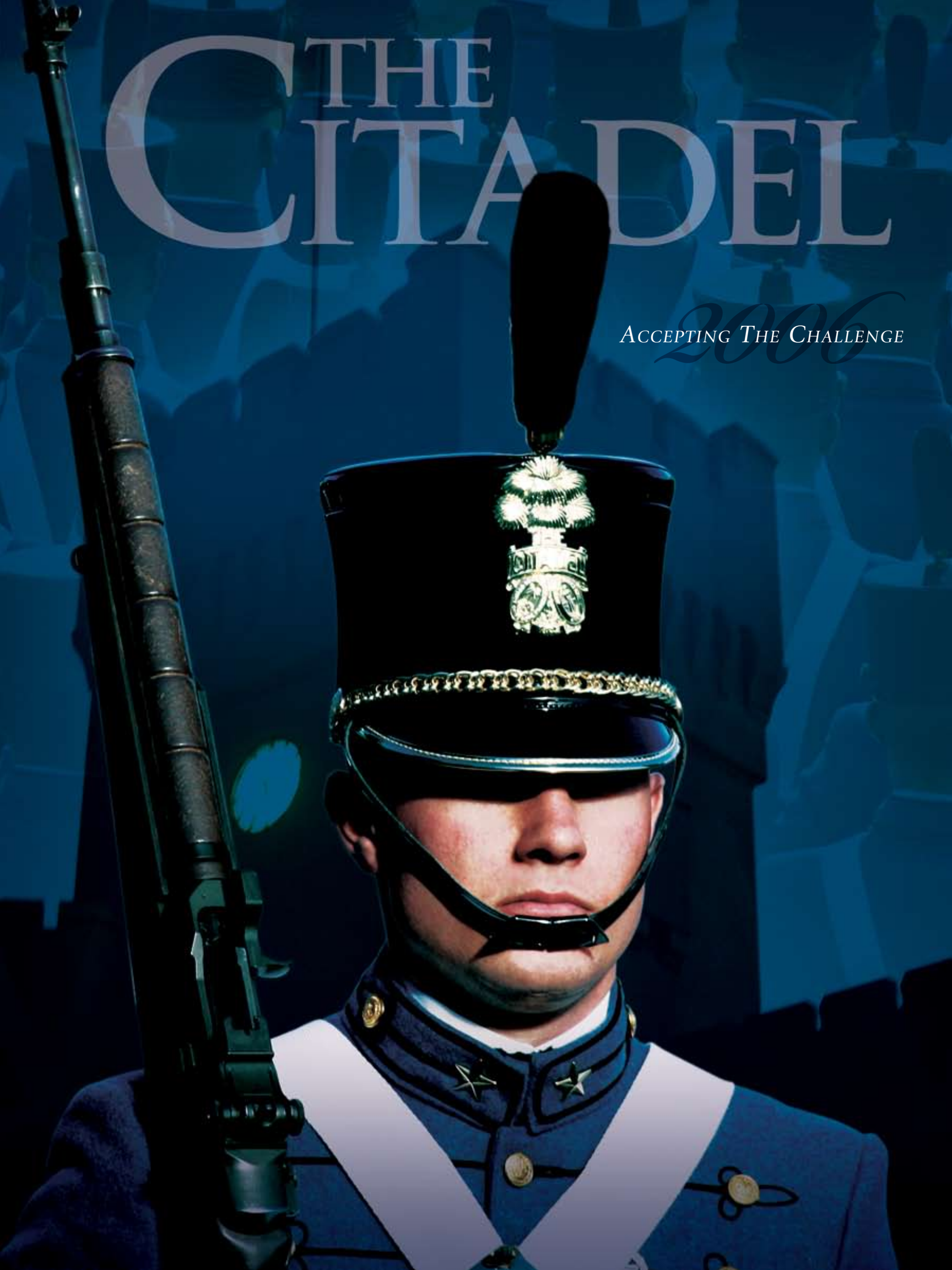


THE CITADEL

ACCEPTING THE CHALLENGE
2006



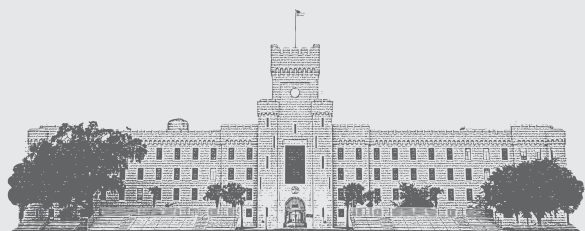
Accept the Challenge

The Citadel Foundation cordially invites you to support the *Campaign for The Citadel*, a comprehensive drive to raise \$100 million by December 31, 2007. To enhance The Citadel's ability to achieve excellence in the education of principled leaders, the campaign supports four of the college's major priority areas:

- **Scholarship**
\$18.75 million
- **Academic Excellence**
\$30.1 million
- **Facilities**
\$26.5 million
- **Unrestricted Support**
\$24.65 million

We invite you to join the onward march of the Long Gray Line.

We invite you to accept the challenge by contributing to the Campaign for The Citadel.



CHALLENGED TO LEAD, CALLED TO SERVE

The Campaign for The Citadel



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From the President

THE CITADEL 2006

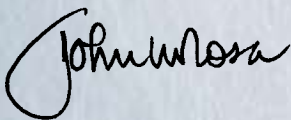
Welcome to the 2006 issue of *The Citadel* magazine. The theme of this issue is Accepting the Challenge. In a society that promotes instant gratification and self-indulgence, the process of molding leaders who seek out difficult challenges instead of pursuing an easy path is an unusual and ultimately rewarding quest.

The articles in this issue reflect just a few of the challenges that are undertaken here at The Citadel. The Four Pillars feature demonstrates how challenges are met in academics, military life, athletics and character development. From the faculty side, Col. Jack Rhodes explores how cadets are accepting academic challenges in the Honors Program and going on to pursue graduate study at prestigious institutions and exciting careers in business and the armed services. At the same time, several of the cadets who traveled abroad this summer on scholarships sponsored by the Star of the West Association and the Cleveland Endowment Fund share some of the academic challenges and cultural opportunities they faced while on summer leave. And the alumni feature on Col. Keith Coln, '74, a South Carolina Air National Guard wing commander and fighter pilot, illustrates the heights our graduates go to when they pursue lofty challenges.

The November 2005 *Los Angeles Times* article, reprinted on page 26, is an outstanding piece that talks about the character cadets display in the face of difficult challenges. It is also an inspiration to all of us to contribute to the Bulldogs' success by supporting the stadium project (for details, see page 60).

As the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. once said, "The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy."

Our goal is to produce leaders who make us proud in times of challenge and controversy. As you will see in these pages, we are continuing to accept the challenge.



John W. Rosa, '73
Lieutenant General, USAF (Retired)
President





U.S. News ranks Citadel among nation's best

After being ranked No. 7 in 2006, *U.S. News & World Report* has named The Citadel the No. 2 Best Value among Master's Universities in the South. The Citadel was also ranked in several other categories in the annual higher education ratings:

- In the category of best public universities in the South offering up to a master's degree, the college is ranked No. 3.
- Among the best public and private universities in the South offering up to a master's degree but few, if any, doctoral programs, The Citadel is ranked No. 7.
- The School of Engineering ranked No. 36 among the nation's best undergraduate engineering programs.



Class of 2010 profile

This year marks the second largest freshman application pool ever—2,192 students applied for admission to the Class of 2010. That's up from last year's total of 2,052 freshmen applications (Class of 2009). The record is 2,348 freshmen applications in 2004 (Class of 2008).

The Class of 2010 reported for academic orientation and military training on Aug. 12. Freshman fall athletes arrived on campus July 24.

Here's a look at this year's freshman class:

Total Freshmen: 651

Men: 613 Women: 38

Fall Athletes: 72

Race/Ethnicity

White: 539	Asian American: 22
African American: 47	Native American: 3
Hispanic: 23	Non-resident alien: 17

Top States

South Carolina (286), Georgia (46), North Carolina (46), Florida (44), Virginia (29), Texas (24), New York (21)

Foreign Countries

Bahrain, Ecuador, Czech Republic, Jamaica, Kenya, Lithuania, Solomon Islands, Thailand, Taiwan, Yugoslavia

Academics

Average SAT: 1100

Average high school GPA: 3.31

Top 25 percent of class: 152 (32.5 percent)

Top Majors

Business Administration (141)
Criminal Justice (79)
Civil and Environmental Engineering (78)
Political Science (60)
History (57)
Biology (40)
Electrical Engineering (38)
Computer Science (23)

NOTE: Data is compiled by the admissions office as of Aug. 15 and is based on early athletes and students who reported Aug. 12. It does not include withdrawals.



The class of 2006 at a glance

Total number	397 (364 Men, 33 Women)
Top 3 majors	Business Administration (129) Criminal Justice (49) Engineering (43)
Commissionees	146
Marines/Navy	60
Army	60
Air Force	26
Alumni fathers	35
Alumni grandfathers	3

Commencement address garners national attention

In his May 6 commencement address Gen. Peter Pace, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said to graduating seniors, "You have worked hard, and you have absolutely earned the right to start at the bottom.... There's nothing wrong with that. I'll guarantee you every single admiral and general on active duty today, and a lot of the retired guys too, would switch places with any lieutenant or ensign today. Why? Because what you are about to do, those of you who are taking your commissions, is simply going to be one heck of a ride, and those of us who have walked that path before you would do it again in a heartbeat."

Pace's address (http://pao.citadel.edu/grad06_GenPeterPace) created a buzz when it was rebroadcast on C-SPAN and highlighted by Laura Ingraham's national radio talk show as the best graduation speech ever.



Schmid named Truman Scholar

Last spring Cadet Douglas Schmid was one of 75 college juniors nationwide to receive a \$30,000 fellowship for graduate study as a Truman Scholar. Schmid, a political science major with a concentration in international affairs, has a 3.9 GPA and is the 2006-2007 Charlie Company commander.

He plans to use the fellowship to study at the School of Advanced International Studies at Johns Hopkins University.

Schmid is a corporal in the U.S. Marine Corps Reserves and plans to be commissioned as a Marine officer upon graduation in 2007. He is a

Citadel Scholar, a member of the Honors Program and the president of The Citadel's Toastmasters chapter. He is also a member of the *Phi Kappa Phi* honor society, the cadet chorale and the varsity track team.



ROSA INAUGURATED 19TH PRESIDENT

Change has made The Citadel a stronger institution today than any day in its 164-year history. And adapting to change while preserving our defining traditions will make us great in the 21st century, Lt. Gen. John W. Rosa, '73, said April 21.

"Change is inevitable...even at a place as steeped in tradition as The Citadel."

Standing before a crowd of more than 1,000 people, including the entire South Carolina Corps of Cadets, in McAlister Field House, Rosa was inaugurated the 19th president. He is the 10th Citadel graduate to return to lead his *alma mater*.

"Change is inevitable...even at a place as steeped in tradition as The Citadel," Rosa said. "We have struggled with change at times and some of those struggles have been dramatically displayed through the media. When I think about change at our *alma mater*, I recall the expression that the hottest fire forges the strongest steel. Change—even our battles with adapting to change—has made us stronger."

Rosa's entire inaugural speech is available online at <http://inauguration.citadel.edu/inaugural-address>.





Fulbright success continues

The Citadel is on a Fulbright roll. With his award of a Fulbright to study in Germany, Drew Brooks, '06, of Springfield, Va., is the 10th recent graduate to be granted a Fulbright from The Citadel since 1992 and the sixth in five years to receive a Fulbright to study in Germany.

Brooks, who originally began his cadet career as an engineering major, was recruited to the German discipline by Col. Al Gurganus, modern language department head and professor. Gurganus recognized Brooks' potential and began grooming him for the prestigious scholarship. A member of the Honors Program and a Citadel Scholar (a cadet on a full academic scholarship funded by The Citadel Foundation), Brooks served on the 2006 Honor Committee.

In Germany, Brooks is studying the effects of the Roman Empire on the social class in ancient Germania (known today as Germany).

The college loses a great icon

Lt. Col. Thomas Nugent Courvoisie, known by most as The Boo, died April 30, 2006. He was 89.

A veteran student who received his bachelor's degree in history in 1952 from the college, Courvoisie became the assistant commandant in charge of disciplinary action after retiring from more than 20 years of military service. During his tenure (1961–1968), Courvoisie touched the lives of many cadets. His famous nickname is said to have originated when an entering cadet remarked that the colonel acted "like a trapped caribou." Gradually it was shortened to "The Boo."

Renowned author and Citadel graduate Pat Conroy, '67, immortalized Courvoisie in his book, *The Boo*.



Pat Conroy's eulogy to Lt. Col. Thomas Nugent Courvoisie

Author and Citadel alumnus Pat Conroy delivered this eulogy at Lt. Col. Thomas Nugent Courvoisie's funeral May 3, 2006, in Summerall Chapel.

Today we gather together, in great joy and sorrow, to bid farewell to one of the most famous Citadel graduates who ever lived, Col. Thomas Nugent Courvoisie, whose last name was a French cognac, but who claimed his whole life he was pure Irish. Because Citadel cadets cannot pronounce any French products, they nicknamed him The Boo. Because The Boo could not remember any cadet's name, he referred to us as bubba, lambs and bums. It was a wonderful, distinguishing moment in a cadet's life to be called a bum by The Boo. It was a moment of arrival, a rite of passage, and the stamping of a visa attesting to the fact you were an official member of that strange, bright country we call The Citadel.

Here is what The Boo loved more than The Citadel—nothing, nothing on this earth. The sun rose on Lesesne Gate and it set on the marshes of the Ashley River, and its main job was to keep the parade grounds green. He once told me that a cadet was “nothing but a bum, like you, Conroy.” But a Corps of Cadets was the most beautiful thing in the world. In World War II, he led an artillery unit during the Battle of the Bulge and he once told me, “The Germans hated to see me and my boys catch ‘em in the open.”

It is my own personal belief that The Boo's own voice was more frightening to the Germans than the artillery fire he was directing toward them.

The voice. There has never been a louder, gruffer, more stentorian or commanding voice ever to stir the airwaves of this campus. I speak now of The Boo in his prime, striding this campus like a colossus, all-powerful and omnipresent with his flashing, hawk-like glance that took in everything, his purposeful and menacing stalk and that intimidating voice that seemed five times as loud as God's.

I once saw him shout out the words, “Halt, Bubba,” on the steps of the Summerall Chapel. Coming out of the library, I halted on the third step and prayed he wasn't yelling at me. But the amazing thing was that the entire campus had halted. Every cadet stood frozen in place like wildebeests on the Serengeti plains after a lion's roar. Cadets stood at perfect attention, in perfect stillness, some walking into Mark Clark Hall, toward First Battalion, toward the field house, into Bond Hall and all the way to the tool shed. The Boo then charged across the parade ground, stopped a kid entering into Second Battalion and burned him for his personal appearance. The cadet's shoeshine particularly offended The Boo, although as I approached the chapel I could not even tell the kid had feet. I heard every word of the cadet's bawling out and I was 100 yards away.

You have never been blessed out or bawled out or chewed out unless you got it from The Boo in his prime. Did I say he was five times louder than God? I'm sorry if that sounds sacrilegious and it certainly is not true. The Boo was at least ten times louder than God, and I was scared of him my entire cadet career.

But he prowled this campus like a dark angel of discipline, and this guy was everywhere. He would be there before reveille in any of the four barracks catching seniors late to formation. He was all over the mess hall, wandered the stands during football games, roamed the barracks during parades. During evening study period, he patrolled the barracks breaking up card games, confiscating televisions and writing up cadets out of uniform.

Four times, he recommended my expulsion from The Citadel. Once I found my name on the DL list for “Insulting Assistant Commandant's Wife.”

My tac officer recommended I be kicked out of school. I ran to The Boo's office and demanded an explanation.

“You stopped to talk to my wife about books on the parade ground.”

“She stopped me, Colonel,” I said.

“I noticed your brass was smudged, your shoes unshined and your shirt tucked a disgrace. I considered it an insult to my wife.”

“I am a senior private, Colonel. That's how I'm supposed to look,” I said.

The Boo roared with laughter.

Earlier, The Boo had pulled me for “bringing disgrace, shame and dishonor to The Citadel.”

The same tac wanted me expelled from The Citadel. When I confronted The Boo again, he explained that I had played such a lousy basketball game against Furman that he thought I had brought disgrace and shame to The Citadel. Then again, the laughter.

The reason The Boo became the most beloved and honored figure on The Citadel campus and why his legend has continued is because of his sense of honor, his sense of justice and his sense of

humor. And here is what a Citadel Corps of Cadets can do better than any other group alive: it can tell you who loves them, it can tell you who hates them and it can spot anyone else around who simply doesn't care about them. The Boo could not hide his love of the Corps of Cadets. He could scream at us, write us up for demerits, hand out tours like business cards, call us bums far into the night, threaten to send us to Clemson 100 times, catch us heading to Big John's for a beer, deny us leave, bemoan the fact all day that bums were ruining the Corps. He could do all of this but he could never stop loving us and we could never stop loving him back, and it showed, and it became his final undoing. He was fired as assistant commandant and finished out his Citadel career at the warehouse. He was told not to talk to Citadel cadets. As always, The Boo carried out his duty.

In 1968, I began writing The Boo's biography and it was here I learned all the stories. I did not know he'd written out checks to help poor cadets pay their tuition. I did not know how many corsages he'd bought for dates at the ring hop or the money he paid to bail cadets out of jail. He bought two seniors their Citadel rings, but he wouldn't let me put that in the book. The Boo asked Citadel grad J.C. Hare to give free legal advice to cadets in trouble and J.C. never let him down. Every time he asked a senior for his ring as he was kicking him out of school, The Boo could not sleep that whole night. He wouldn't let me put that in the book, either. There was no act of generosity too large for The Boo to proffer to a Citadel cadet. It seemed like too large a job to love an entire Corps of Cadets, but The Boo said it was the easiest job he ever had.

"There was only one cadet I ever really hated. Just one name I can think of," The Boo said.

"That'll make an interesting story for the book, Colonel. Who is the jerk?" I asked.

"It was you, Conroy. Just you. There was something about you that I hated when you first walked into Fourth Battalion, you worthless bum."

By the time I finished writing *The Boo*, I was head over heels, punch drunk in love with the man. By writing the book I got to know The Boo as well as anyone who ever lived. I came to know his demons, his insecurities, his failures. I think he was a better father to the Corps of Cadets than he was to his own children, Helen and Al, and I told him that many times and he always agreed with me. But our love for each other was irreproachable as it would be tested many times.

Before the book came out he asked me if there was anything he could do for me, and I said yes.

"Colonel, you always call me a bum. You've never called me one of your lambs. I'd like to be a lamb now that I've written this book."

The Boo approached me and nearly put out my left eye with one of his nauseating cigars. "Conroy, you were born a bum, lived like a bum, and proved to be a bum every day of your sorry life as a cadet. You'll always be a bum to me. Never a lamb."

When I was writing this eulogy last night, I pulled the copy of *The Boo* that the colonel had presented me on publication day 36 years ago. I was looking for a story that summed up The Boo's character and personality and charm. I did not know he had signed it for me that day and I did not know what he signed until last night. He signed my copy of *The Boo* this way: "To the lamb who made me. The Boo."

I come now to the last words I will ever write about The Boo in my career. I was lucky to have met him as a young man when I needed a father figure as much as I needed a college education. It is to my great sorrow that The Citadel grads present at The Boo's funeral today are some of the biggest lowlifes, scoundrels, alcoholics, philanderers, nose pickers and bums that ever made it through the long gray line, but I know that The Boo would have it no other way.

When I was writing *The Lords of Discipline*, I went to The Boo for help.

"What makes The Citadel different from all other schools? What makes it different, special and unique? Why do I think it is the best college in the world when I hated it when I was here, Boo? Help me with this."

The Boo held up his hand and said, "It's the ring, Bubba. Always remember that. The ring, the ring, the ring."

I thought about it for a moment then wrote the words, "I wear the ring."

"How about this for a first line?"

"Perfect, Bubba, just perfect."

It is time to end this, Boo. Farewell to the artillery man. You'll always be our commandant. Always our leader. Always our role model. Always the father our fathers could not be. When you reach the pearly gates, Citadel man, remember your voice, Boo, and try not to scare the angels.

When they asked you what you loved most in life, tell them what you told me. Tell them about The Citadel. Tell them, Colonel, tell them about the bums who loved you but last of all tell them about the ring, the ring, the ring.

The Four Pillars *of Citadel*



Pillars

Tradition



The Citadel has long been extolled for its tradition of producing leaders who serve with dignity, honor and integrity for the greater good. At the heart of The Citadel's success lie the four pillars—academic instruction, military training, physical readiness and character development. Combined, these pillars educate the whole person and provide a foundation for a successful career in whatever avenue of life the cadet chooses.

The stories in the following pages highlight an example from each pillar and give a glimpse into the various facets of a Citadel education.



ACADEMIC

By Drew Brooks

Everyone hastened to warn me not to get so excited about archaeology.

“It’s nothing like *Indiana Jones*, you know,” I often heard. “It’s hard, dirty, boring work in the hot sun.”

After a month in Turkey’s Göksu Valley with the Göksu Archaeological Project (GAP), a multi-year joint effort of the British Institute of Archaeology at *Ankara* and the College of Charleston, I have to say that my helpful friends were only partially right. It is hot, dusty, and at times boring work being a field archaeologist, but that doesn’t mean it wasn’t like *Indiana Jones*. There just weren’t any Nazis around.

Perhaps I should start at the beginning, however, to minimize the reader’s surprise that a Citadel German major found himself so far from Charleston, or the western world for that matter, pursuing research outside of his field in an obscure river valley. My unique education began early in my freshman year when Col. Al Gurganus, head of the modern languages department at The Citadel and my German professor, pulled me into his office and showed me a poster for a summer Latin course at the City University of New York in Manhattan. In retrospect I suppose it shouldn’t have seemed so odd. Engineering students at The Citadel don’t generally study language, but I had made it a

point to continue my German from high school. For that matter, enrolling at The Citadel was an unlikely decision. I was dead set on Virginia Tech until about March of my senior year of high school. Eventually, the appeal of the values of a traditional military education and the opportunity to see if I could succeed at a college so different from my public high school prevailed.

The leadership education at The Citadel was indeed formative for me, but an equally important find was the rich academic culture. I soon learned that inquisitive, dedicated students are pushed to their limits by accomplished faculty who demand the highest standards of scholarship. My new grounding in humanities under their guidance prompted a change





of major from engineering to German, engendered aspirations of graduate study, and triggered an enthusiasm for classics.

My conception of a classically well-educated person called out for knowledge of Latin, the language of learning for thousands of years. When my professor intimated that the college might send me to New York to learn it, I leapt at the chance. Like The Citadel, the Summer Latin Institute defied expectations—the instructors were young and dynamic and taught the language and literature of Rome as if it were still the most important tongue in the world.

Returning to campus with renewed vigor and a sense of realizable potential, I relished the jump from German language to literature. Spring semester courses in anthropology and film expanded my perspective of culture and provided an intellectual context for the next summer's travels in Germany. Firsthand experiences with the film, politics, archaeology and daily life of the country deepened my appreciation for the language and literature that had been my pursuits for seven years. When I visited the Roman *limes* near *Frankfurt-am-Main* and the *Römisch-Germanisches* Museum in *Cologne* during the summer of 2004, I gained a notion of how classical history shaped medieval history, which, in turn, molded the amalgam that is modern Europe.

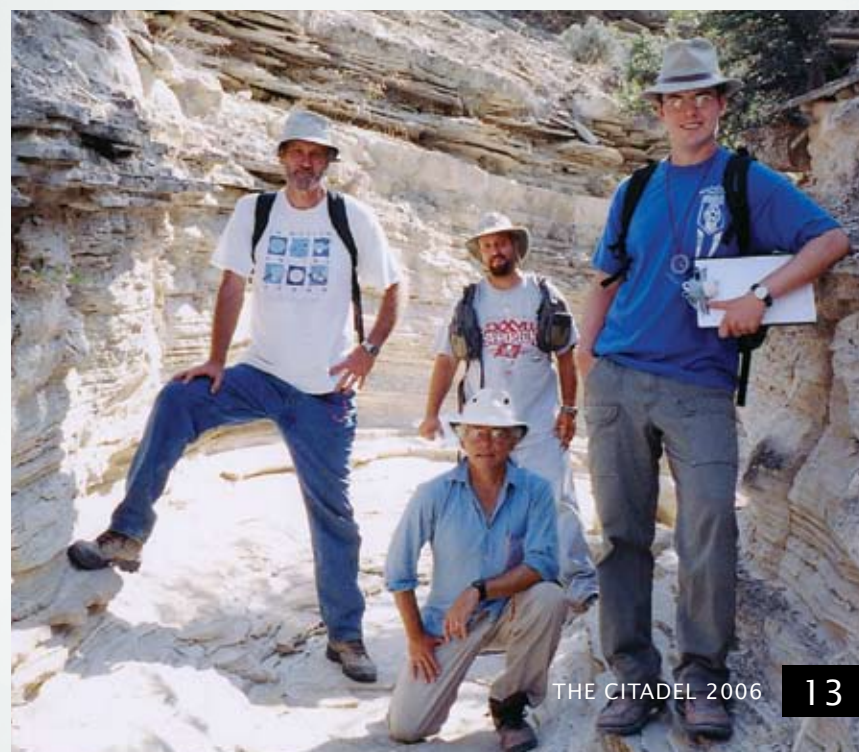
This inkling fueled the desire to read as much history as my junior schedule would permit. Courses on Islam and the Middle East were especially important, as they led me to consider my identity as a Westerner. To learn more about our joint heritage, I volunteered for the GAP survey, hoping to solidify my interest in social science in which I see a very important avenue for broadening my studies of Germanics. Like the Latin Institute, GAP defied expectations. I was exposed not only to field archaeology, but to a country and a people entirely foreign to any experiences I had had before. Our survey took place in the *Göksu* Valley of southern Turkey, deep in the *Taurus* Mountains and due north of Cyprus on a map. The area is home to a large series of ruins called *Alahan*, which form a church complex with three distinct parts: the first, a cave church, dates from the 4th century; the second, a

simple Romanesque church from the 5th; and the third section, a large Byzantine basilica, is from the 6th century. Inspired by the church ruins at the top of the hill, we were trying to determine settlement patterns farther down in the valley by looking for and charting surface artifacts. My exposure to the techniques and theory of archaeology will always influence my thinking.

Beyond what I learned professionally, however, Turkey was a personally defining experience because of the exposure I had to the people of the *Göksu* Valley. Though in a Muslim country, we were far from the images of extremists and anti-American protestors you see on the news. Even as we were walking through their fields, the farmers in the valley came out almost daily to welcome us with fresh fruits and vegetables or to invite us for tea. Dr. Hugh Elton, director of the British Institute, was in charge of keeping up our relations with the local government and people, but it was amazing how far our broken Turkish and shared snacks would go in winning us friends among the communities we were invading with our compasses and pace counters. As a German student, my experiences both in the rural area of our survey and in the larger cities of *Ankara* and *Kizkalesi* proved to me how distinctive German-Turkish communities are and how, much like in minority communities in the United States, those immigrants cannot simply be classified as Turks.

As a graduate looking back on all I had the privilege of experiencing as a student at The Citadel, I feel a profound awe that I have been so lucky. Moreover, having won a Fulbright to study the Roman influence on ancient Germanic society in *Cologne* and looking forward to entering a German Ph.D. program when I return to the United States, I know I have been uniquely prepared for the challenges ahead. I hope that the myriad of cultures I have seen and the amount I have had to expand my understanding and beliefs will help me be ready for the ever more diverse and fluid world I am stepping into.

Drew Brooks was a Citadel Scholar—he came to The Citadel on a full academic scholarship paid for by The Citadel Foundation. His summer study in Turkey was funded by the Star of the West Association. A member of the Honors Program, he graduated in May and is currently pursuing his Fulbright study at the University of Cologne in Germany.





MILITARY

By Cadet Tara Woodside

At 0445, the sun has not yet peeked over the blue tides of the Ashley River and most cadets are still asleep in their racks. That matters little to Jason Ciarcia, who, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes, is awake and about to begin yet another long day. Ciarcia is one of the 25 enlisted Marines in The Citadel's Navy ROTC contingent Marine Enlisted Commissioning Educational Program (MECEP).

The 28 men and women enrolled in the MECEP program are the occasional khaki uniforms along the Avenue of Remembrance or clusters in front of Jenkins Hall. Unlike their 1,900 cadet counterparts, MECEP students are not members of the Corps—they are active duty Marines.

Serving their country, MECEP students are enlisted Marines who apply to pursue a college degree from any of the 153 campuses across the nation with a Navy/Marine ROTC contingent and a commission as an officer. For them, the competition is tough and the standards high, but the reward is well worth it.

Kissing his wife and three children goodbye, Ciarcia is on the road and working out at a local gym by 0530. By 0700—about the time the Corps is marching to morning mess—he arrives at Deas Hall to shower, change into his Marine C uniform and gulp down a quick breakfast before he grabs his books and heads to class from 0800 to 1630.

Maintaining the rigorous routine of classes is only one facet of MECEP life. In addition, MECEPS are required to attend field training exercise, Marine physical training and other special events. A drive through the campus on a Monday or Thursday afternoon or an early Wednesday morning finds them lugging sandbags, running the obstacle course or performing calisthenics on Summerall Field.

A MECEP's day is far from over when the last book closes or the final draft of an essay is turned in. Ciarcia, a business administration major with dual minors in management information systems and law and legal studies, says when he is not in class, he is in the Daniel Library studying. Even if he has just one class in a day, he still comes to study at the library.

"I treat it as a normal work day. That way, all of my work can stay at school."

That does not mean he goes home at night to relax. At home, he's a husband and a father. After classes, he will help his wife Gina with chores around the house and play with his three children, Eden, who is 4½ years old, and 2½-year-old twins Luke and Cora.

On the weekends when he's not mowing the lawn or doing minor repairs around the house, Ciarcia can be seen with his children munching on Dunkin' Donuts, flying kites at Folly Beach or having picnics at Brittlebank Park.





In addition to school and family life, Ciarcia also holds a job on the side, working 1930-0330 Thursday, Friday and Saturday, making for very short nights and minimal sleep.

And Ciarcia is not the exception among MECEP students. In fact, he is the norm. Many MECEP students are married, have children and work a second job while pursuing an education and an officer commission.

Despite these additional pressures and obligations, the seven members of the MECEP class of 2006 had an outstanding cumulative grade point average of 3.88. Their majors included civil engineering, business administration and Spanish.

With such demanding personal and professional obligations and an already stable position in the U.S. Marine Corps, why would a MECEP pile on the additional pressures of becoming a student? Even with the extra financial expense of funding one's own tuition, and extending one's contract at least four years, the final result is well worth it with a commission as a Marine Corps second lieutenant.

Like so many other facets of The Citadel, the MECEP program has become a

tradition worthy of praise and respect. In 1973 the MECEP program was created and in that same year, the first program at The Citadel was established. Only 34 Marines from the entire U.S. Marine Corps were accepted. At a time when the number of ROTC programs on U.S. campuses seemed to be dwindling more and more, there could have hardly been a better place than the Military College of South Carolina to initiate the MECEP program. With approximately 153 college ROTC units across the country, the MECEP program has become a success.

Not all campuses, though, are alike. One feature that distinguishes the college's unit from that of civilian colleges is that at any other institution, a MECEP would only be required to wear the C uniform one day out of the week. All other days could be spent in civilian clothes. At The Citadel, however, every day warrants an occasion to proudly don the traditional uniform. As for Ciarcia, reputation said it all in his decision to come to The Citadel.

"My former platoon commander highly recommended it because of the great reputation of the alumni," he said.

Indeed, The Citadel is a very special place to be, even more so because of the men and women of the MECEP program. Not only do they proudly represent The Citadel and the U.S. Marine Corps, but also the American ideals of self-improvement through their commitment to continuing education and freedom and loyalty by their exemplary service to their country.

Cadet Tara Woodside is a junior and a German major from Salem, N.J. She serves as a cadet human affairs sergeant, and she is a member of the Honors Program.





ATHLETICS

By Andy Solomon

On the Murray Barracks side of McAlister Field House, a set of unassuming blue double-doors serves as an auxiliary entrance to the storied facility. There's no visible sign above those doors, yet it is the entry-way to a lifetime of success.

This is the unofficial passageway to The Citadel's baseball program. Specifically, it is the area of McAlister Field House in which the coaches' office and team clubhouse reside, and once a student commits to enter, there is simply no exit.

Next to the coaches' office door, a large, white sign with black and blue lettering reads, "The Citadel Baseball is not just a season but for a LIFETIME."

This isn't another coach's adage to fire up players; instead it serves as the program's motto and philosophy.

With 12 Southern Conference regular-season championships and seven league tournament titles, baseball is The Citadel's most successful sport. And now, with those tournament championships comes a berth in the NCAA post-season.

"You can't buy a tradition; it has to be built," said Fred Jordan, '79, a steady relief pitcher for Coach Chal Port who has guided the baseball program since 1992.

Part of the reason for the success in Citadel baseball can be traced to Port, who directed the Bulldogs from 1965 until Jordan took over. That is 42 seasons of continuity and 42 uninterrupted years of similar philosophies. And that is part of where The Citadel's tradition comes from.

The other part comes from winning championships.

What has occurred during the past 42 baseball seasons is the common denominator that both Port brought and Jordan continues to bring to the Bulldogs, that of discipline on the practice field.

"We equate our practices to time in the classroom because that is where you prepare for tests," Jordan said. "Our tests are on game days. When we're relaxed for the games, it is because we've prepared ourselves at practices."

That is one of the primary lessons that Jordan inherited from Port and it continues. Another is the mile-a-minute, which means that if a player is late for anything, he runs a mile for each minute he's tardy.

Not surprisingly, tardiness is not a problem.

For a Lifetime

When Jordan talks about The Citadel's baseball program, the word "lifetime" is part of the conversation.

"Baseball, between the lines, is a lot like life in that snap decisions have to be made and the consequences of those decisions must be lived with,





right or wrong. The same holds true in life. You have to react and make quick decisions. Those lessons that we learn on the playing field and in our program should last a lifetime," he said. "It is our hope, as coaches and ultimately as teachers, that our players draw from those experiences, whether they be adverse or jubilant. The wins and losses take care of themselves. But how you handle them helps determine whether or not you're a champion."

And Jordan's champions remember where they learned life's lessons and often return to visit.

"The greatest pleasure we as coaches get is when a former player comes back to The Citadel for a visit. We're reunited and we get reacquainted. Often times, the conversations begin with family but they quickly turn to 'Remember that game at Western Carolina when ...?' "

The Professionals

Correctly or not, one measuring device for a college baseball program is the number of players the team

sends to the professional ranks. In that regard, The Citadel is successful.

Recent standouts Dallas McPherson ('02) and Britt Reames ('96) have played in the major league's postseason and Chip Cannon ('04), Jon Ellis ('05) and T.A. Fulmer ('02) are rising stars in the minors. There have been others to reach the minor league ranks, like Garrick Haltiwanger ('97), Brian Rogers ('99) and Chris Morris ('00), to name a few.

The rest succeed outside of baseball.

"Every player in our program, whether he is a star, a role player or the team manager, holds the same respect in our clubhouse," said Jordan. "They all excel in different things, and most of the time it surfaces after they graduate. Our former players will call and offer to feed the team if we're coming to their area or offer to help in any way they can. Like we say, Citadel baseball is for a lifetime."

The Rings

The Citadel ring is a prized possession, yet the ones awarded to teams for championships are valued almost as much. Excluding his Citadel ring and wedding band, Jordan possesses six baseball rings but wears only one.

"The 1994 [tournament championship] ring is the one I wear daily. Not the most recent one, but the first one. That one will always be special."

For his other rings, Jordan's wife, Debbie, secured a case in which they rest inside their Goose Creek home.

On his left wrist, he continues to wear the watch that was awarded him and his teammates after the 1979 championship season.

While The Citadel ring is a goal of all cadets, championship rings are goals of all baseball players. And since Jordan returned in 1992, every player who reached his senior season has earned at least one championship ring and most have at least two. That is an impressive recruiting tool.

On the Road

Based on ticket sales, Citadel football fans are the best traveled in the Southern Conference, and baseball is no exception.

"It is gratifying to see Citadel fans in the stands when we play on the road," said Jordan.

Road contests are not the only time that Jordan and his coaches are found on the road. The recruiting avenue never seems to end.

"Recruiting to The Citadel or any college is a challenge," Jordan declares, "but we point out the many positives and opportunities that a Citadel education can offer. We always tell recruits and their parents that The Citadel road is the one less traveled. He [the recruit] can follow that road and be challenged every single day for the next four years. That's a given. But what we explain to them is that this road isn't only for the next four years, but that the 30 or 40 years after graduation will be an enjoyable ride."

Therein lie the ingredients to the successes in The Citadel's baseball program. It is not just a season of baseball but a lifetime of preparation for the daily tests that life brings us all.

Associate Athletics Director Andy Solomon is in his 16th year at The Citadel.





CHARACTER

A cadet does not lie, cheat, or steal, nor tolerate those who do. Those are the words of the oft repeated Honor Code by which every cadet is expected to live and abide and later uphold as a graduate of The Citadel. The Honor Code lies at the very core of ethics at The Citadel and is enforced by a group of cadets who serve on the Honor Committee

Theirs is a tremendous responsibility, for their verdicts affect the fate of cadets charged with violations of the code.

The responsibility of the Honor Committee can be very melancholy. I have never had a great sense of joy in my role as the chairman, not because I disliked the job, but because the emotional aspect of helping to decide the fate of a cadet's career at The Citadel is a heavy burden. On those dark afternoons, I would gather my things for court and make my way to the third floor of Mark Clark Hall. Many cadets have never seen the inside of our courtroom, but I became too familiar with its deep glossy brown tables and the musty odor associated with an ill-used room.

The tradition of bestowing the care and execution of the Honor Code is a tremendous responsibility, and it is an incredible feeling to know that the majority of cadets in your home company, who elected you to serve on the Honor Committee, feel you are the best choice for upholding the most treasured ideals of the Corps. It was, therefore, with a great sense of magnitude of the position and the significance of the code to the lives of the cadets that I assumed my role in the Honor Committee last year.

The role of the Honor Committee representatives falls into three main categories—education, investigations and trials. In the 2005-2006 year Cadet Chet Carter, the vice-chairman for education, implemented one of the most extensive and successful honor education programs that the college has seen in the last 20 years. He could not have done it without the support of the company and battalion representatives who helped him execute our education classes with wonderful precision and professionalism. It was our goal to have at least two meetings with each class per semester. The meetings were used to cover the finer points of the Honor System. These classes were also used to encourage discussions about ethical decision-making.

While education was a great program initiated in the year, the representatives also had to perform some of the more traditional roles—investigations. Vice Chairman for Investigation Cadet Andy Kelly was



By William Westmoreland

THE CITADEL 2006



a portal for those raw feelings of sorrow and regret.

When Gen. Barrett told me that I would grow and learn from the job, I never thought that my growth would come from having to sit across from these broken people and listen calmly as these options were explained. It was the duality of rendering a verdict and then trying to provide support to the convicted cadet that taught me the most about honor and leadership.

It is with a sense of pride that company and battalion representatives run for their positions, and it is that sense of pride in the Honor System that makes The Citadel unique. There is one ideal that a cadet really owns—his or her sense of honor. It is the sense of importance and ownership in one's personal honor

that drove me in my time as the chairman. If I felt down or depressed after a case, I had only to look across my battalion and watch other cadets going about their business, subscribing to this ideal of personal honor.

The Honor Code is one of the defining characteristics of The Citadel experience and one that sets the college apart from other institutions. Without personal honor there can be no character. Without character, one's principles are flawed. It is impossible to lead without sound principles. If The Citadel had no Honor Code, cadets would have very little to believe in, and the campus would be full of similarly dressed individuals who have no time to take the harder right instead of the easy wrong.

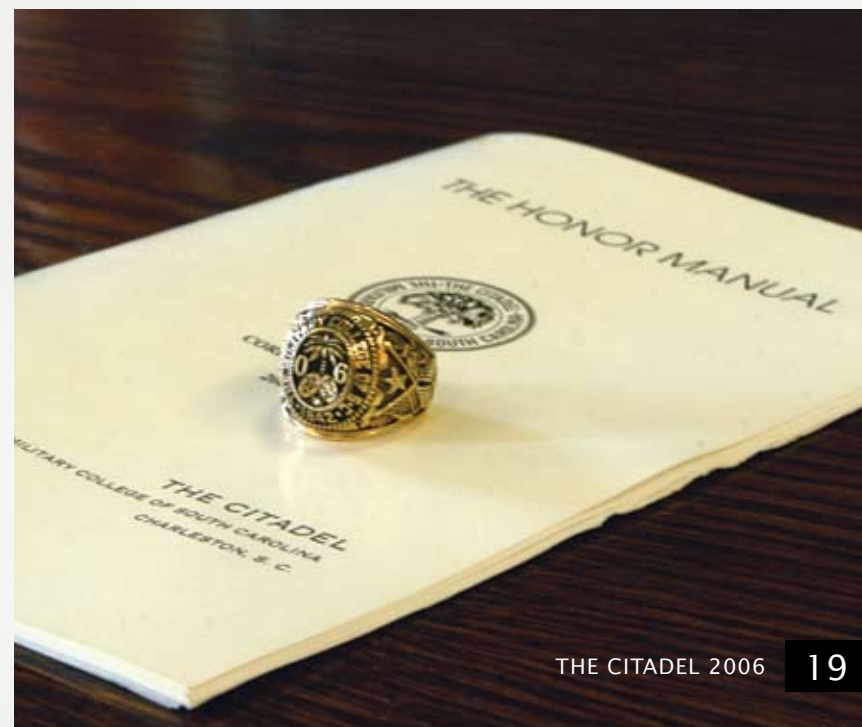
William Westmoreland is an '06 graduate. A business administration major with an accounting concentration, he was commissioned in the Army and is now a second lieutenant. In addition to chairing the Honor Committee, he was a member of the National Guard, the Summerall Guards and the Round Table.

responsible for overseeing all investigations. The investigation teams of three Honor Committee members were composed of company and battalion representatives. Upon completion of their investigation, Kelly would sit down with them to determine if there was merit to the charges. If he and the investigation team believed that the charges were substantiated, they would notify me of the need for a trial. It was this notification that I learned quickly to loathe during my tenure as the chairman. I would assemble the members of the court—seven honor representatives, the secretary, and the vice chairman for education—and then I would notify the accused of the trial date and time and make sure he or she had a representative assigned as a defense council.

One of my first tasks after I was elected as the chairman was to sit down with the faculty advisor, Brig. Gen. Michael Barrett, '68, to get a sense of what was expected of me. Gen. Barrett is one of the most sincere people I have ever met, which is evident in his dedication and devotion to helping the Honor Committee members do their job and the countless hours he spent patiently sitting in the back of the room listening to the trial procedures.

My first meeting with Gen. Barrett left me with more questions than answers, but I expected that to happen. Looking back one of the most important messages that he tried to convey in that first meeting was the professional and personal growth that my job would afford me. This struck me as odd; however, like many things involving the committee, I soon found meaning in his words.

I spent much of my time weighing facts and evidence, and associated that with character judgments about individuals whose mistakes were laid out for all to see in that room. There are several reactions cadets have when they hear a guilty verdict being read. I have seen reactions ranging from tears to disbelief and shock to acceptance. And watching parents as they see their son's or daughter's anguish is one of the most emotionally charged moments I have ever experienced. One of the greatest attributes of The Citadel is its ability to evoke raw emotional moments, some of joy and others of sorrow. A guilty verdict became



BY CADET TARA WOODSIDE

The weather was perfect. It was a bright and breezy Charleston afternoon in late April. With the cloudless blue sky reflecting off the water and only a touch of humidity hanging in the air, it was the sort of day that made you realize there was no place better to be.

Such was the case for the 2006 graduates of the College of Graduate and Professional Studies (CGPS) attending the first ever Graduation Celebration. As they made their way up the steps to the McCormick Beach House overlooking the Atlantic Ocean from its plot on the Isle of Palms, students were greeted by the sound of music and the smell of shrimp and London broil.

The scene was a first for The Citadel, which began offering graduate classes in 1968 under the name of the Evening College. More than 30 years later, CGPS offers six graduate degrees in 14 disciplines and two undergraduate degrees to its 2,000 students.

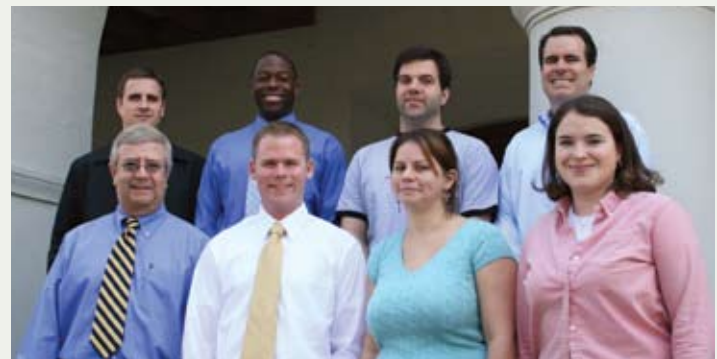
While the increasing enrollment has been good for the college, it diluted the social atmosphere among graduate students. There was no organization responsible for scheduling activities. There was also no one to address student body concerns. There was no spirit of unity. That is, until 2005 when Ryan Treat, a 2006 clinical counseling graduate, teamed up with Ashley McKenzie, a 2005 MBA graduate. The two had a vision to create a student government association (SGA) responsible for bringing CGPS students together.

As an undergraduate at the College of Charleston, Treat remembered students discussing upcoming events and activities specifically targeted at graduate students.

"There was always something happening, but when I came to The Citadel, not only were there no social events for graduate students, but there was no cohesiveness among students in different degree programs."

Worse than the disconnect between fellow students was the gorge between the students and the administration.

"From a student perspective, it seemed that office hours and



business on a day-to-day basis catered only to the Corps of Cadets," said Treat.

In short, communication within CGPS was a problem. Students felt isolated. Aside from the CGPS office, there was no one for graduate students to contact to voice an opinion or raise a concern.

"When you came to CGPS, you were basically on your own and a greater sense of unity was never established," said Treat.

And that is exactly what Treat and McKenzie set out to solve.

Now, almost two years after its inception, SGA is an established and successful facet of CGPS. Every student is a member and is welcome to attend monthly meetings. If they choose not to attend a meeting, they can still provide feedback to their student government representatives.

VERNMENT FOSTERS

ITY



"SGA provides an excellent avenue for information and communication for all students within CGPS," said Allison Dean Love, a 1993 MBA CGPS graduate and member of The Citadel Board of Visitors. "SGA has gained considerable credibility by soliciting opinions from students through a variety of surveys, then taking action to make improvements based on feedback received from those surveys."

The organization is headed by a four-member executive council, including a president, vice president, treasurer and secretary. Elections for these positions are held annually at the end of the spring semester. All students are eligible to make nominations and vote, which can be done online.

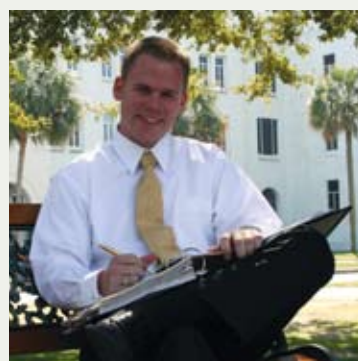
"The website is essentially the one-stop place to find out what is going on in CGPS," said Treat.

Most communication is conveyed through the website. Information on events, such as cookouts at the boathouse, upcoming meetings and graduation commencement news, is posted. The website also features a forum where students can post questions, comments or complaints. Plans are underway to include campus tours and information for prospective students as well as to use the web as a tool to give new students a sense of camaraderie before they begin classes.

Since his graduation, Treat's work has been taken over by Sean Waterman, the 2006-2007 SGA president. Waterman, a 2002 Citadel graduate from Golf Company who

majoring in political science, is currently pursuing his master of arts degree in social science.

Waterman's first project is to raise scholarship funds. Currently, no CGPS scholarships exist. The idea behind this goal is to make the campus work for the students.



In addition, Waterman feels that a tuition break for graduate assistants, like that offered at other colleges and universities, would make CGPS more competitive.

Also going into effect this fall is an intramural sports program for CGPS students, including soccer, softball, volleyball and flag

football. And, of course, after such a successful celebration at the McCormick Beach House, 2007 CGPS graduates can look forward to one held in their honor in the spring.

"The event was a success because we had support from graduate students, their friends and family, as well as The Citadel. This is an event that we look forward to having annually," said Waterman.

Ray Jones, associate dean of CGPS, is pleased with the success of the association.

"SGA built a much-needed bridge between the students and the college. Communication is improving which is conducive to learning—and the social atmosphere is an added bonus. Students are getting their degrees and leaving with positive memories."





Creating a Future day by day

By Col. Jack Rhodes

Honors Program graduates from The Citadel often go on to highly competitive and exalted places: service in the Navy's Nuclear Program; graduate study at institutions like Harvard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Stanford University; law school at the likes of Duke and the University of Virginia; medical school at Johns Hopkins. Sometimes they are supported by prestigious fellowship awards from the Truman Foundation or the Fulbright.

When they matriculate at The Citadel that hot August day, however, they are just knobs, like everybody else. During the first days and weeks when these new cadet-recruits have just arrived, many things are on their minds. Fearing failure, they struggle to measure up to the physical demands of their new environment, along with the seemingly endless number of rules, regulations and expectations. This demanding process, plus the new college-level academic demands they face, absorbs all the energy they can muster—and then some. Throw a growing concern for honor and the Honor Court into the mix, and you have a young man or woman who is overwhelmed. Before you know it, The Citadel is the cadet's whole world. For four years, that world demands all the attention cadets can give it, and the intensity of that total enterprise produces graduates we can be proud of.

There's another piece of the puzzle, though. The Citadel's mission is to produce the citizen-soldier: someone prepared to serve our country either through the armed services or through contributions made in civilian professional life. Those students who aspire to a particularly competitive path after graduation need to start thinking about that as soon as they enter college or, in some cases, sooner. And, they need to keep thinking about it. They need to do more than just think, too. They need to do something about it.

This is a lot to ask of 18-year-old students with a plate already full. Just a few months before, their biggest concern was whom to take to the senior prom or what dress to wear to it. Getting out of high school was a huge step. Entering college was a momentous event. Then, coping with the fourth-class system is a struggle, one that they tackle on a daily basis. All the forces of their lives converge upon the daily struggle to make it just one more day. They miss Mom. Sometimes, it feels as if the weight of the world—and by the world, I mean their first sergeant—is pressing down upon them.

In the midst of all this, the future can get lost. And yet, the future is precisely what they're here for. To use the admittedly histrionic language of a character from Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*, "the future becomes the present, the present the past, and the past turns into everlasting regret if you don't plan for it."

So, how does the Honors Program help our students to plan for the future? We begin even before they become our students. Prospective Citadel Scholars are counseled when they come for their on-campus visit before they have graduated from high school to keep their eyes on the time after they finish college, to plan for it and to take action based on those plans. It doesn't usually occur to a high school senior that there are only three summers left once you enter college; that is, summer as he or she knows it—the season of free time and lounging at the beach. This vacation period will effectively cease after college when the world of work will transform summer into simply the hot time of year. These young high school students are encouraged to see their future summers as an opportunity to do



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something that will set them apart when they are college seniors applying for a job, a graduate school or a fellowship. Lifeguarding, they are told, is probably not their best option. Can't they use this time to do something that will get them a little farther down the path they want to pursue after they graduate? An internship, say, or a career-related job; some volunteer work or study abroad—something that will stand out on their résumé and that will help them to develop into the people they want to become.

Thus advised, incoming Honors Program freshmen find themselves in the Honors section of CIT 101, a one-hour course of orientation to college. Here, we pick up the thread again in those early days that set the pattern of ideas and behavior for the next four years. We take our cue from René Descartes (famous



for his dictum “I think; therefore, I am.”), who speaks of the moral “law that obliges us to procure as best we can the common good of all.” Students are asked to begin developing some ideas, as well as some specific plans, about their future contribution to our society. The world doesn’t need just another doctor or just another lawyer or just another anything. We assume in The Citadel’s Honors Program that our students will make a meaningful contribution to the needs of our world in whatever field they pursue—we assume that they will be leaders. Doing this, our students envision a dream. Next, we push them to form concrete and written plans to realize that dream by laying out a plan for how they plan to prepare themselves to do whatever it is they want to do. At the very least, it should include a strategy for how they will use the next three summers, though school-year plans should be included as well. For advice, students are sent to Brent Stewart, director of The Citadel’s Career Services office, who does an excellent job of matching our cadets with meaningful work experience, both in their undergraduate summers and post-graduate. Too many students wait until senior year to visit his office.

Finally, as an appendix to this assignment, a résumé is attached. This document should contain nothing from high school. Well, almost nothing. If a high school achievement may legitimately serve them in a professional environment—being a valedictorian, say, or an Eagle Scout—then it should be included, but otherwise, nothing from high school. Students turn in mainly

blank sheets of paper with some topic headings. Their job, they are told when they get the assignment back, is to fill in the white spaces before they graduate. One more thing: we spend significant time in CIT 101 discussing national-level post-graduate scholarships and fellowships, such as the Rhodes, Fulbright, Marshall, Truman, Goldwater and Udall, as well as encouraging students to consider spending a semester in Washington, D.C. Regardless of academic major or intended career, if you rise high enough in your field, you’ll eventually have some interests in the dealings of our federal government.

In the sophomore, junior and senior years, Honors students enroll in Personal and Professional Development. In this three-hour course, students come to my office about every other week each fall semester to engage in research, writing and discussion about their future. What we do varies with each student, depending upon that person’s needs. Seeing the students individually this way gives me the opportunity to build upon what we achieved in the freshman year. I always ask what their summer plans are and encourage them to pursue career-related experiences.

One student a few years ago, Cadet James Dunlap (Tripp) Leitner III, ’00, aspired to become a dentist. With some encouragement, and with some help from his hometown dentist with whom he had previously interned, Leitner developed summer plans to shadow a dental supply representative throughout Europe and to spend two weeks in one of the dental practices there. When the time came for him to apply to dental school, this experience served him well. He was accepted at the University of North Carolina School of Dentistry, one of the top in the country in the area he wanted to pursue. His interviewer there told him the reason they wanted to meet him, among so many qualified applicants, was because of his experience in Germany. The positive effects are long lasting, too: Leitner reports that his familiarity with German dentistry also played a significant role in landing his post-doctoral residency in orthodontics.

Leitner’s summer study in Europe was made possible by funding from the Star of the West Association. Through this competitive program, every year a dozen or so students win scholarships to travel to foreign countries for summer study. When they return, they are almost always changed. Perhaps nowhere is this program more important than in our endeavors to prepare students to win Fulbright Fellowships, which require that applicants develop a study project in a foreign country that uses resources unique to that country. These summer study grants enable our students to travel to foreign countries to discover those unique resources and to come back with letters in hand from the appropriate people, certifying that they will have access to those resources. Hats off, here, to Professor Al Gurganus of the Modern Languages Department, who has been instrumental in guiding students repeatedly to successful Fulbright applications for study in Germany. The Citadel competes about as well as any college in the nation at producing Fulbright winners.

In a similar way, this summer study program was instrumental in Cadet Doug Schmid’s winning the prestigious Truman Scholarship, which seeks to identify and reward the next generation of America’s leaders in the area of public policy. With this funding, Schmid studied French at the *École Eiffel* in Paris. This summer, again with Star of the West backing, he’s studying international policy at the Australian National University. He’s applying for the Rhodes

Scholarship in the fall. Keep your fingers crossed.

Not all our Honors students win national-level scholarships, though. Typically, they want to become doctors, lawyers, engineers or soldiers, with a few pursuing other avenues. Personal and Professional Development prepares them for that pursuit. Take our pre-meds, for example. They are counseled in this course to obtain hospital experience that involves patient contact before their senior year, as well as to engage in some kind of scientific research—both experiences valued by medical school admissions committees.

The reading we do frequently begins with some chapters from Frederic W. Hafferty and John B. McKinlay's *The Changing Medical Profession: An International Perspective*. This book raises the significant issue of the change in physician autonomy in an age of increasing health care interdependence among the players in the health industry, such as hospitals, insurance companies and health maintenance organizations. It also provides information about health care systems in Canada, France, the United Kingdom, Greece and other countries. Then we might move on to Kenneth M. Ludmerer's *Time to Heal*, focusing, for example, on the chapter entitled "Academic Health Centers Under Stress: External Dilemmas," which discusses the effect of suburbanization on teaching hospitals. When people of means began to flee to the suburbs in the 1970s, teaching hospitals, usually located downtown, were left in decaying neighborhoods with a flood of non-paying patients. The consequences of this pose serious problems for today's teaching hospitals. Or, we might turn to Melvin Konner's *Medicine at the Crossroads*, which examines the difficulties of our doctors, stressed by practice in corporate-owned hospitals, a controlling insurance industry and broken malpractice procedures.

Students read works such as these, write reports on what

read and come in to discuss what they have learned. This discussion is important. In a sense, what we're doing is rehearsing for the time when they will be called upon to discuss the medical profession intelligently in an admissions interview, which is an increasingly important part of getting into medical school. Having discussed these issues for three years, they are more poised and confident.

The effort the Honors Program puts into post-graduate planning is important for a couple of reasons. We encourage all our students to consider graduate school. Increasingly, a college diploma on the job market means about what a high school diploma used to mean. In the 1940s, about 25 percent of Americans completed high school. Now, about 80 percent do. By the 1990s, the percentage of Americans with college degrees was 25 percent (Funk & Wagnalls *New Encyclopedia*). In terms of income, someone with a bachelor's degree earns roughly \$59,000 a year. With a master's degree, that jumps to \$68,000. With a professional degree, \$92,000 (U.S. Census Bureau).

Beyond that, however, we believe that reading, writing and discussing the area in which you plan to make your contribution to society will make you a more thoughtful and more effective person in your professional life. To quote the leadership guru Peter Drucker, "Management is doing things right; leadership is doing the right things." And figuring out what's right—for you and for your country—requires some reading and some thinking. Talking it over helps, too.

they

Jack Rhodes joined *The Citadel* faculty in 1980. He is a professor of English and founding director of the Honors Program.

WHY WOULD THE *LOS ANGELES TIMES* CARE ABOUT THE CITADEL'S FOOTBALL TEAM?

In fall 2005, The Citadel football team had the toughest schedule in the country. That fact aroused the curiosity of *Los Angeles Times* reporter Drex Heikes, an award-winning reporter who decided to find out why a small military college in South Carolina would subject itself to mismatches with such teams as Florida State, Auburn and Ole Miss.

Heikes came to early football practice to watch the team prepare for its tough season. He spent 18 days observing practices and team meetings, interviewing players, coaches and other college officials. He and photographer Damon Winter traveled with the team for its big game with Florida State.

The following pages present what Heikes and Winter saw during their time with the team and coaches. As you will discover, this story says much more about the character and spirit of these Citadel players than it does about football.

Los Angeles Times

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 2005

COVER STORY 2005/146 PAGES/100 \$04 Designated Areas Higher

On The Internet: WWW.LATIMES.COM

Tale of the Underdog

What would make The Citadel, a small school with strict discipline but little luck in football, schedule a game against a powerhouse such as Florida State? In this mismatch, it is money that matters, but a whiff of success can stir wild hopes.

By Drex Heikes,
Times Staff Writer

Tallahassee, Fla. -- "West-Point Ree-Jects." It was like a taunt from a bully. "West-Point Ree-Jects. West-Point Ree-Jects." The football team from The Citadel military college trotted off the field and into the exquisitely rancid locker room their hosts provided for visitors. It was halftime, and the Bulldogs had just worked a miracle. They had played the Florida State Seminoles



A Leader Alone: Citadel team co-captain Shawn Grant quietly readies himself for the game against nationally ranked Florida State in the cramped visitors' locker room. The game would be his chance, on national television, in front of NFL scouts.

to a standstill on national television.

The Citadel trailed by only three points, 13-10.

The Bulldogs knocked their silver helmets and cracked their hands on each other's shoulder pads. During the summer, a sportswriter had mocked their chances this season, calling for

A Little Team That's Full of Big Dreams

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"a moment of silence for The Citadel." A moment of silence? Not for a second. One Bulldog yelled, mocking the writer: "A moment of silence!"

"We're special," another Bulldog shouted. "Special people in here gonna make some special plays." Still another hollered: "It's right in front of y'all fellas, it's right in front of y'all." They could smell victory, and the excitement was contagious. "I'm gonna get No. 83's ass out, man!" one Bulldog pledged. A teammate roared: "Play as one. One heart, man!"

"West-Point Ree-Jects." The jeering faded as the last Bulldog stepped inside, but the ceiling rumbled with the pounding of Seminole feet in the stands overhead, and the Seminole war chant warbled on and on, in never-ending loops. The locker room was not a room. It was a warren of low, short hallways, a series of corridors, lined with dressing stalls. No Bulldog could see more than a third of his teammates. Inside this accommodation, it was impossible for any visiting coach to address his team as a whole.

Trainers squeezed into a room just large enough for three training tables -- no fourth injury, please. The lighting flickered and the air conditioning worked about as well as a bad vacuum cleaner. The littered, gray carpet absorbed, cooked and time-released the ammonia-tinged odor of sweat from players the Seminoles had pounded into submission over the years. To the nose, it was urine, with a hint of bayou. It pinched the back of the throat.

But this hardly mattered. The Bulldogs were not taking insults. They were delivering them. Last year, The Citadel had won three games and lost eight. It had been thrashed, even by other small schools in its conference. Tonight, the opponent was a major college football power, coached by a man who had won more games than any major college coach in history. Florida State boasted that it had sent more players to today's National Football League than any other university -- 53, exactly enough to fill an NFL team roster.

By any objective measure, this contest was one of the biggest mismatches of the year in college football. The Citadel had been bused nine hours from Charleston, S.C., to Tallahassee to be outmanned at virtually every position. This game, in a stadium that could seat the Bulldog student body 41 times over, would earn The Citadel some \$400,000 -- enough to keep its football program solvent. The Bulldogs fulfilled their mission just by showing up. This game was not about winning. This game was about money.

But now, guess what: The first half hadn't gone as expected. The Citadel and Florida State were just three points apart. The Seminoles left the field cursing in imaginative bursts, and the Bulldogs were on a contact high. Inside the visitors' locker room, the Bulldog coaches emerged from a huddle of their own. They scattered to speak to their players in small groups. "They don't have enough heart," one coach said of Florida State. "They're getting frustrated."

Full credit went to the Bulldog defense. The defensive squad had kept the game close, and it was the defensive squad that had scored the Bulldog touchdown. Now, one of the coaches declared, it was up to the offense to step up. He ticked off the plays that he thought would work: "Listen, Veer is there, Speed's there, Bubble's there. We've got a lot of plays. Lightning Train is there, 80 Screen, Check 98."

The head coach tried his best, across the stalls and partitions, to exhort his entire team. Against the din of the Seminole warble and the rattle of the Seminole band outside the walls, he announced his choice of plays to begin the second half.

"98 Special, first play," he shouted. "Everybody up front. Just hold your blocks forever." His steely blue eyes fixed on his undersized quarterback. "This play is there. Got it?"

The Bulldog coach didn't know it, but around a corner, paces away, his defensive unit was kneeling in prayer. During the first quarter, someone had announced over the Florida State public address system that back in Charleston, The Citadel had been evacuated in the face of Hurricane Ophelia.

Worse, as the Bulldogs left the field for half-

time, someone told a defensive player about a wreck on I-95. A tire had blown on a sport utility vehicle bringing three cadets to the game. The SUV tumbled down the interstate, finally coming to rest on the median. Two of the cadets died. A third was fighting for his life.

Word spread. Almost everyone in the defensive unit knew the cadets. It is hard to make a Bulldog cry. But that did it.

The head coach hadn't heard.

"98 Special," he shouted again, as the Bulldogs started back to the field. "Come on, men!"

The Money

Big-time college football is more than ever about media exposure and money.

The nation's 119 Division I-A football teams are waging an expensive arms race. Over the last decade, they have raised ticket prices, tapped donors for bigger contributions and vied for lucrative TV contracts so they could enlarge their stadiums, install multimillion-dollar locker rooms and erect indoor practice fields. The lavish upgrades impress high school recruits, as does the chance to have their exploits televised from coast to coast.

Somewhere in that mix of dough and glitz is plain old football: 11 hats on 11 hats for the love of the game. But it's getting ever harder to find.

Not so if you drop down to smaller colleges. There the game is closer to its roots. There the game can be about as authentic as college football gets today. The players practice just as hard and sacrifice just as much. No elaborate training meals, jet rides or ESPN replays. Instead, these players eat box lunches on all-night bus rides to



Ready and Waiting: Citadel's Zach Bryant practices: the player known as Shrek would take part in his first college game the next day in Tallahassee.

play games recorded in agate type deep inside the sports pages.

But these smaller football programs have a tougher time meeting their budgets. They cannot turn to TV and long lists of alumni for support. So they go for some of the crumbs that fall from the better-set tables.

They play what are known as "guarantee" games: A small school negotiates to play a big school at its big stadium for a relatively big payday -- a guaranteed share of the take. Big schools make more money too, because The Citadel and other small schools demand less money than, say, Michigan. And the big schools get an easy win. That makes this a nifty deal all around, if you suspend the notion of competition for the sake of sport.

These games have always been part of college football. But this year, pressured by small and large schools alike, the NCAA changed its rules to allow big schools to count one victory against a small school each year in qualifying for bowl games. Under the old rules, Division I-A teams could count only one win over a Division I-AA team, such as The Citadel, every four years.

So it is that college football fans can expect to see many more mismatches like the ones this September, when Top 20 teams at California, Texas Tech and Florida State played the likes of Sacramento State, Sam Houston State and The Citadel.

Sports analyst Jeff Sagarin has studied statistical comparisons of team strengths for decades. Based on his rankings, The Citadel's trip to Tallahassee to play 11th-ranked Florida State stood out: It was likely to be the biggest mismatch of 2005.

What must players from the little team think? Who would schedule such a game?

The Players

Zach Bryant, known as Shrek, was on the little team.

Two kinds of young men play football for The Citadel: those who grow up saying "no way," and those who grow up saying "no way in hell." Why go to a college that bans video games, sleeping in, alcohol, marriage and cussing? Zach Bryant said no way in hell. Yet here he was on The Citadel practice field just downwind from the musty-sulfur smell of the Ashley River marsh, flicking sweat from his eyes and snapping the strap of his helmet.

On this play, he needed to fly low and hard into anyone in his way, clearing a path for the guy carrying the ball. At the signal, Bryant, an ogre with a 52-inch chest, tore straight ahead, kicking up sod as he disappeared into a void between two taller teammates. An instant later, he reappeared, staggering backward as if he had run into a man carrying a piano. His knees, put together with screws, wobbled. Shrek sank to the soggy turf.

It was just after 4 p.m. on Aug. 15, one of those miserable afternoons in Charleston that can cause a football player to hate the smell of grass forever. The heat stood at 100.9 degrees, the humidity at 83.9%. In that kind of weather, it is supremely hard for human bodies to cool. People call it "stupid weather," because that's what it makes you. The head coach told the Bulldogs they could quit for the day. "Half the teams in America would."

But the Bulldogs stayed. By a trainer's count, they drank 481 gallons of Gatorade and water before practice ended. Some sweated away as much as 11 pounds.

Zach, 22, was in his fourth year at The Citadel. He was a kid who could overcome anything. He had no football scholarship. More than that, he had never played in a game. A knee injury had ruined his final season in high school. That spring, his father had left the family, and Citadel coaches urged him to "walk on" with the Bulldogs. That meant that if he turned out to be good enough, the school might give him financial aid.

His prospects were dwindling. "No way in hell" became "I can do this."

Then, a week into his first football camp, his mother was diagnosed with breast cancer. It meant four chemotherapy treatments and 33 radiation treatments. Zach wanted to go home and take care of her, but she refused to let him. She was unemployed, so she organized a fundraiser to help pay her bills. The VFW donated its hall. She got a two-piece band and an Elvis impersonator and netted \$2,000.

It turned out that Zach was simply not good enough for a scholarship. But the kid who could overcome anything spent two years as a reserve. He figured he would make the team that way. Then, warming up for a run, he injured his other knee doing a high kick he calls "a flyin' Russian."

More screws, and no football in 2004.

But overcome it all he did. He licked a stutter that angered him. He corralled academic scholarships that covered nearly all of his education, and he found loans to cover the rest. And now he was back on the field, hoping to get into a game.

Zach Bryant was not about to let another man defeat him, even if the man was carrying a piano. So he got up from the wet turf and trotted back into practice.

He planned to be an orthopedic surgeon. Maybe Shrek would fix his own knees one day.

Shawn Grant, a co-captain, was on the little team too.

He was the man carrying the Steinway. Square-jawed, grandly biceped, the best athlete on the team, Shawn, 21, was a senior linebacker who had vowed growing up that he would never play for The Citadel. No way.

Why not go to a regular college, where you could have a car, a cell phone and dorm-room visitors? Where you could have a TV and leave campus on weekends? Why put up with upper-classmen ordering you, on a whim, to stop and recite dumb poems, or to skip across campus like a kindergartner? Why be forced to reply to everything with a sir sandwich? "Sir, yes, sir." "Sir, no, sir." "Sir, no excuses, sir."

But Shawn Grant wanted to learn how to lead. He knew it would get better after the first year, even if you couldn't grow a beard, or stay out of bed after 11 p.m., or stay in bed after 7 a.m., or smoke dope, or curse at a teammate, or talk to a freshman, or ditch class, or wear jeans or khakis or cutoffs or anything except that damn uniform, although it did make the hotties at the College of Charleston shimmy into size-0 dresses and parade by hoping for a date.

The large schools offered no financial aid to the kid who wanted to lead. His exploits were legend in high school, but he was only 5 feet 9 -- too small for the big time. Appalachian State would give him a scholarship, but it was up in the mountains, in snow country, two hours farther from home and from his mother and uncle and aunt, who had joined hands to raise him after



The Man in the Middle: Citadel first year-coach Kevin Higgins, with quarterback Duran Lawson in the first half, was wary of the Bulldogs' schedule when he took the job, particularly the Florida State game.

his father was killed by an assailant and his sister was killed five years later by an angry boyfriend -- all before Shawn turned 9.

Citadel coaches urged him to "trade four for 40," which meant trading four years of discipline for a lifetime of success.

He prayed and prayed, and when he finished, he said "it made perfect sense."

"No way" turned into enrolling. He dreamed of making it to the NFL. And when he was named a co-captain, he knew he was becoming a leader.

Porter Johnson, 21, was on the little team as well. His father called him Champ.

He was a kid who always gave twice as much. Practicing in "stupid weather" wasn't enough. He would diet too. Everyone else had eaten a regular lunch, but on this day, when the humidity was so thick you couldn't find blue sky, Champ ate lettuce and a fruit cup.

More than that, Porter Johnson was playing in a new position. After three years on offense, he had become a linebacker. The clock was edging toward 4:30 p.m. Only 20 minutes left in practice. But the weather and the dieting were turning him stupider than stupid.

He blew a play.

"Johnson!" the defensive coach bellowed. "Get off the field. Get (pause) off (pause) the (pause) field!"

The kid who gave twice as much trudged toward the sideline, shoulders slumping. He fell to his knees. A trainer pulled a white towel from a chest of ice water and draped it over his head.

Champ had come to The Citadel on a football scholarship. Typically, he chose the hardest major: electrical engineering. Typically, he worked hard, earned academic aid and gave the football money back.

Through most of high school, he thought he might go to Furman, a small college with a strong team. No way would he ever go to The Citadel, although it was closer to home. He and his dad, a police lieutenant, were best of friends. Champ attended his father's high school, and, like his dad, he was class vice president. One morning, when Champ was a senior, his father lost a fight with colon cancer.

His last words to his wife were: Where's Champ?

After he died, his son put his arms around his mother and his sister. We're going to be all right, his mother would recall Champ saying. They buried his father under a pine tree, where Champ and his sister still go sometimes to talk to him.

Porter's mother wanted Champ to stay close. So Champ, the kid who always gave twice as much, went to The Citadel.

And there he was, on the field, under a cold towel, sucking wind. "Sometimes," he'd said over his lettuce lunch, "you've got to go through stuff to get what you want."

What Champ wanted, what Shrek wanted, and what the co-captain and every other player on the little team wanted was to beat the big team.

They wanted to dump Florida State.

The Athletic Director

Who would schedule such a game? Who had pitted young men such as these against the Seminoles of Florida State?

It was Les Robinson, the athletic director, who exercised, showered for dinner, rubbed on Paul Sebastian cologne and popped a can of Heinek-en. "Let's go have a look," he told a visitor, and walked him from his front door two blocks to a new, 4,400-square-foot home he was building on Sullivan's Island, a tranquil, exclusive oceanfront suburb of Charleston. Even in bare framing, it looked like a fine home. It was on stilts, like all the grand houses in the Lowcountry. It had a 180-degree view of the Atlantic Ocean.

Robinson, 63, was college basketball royalty, a genial man with a sweet-potato voice, in his second career with The Citadel. He had been head basketball coach for 11 years before moving on and eventually becoming basketball coach and athletic director at North Carolina State, in the prestigious Atlantic Coast Conference. Five years ago, he came back to The Citadel and to the house he'd held onto for 32 years and would sell to pay for the new one. Though he had two master's degrees, he was still very much a West Virginia country boy, a Southern raconteur (it was "fuh-ball," as if the T had been Heimlich) whose stories unfolded in great ornamental narratives, polished by the fine grit of many years of retelling -- and always in service of a larger point.

This was Aug. 1, a week before practice, and already he was getting calls from sportswriters and alumni asking why he had scheduled a game with Florida State. Small schools could play as many guarantee games as they wanted, and he had scheduled a second guarantee game as well, against Ole Miss.

So Les Robinson told his visitor a story. Last year, after losing 33-3 in a guarantee game against Auburn, he recounted, Citadel players had come up to him on the field and thanked him for the opportunity. For them, he said, holding Auburn to 33 points was a moral victory. "The players love playing in these games," Robinson said, reaching his point. "It's a chance to test themselves." Moreover, every now and then, the little team wins.

The Citadel had been playing guarantee games for decades. Many alumni love it. Besides, Robinson said, these games are not just about the gate money. They also give exposure to Bulldog football, and that helps with recruiting and with raising money from donors, which The Citadel needs desperately. Two years ago, it had to tear down the west side of its modest stadium, built in the late 1940s, because it was no longer safe, and it didn't have the money to rebuild. Not that it could have immediately, anyway, and thereby hung a side-story: Demolition workers found graves under the bleachers. So while Robinson and others were raising funds, historians were digging up the bones of Confederate soldiers.

But now to his larger point: Thanks to the fundraising, The Citadel had about \$7 million on

hand for a new grandstand when it broke ground -- a small sum in today's big-college arms race, but not at a school that graduates fewer than 500 cadets a year, giving it a base of about 20,000 living alumni. That's half the current enrollment at Florida State.

"I've had a great life, lived in a great country," Robinson said. "My mission ... is to educate young people. A good percentage of them are going to serve our country." That is why, he declared, "I have zero problem asking people for money."

All of this was something that he would have to explain more than once. Ten days later, he and his visitor were walking near the practice field. Robinson's cell phone rang.

"Uh huh. Well, it's what we need to do.... I understand, yes. I understand. Well, come on in, I'm happy to meet with you." He hung up.

"Some alumnus. Not happy we're playing Florida State."

The Coach

Kevin Higgins, 49, the rookie head coach, was the man in the middle.

On Sunday night, Aug. 7, the night before football practice began, he stood at the front of an auditorium that served as a classroom and watched his team file quietly into the seats. The Citadel allowed two kinds of garb: standard dark blue T-shirts with athletic shorts or battleship-gray cadet uniforms.

Shawn Grant, the kid who wanted to lead, wore his grays.

Welcome back, Coach Higgins said. Summer was over. Time for haircuts. The school allowed two kinds: head shaved and head shaved a month ago.

"Yes, sir!"

Don't litter this classroom. "We don't want to get kicked out."

"Yes, sir!"

No cursing. That went for players and coaches. "Using profanity or taking God's name in vain will not make you a better player."

"Yes, sir!"

Higgins built to his finale. Why was it that The Citadel had won only two conference championships in 100 years? "We are leaders. We understand discipline. We have been through adversity." Why wasn't The Citadel winning? Street and Smith, the bible of preseason college football, had reviewed the Bulldog talent and schedule and had written: "A moment of silence for The Citadel."

It had picked the Bulldogs to finish last in their conference.

"All around the country," Higgins said, sounding disgusted, "that is what people think of us. 'A moment of silence ...'"

Kevin Higgins didn't tell them, but he hadn't wanted to come here, not to this school, with this schedule, including the guarantee games against Florida State and Ole Miss.

After coaching Lehigh University to a three-year record of 32 wins and one loss, he had been the toast of small college football. He skipped

straight to the NFL, where he became an assistant coach for the Detroit Lions, a punchless franchise that showed him the door last season. So he needed work. His resume failed to land him a job as head coach at a major college. And by spring, he had run out of options.

When he came to The Citadel, the fall was as steep as his rise. The college was only half as big as some Los Angeles high schools. He took a 40% pay cut and lost \$35,000 on his house in Detroit to move to the South, where his New York accent was pickles on pecan pie. Higgins lived in a mustard-colored house he rented from the college.

He found military traditions at The Citadel more 19th than 21st century -- and one of the big reasons its trophy case was small. Then there was the Florida State game. Look at the schedule, his wife, Kay, would remember him saying. How can you win? But his Irish immigrant father had started over in midlife when the mob forced him and another honest bookkeeper out of their union jobs in New York. So Kevin and Kay Higgins decided: This has got to be what God has in mind for us. "It's come full circle," he said. "I have a chance like my dad did. Now my kids have a chance to see me go through this...."

Kay's impressions of The Citadel had been formed by two national black eyes: nasty hazing incidents in the 1980s and the school's fight against admitting women in the 1990s. She arrived expecting certitude and braggadocio. But she found almost the opposite. A court had ordered The Citadel to admit women, the Justice Department had monitored its compliance, and the college had brought in new leadership and changed things. Even the alumni seemed humble. "They have a sense," Kay Higgins said, "they are part of something larger."

The Citadel, she said, teaches cadets "to sort out the difference between a need and a want." That, she said, is something big schools don't want to confront. "It's a privilege to lead," she said, and Kevin seemed to do it naturally. At church, he reorganized a group so that it did business before socializing. At school, his compact sentences and unblinking eyes suggested to cadets that you, son, should organize your thoughts before opening your mouth.

He was direct. At dinner out, he would ask his wife what she wanted, so when the menus came, they were ready to order. You OK with water?

He was not a socializer, she said. "He thinks amusement parks are a colossal waste of time."

The Practices

It was Aug. 12. Four weeks to go ...

The "inside drill" was a particularly brutal way to practice. Five offensive linemen, a blocking back and a running back line up on one side of the football. Four defensive linemen and three linebackers oppose them. Everyone knows how it goes: The offense tries to open a hole for the running back, and the defense tries to plug it. The

ball carrier dives forward -- no swinging wide -- and straight into punishment.

Sometimes Zach Bryant, known as Shrek, had to block Porter Johnson, the Champ. Other times he had to block Shawn Grant, the co-captain, the kid who wanted to lead. It was bone-jarring, often-futile. Bryant, the kid who could overcome anything, rarely got it done. Again and again, he tried. That was The Citadel way.

Three days earlier, an offensive line coach had put it this way: "You ask a kid to do something, they say, 'Yes, sir.' You ask them to run through a wall, they say, 'Would you like that face first or cross body?' Sometimes you've got to say, 'Yes, sir,' even when you don't believe it. It's a quality that has gotten lost in the Me Generation. Athletes here are submissive to authority. They do what you ask them to do and do it with great effort. They know how to lead because they know how to follow."

They had started learning early. Sprinkled on the team were a score of freshmen, known as knobs because their shaved heads looked like doorknobs. Over their cadet uniforms, they wore small backpacks -- "camel packs" -- containing liquids, with tubes extending to their mouths, to keep them hydrated. The packs were mandatory because football was nothing compared to the "hell week" they were going through. Up at 5 a.m. On the line by 5:05. Ninety minutes of push-ups, sit-ups and running. Line up. Brace for 20 minutes and endure the pain. Then run upstairs. Run downstairs. Run. Always run. Until 9:30 p.m., when they memorized Citadel rules. From the blue book. The white book. The red book. Then they memorized the football playbook. Lights went out at 11 p.m. Even run to bed.

On the day of "inside drill," two visitors watched. One was an Army colonel just back from Afghanistan. His gaze followed Shrek up and down the field. He appreciated Shrek's determination. "Every mother and father who sends a son or daughter to fight," the colonel said, "deserves the best leaders we can find." Character, he knew, was rarely an issue for the Bulldogs. In the athletic department, nobody could remember when a football player had run afoul of the law. On the other hand, at Florida State over the last decade, athletes had been arrested on suspicion of theft, battery, illegal gambling, burglary, drug possession, sexual assault and attempted murder.

Another thing the colonel knew: The Citadel was a public school, run by the state of South Carolina. Unlike students at West Point or the other military academies, these young men could quit anytime. They had made no commitment to four years and then to military service afterward. It meant, the colonel knew, that every day the Bulldogs did this, they chose to do it. He knew that Shrek wanted to go to medical school. Maybe the Army could help.

The other visitor was a retired colonel, an Army veteran from World War II who had played for The Citadel in the late 1930s. He was trim and

had a hard gaze. To him, The Citadel was getting soft. He said that Shrek, Champ and the co-captain -- all of them, in fact -- were getting too much special treatment. Then, assuming that another white person would agree, he complained that there were "too many blacks on the team."

Getting soft? One Bulldog father had said just the opposite a few days earlier. A graduate of the Naval Academy and retired commander of a nuclear submarine, this military man said he wanted his sons at The Citadel precisely for the discipline. "As the military academies have gotten softer, this place hasn't," he declared. "This is a special breed of boys. Looking at them, you have great faith in America."

But faith in their football?

So it was that Coach Higgins brought in a motivational speaker to dig into their psyches and make them the winners in football that he knew they were in life.

"You have got to be some of the most competitive men on the face of the Earth," the speaker said. "Why isn't that translating in wins and losses? Have we drifted into a place where we accept [defeat] ... ? You have got to be a rare breed to choose what you've chosen here ... a place that requires sacrifice. [But] leaders of leaders need to step up."

Champ would say afterward that he thought the guy was talking directly to him.

The co-captain, who wanted to be a leader, searched for a theme -- and found one. "A leader is willing to confront peers when [their] actions are eroding team goals," the speaker said, echoing The Citadel's revered honor code: A cadet will not lie, cheat or steal, or tolerate those who do.

The speaker ended with an insult. "A moment of silence for The Citadel"

Before the week was out, Shawn Grant and the other co-captains called a special meeting. Just the team. No coaches. Starting today, Grant told everyone, this team needed to find a way to turn around its losing seasons. Starting today, it was the duty of every player to act in the best interests of the team and to call out anyone who didn't.

A hand rose near the back. "I don't think I can turn in a teammate."

"Bullshit!" someone else yelled. Other forbidden words flew around the room.

Then a starter on the defensive secondary turned in his seat and faced the dissenter. "How are we going to change this if we don't all act as one? You want to keep losing?"

The Buildup

Sept. 2. One week to go ...

The phone in the athletic director's office rang and rang again. Callers asked Les Robinson: Why play Florida State?

At dinner with his wife, Barbara, and a visitor, Robinson returned, often unprompted, to the subject. Guarantee games, he said, are the future for a lot of small schools. He had told his staff,

only half-joking, that he intended to go to an annual meeting of athletic directors and "sit by the pool and take bids."

As a basketball coach, he recalled, he had scheduled a tuneup game for North Carolina State with tiny Cal Poly San Luis Obispo as his team headed to Hawaii for a tournament.

Cal Poly loved the attention, he said.

But as the dinner went on, Robinson acknowledged that he was still learning the difference between coaching basketball and football. Left unspoken was that a basketball mismatch is less physically punishing.

Still, he said, his players couldn't wait to play Florida State. "They will never be as high again, until they meet the girl they're going to marry."

Against such a prospect, their game the next day against Charleston Southern was a lesser event, even as a tuneup. Still, it was a game they could lose. "A moment of silence for The Citadel ..."

The Bulldogs led, 7-0, at halftime. Champ and his co-captain conferred quietly. Shrek, screws in his knees, the kid who could overcome anything, sat on the sideline. His mother, the cancer survivor, was there to watch him play, but he didn't.

Then, in the second half, Charleston Southern scored touchdowns the first two times it got the ball. In a blink, The Citadel trailed, 14-7.

"Pathetic," the Bulldog center screamed. "We're pathetic."

Champ and the co-captain both cramped. They lay face-down on the grass. Trainers sweated over them, bending their legs backward to their rumps. Champ was quiet. The co-captain yelled, instructing teammates on alignments, plays to watch for.

The Bulldogs came back. They scored the next three touchdowns.

The Citadel won, 28-14.

On the field, friends and relatives swamped Champ and the co-captain, who smiled broadly. Shrek's mother was crestfallen, but she said she would go to Florida State next week. Maybe ... maybe ... he'd play.

Charleston Southern was a first step, Higgins told the Bulldogs. "As long as we keep working, good things will happen ... later in the season." Later. After Florida State.

Higgins was walking a line. He did not want his team to play the Seminoles, but he would not say so. It might offend his boss, and it might send his players the wrong signal.

On Monday, then Tuesday, then Wednesday, the Bulldogs could not focus. Defeatism? Anxiety? Fear?

The fastest cadet on the Bulldog team, a defensive lineman with a Hummer torso welded onto Ferrari flanks, asked his position coach: "Do you think those guys [from Florida State] are more muscle or fat?"

The question hung in the air.

Finally the coach replied: "I'd say they're more mass."

Coach Higgins' biggest fear was injuries. One



Part of Something: Porter Johnson, right, known as Champ, jokes with teammates after practice at The Citadel. The hard-working, family-oriented Johnson returned his football scholarship after earning academic aid.

afternoon, the Bulldogs' starting center injured his back. A guard took his place.

"We're playing Florida State with a guy who's never snapped the ball in a game before -- and with a new guard," Higgins said. He drew an open hand down from his hair over his eyes. "This could get ugly. I'm asking myself: 'How are we going to get a first down?'"

He thought aloud about other guarantee games his athletic director had in mind. "Les likes to say that this is good for recruiting. But ..."

The morning after Charleston Southern, Higgins and his assistants had watched films of the game. In a series of plays, Charleston Southern had broken through The Citadel's offensive line.

"We need to fix this," Higgins said. He barely paused. "We need to fix this because those guys we're going up against this week ..."

He exhaled a long breath and blew it between his teeth.

"They're werewolves."

The Trip

Sept. 9. Thirty-six hours to go ...

Flying to Tallahassee would nearly triple the \$30,000 expense set aside for the game. So the Bulldogs climbed onto three buses, and at 7:30 a.m. Friday they pulled out. Knobs in full uniform lined one side of the quad, 6 acres of grass surrounded by cream-colored, Spanish-Moorish style buildings, anchored by machinery of war: an F-4 phantom jet, a Cobra helicopter, a Sherman tank, a missile and a pair of cannon. The knobs churned their arms and chanted: C-I-T-A-D-E-L.

Near the last turn, just short of wrought-iron gates, Maj. Gen. Roger C. Poole, the college president, stood alone.

He saluted the buses as they passed.

Champ, Shrek and the co-captain were anxious. Champ, the kid who always gave twice as much,

said he was looking for a chance to measure himself. The co-captain said he couldn't wait to play. Shrek, the kid who could overcome anything, was the most tense of all. With good reason.

The first-team player at Shrek's position had been injured. He, Shrek, Zach Bryant, was about to play his first game. As it turned out, his mother couldn't make the trip, but she had asked an acquaintance to take pictures. Shrek said: "I just don't want to screw up."

At 4:30 p.m., the buses pulled up in front of a massive brick facade: the Florida State stadium. Within minutes, the Bulldogs had found the tiny visitors' locker room, made their way across the urine-smelling carpet with its soupcon of bayou, wound through its warren of corridors and found the dressing stalls. Quietly, they put on shorts and jerseys and made their way out to the field for a first look.

This was a temple, an immense Steuben bowl, crowned with luxury suites. The Bulldogs took photos.

Champ tried to ease the tension. "The field is just 100 yards long, same as ours."

Another Bulldog tried a chant. "Whose house is this?"

Silence.

Again: "Whose house is this?"

"Their house," came a weak reply.

A worker ushered the Bulldogs out of the stadium onto a nearby practice field. A Seminole walked by, a blond at his side.

"Wonder what it would be like," a Bulldog lineman said, elbowing another, "to be an athlete at a college like this, be a wild animal...."

Game day dawned. At 11 a.m., the co-captain's mother and his uncle and aunt pondered the prospects. His uncle had coached Shawn Grant in a parks and recreation league. "Shawn is put together with good threads," he said. "If he was 2 inches taller, he wouldn't be at The Citadel."



The Experience Ends: Citadel players walk to their dank locker rooms after the game. The team will have another "guarantee" game against a top-tier program next year, and maybe in 2007 as well.

Tonight was the co-captain's chance, on national TV, in front of NFL scouts. Maybe one would be smart enough, the uncle said, to realize that what mattered was "the size of his heart."

As for winning, "all we need is five smooth rocks and a slingshot and God on our side." Yes, he said, with a smile: God, be a Bulldog tonight.

The First Half

Mayan priests thanked their victims before sacrificing them. At Florida State, the band plays your school song. The Citadel mascot, a bulldog, did not have to be polite about it. He broke away from his minder and nipped a referee on the ankle.

If the Seminoles were werewolves, they were bewitchingly coiffed. Some were close-cropped, but others had layered blond hair, long dreadlocks, sheeny braids, Billy Ray Cyrus mullets, vertical cornrows, horizontal cornrows, crop-circle cornrows and orange-tinted, gravity-defying spikes. They headed into their air-conditioned locker room, with its lounge of plush couches and a big-screen TV, for a last few words before kickoff.

The Bulldogs, for their part, retired to the visitors' hovel. As they emerged, an ESPN camera focused on their offensive line coach and misidentified him as Coach Higgins.

Somehow, the kickoff seemed merciful.

At first, the Seminoles cruised 80 yards in just seven plays, and the Bulldog defense seemed slow and tentative -- but that was deceptive. On first and goal to go for Florida State, a Citadel defensive back blitzed and knocked the ball out of the Seminole quarterback's hands, then snapped it up and raced 30 yards.

Now the Bulldogs had the ball. But their offense could do nothing. The Seminoles overpowered them on three straight plays, forcing a punt.

Then the Bulldog defense forced a Seminole

punt, and the ball came to rest inside The Citadel five-yard line. The Citadel coaches called for a short-yardage offense, which needed a blocking back. At nine minutes and two seconds into the first quarter, Shrek, Zach Bryant, the kid who could overcome anything, entered his first game for The Citadel.

His job was to throw his 5-foot-10, 210-pound frame into a 6-foot-2, 235-pound linebacker destined for the NFL. Shrek could not stop him, and the linebacker tackled the runner for no gain.

On the next play, though, Shrek stuck a solid block. The Seminole linebacker shook him loose. But he needn't have bothered. Florida State's defensive line had tossed aside The Citadel linemen like bags of leaves and smothered the runner.

And so the game settled into a pattern. Both defenses outplayed both offenses.

For The Citadel, that was a surprise. Its handful of fans in the temple of the Seminoles leaped to their feet. On television, an announcer declared: "The Citadel is saying, 'Hey, we didn't come here just to earn a paycheck. We came here to play some football.'"

Florida State finally managed to kick a field goal.

But The Citadel offense could not make a first down. Each time the offensive unit left the field, Higgins and his assistants talked to the quarterback and the receivers. Quickly, mathematically, they tried to find some advantage.

The offensive linemen sat quietly. They seemed perplexed. Their line coach worked feverishly with a wipe-off board, asking what was wrong, adjusting blocking assignments to overcome gaps in size and speed.

Then came the first injury. A Bulldog defender made a tackle but couldn't get up. Play stopped. Trainers helped him to his feet. He took two steps, and his knees buckled. The trainers caught

him and helped him to the sideline.

On the next play, another Bulldog made a tackle. He got up, but slowly, in a daze.

Nonetheless, the first quarter ended with Florida State ahead by only 3-0. The Seminole crowd had ceased its war warble. Some booed.

The Citadel sideline, though, was a mixture of awe and joy. The Bulldog coaches glanced at each other with raised eyebrows. Players shouted and pounded each other's shoulder pads.

Early in the second quarter, Champ and the co-captain took over. Shawn Grant, the kid who wanted to be a leader, blew into the Seminole backfield and made a tackle for no gain. "Biggest hitter in the Southern Conference," the TV announcer declared. Florida State tried a pass. Now it was Champ's turn. Porter Johnson hit the Seminole quarterback as he released the ball.

A starter on the Bulldog defensive secondary leaped for an interception.

The offense stalled, but the ball was close enough for a field goal.

The Bulldogs tied the game, 3-3.

Discreetly, Coach Higgins asked for a photo of the scoreboard. The Citadel had tied Florida State.

Then, however, the mismatch took another toll. A defensive back lay on the grass, the second Bulldog who could not get up. The trainers ran to him, sat him up, then stood him and helped him off the field.

In The Citadel tradition of, "Yes, sir, would you like that face first or cross body?" the team persisted. The Seminoles tried a pass to the end zone, but a Bulldog stepped in front of it and intercepted.

Again, the Florida State crowd fell silent, except for scattered booing.

But still the Bulldog offense could not move the ball, and the Seminoles took over. Champ and the co-captain got boxed in, and Florida State's star running back went 51 yards to The Citadel 18. The Seminole war warble picked up again.

The injured Bulldog defensive back had re-entered the game, and now he went down once more -- seriously enough this time for the team doctor to join trainers on the field. Together, they helped him up and off.

On the next play, the co-captain leveled a Seminole runner juggling a badly pitched ball. It bounced to the turf. A Bulldog scooped it up and ran to the Florida State goal line, 70 yards away. Touchdown.

"The Citadel leads Florida State," the TV announcer said. "What a stunner!"

Two of The Citadel coaches allowed themselves tight smiles. Four turnovers by Florida State in the first half, and ESPN replayed all of them.

Still, the mismatch exacted a growing price. The Bulldog who had made the 70-yard run, one of the smaller players on the team, knelt on the sideline, head down, throwing up with exhaustion.

Now the Seminoles grew visibly angry -- at themselves. Coach Bobby Bowden harnessed the anger, and they began to play like gifted and disciplined athletes, covering 71 yards in less

than two minutes. They scored a touchdown.

Then a field goal, to end the half leading by 13-10.

And so the jeering began. "West-Point Reejects. West-Point Reejects."

The Second Half

The Bulldogs trotted out of their halftime locker room talk trailing a whiff of eau d'bayou.

Those who knew about the SUV wreck grieved for their fellow cadets.

Those who did not tried to focus on the coach's choice of opening play. The 98 Special, everyone hoped, would change their odds.

The play was rooted in trickery. Two receivers would line up to the left. One would head straight toward the defender and fake a block. The defender was meant to assume that the block meant the ball would be thrown to the second receiver. When the defender started in his direction, the first receiver would straighten up and run free to catch the pass. Everything depended upon the fake block.

"You've got to sell it," Coach Higgins shouted. "Sell it. Sell that block."

Shawn Grant, the co-captain, walked over to a starting linebacker, in the same sophomore class as the three cadets in the SUV. The linebacker fought to keep his composure. Grant stood with him, touching helmets. There was only one thing the team could do now, the co-captain said. Play hard to honor the dead.

The Citadel lined up for the 98 Special.

It was hard to count the things that went wrong. The defender did not bite on the fake block. As the Bulldog quarterback, 180 pounds, threw the pass, a Seminole, 249 pounds, drove him to the ground. Then a 6-foot-4 Seminole safety leaped over the top of the 5-foot-11 Bulldog receiver and intercepted.

So much for the 98 Special.

Three plays later, another Bulldog was hurt. A defensive starter tackled a Seminole receiver and went down hard. Trainers helped him from the field.

"Not always athletically do you match up when you go I-AA level to I-A ...," the TV announcer said.

To underscore his point, the Seminoles scored a touchdown on the next play.

Again -- now for the third time -- ESPN focused on the Bulldog offensive line coach and misidentified him as Higgins.

From then on, for The Citadel, things grew worse. Pass, run, run, a Seminole touchdown.

Then seven Seminoles rushed a Bulldog punter. Six of them overwhelmed their blockers and covered the 13 yards to the kicker so quickly he could not put his foot on the ball.

Two plays later, another Seminole touchdown.

But the co-captain, who had learned to be a leader, wanted none of it. He would not let the Bulldogs slack off. He was on them, shouting en-

couragement, instructions. The Bulldog defense tried one last time to make a stand. Shawn Grant willed himself into the backfield and knocked the Seminole quarterback flat.

The co-captain's helmet flew off. The ball fell incomplete.

On the next play, Shawn Grant hit the quarterback again, this time an excruciating moment too late. The Seminole pass was complete -- as was one more, for yet another Seminole touchdown.

The Bulldog offense seemed dazed. The defense looked exhausted, heads down.

Still another injury. A Bulldog receiver caught a pass and was tackled hard. He did not get up. Play stopped. The trainers helped him off the field.

Moments later, a 6-foot-6 receiver reached over a 5-foot-11 Bulldog to catch a Seminole pass for yet another touchdown.

Five touchdowns in 12 minutes and 38 seconds. Florida State, 48-10.

"Right now," the Bulldog equipment manager said, "they're paying us \$8,000 a point."

Coach Higgins began to yield. He sent in second- and third-string defenders so they could tell their grandchildren they played against Florida State.

Three plays into the fourth quarter, the Seminoles scored again.

And four plays after that, a 6-foot-4 freshman quarterback for Florida State skirted the left end, placed his right hand on top of a scrub defender from The Citadel, thrust him to the ground, then pivoted and ran like a whippet into the end zone.

It was Hanna-Barbera comical. But it wasn't the players' fault. The game, after all, was about money.

Final score: Florida State 62, The Citadel 10.

The Aftermath

As the second and third stringers left the field, Shawn Grant, Porter Johnson, Zach Bryant and the rest of the team cheered and smacked their shoulder pads. But the locker room was sullen.

Coach Higgins thanked everyone who fought hard and praised the defense. "They will always have that first half, for the rest of their lives." But then he said that he was disappointed: Some of the Bulldogs gave up in the second half.

There was silence.

None of the injuries were lasting. "But some guys will look like 10-day-old bananas," the head trainer said.

Each Bulldog got a box of fried chicken, coleslaw and a chocolate-chip cookie as the team boarded buses at 11:30 p.m. for the trip home. Talk was rare and subdued. Florida State, said an assistant coach, "probably has 20 players who will play in the NFL. I don't think we put a hat on a linebacker all day."

Shrek shook his head: "That was a great experience, but ..."

The buses arrived at first light. The campus was dark, the barracks locked. Flags, snapping in spotlights, flew at half-staff in honor of the cadets

killed in the SUV. The sky turned brilliant blue. The hurricane had turned away.

The next week was grim. The college held memorials for the two crash victims. On Saturday, the third died.

The deaths helped put the Florida State game in perspective, Shawn Grant said. "We were definitely torn up by the situation. We handled it the best way we could."

Then he added: "Try to forget the game. It's done with."

Champ's mother put it best: He was "worn slam out" by the game.

Coach Higgins was blunt: "Les likes to say that these guys are going to remember this game for the rest of their lives. I thought long and hard about that on the way back on the bus. The problem right now is that the goal here is to win championships. Remember, championships. It shouldn't be to play against big schools and lose. It's nice that everyone is saying we gave a great effort. But I want you to remember, we lost a football game."

Les Robinson, the athletic director, said he had decided to schedule only one guarantee game in 2006, against Texas A&M. And he was planning for the following year. "I asked Coach Higgins about 2007. We're looking at Wisconsin or South Carolina."

He paused and said, laughing: "I was asking him, 'You want me to beat you with a club, or beat you with this rake?'"

*Editor's note: The Citadel lost to Ole Miss, 27-7, and finished the season with a 4-7 record.

About This Story

Drex Heikes spent 18 days with The Citadel football team, beginning with the opening of its football camp Aug. 7. He was given full access to practices, players, coaches and team meetings. He spent more than 100 hours observing and interviewing players, coaches, trainers and The Citadel athletic director. He also interviewed college and military officials, as well the friends and families of team members.

Heikes and photographer Damon Winter, who helped report the story, rode team buses with the players and coaches from The Citadel campus in Charleston, S.C., to the Florida State game in Tallahassee, Fla. Heikes and Winter stayed at the team hotel. They accompanied the team to the visitors' locker room before the game and stood on the sidelines, where they observed and photographed the players, coaches and trainers.

After the game, they rode the team buses back to Charleston and interviewed the players and coaches during the trip. They spoke to them after they returned to The Citadel campus and as the season progressed.



INSIDE LES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RUSS PACE

A cadet spikes a volleyball to score against an opponent, a lone knob makes his way across Indian Hill in the twilight, Naval ROTC cadets PT (or workout) on the paradeground before sunrise, the regimental band marches out to parade, a psychology major studies for an exam, a group of cadets support the Bulldogs at an evening football game, a freshman squad practices for the Kelly Cup competition in the early morning fog and an acolyte



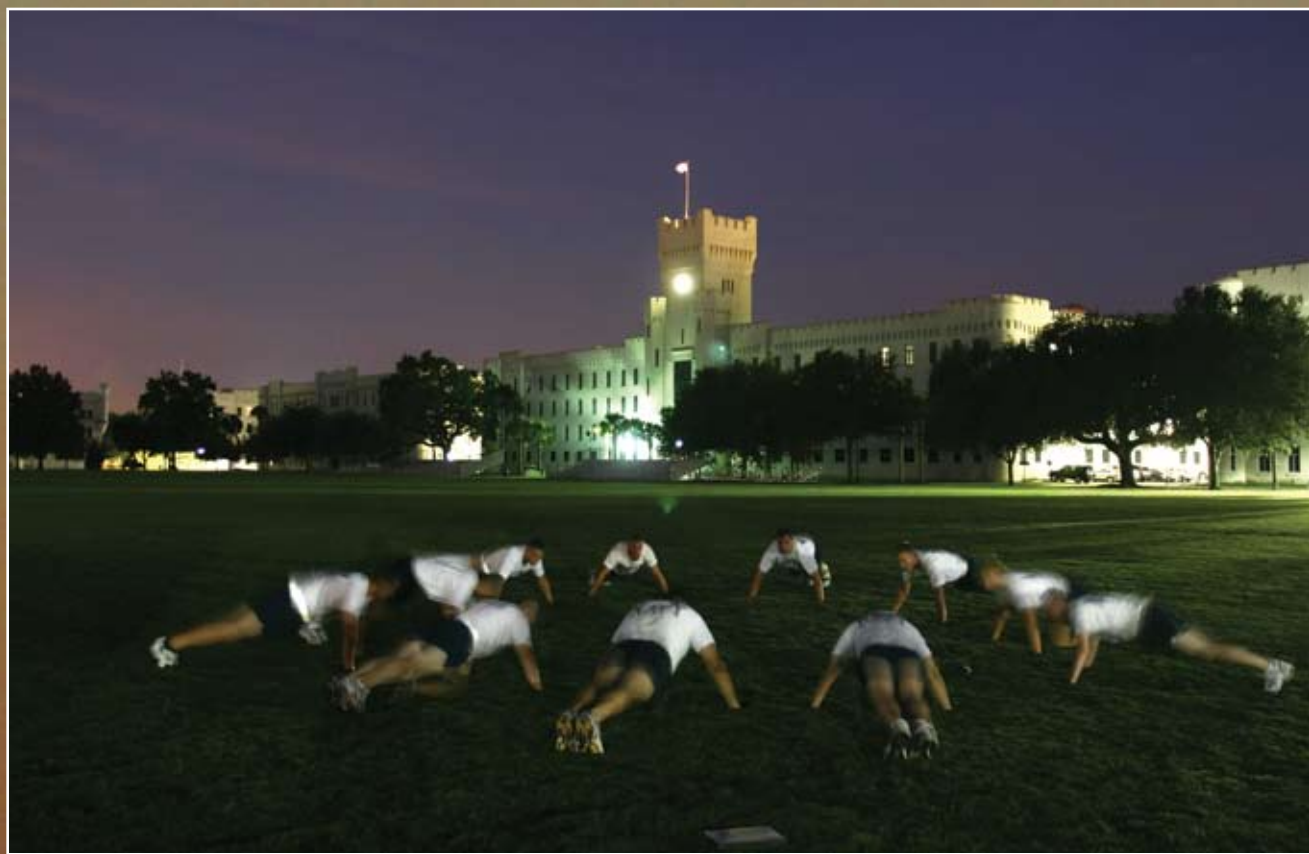
ESNE GATE

carries the cross into the chapel during the annual candlelight service. And Citadel photographer Russ Pace is there to record it all with his camera. The pictures tell a story of young, eager cadets willing to accept the challenge and to forge into the world making a difference. To see the complete collection of Citadel photography, including these pictures, go to the online college photo site at <http://photo.citadel.edu>.





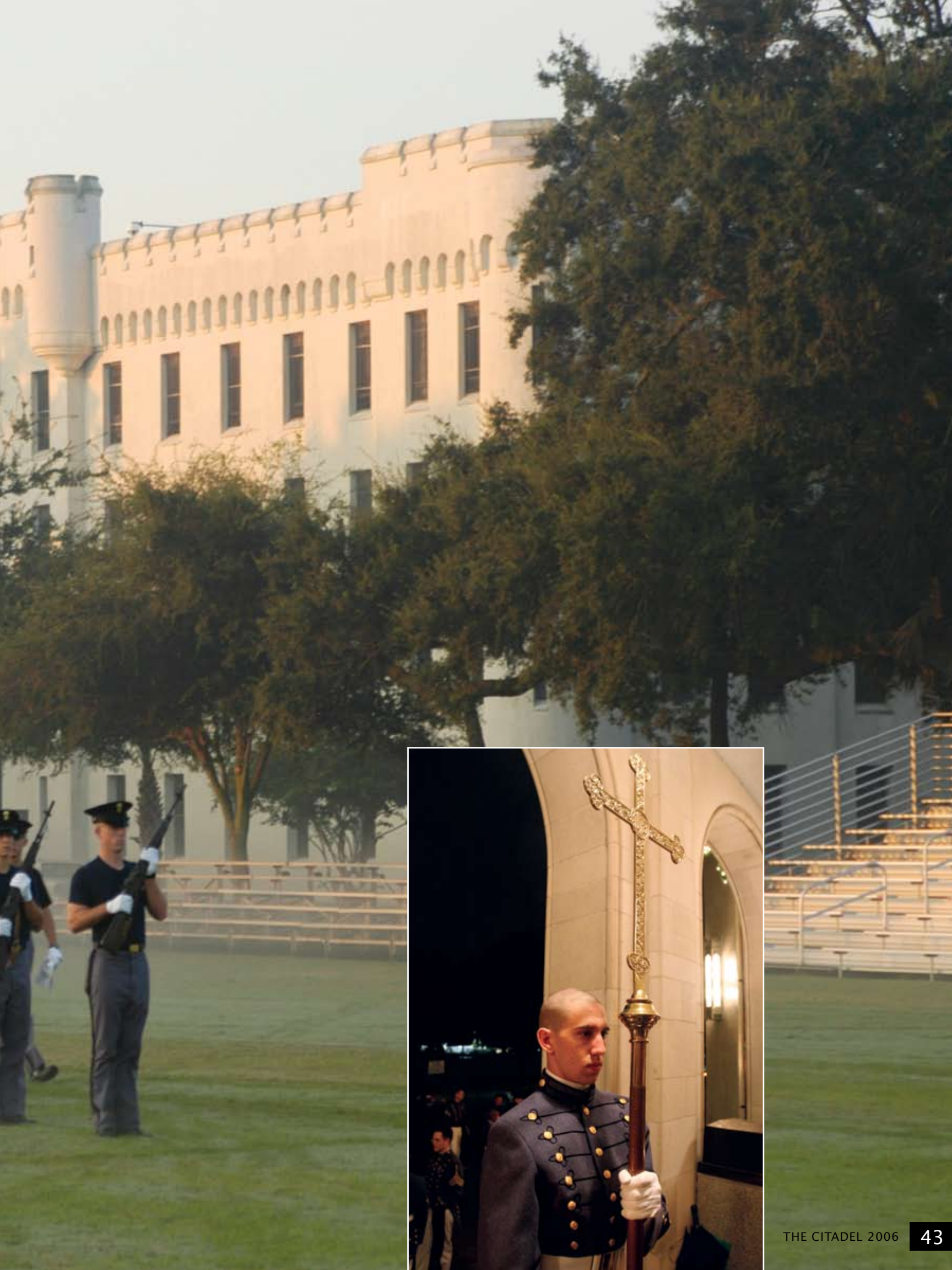














FROM THE CHECKERED QUAD TO THE A GRAD SOARS TO THE

By Jennifer Wallace with assistance from Cadet Tara Woodside • Photos by Russ Pace

SWAMP FOX
F-16
2000 HOURS

Soaring through the clouds in an A-7 fighter aircraft, Citadel President Lt. Gen. John W. Rosa, '73, began his Air Force career 33 years ago. The mystique of the fighter pilot is the stuff of movies, but we wanted to know what it's really like. So we sat down with Col. Keith Coln, '74, a fighter pilot and the commander of the 169th Fighter Wing at McEntire Air National Guard station, to get the behind-the-scenes story and to find out how The Citadel helped him achieve his mission.

Early on the morning of Jan. 17, 1991, some 5,000 feet over an airfield in Kuwait, Kubla steadily breathed in the cold, pure oxygen that poured through the mask of his helmet. Guiding his F-16 through the clouds, he narrowly missed the white smoke of the missiles that shot past him and concentrated on his mission to bomb the surface-to-air missile (SAM) site. He was one of 20 U.S. fighter pilots raiding the Iraqi-occupied enemy air defenses on the first day of the air campaign codenamed Operation Desert Storm. In spite of the 80-odd SAMs launched at them, none of the U.S. forces were shot down, and except for a few obscured by clouds, most of their targets were taken out. It was an auspicious beginning to the war and an elating experience for the 17-year veteran pilot, who, like most of those flying with him, had never flown in combat before.

SUN-SPLIT CLOUDS
SUCCESS



Kubla is the call sign for Col. Keith Coln (pronounced Cahn), '74, the son of a B-24 engineer who was shot down on his 11th combat mission and held prisoner in World War II. As a boy growing up in Greenville, S.C., Coln listened intently to his father's stories about combat flying, and in his spare time, he watched planes take off and land at the airport. In 1970, he took the first step toward his dream of becoming a pilot when he entered The Citadel. He also became the first person in his family to attend college.

In his sophomore year when an Air Force ROTC instructor offered him a scholarship, he immediately accepted. He was going to become a pilot. Coln's first flight began on a small airfield outside of Charleston.

"I learned to fly on a Cherokee 140 on John's Island as part of the ROTC Flight Instruction Program," said Coln. "I loved airplanes, but I had never been in one before I had my first flying lesson, so it was a real trip for me. I just loved it."

At The Citadel, Coln was a member of November Company and the Junior Sword Drill. He was the Fourth Battalion executive officer his senior year and he earned the Distinguished Aerospace Student Award. After graduating with a degree in business administration, Coln headed to Moody Air Force Base in Lowndes County, Ga., for pilot training. The Vietnam War had just ended, and pilot slots were scarce. The competition was fierce, but Coln was determined and his Citadel experience gave him an advantage.



"The Citadel was a perfect preparation because we had grown up in the military system—we understood that there were rules and there was discipline that needed to be followed in order for you to achieve your goals," said Coln.

"We weren't surprised when the instructor would chew us out for doing something wrong," he said. "We understood that there was a time that you had to be somewhere and something you had to do; there was a way to wear your uniform and a way not to. There were customs and courtesies and respect

SWAM



that you had to render, and there were goals that you needed to achieve. We learned all of those things at The Citadel.”

At Moody, Coln and some 48 classmates learned to fly the Air Force way—first on a T-37, a small side-by-side cockpit twin engine, subsonic, straight wing jet. From there, they progressed to the T-38, a tandem cockpit, supersonic jet that had more maneuverability and speed than the T-37. In both planes they learned about aircraft systems—electrical, engine, hydraulic, oxygen—and flying

techniques—acrobatic maneuvers, instrument approach, formation flying, takeoffs and landings. They also learned about life support, the weather and the physiological effects of high altitude on the human body. Fifty-three weeks later only half of those who began flight school graduated. There were six fighter slots for the F-4—Coln was awarded one of them.

About 30 percent of The Citadel’s graduating seniors every year go on to join the armed forces. This year 23 graduates were commissioned in the Air Force, and six of those went to flight school. Like Coln, Citadel President Lt. Gen. John W. Rosa, ’73, was awarded one of the coveted fighter pilot slots.

“Being selected for a fighter pilot slot is a tremendous honor,” said Rosa, who enjoyed a 32-year Air Force career before retiring to lead his *alma mater*. “And Citadel cadets have a distinct advantage because of the challenge they’ve accepted. The Citadel is a tough place, but when you finish, it’s one of the most rewarding things you

could do with your life. What I went through here in those four years taught me that I could do anything in life. It gives you the confidence and self esteem other institutions might not.”

It takes a pilot about two and a half years to become mission ready or MR. There’s undergraduate flying training, water and land survival school, fighter lead-in training, instruction at the fighter training unit and then mission qualification training (MQT). After completing

MQT, the pilot takes a mission ready evaluation, and if he passes—and most do—he becomes an MR wingman. Further evaluations take place until the pilot eventually reaches flight instructor status.

In the Air Force, Coln flew F-4 and F-16 jets and served as an instructor pilot, a standardization and evaluation flight examiner, a fighter weapons school instructor and a flight commander. In 1986, Coln separated from the Air Force and joined the South Carolina Air National Guard as a tactical fighter pilot. In 1987 while still with the Air National Guard, Coln became a pilot for Eastern Airlines. It was while working for Eastern that Coln met Becky Fuller, a flight attendant, who would become his wife. In 1989, Coln joined Piedmont Airlines, which later became U.S. Airways. As a commercial pilot, he flew the 727, F-28, DC-9, and the 737. During the 15 years he worked as commercial pilot, he was on military leave at various times to serve in Desert Storm, Operation Iraqi Freedom, and a statutory tour with the National Guard Bureau.

In 2002, Coln joined the Air National Guard full-time as the commander of the 169th Fighter Wing. In February 2003 during Operation Iraqi

Freedom, Coln served as vice commander and then commander of the 379th Air Expeditionary Wing in southwest Asia. With Coln leading them, the wing, which incorporated members of McEntire Air National Guard Station's 169th Fighter Wing, flew more than 3,500 combat sorties—about 20 percent of all sorties flown by coalition air forces.

This year McEntire celebrates 60 years. The 2,344-acre base jointly houses the Army National Guard and the Air National Guard 169th Fighter Wing. About 25 percent of South Carolina National Guardsmen drill at this site. McEntire falls under the jurisdiction of Maj. Gen. Stanhope S. Spears, adjutant general of South Carolina and a member of The Citadel Board of Visitors. Brig. Gen. Timothy Rush, '74, serves as the commander of the South



Carolina Air National Guard and Coln serves as base air commander.

The Air National Guard is a reserve component of the Air Force. Like the Air Force Reserve, it is available for the federal government to deploy, but unlike the Air Force Reserve, the Air National Guard possesses a state mission too and can be called up to assist when national disasters or civil unrest occur.

When the governor of Louisiana requested

assistance from other

states, the South Carolina

Air National Guard went in with support, providing civil engineers, medical forces, air traffic control, communications and equipment maintenance.

Called the Swamp Foxes after Francis Marion, the cunning South Carolina Revolutionary hero who was legendary for striking the enemy and then disappearing into the Lowcountry swamps, the 169th Fighter Wing's motto is *Semper Primus*—always first. It's a motto they are proud of. They were the first guard unit to fly the F-16, the first to fly the F-16 in Desert Storm and the first to fly in

the Air Expedition Force. In addition, the unit boasts 100,000 hours of safe flying—

McEntire hasn't seen a flight accident since 1983.

Being safe is not just a stroke of luck. Pilots must



fly a minimum of five times a month to stay certified, and most fly six to eight times a month. A rigorous standardization and evaluation program on which they are tested every 15 to 17 months dictates that they stay current and qualified for flying missions and instrument rating.

"We are either in combat, training for combat or preparing for inspections," said Coln.

A C-130 and 18 F-16s make up their current force, and they are expected to receive another 10 F-16s by the end of 2007.

The F-16 was first introduced to the Air Force in 1979. It can hold up under nine Gs, that is, nine times the force of gravity. The high performance plane has a bubble canopy covering its cockpit that allows the pilot an unencumbered view. A side-stick controller uses hand pressure to maneuver the

aircraft. The plane is 49 feet, 5 inches with a height of 16 feet and a wingspan of 32 feet, 8 inches. It will travel at a speed of 1,500 mph with a ceiling of more than 50,000 feet. At a cost of \$36 million, the F-16's maneuverability and combat radius (the distance an aircraft flies to, during and from combat) make it the most advanced fighter jet in the world.

"The F-16 is a dream airplane to fly," said Coln. Here at McEntire, we have the most modern, the most capable F-16s that exist in the Air Force inventory. It is a first-line, frontline combat fighter. It has a lot of modern technology on it that is a challenge to use."

A challenge indeed—pilots must be in top physical condition to withstand G-forces and to perform under strenuous conditions. They must be alert and able to think under pressure, and even then something can go wrong. In April, a pilot from Shaw Air Force Base in Sumter, S.C., lost consciousness momentarily during a high-G turn.

While he awoke in time to eject from the aircraft, the jet was destroyed when it crashed into the ocean about 80 miles northeast of Charleston.

Constant training missions, though, keep pilots in peak flight condition and prevent accidents. These take place in special operating airspaces (SOAs) over water ranges and overland ranges (military operating areas, restricted areas, bombing ranges). On a scheduled day, Coln might meet a pilot from the Marine Corps Air Station in Beaufort, S.C., or another nearby air base to simulate a dog fight (a close-range aerial combat encounter) with one pilot assuming the role of the American pilot and the other simulating an advanced enemy fighter aircraft, such as the Russian MiG 29. The pilot simulating the bad guy uses enemy ordnance and tactics but flies the plane to its full capability.

"To set this up, we will have employed all of our radar and heat missiles," said Coln. "Now we're to the point where we're going to have to employ our



gun. He'll take off from Beaufort, I'll take off from McEntire. We'll go out into an SOA and establish radio contact with one another. That particular mission would be called a DBFM—a dissimilar basic fighter maneuver."

At the SOA, the pilots may work one of a number of flight maneuvers that might be practical in a real world setting. The flight is complete when one pilot has successfully employed ordnance against the other or the desired learning objective is achieved.

Before a flight, Coln can usually be found a mile down the road from McEntire at a clapboard-framed store called Bunky's. Inside the old-fashioned country store, the selection of wares is endless. There are plumbing supplies and overalls, chicken feed and hay, vegetables and meat for sale. In the back is a diner that serves home-cooked meals where Coln and most of his staff from the 169th Fighter Wing meet for lunch. Coln passes up the meatloaf and mashed potatoes and gravy special in favor of a salad and baked chicken. At 53, he is about 6-feet tall and lean with an easy grin that reveals a set of dimples. He describes himself as an

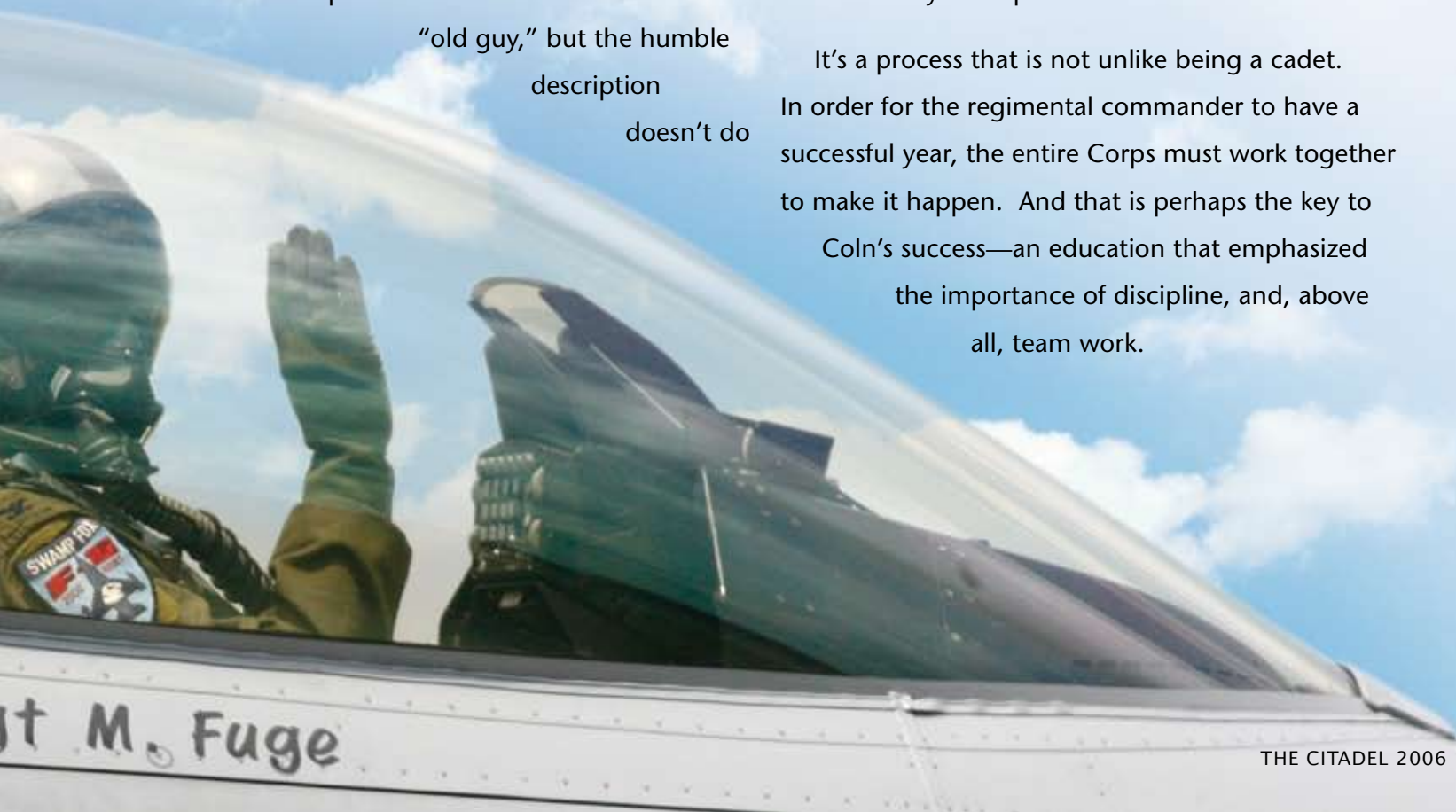
"old guy," but the humble description doesn't do

him justice. When he's not flying jets at supersonic speeds or taking care of the endless details involved in commanding a fighter wing, Coln is spending time with his 14-year-old son, William, on a boat, hunting or on a mission trip in Montana where they repair homes on a poverty-stricken Indian reservation near the Glacier National Park. William, who has a provisional appointment for The Citadel's class of 2014, wants to follow in his father's footsteps and become a fighter pilot.

But Coln will tell him that being a pilot is only part of the equation.

"There's a lot more to it than the glamorous part," said Coln, "and those are the people who don't get the recognition, but, believe me, they are every bit as important, if not more important, than the person actually flying the airplane. You can't turn a wheel unless the wheel turns. You've got to have an engine that works. You've got to have an airplane that works. You've got to have supplies and parts. You've got to be physically qualified. You've got to have a multitude of people working together in order to fly an airplane."

It's a process that is not unlike being a cadet. In order for the regimental commander to have a successful year, the entire Corps must work together to make it happen. And that is perhaps the key to Coln's success—an education that emphasized the importance of discipline, and, above all, team work.



Cadre of Benefactors

ca•dre (kā' drā, kad'rē) n. cadets from the upper three classes who train the incoming fourth class

Private donors play a vital role in shaping The Citadel's future. Their investment helps further the college's mission to prepare its graduates for principled leadership in all walks of life. Support from our alumni, parents, faculty and friends enables the college to recruit and retain outstanding students and professors, provide educational resources and state-of-the-art technology and enhance campus life with athletic and cultural activities.

At The Citadel, donors who have made significant gifts to further the college's unique mission are recognized in the Cadre of Benefactors. Just as the cadre of the Corps of Cadets practices leadership and instills the qualities of duty, honor, morality and discipline in those who follow, the Cadre of Benefactors sets the standard for giving to The Citadel. In recognizing the essential role individual donors play in helping to determine the future of the institution, the cadre also promotes the importance of philanthropy to the college.

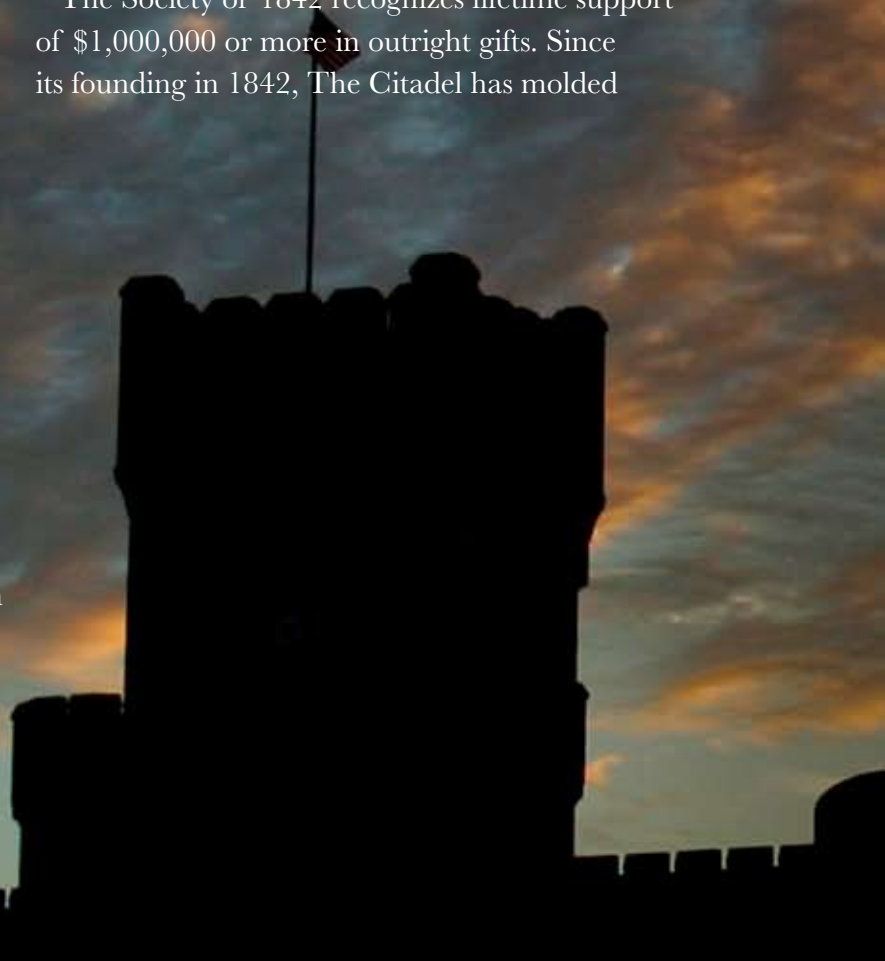
Members of the Lifetime Giving Societies have made a substantial commitment of personal resources to ensure The Citadel's success in achieving excellence in the education of principled leaders. These societies recognize four levels of individual lifetime cumulative giving, beginning with a total of \$100,000. They are named in honor of leaders or significant events that have shaped The Citadel's history: Society of 1842, Mark Clark Society, Star of the West Society and Summerall Society.

Individuals become members of the Lifetime Giving Societies based on their cumulative giving over time to The Citadel through one of the college's affiliated foundations: The Citadel Foundation, The Citadel Brigadier Foundation or The Citadel Alumni Association. Cumulative giving is based on gifts pledged or received through the fiscal year ending December 31, and totals include employer-matching gifts. Qualifying gifts

include confirmed commitments of cash, securities, real estate, or gifts-in-kind.

Society of 1842

The Society of 1842 recognizes lifetime support of \$1,000,000 or more in outright gifts. Since its founding in 1842, The Citadel has molded



individuals into citizen-soldiers who put into action the guiding principles learned in the barracks, in the classroom, and on the parade field as they serve their families, their communities, their professions and their country with distinction. The Society of 1842 is The Citadel's most prestigious giving society.

Mark Clark Society

The Mark Clark Society recognizes lifetime support of \$500,000 or more in outright gifts. Gen. Mark W. Clark (1896-1984) became president of The Citadel after a career seldom equaled in the U.S. Army. During his tenure (1954-1965), The Citadel achieved international recognition, and the Corps of Cadets increased to the maximum capacity of the barracks. One of Clark's most enduring accomplishments was the founding of the Cadet Honor Code, whereby a cadet does not lie, cheat or steal, nor tolerate those who do.

Star of the West Society

The Star of the West Society recognizes lifetime support of \$250,000 or more in outright gifts. Citadel graduates have served their country in every conflict since the Mexican War. Named for the historic Civil War action led by a detachment of Citadel cadets, the Star of the West Monument on Summerall Field commemorates all Citadel cadets and graduates who have died in defense of their country and recognizes the strong call to service demonstrated by Citadel men and women.

Summerall Society

The Summerall Society recognizes lifetime support of \$100,000 or more in outright gifts. Gen. Charles Pelot Summerall (1867-1954) assumed the presidency of The Citadel in 1931 after retiring as chief of staff of the U.S. Army. During his 22-year tenure as president, the campus was greatly expanded to include many of the buildings that shape The Citadel footprint today, including Summerall Chapel, Capers Hall, Letellier Hall and McAlister Field House.



Society of 1842

Anonymous (2)

Mrs. Henrietta B. Altman

Mr. and Mrs. T. Walter Brashier, Sr.

Gen. Mark W. Clark*

Mr. and Mrs. C. William Daniel

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett I. Davis, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. L. William Krause

Mr. Edwin P. Latimer*

Mr. George F. McCormick*
and Mrs. Jane L. McCormick

Mr. Gene Moore, III

Mr. O. Ray Moore*

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Sansom

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen C. Tobias

Dr. Brian S. Traubert and
Ms. Penny Pritzker

Mr. Robert E. Turner, III

Col. Thomas C. Vandiver*

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson D. Warlick

Mr. Rodney W. Williams*

** denotes deceased members.*



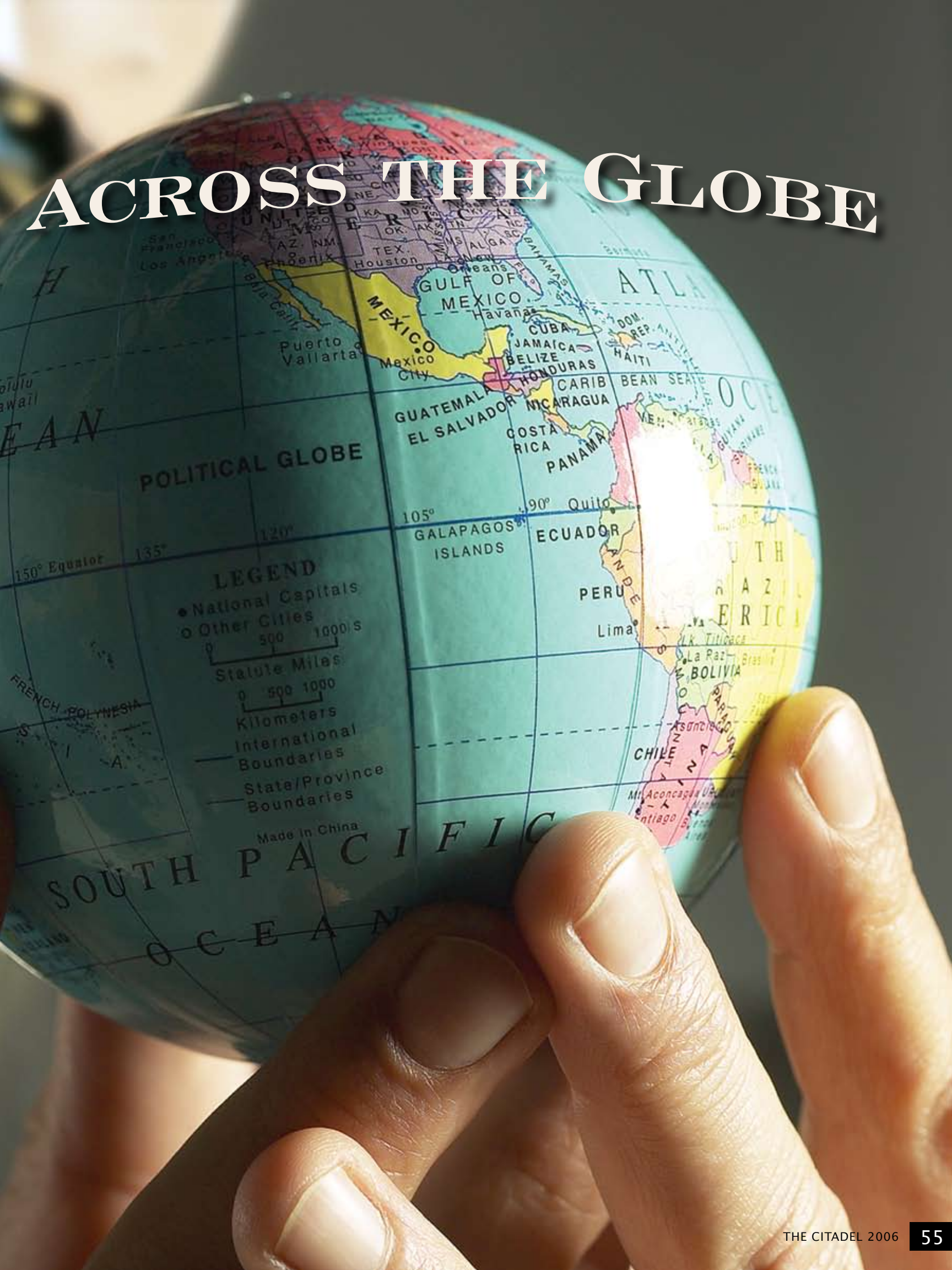
Cadets at Large: BEYOND THE GATES,

Each summer, The Citadel sends cadets around the world to experience new cultures and advance their education. Financed by generous annual grants from the Star of the West Association and the income from the endowed Cleveland Family Fund, these outstanding cadets have represented The Citadel in such far reaches as Lebanon, Turkey, Monaco and Australia.

"Our goal is to support The Citadel by providing scholarships that will enhance the academic programs conducted in the classroom. Summer travel scholarships offer unique educational opportunities that produce Citadel graduates who are among the most competitive in the world," said Charles Klinger, '60, and trustee of the Star of the West Association.

Established by the late Col. William W. Wannamaker, Jr., '19, the Star of the West Association has been awarding scholarship funds to support Citadel cadets since 1952.

This summer, eight cadets studied in various cities across Europe, the Middle East and Australia. Six of these students traveled as Star of the West Fellows, while the remaining two visited London through the support of the Cleveland Endowment Fund.



ACROSS THE GLOBE

POLITICAL GLOBE

LEGEND
● National Capitals
○ Other Cities
0 500 1000 S
Statute Miles
0 500 1000
Kilometers
— International
Boundaries
— State/Province
Boundaries
Made in China

SOUTH PACIFIC
OCEAN

Where Did They Go?

Cadets Travel Abroad, Summer 2006

Funded by...

The Star of the West Association

- William D. Andersen, a biology major from Palmetto Battery, attended nutrition programs in Spain, France, Monaco and Germany (May 9 – 23).
- Brian E. DuBois, a political science (international politics) major on Regimental Staff, attended language school in Lebanon to study Arabic (June 24 – July 18).
- Daniel A. Hervig, a political science (American government) major from Golf Company, took an Oxford tutorial course in England (May 10 – July 7).
- Andrew R. Jones, a German major from Alpha Company, participated in the *Göksu* Archaeological Project in Turkey (May 18 – June 18).
- John D. Lathers, a French major from Palmetto Battery, traveled to France to study the language at the Collège International de Cannes (July 3 – August 11).
- Douglas J. Schmid, a political science (international politics) major from Charlie Company went first to Washington, D.C., to serve as a research assistant at the Pentagon for two weeks in May, then spent a month at the Australian National University in Canberra, Australia (July 8 – August 6).

Funded by...

Cleveland Endowment Fund

- Madison B. Cone, a business administration major from Delta Company, studied at the London School of Economics (July 3 – August 11).
- Jason A. Economou, an English major also from Delta Company, attended The Citadel Summer in London Program (May 23 – July 4).



a better understanding of the practice of medicine and the philosophy of the European healthcare professionals."

Cadet William D. Andersen

"My summer scholarship provided an excellent opportunity to learn from prominent European medical authorities, to interact with diverse cultural populations and to strengthen my chances of entering medical school. The scholarship allowed me to visit several hospitals and European medical schools to gain

Cadet Madison B. Cone

"Before receiving this scholarship, I had never traveled outside of the country. Thanks to the Cleveland Endowment Fund, I had the opportunity to supplement what I learned in my business courses and discover different cultures and people that I may not have otherwise been exposed to."



Cadet Douglas J. Schmid

"As a Star of the West Fellow, I had the great fortune to travel to Washington, D.C., and Gettysburg, Pa., and, internationally, to the Australian National University in Canberra.

At the beginning of the summer I worked for the Office of Force Transformation (OFT) in the Office of the Secretary



of Defense. While working for the OFT, I was able to travel to Gettysburg for a tour of the battlefield with the Expeditionary Warfare School, sit in on a lecture about Somalia from General Zinni at the School of Advanced Warfighting and research a new device that may allow us to use infrasound to render improvised explosive devices harmless.

This summer has been a phenomenal asset to my education, and I will bring back my experiences to the classroom to share with my fellow cadets. It has likewise provided a solid foundation to continue my post-graduate studies."

Star of the West Fellow finds himself in war-torn Middle East



By Cadet Brian E. DuBois

Arriving in Beirut, Lebanon, on the 24th of June, I entered a region of the world that is stereotyped as being war torn and conflict prone. This is not what I found when I arrived, at least not initially. I was studying Arabic at the

Lebanese American University as a Star of the West Fellow. Lebanese students and locals welcomed me with open arms as I explored their country and visited their neighborhood restaurants and stores, a majority of which played American music and sold Western goods.

This imported culture had become a new yet key part of their society, and our counterparts at the university explained that you had to wear the newest Western styles if you wanted to be fashionable. One of my concerns before I left for Beirut was whether or not I would be ostracized because I was an American, but it quickly became apparent that I would be welcomed *because* I was an American.

A business owner explained it to me in simple terms, "We love Americans and your culture, but we hate your foreign policy."

Even though I was an American in the Muslim world, I felt safer in the back streets of Beirut and Damascus than I did in Washington, D.C., or Atlanta.

While the country was peaceful and safe for the first few weeks of my trip, the situation in the region changed drastically in a matter of days. All of a sudden, it didn't matter how much the people in Beirut enjoyed your company—the bombs being dropped hated everyone equally.

My first reality check came on Thursday, July 13th, as my roommate and I were woken up by the bombs hitting the Beirut airport. This happened the day after Hezbollah militants kidnapped and killed the Israeli soldiers. For me, this was a new experience. For the people of Lebanon, this was a reminder of their civil war. The memories of constant fighting during the 1980s still haunted our language professors as they shared their fears and expressed their hatred toward both Hezbollah and Israel. This would mark the beginning of the mass exodus of the Lebanese out of Beirut and southern Lebanon.

During the second night of bombing, I could see the tracers from the anti-aircraft guns as they shot at the phantom Israeli jets bombing south Beirut. The next day the university moved us to a safer satellite campus 20 km north of Beirut in a port town called Byblos. Even in Byblos, the danger was still real. While getting off the bus, we heard

a blast and felt a rumble. To my surprise, I was not startled. It felt familiar. Later that evening I realized the bomb we heard reminded me of the cannons we hear at every Friday afternoon parade. But this blast was the sound of bombs, not cannons, bombarding a port we had departed just 10 minutes prior.

My classmates and I never went into town after dark for fear of attack from either Israeli bombers or gun-ships. While we felt relatively safe located in the mountains overlooking Byblos, the underlying question remained—*How do we get out?*

Several students paid taxi drivers to take them to Damascus, but this became more dangerous with every passing day. Finally, on Tuesday afternoon, July 18th, we received word from the U.S. Embassy that we were evacuating out of the Port of Beirut.

While most Americans were evacuated on chartered cruise ships, we were not. My ticket out of Lebanon was a Norwegian cargo ship with 70 other American students and more than 1,500 Lebanese refugees. Nothing I had ever seen before, not even the war-torn country I was about to leave, would prepare me for what I saw aboard this vessel.

When we boarded the heavily guarded ship, families were huddled together using cardboard to shade themselves from the sun, while others packed into garbage-filled passageways and cargo holds to keep cool. Children slept on newspapers or life jackets if they were lucky, while their parents swatted flies away from them. Crowds fought for food that had been transferred from a U.S. Navy ship during a ship-to-ship transfer. That night, my classmates and I huddled together trying to get some sleep on the dirty, wet deck using our carry-on bags and lifejackets as pillows. Though the conditions on this floating refugee camp were poor, we were still the priority, and our four-ship military escort reminded us of that.

Fortunately for the Americans, our arrival at the Port of Larnaca in Cyprus signified that we were safe and on our way home. But for others who had left their homes in Lebanon, arrival meant that they were embarking on a new and uncertain life. Still, this was better than risking their lives in Lebanon.

The initial purpose for studying in Lebanon was to learn the language and culture. Little did I know just how much I would experience. While I learned a little of the language and acquired some understanding of the culture, the adventures and lessons I had learned in Beirut were something that could not be

taught in the classroom, and it was an experience that has forever changed my outlook on international conflict and war. It was an experience that I can share with my fellow cadets to help them gain a better understanding of the Middle East and the conflict that devastates the region.



Your Dollars Make a Difference

Much like the four pillars that form the foundation of a cadet's education, The Citadel Foundation's \$100 million Campaign for The Citadel rests on four pillars or priority areas that will advance the college's mission and ensure its success within the 21st century.

SCHOLARSHIP



Endowed scholarship funds enable The Citadel to attract and retain the students who best represent the college's commitment to academic excellence, physical discipline, dedicated military service and upright moral character. The ability to recruit and retain the best and brightest of the pool of young students will dramatically improve the character and composition of the Corps of Cadets as a whole.

UNRESTRICTED SUPPORT

Annual operating contributions to The Citadel Fund and The Citadel Brigadier Foundation, as well as undesignated planned gifts, will provide The Citadel with the resources to sustain and enhance the quality of education during the campaign, the flexibility to react to unanticipated opportunities, the ability to recruit student-athletes through Brigadier scholarships and the opportunity to secure pledges of future support through the estate plans of current donors.



ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE

Enhancing the excellence of the college's faculty and academic programs will best enable all students to fulfill their potential. Campaign funding will underwrite The Citadel's assurance of small class sizes, quality academic support programs and services and a dedicated faculty consisting of distinguished scholars who serve as mentors to the Corps of Cadets and intellectual leaders in the classroom. At the same time, strengthened faculty and academic programs offer significant advantages to students in the College of Graduate and Professional Studies.



FACILITIES



To reach their full potential, students require access to state-of-the-art facilities and the finest educational resources, both in the academic arena and on the playing field. The campaign will raise funds to establish the Leadership Center at Daniel Library as a hub of ethical training and character development, revitalize and transform the aging Johnson Hagood Stadium into a first-class athletic facility, and upgrade equipment and laboratory space to keep pace with technological advances in the disciplines of engineering, science and mathematics.

To learn more about how your campaign gift will enhance the quality of a Citadel education, today and tomorrow, please contact The Citadel Foundation at 800.233.1842 or visit www.citadel.edu/tcf.

JUST IMAGINE WHAT THE BULLDOGS CAN DO



The Bulldogs—by far the underdogs here—celebrate scoring against the Seminoles at Florida State in fall 2005. The Citadel takes an early lead when cornerback Vincent Hill recovers a Seminole fumble and returns it for a 73-yard touchdown.

ACCEPT THE

IN A FIRST-CLASS STADIUM OF THEIR OWN!



THE REVITALIZATION OF JOHNSON HAGOOD STADIUM

The revitalization of the Johnson Hagood football stadium is about accepting the challenge to support intercollegiate athletics and leadership development. The expansion and renovation project is based on a vision that underscores The Citadel's commitment to provide the very best possible environment for student-athletes to compete successfully. Athletics provide our cadets a chance to demonstrate and employ the lessons of leadership, integrity and team-work so important to the Corps experience.

Key features of the stadium include:

- **New grandstands with premier seating sections**
- **Skyboxes and luxury club level suites**
- **State of the art scoreboard, video screen and sound system**
- **Facilities to generate income for scholarships and athletic programs**

The Citadel's student-athletes and all Bulldog fans deserve a stadium worthy of their best efforts. Establishing a first-class facility will enable the college to attract the most promising student-athletes while instilling pride and underscoring the commitment to competitive programs within the Southern Conference.

**For more information
or to make your gift,
please contact
The Citadel Foundation
at 800.233.1842 or
supporttcf@citadel.edu**



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