



FMS is CRUISING!

A Note from The Chairman..

Max Elliott, Chairman FMS ESC

There are several exciting events looming on our horizon – some near and some far. I'll outline some of the events below but more information will be given later on in other articles.

As you know, the Executive Steering Committee (ESC) will cease to exist on 1 October 2003 and the Florida Military School Association, Incorporated (FMSA) – your organization – will assume command. The formal changeover will take place during the very first FMSA annual meeting on the 25th of October 2003 in DeLand, Florida!

The FMS cruise is shaping up and we are really looking forward with anticipation to setting sail with the Glory out of Canaveral on 6 December! Pop the cork and Bon Voyage...

We have begun planning for another reunion – that will coincide with the 50th anniversary of the beginning of FMS. Start looking at your calendars for the summer of 2006!

We have lost contact with James Johnston (1960), Joseph Hardy (1965), Susan Scovell (1971), and Robert Kirkland (1972). If anyone knows how to contact these folks, please let us know.

Hope to see you **October 25th**!

FMS GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY...

It's not too soon to start planning. The 50th anniversary of the opening of the school will soon be here. If you thought the Lollapalooza was a bash, wait until you see this celebration. The official opening was September 4, 1956, and plans have begun for a celebration in 2006. We want to include as many of you as possible so we will plan the celebration for sometime in July or August, so we don't interfere with school opening or family obligations. With this much notice, we hope many of you will plan your vacation to include this celebration.

As with any big endeavor, many hands make light work of the necessary labor. We need your hands and talents to make this another FMS success. A steering committee is being formed and would welcome your participation. Let's hear from you. **Any suggestions** will also be welcome. Is there a special activity you would like to see planned? **Drop us a line or give us a call.** Let's make 2006 special for everyone!

Don't miss this one!

Summer 2006

Sue Courtney

FMS Honorary Cadette, Cruise Coordinator

The FMS Cruise is soon to be a reality. December 6th an enthusiastic group will be setting sail from Port Canaveral on the Carnival *Glory* for seven fun-filled days at sea. The first stop on the trip will be in beautiful Key West, Florida. The *Glory* will set sail for the Western Caribbean as the famous green flash of the sunset is visible.

After a busy day at sea, the next ports of call will be Belize, Cozumel and Progreso, Mexico. After those adventure-filled days ashore, the group will once more welcome a leisure day at sea before heading back to the dock at Port Canaveral.

The timing of this cruise is perfect. It provides a chance to catch your breath after the rush of Thanksgiving and before the frenzy of the Holiday season. And what better place to do your Christmas shopping!

Although the special rate cabins have been closed out, some last minute cabin deals for all types of cabins may be available if you change your mind and don't want to miss the fun. **Give Tracy Speller a call at 1-800-489-0525 ext. 61136** to see if she can find something for you. Be sure and tell her you are with **FMS**.

ANNUAL MEETING

FMSA, Inc.

Saturday, October 25th

Max Elliott

FMS Class of 1958

The first annual meeting of the Florida Military School Association, Incorporated will be held in Deland at **The Perfect Spot, at Sky Dive Deland.** This is the official beginning of the association and the termination of the Executive Steering Committee (ESC) that was formed at the Lollapalooza to draft the Articles of Incorporation and By-Laws for a formal organization. The new officers will take office and any official business of the association will be conducted. Plan to come early so you can have lunch and watch the skydivers. The business meeting will begin at **2 pm** and we encourage you all to remain for fellowship and fun.

One of the items of business will be the formation of formal plans for the 2006 Golden Anniversary Celebration.

In the interim since *The Lollapalooza*, new cadets have been located and many have

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voiced a disappointment at having missed that gathering and resolved to make the next ones. Many plan to come to the Annual Meeting to get caught up with FMS doings.

The main business meeting will convene at 2 p.m. in the meeting room at The Perfect Spot. Signs will direct you to the room. Afterwards, we will adjourn to enjoy an afternoon of fellowship and libations. There will be much news to catch up on as members have been busy in the past year. If you have any photos from the Lollapalooza, you might want to bring them to share.

It would aid us if you would let us know if you are planning to attend and if you are also planning on staying overnight. We will try to assist you in finding reasonable accommodations. Looking forward to seeing you on the 25th!

THE RANKS... continue to GROW

Sue Courtney
FMS Honorary Cadette,

Max Elliott is keeping the "official" database for the association. Several new names have been added to the roster in the past year, and many of you have moved and changed your information. Please keep him posted on these changes such as address, phone, and e-mail, etc. Don't assume that your information will be updated if you have told someone else because that is not always so, and we don't want to lose you. Max's database will be used for all mailings, and any future directory updates. Every time we do a mailout, several of the envelopes come back and this is costly. Besides we don't want to lose you after we worked so hard to find you. If you locate someone who is not already in the database (directory) or if you have a change of information for someone else, please forward that to Max as well. We need to make another concerted effort to locate as many as possible before the Anniversary Celebration.

Please forward your information to:
Max Elliott
135 Deer Lake Circle
Ormond Beach, FL 32174
Phone:386-672-8686
sgcourtney@worldnet.att.net

Note: Max moved across the street so the house number is different.

RESTORATION NEEDED. . .

Roger Davis, the present owner of the property on which the FMS sign is located, has kept his word. The area around the old sign has been cleared and graded somewhat, and a fence erected. The sign itself is standing but looks pretty forlorn. A good dose of TLC is needed. It appears to be structurally sound but none of the former lettering remains, and a good coat of paint would help. The overall restoration should

not require too much money, just manpower to get the job done. It stands close to the brick pillars which now proudly hold our plaque for all to see. It certainly would be nice if the sign could join the pillars before our next big gathering.



Anyone interested in leading the charge and getting this job accomplished? **Let's hear from you soon.**

A Few Good Men Can't do it all!!!

We need more **VOLUNTEERS** to keep FMSA alive and thriving. "Many hands make light work" is an old truism that really applies here. If more of you would pitch in, the load wouldn't be so heavy on the few that are carrying it for YOU now. Let's hear from you.

A Word from the Treasurer

Andy Staley
FMS Class of 1968, Treasurer ESC

The financial position of FMSA is still favorable and we can continue to operate the association including quarterly newsletters and support of gatherings at least through 2003. The current balance, as of Monday, September 8, 2003, is \$4,038.10. This reflects an estimated \$285.00 for printing and mailing of this 3rd quarter newsletter.

Future expenses that are forecast are as follows:

- Expenses for the 2003 Annual Meeting \$200.00
- Support for the FMS Cruise attendees \$300.00
- Newsletter for 4th quarter \$300.00

While our current financial situation does not reflect any shortfalls, we must begin planning for the financial obligations we will face with the 50th Anniversary gathering in 2006. Any donations to the FMSA operating fund would be appreciated by all members as it will help keep our organization alive and working for each of us.

As a reminder, the officers of FMSA, Inc. receive NO pay for supporting the organization, so this money belongs to you, the members.

WEBSITE UPDATE

Andy Staley

FMS Class of 1968

The website continues to be plagued by a space problem. Rex Riley has graciously offered server space to relocate and expand it, but there have been a few technical glitches precluding the completion of this transfer. Most, if not all, of the glitches are due to the fact that neither Rex nor Andy Staley are web experts. Just when we think we know what we're doing, we realize how little we actually know.

We ask for your patience while we work the problems out, or if you are interested in assuming the webmaster responsibilities for FMSA, you would be looked upon with great reverence and appreciation. Contact Andy Staley if you are willing to help in this regard.

FMS MUSEUM Notes

Thornton Ridinger

FMS Class of 1959

The bad news is that Tom Sperling had a bout in the hospital. The good news is that he is now out and doing well. Because of his absence from the scene this summer, no progress has been made on the museum improvements. Tom is going to have new display cases built for our FMS Museum, which is located on Stone Street in Deland, on the third floor of the Deland Hospital Museum.

We are going to see if this FMS exhibit can be made available for viewing on October 25th, the day of our annual meeting. If you missed seeing the display during The Lollapalooza, be sure to get by and see it. It will bring back the memories!

FMS Memorabilia

Harry C. Silvis

FMS Class of 1965, FMS Official Vender

A catalogue of FMS related items is currently at the printer and will be available at the October 25th Annual Meeting. There will also be items on display for purchase at that time. We anticipate mailing these catalogues out soon after that meeting so that you can order FMS items for Christmas. A sample of the items is listed below.

CDA School Annuals (All) on CD \$10.00
(this is a great thing to have & very, very few other schools have this. A real history of FMS)

CDR Over 200 pictures on CD from reunion \$10.00



14 - \$60.00 each Gold/Black/Gray Cotton Throw
72" x 48"

Will be ordered November 1st, 2003, this is a one time order

Must be paid in advance



15 - Florida Military School metal road sign
for your den

24" x 6" \$20.00 each

FROM THE RANKS.....

FMS Memories from the first Four Years (1956-60)

By Gary Aitken

FMS Class of 1960

My family moved from Montreal, Canada to Daytona Beach in late 1954 and after a half-year at R.J. Longstreet School, I then went to Seabreeze High School, (home of the "fighting Sandcrabs") My eighth grade experience was pretty dismal and I struggled with most subjects. The math teacher was a Mr. Beman who handed out pamphlets to some of his better students about a new military school. I had to ask him for one and took it home. Without any discussion I learned that my parents paid a visit to Deland and signed me up. All I had to do was get through two courses at summer school. I still have that pamphlet. The full cost of a year's schooling was \$975.00

When I arrived at the school for the first time in September of 1956 and entered the unfamiliar world of military boarding school life, I was a very apprehensive 9th grader not at all sure what I had got myself into. We were only about eighty or so cadets that first year and the one advantage at least was that, being a new school, everybody was a "new boy". However a number of cadets came from Carlisle Military School, where Col. Ward had taught, and they asserted themselves by their experience and rank. I know I was in awe of the power and authority those senior cadets had over me, but I soon learned the system was fair for the most part if you were prepared to follow the rules and get into the spirit of this new way of life. If you resisted too much, school would become much less agreeable.

When the school first opened, we were housed in what had been the hospital at the Deland Naval

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Air Station, located to the west of the eventual campus. It was certainly a better building than the old barracks we later moved into.

Classrooms were also in that building, as well as a small library and the canteen. The dining hall was in the former naval officer's club. That building eventually became the canteen after the new dining hall was built. The canteen had a sign "The Knight Club", but nobody ever called it that. Obviously big changes had to be made to accommodate the quadrupled cadet corps that soon followed.

My earliest memories are probably similar to every former cadet, that is to say, the first meal and coping with the novel military approach to dining, followed by the Commandant reading out the complete regulations and demerit system from beginning to end. I was paralyzed by the thought that it would not be possible to make a move, let alone get through the day without breaking some of those regulations. Then came the first of what became an impressive annual event when Col. Ward rhymed off the names of every boy in the room. For many of us, that was the beginning of a lifetime of admiration of a man who had so much influence on so many young men's lives. Among the many qualities of Col. Ward, I admire him for the fact that he was so firmly consistent in his style, manner, decisions and actions. I didn't know it at the time, but he was only thirty-one when he founded the school. In the four years of my experience there he steered the course in a remarkably steady way.

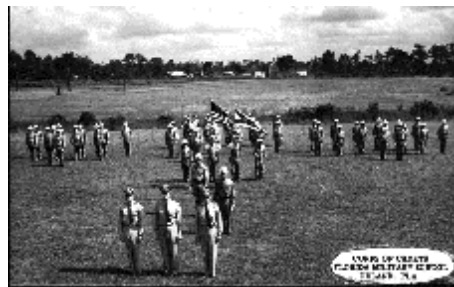
I got off to an uncomfortable start the next day, the first day of class. Because I came first alphabetically on the roster, I was the Colonel's Orderly, given a school desk outside the Commandant's office and nothing to do except worry that I was missing the all important first day of class where you expect to find out what you're going to be doing that year. In my boredom I picked up a paperback book of war stories which had a drawing of a large steel combat helmet on the cover, which I traced onto a piece of plain paper. Then along came the Commandant, Lt. Col. Seesholtz, who said to me, "That's a good drawing son, here's what I want you to do. Our school symbol is going to be a knight on a horse and I want you to draw one for me." I didn't tell him I couldn't draw a straight line, let alone a knight on a horse! I tried finding a picture I could trace to no avail. After that I spent weeks trying to stay out of his sight.

Joe Long was my Company Commander. I remember him working hard to get us trained and in shape for dress parades and inspections. My problem was that my father had given me a pair of black leather shoes. Unlike anyone else's they were called brogues with a fancy cut leather pattern in the toe. They were impossible to polish to the mirror shine level demanded and that everyone else could do on their plain-toed cordovans. I begged my parents to spare me further humiliation by getting me another pair of shoes. What seems like such little things now were so important back then. At the first Saturday morning inspection Col. Ward stopped in front of me. I could tell he was staring at my shoes. Then he said, "It's time for you to start shaving". Another milestone!

On the road between the school and the dining hall was a theater used for amateur productions. I believe it was Capt. Arnold who had created a drama club and produced a play using cadets in all the roles. I can't remember the name of the play, but it took place in a military hospital ward during the war in the Pacific. The unlikeliest role was played by a cadet named Bill Causey, if I remember his name, who was very tall and seemed to be much older than anyone else. He used to drive the school bus. Anyway, he played a native woman and his memorable line was to say "Blossom, Blossom". He was the hit of the show. In my time at the school I do not recall any other dramatic productions, at least not on stage.

In October of that first year we were summoned to the assembly room and sat on the wooden benches while being told very seriously about events taking place on the other side of the world. It was the time of the 1956 Hungarian revolution and we were given an appreciation of the events that were then unfolding, even the possibility of a war with the Russians. When we solemnly got up to slowly file out of the room, I decided to save time by simply stepping over the benches and getting to the door that much sooner. Then I heard my name bellowed across the room at full volume by Jerry Alleyne who then blasted me for not exiting in an orderly manner. That is how I remember the Hungarian uprising.

Sunday dress parades were held in a field that had a large FMS billboard, to the west of the school. It's not the parades I remember so much as the interminable drilling and rehearsals in the hot sun. People fainted on a regular basis, although it only happened to me once. I remember that odd sensation when everything goes quiet, you can't open your eyes and next thing you wake up flat on your back. That first year we did not have rifles, although everyone looked forward to getting them. I believe they arrived in the middle of the third year. That first year, before we got fitted for our West Point style wool dress uniforms, we all had white helmet liners, which we wore on parade. The first photograph of the entire cadet corps was taken wearing these helmets. The photograph was used as a postcard and shows not only the eighty or so cadets but also, in front, Col. Ward, Lt. Col. Seesholtz and Major Beman, the three principles in the school when it first opened its doors.



Of course we marched to every meal and back, a much longer route then, often whistling what must have been the Colonel's favorite tune, "Col. Bogey", and other various cadence-keeping songs like the innumerable verses to "Sound Off", that became quite obscene once out of faculty earshot. I'm guessing that tradition

continued in later years. When it rained we were driven to the dining hall in an ancient gear-grinding school bus.

When we went to town on leave and headed for the movie theater, we would inevitably arrive in the middle of the film and leave when it got around to the point where we had come in. This is the way I saw movies for four years. In those days we would be driven to town to church. We would assemble in a downtown parking lot and march in separate groups through town to our respective churches. The Presbyterians were a small group, but we were made very welcome. During my four years they moved from an old church in the centre of Deland to a newly built church further north on Woodland Blvd. In future years we sometimes stayed at school on Sunday morning and had a church service with student ministers from Stetson. If nothing else, I learned the Baptists are certainly more dynamic than Presbyterians. Church in town was a better deal though – there were girls. The ceremony for the first graduating class took place in one of the downtown churches. I was quite unbelieving when they read my name out as promoted to 2nd Lieutenant for next year. From that point on I was fully comfortable with my new way of life at school and prepared to make the most of it.

Apart from the social, academic, and military facets of school life, there was one other where peer pressure came to bear and that was athletics. If I had stayed at Seabreeze, I would not have gotten close to any of the school teams. At FMS I played football, (3rd string on a two string team). It was not a glorious accomplishment, but I was useful at practice to build up the moral of the rest of the team as they knocked me about. The highlight of my brief football career was a game we played in the Gator Bowl in Jacksonville. From the field the stadium looked unbelievably huge, not that very many people were in the stands. At that time our coach, Tom Sperling, devised a strategy of confusing our opposition by using a “spread formation” with every back on the line all across the field and running pass patterns and giving the quarterback not much time to get the ball away but lots of eligible receivers. Perhaps that was a lesson in life: being smaller doesn’t mean you can’t find a way to outsmart your opponent. My first year on the track team I ran hurdles and threw the discus. We were coached by Capt Hill who came from Ohio and was a very amusing man and who made the sport fun. Bill Bratford coached the team after that and again, for me it was a matter of participating, not winning ribbons, although we did have some excellent athletes on the team. My senior year we won the Volusia County Championship. Even from my limited involvement I have good, worthwhile memories of those days.

(Editors Note: just a test to see if you are really reading our newsletters. We have heard that some people didn’t know that there was going to be a cruise, or that we were having a get together, because they really didn’t read what we printed. Well, to reward those who do read, the first five people who contact Sue or Max by any means will receive a gift. By the way, thanks for reading. Your contributions or suggestions for future issues would be greatly welcomed.)

My greatest satisfaction certainly came from editing the school newspaper as well as writing a weekly column for the Daytona News-Journal, “FMS Cadet Capers” and, in my last year, “Knight ‘60” our yearbook. I don’t remember if I volunteered or was told to do the job, but I have many recollections of struggling as editor to put out a student paper on time. The trick was to get enough copy to fill the required space and not everybody would come through with the promised articles. More than once I would drive with the Faculty Adviser to the printer’s in Deland only to find that we were still short a few column inches. My solution was to instantly write two or three “letters to the Editor” each one praising the last issue to the skies. “Dear Editor, Congrats on your last issue. That was a great story on the basketball team. Keep up the good work! signed, A Cadet” and so forth. That filled up the blank space. I have been skeptical of everything I have read in newspapers since that time.

It is hard to generalize about the teachers who came and went during those first four years. Some were quite forgettable, like the inept tenth grade world history teacher who never expressed a single idea to the class. I remember Capt. Evans, the no nonsense basketball coach who “taught” Civics and would use the paddle if you couldn’t list every state and capitol city. You didn’t do other homework in his class! Captain Burdick was an elderly gentle scholar retired from Columbia University who taught wonderful Latin classes. Unfortunately past his prime, he could exercise no discipline and his class was not taken very seriously. We had a French teacher whose name is forgotten, a young man from up North who was very much into politics. My time at school in the 50’s was during the Eisenhower administration. This teacher, a proponent of the American Conservative Party, thought the Republican Eisenhower too far to the left, which was nonsense but it was my first experience indulging in political debate. For that I can thank him.

In my Senior year I was a Cadet Major in charge of the 2nd Battalion, probably exercising more authority over more people than I would again for a very long time. I was proud of being in the Lancers and remember particularly our performance at the Daytona Speedway and at various parades and sports events all under Bill Christopher’s leadership. I did make some very good friends at school and it has been a regret of mine for many years that I lost contact with all of them until the brilliant group who put the reunion together in October, 2002, allowed me to reconnect. I learned a great deal from my sometime roommate Dennis Eyre who was Cadet Colonel in my Junior year. He was friendly, athletic, brilliant and most of all curious about all aspects of life. He even made me read Jack Kerouac which I detested. In my later years at school I became pals with Walter (Preston) Cowart, Cadet Colonel in my Senior year. When the school would march in parades around central Florida we would often be given a dollar each to buy lunch. Instead of a restaurant, Dennis and Walter and I would pool our money at the grocery store and make our own picnic lunch. Walter and I used to go jogging after supper, (in the days before jogging became so popular) and talk about our future, university plans and what we would do with our lives. We

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lost touch for over forty years and now, email reconnected, we communicate to discuss things like old friends. I remember many good times in those early days with pals like Earl Moore, the always joking Bill Dubberly, Richard Schaefer, John Hudson and others.

There were forty-one graduates in the class of 1960, six of whom started in 1956. Walter Cowart was the valedictorian, Richard Schaefer the salutatorian and I was the class historian. At the final dress parade I was called forward and had a medal pinned on me by the American Legion for being a good citizen. Of course I should have told the man then and there that I wasn't actually a citizen of the United States, but I only said "Thank you, sir". Today, I am still very proud to have that medal.

Within three days of graduating I was on a Greyhound bus headed for Montreal. By September I was going to college at night and working for Marsh & McLennan, then and now the largest international firm of insurance brokers. I retired as a vice-president a little earlier than planned a couple of years ago after forty years with that same company. The job took me around the world although I was always based in Montreal, and gave me a rewarding involvement in many projects. My wife Valerie and I return regularly to Daytona where my mother still lives. I don't wish to sound self-satisfied, but life with its ups and downs has in general been good and I don't mind giving a lot of the credit for that to **those formative years at Florida Military School.**

SUCH A TRANSFORMATION !

From this....

To this...



To this !

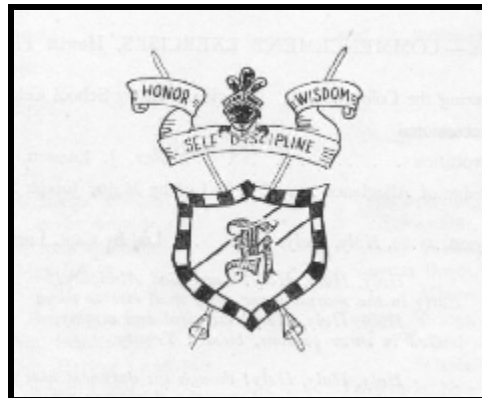


From the Editor...

This publication is for you and we want to print the articles that interest you. Our next edition will be coming out before the end of the year, and we welcome suggestions and submissions. Our focus will be the 2006 Celebration and a report from the first Annual Meeting of FMSA. We will continue our, "From The Ranks" item, but we will need your input. What are your memories of FMS? We will include "all the news that is fit to print" but since we do not have a paid staff out seeking the news, we will have to rely on your input. Pass it along to us and we will find a place for it. The newsletter is our main means of communication so we want to serve you well.

From THIS....

1958



To THIS..

1971



Directions to the Annual Meeting....

The Perfect Spot is located at Sky Dive Deland, at the Deland Airport. If you are coming on I-95 you exit westbound at Daytona Beach on Rt. 92 to Deland.

Go approximately 17 miles, through two blinker lights, to the first real stop light in Deland at Kepler Road. Continue 0.7 miles to Langley Road. The Florida Highway Patrol Office is at this corner. Turn right on Langley and continue 0.4 miles to The Perfect Spot.

See you on the **25th!!**