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It is no secret that many families are struggling financially. Perhaps yours is one of them. Certainly, the families of some of our Cadets are sorting through implications of lower-than-expected income, and even unemployment. Now, we face the implications of parents who cannot afford the tuition payments they agreed in August to pay this year. As you know, we are committed not to turn away any otherwise acceptable applicant simply because his parents or guardians cannot afford the tuition—and we certainly do not want to send a current Cadet home because his parents cannot make their tuition payments. As always, of course, we can fulfill our commitment only when others share our desire to provide boys the biblically-based discipline, both in the classroom and out, that we offer at Chamberlain-Hunt. If you share our desire and have the financial resources to help, please give to our Financial Aid/General Scholarship Fund.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE, MAKE YOUR GIFTS ON-LINE AT WWW.CHAMBERLAIN-HUNT.COM/GIVING.SHTML

# All the News that Fits...

Tn October and November, we intentionally honor heroes. On Friday, 03 October, Cadets, cadre, Laparents and friends of the Academy convened for the Founders Day program in the old Oakland College chapel, now beautifully restored, on the campus of Alcorn State University. There we recalled the leadership and service of Jeremiah Chamberlain, founding president of Oakland College, and David Hunt, its chief benefactor. Their labors in support of Christian education laid the foundation on which Chamberlain-Hunt was built. We also honored two men for their service to the Academy: Mr. Shane Blanton, our former president, and Mr. Billy Deviney, alumnus and benefactor. The Rev. Mr. Brad Mercer gave a challenging address to the assembly (printed in this issue); he is the senior minister at Westminster Presbyterian Church in Greenwood, MS and the father of former Cadet, Harrison Mercer, now a soldier stationed in Italy.

During the week leading up to Founders Day, Cadets and cadre celebrated the end of the long march from Basic Training to the October Break. Almost two months away from the comforts of home, everyone was excited about the Break. We added to that natural enthusiasm a number of special activities: a wild pig roast and bonfire, Crusader initiation, official company assignments and rank; company Olympics; company Jeopardy; music recital; Founders Day program and fish-fry.

Right after the Break, COL West took several Cadets to provide special music for the Hopewell Presbyterian Church (near Mt. Olive, MS) annual homecoming service. Cadets D. Bogenreif (CA) and S. Valdez (CA) played violin, and Cadets C. Bishop (IL), W. Schaffner (AR) and C. Schneider (PA) played piano. The guest preacher for the event was the Rev. Mr. Dale Linton, himself a Cadet in the 1940's. The Cadets particularly enjoyed the abundant covered dish "dinner on the grounds" that followed the worship service.

On Saturday, 01 November, three Cadets in Advanced Art participated with MAJ Jaime Coon in Port Gibson's "Paint Day." Local artists sketched or painted sites in town or on the Trace, and offered their pieces for sale at a silent auction that evening. All three Cadets—M. Chavoustie (CO), B. Rainer (LA) and A. Thomas (CA)—and MAJ Coon sold their pieces at the auction. This was also the day of the big Scavenger Hunt in the Wilderness, where Mason's head was found by T. Hanifi (MS), winning 50 points for Bravo Company.

Cadre and Cadets observed Veterans Day with the Port Gibson community at First Presbyterian Church. Cadets marched a large US flag from the campus to the church before the program. A Cadet ensemble played a medley of patriot music before the Cadets marched into the church to the drum corps' beat. We recognized all the veterans in the assembly and remembered veterans who are no longer with us. Pipe Major D. O. Staer played the memorial tunes "Amazing Grace" and "Flowers of the Forest" on the bagpipes before MAJ Monya Williams played "Taps." Former Marine and current trustee of Chamberlain-Hunt, Mr. G. Carey Hauenstein was the keynote speaker; he addressed his remarks particularly to the Cadets. He challenged them to recognize that things of value often require great sacrifice. Many soldiers, not much older than they, had plans for the future: family, career, home... and their plans were cut short by their sacrificial service to their country. "Was their sacrifice worth it?" he mused. "I believe they would say it was."

On Thursday, 13 November, Crusader D. Daughtry (FL) and Cadets D. Bogenreif (CA), L. Murphy (FL), M. Wiersema (IL) got the rare privilege of joining COL West and development director Mr. Buz Lowry at a ladies' luncheon at the Country Club of Jackson. Looking sharp in their tunics, they enjoyed telling the ladies about their experiences at Chamberlain-Hunt.

On Saturday, 15 November, the senior class and the color guard attended a Thanksgiving service organized by Paul Ott at the Agriculture and Forestry Museum in Jackson. Before the service, they toured the Museum exhibits. After the service, they stopped at *Mazzio's* for pizza. The service will be broadcast on Jackson's NBC affiliate, WLBT, during the holiday season.

Intervarsity sports began practicing in October. The varsity soccer team is being coached this year by *Senhor* Bernardo Scarambone, who grew up playing *futebol* in Brazil. Coach Scarambone played at the collegiate level in the US, and he is now a member of the music faculty at Alcorn State University. LTC Dave Granville is once again coaching the varsity basketball team and SGT Brian Dent is coaching the JV team. The varsity team is 3-0 and JV basketball is 2-1 for the season. The first soccer match of the season is in December.



n the Thursday evening before Founders Day, COL West was officially introduced as Chamberlain-Hunt's new president to the Port Gibson community at a festive reception in the President's Office in Guthrie Hall.

Trustees Tom Bowen of Jackson, Toxey Hall of Canton and Carey Hauenstein of Laurel were on hand for the event. The elegant decorations, arranged by cadre member Crickett Oldenburg, looked like "something out of the lobby of the Ritz" one guest was overheard to say. On display in the President's Office was a new oil painting of McComb and Guthrie Halls circa 1900, a gift from COL West's aunt, Mrs. Harriet T. Cochran of Holly Springs, MS. The painting provoked conversations about renovating McComb Hall to match the renovation of Guthrie Hall completed two years ago. The architecture firm of Dale & Associates in Jackson is currently surveying McComb Hall for the purpose of drafting a proposal for its renovation. According to Dr. Michael Fazio, historical consultant, McComb Hall may have been the most impressive public building in Mississippi at the time of its construction.

### Founders Day 2008 Address by Rev. Bradford C. Mercer

Tn 1917, a young British man, who would one day become a world famous writer, found himself serving with the Somerset Light Infantry in the Great War in France. He hit the front lines on his nineteenth birthday.

He was an eyewitness to the brutal trench warfare that characterized World War I. During his time in France he contracted trench fever; he was hit by shrapnel in the left hand, left leg and under the left arm; and he lost many close friends and schoolmates. He even accidently captured a group In "Learning in War-time," Lewis stressed the importance of 1 Cor. 10:31

Between the two World Wars this young man, C.S. Lewis, became a tutor at University College and was later elected a Fellow at Magdalen College, Oxford. But more importantly, he was converted to Jesus Christ.

On the evening of October 22, 1939, Oxford undergraduates packed into the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin hoping for words of comfort and encouragement. Recently, war had been declared on Germany, and an ominous cloud of unrest and fear covered Oxford. It was hoped that Lewis, an ex-soldier and committed Christian, could help put the crisis into perspective. As the sun withdrew and the stained glass windows grew dark inside St. Mary's, Lewis climbed the stairs to the elevated pulpit and said,

A university is a society for the pursuit of learning. As students, you will be expected to make yourselves, or to start making yourselves . . . into philosophers, scientists, scholars, critics or historians. And at first sight this seems to be an odd thing to do during a great war. What is the use of beginning a task which we have so little chance of finishing? Or, even if we ourselves should happen not to be interrupted by death or military service, why should we—indeed, how can we—continue to take an interest in these placid occupations when the lives of our friends and the liberties of Europe are in the balance? Is it not like fiddling while Rome burns?

#### He continued,

I think it important to try to see the present calamity in a true perspective. The war creates no absolutely new situation; it simply aggravates the permanent human situation so that we can no longer ignore it. Human life has always been lived on the edge of a precipice. Human culture has always had to exist under the shadow of something infinitely more important than itself. If men had postponed the search for knowledge and beauty until they were secure, the search would never have begun. We are mistaken when we compare war with "normal life." Life has never been normal.

Do you remember where you were on September 11, 2001? I remember receiving a call from my mother on that terrible day. She just wanted to talk. Like so many members of so many families throughout our nation, she just wanted to hear the voice of a family member.

I told her that I had just finished reading Lewis's address, now entitled "Learning in War-time," and I was deeply moved. September 11 brought home to us all the precariousness and uncertainty of life.

Not long ago, I was sitting where you are sitting. I remember our first visit to Chamberlain-Hunt Academy, meeting administers and teachers, touring the campus. What do I remember most about that first visit? Testosterone! Men training men.

My son, Harrison, was a Cadet at Chamberlain-Hunt Academy for years. These were not always easy years. I remember Harrison's words: "Okay Dad, I've learned a lot at Chamberlain-Hunt. I'm ready to come home." And that was after just three days! As I said, he was here for years. Cindy and I remember the letters, report cards, conversations with teachers and administrators, the athletic activities and the opportunities to visit.

I also remember the day, later, when Harrison said to me, "Dad, I don't know where I'd be without Chamberlain-Hunt." To this day, when Harrison needs to make an important decision, one of his first calls is to Colonel Blanton.

Harrison now serves in the 173<sup>rd</sup> Airborne Brigade Combat Team stationed in Vicenza, Italy. He loves jumping out of airplanes and helicopters only to be surrounded by bad people. He obviously takes after his mother! Cindy and I witnessed Harrison's final jump and attended his graduation at Fort Benning, Georgia. We walked with him through military security at the Atlanta airport. We waved goodbye as he boarded the flight for Italy.

Recently, the Ruling Elders at our church laid hands upon, and prayed for, a young man who was going off to boot camp with the Marine Corps. We prayed for the family. We waved goodbye—again.

(NASB): "Whether, then, you eat or drink or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God." He emphasized three points of application: (1) remember the past, (2) live faithfully in the present and (3) trust God with the future.

Not that the past has any magic about it, but because we cannot study the future and yet need something to set against the present, to remind us that the basic assumptions have been quite different in different periods and that much which seems certain to the educated is merely temporary fashion. A man who has lived in many places is not likely to be deceived by the local errors of his native village; the scholar has lived in many times and is therefore in some degree immune from the great cataract of nonsense that pours from the press and the microphone of his

#### Second, *live faithfully in the present:*

Never, in peace or war, commit your virtue or your happiness to the future. Happy work is best done by the man who takes his long-term plans somewhat lightly and works from moment to moment 'as to the Lord.' It is only our daily bread that we are encouraged to ask for. The present is the only time in which any duty can be done or any grace received.

#### Third, trust God with the future:

Yet war does do something to death. It forces us to remember it. The only reason why the cancer at sixty or the paralysis at seventy-five do not bother us is that we forget them. War makes death real to us, and that would have been regarded as one of its blessings by most of the great Christians of the past. They thought it good for us to be always aware of our mortality. I am inclined to think they were right. All the life in us, all schemes of happiness that centered in this world, were always doomed to a

We see unmistakably the sort of universe in which we have all along been living, and must come to terms with it. If we had foolish un-Christian hopes about human culture, they are now shattered. If we thought we were building up a heaven on earth, if we looked for something that would turn the present world from a place of pilgrimage into a permanent city satisfying the soul of man, we are disillusioned, and not a moment too soon.

I'll leave you with this: General Omar Nelson Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, addressed an Armistice Day Luncheon of the Boston Chamber of Commerce on November 10, 1948. His words were profound and prophetic. Here is an excerpt:

We have too many men of science; too few men of God. We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount. Man is stumbling blindly through spiritual darkness while toying with the precarious secrets of life and death. The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants.

Chamberlain-Hunt Academy is far from perfect. But the men who lead this institution don't equivocate about their calling and commitment. They seek to mold men of strength, character and integrity—in very uncertain times.

May God continue to use this place in the service of Jesus Christ, our nation





## From the president's desk . . .

ronze casting is an ordeal of sorts, at least for the novice. I am sure for professionals, all the details and dangers are second nature. For someone just starting out, however, there is an uneasy mix of waiting and urgency and the unknown. As a sculpting student at Mississippi College, I have had opportunities to assist other students cast their work. Last year, with the help of a few Cadets, I cast my first piece: The Head of Samuel Mason.

r those unfamiliar with the processes, let me briefly describe it: First, create the piece to be cast. I ulpted Mason's head in wax (and made a rubber mold of the original just in case). Second, make a plaster mold of the wax sculpture and melt out the wax, leaving the void into which you will pour molten onze. Third, when all the moisture has been evaporated from the plaster, melt bronze in the furnace. Slag the impurities and *carefully* pour the bronze into the plaster mold. Fourth, when the bronze is cool,

break open the plaster mold. Fifth, clean up the bronze casting by cutting off vents and grinding sprues (waste material from the molding process). Sixth, sandblast, rinse off and patina, and voila! A successful bronze casting.

Actually, my first casting was not successful. I had not followed the directions closely and missed an important detail: the void in the plaster mold is supposed to be only about 1/4 inch thick, and in some places I had left it at least 2 inches thick. Because of this, I ran out of bronze during pouring; by the time I melted more bronze, the previously poured bronze had cooled and did not fuse with the second pouring. I wound up with Mason's head in halves. Here's where the insurance of the just in case rubber mold came in handy! With that mold, I recreated the wax sculpture and started the process again. The second time, five months later, success!

While I am not advocating failure, I can attest there are things to be learned in the process. Some educational philosophies want to remove failure as an option, thereby creating an alternate reality. The "Everyone's a Winner" philosophy denies the reality that actions have consequences. In the real world, not following directions has negative consequences and someone winds up paying. Because I did not follow directions closely in the first casting, I used twice as much bronze as I should have. Someone had to pay for my mistake: either I could have kept the first, flawed casting (which used twice the necessary bronze, thereby shorting someone else in the bronze supply), or I could have gone to all the time and trouble to recast the sculpture (i.e., do it correctly) and made the "extra" bronze available to someone else for another project. Someone was going to have to pay for my mistake.

That someone was me. Frankly, it was an easy choice because I wanted to learn how to cast a bronze sculpture from start to finish, and now, a full year later with the project finally finished and installed, I know. The Cadets who worked with me may not be conscious of the lesson because, well, it wasn't their mistake and they enjoyed melting bronze and taking a sledge hammer to plaster—the more times, the better. Still, I hope somewhere in their brain the lesson is imprinted: Actions have consequences.













## Mason Wants His Head, and We've Got It



hen the moon is full and the temperature and humidity just right, listen: you can hear the clipity-clopity of his horse's hooves as Samuel Mason searches the Trace for his head—and the men who took it from him..." Such has been the tale told to countless campers around crackling campfires near the Natchez Trace, erhaps since 1803, when Samuel Mason lost his head.

Sadly, Mason, from distinguished Virginia stock and formerly a captain in the Continental Army and commander of Ft. Henry in esent-day West Virginia, turned to a life of crime after killing the man with whom his daughter eloped. For a time, he operated as a

pirate on the Mississippi River before terrorizing travelers on the Natchez Trace, By 1800, Mason had become one of the most notorious bandits on the American frontier. In 1803, Spanish authorities captured Mason and some of his gang, but before they could turn them over to American authorities, Mason escaped.

Determined to put an end to Mason's terror, American authorities offered a \$2,000 reward (about \$64,165 in today's value) for his capture, dead or alive. Ironically, the reward was so great that it was two of Mason's own gang members who claimed it. In July 1803, by the campfire, they killed Mason and cut off his head. Pretending to be heroes, the two took Mason's head to Greenville, Mississippi—the old county seat of Jefferson County, about halfway between Port Gibson and Natchez—to claim the reward.

The further irony is that the bounty was so high that there was not enough gold in Greenville to pay it off. While waiting for the gold to arrive, the two "heroes" were identified by a Trace traveler as members of Mason's gang, because they had attacked and robbed him not many days earlier. The two men were thus arrested and hanged.

As the story goes, authorities put Mason's head on a pike on the edge of town as a warning to others who might be tempted to follow in his footsteps.

On 11 November 2008, Samuel Mason's head was posted at Chamberlain-Hunt. Well, not his actual head, but a bronze sculpture created by COL West in his sculpting class at Mississippi College. Last year, COL West sculpted Mason's head in wax and created a plaster mold of the wax original. With the help of several Cadets, he then poured molten bronze into the plaster mold, broke the mold and cleaned up the bronze head. It was a long process, and one not without its hiccups. At last, however, the project was completed and The Head was ready for its post.

Why Mason's head? And, why post it at Chamberlain-Hunt? Aside from the local history (and legend) that The Head represents, it serves as a warning. It is a colorful reminder that actions have consequences, that choices matter. In a fit of passion, Samuel Mason gave up a respectable family and military career in exchange for a life in the mosquito-infested swamps along the Trace with a gang of thieves, who like he, were ruled by selfish passions. Despite their shared experiences (unlawful as they were), their greed overruled their commitment to

A year or more at Chamberlain-Hunt interrupts a boy's life. It takes him away from family, friends, routines, surroundings that—for good or ill—are comfortable to him. Being removed from his "comfort zone" allows a boy to become aware of his impulses and to become more intentional about his choices. When he leaves Chamberlain-Hunt, he has a different perspective by which to judge his own actions and the company he keeps. Every time a Cadet's poor choice prompts a leader's command to "run to the road" (a trip from the DFAC door to The Head and back) and he slaps Mason's head, he imprints the image and the story on his mind. Do not underestimate the power of image and legend to shape a boy's thinking!



## Oct/Nov 2008

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#### **CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS**

Phone Calls

Phone Calls

Phone Calls

Spring Break

Christmas Break

Fall 2008 / Spring 2009 December 14 December 16-18 Nine Weeks Exams

Dec 19-Jan 8 February 8 Feb 13-Feb 23 March 11-13 March 16-20 March 29 Apr 3-Apr 13

Winter Break Nine Weeks Exams Crusader Challenge

May 17 Sports Banguet/Phone Calls Final Exams May 18-21 May 21 Baccalaureate/Senior Speeches

Final Pass in Review