



From the President



Bellhops, Faculty & Friends:

As Summer comes to an end, I think back to getting prepared to head back to CMA and start a new school year. We always checked in the Sunday after Labor Day to start classes the following day. It was always strange because all my friends at home started school on the day after Labor Day and I had a whole week by myself trying to find things to do. Once I was back on the CMA Campus and school started, all was right with the world.

We will have our 3rd CMA Day Friday October 25 on our old campus. Friday morning, we will participate in the CA Chapel program and have Q&A with some of the CA classes during the day. There is an open invitation to any of our Association members to attend. Please be at the CA Chapel by 9:30AM to attend. Friday night we will be guests of CA for their football game with a section of seats reserved for us. Our Board of Directors Meeting will be Saturday October 26 at 10:00 AM.

The Decade of the 70's Mini-Reunion held in May was a great success. As noted in the recap of the event in the Summer *Bugle*, the 70's group donated

\$1,500 to the CMAAA General fund. They have also donated to the fund to restore the Cannon and Caisson at the Museum. With over a hundred folks attending the 70's Reunion, I would encourage your support for our Grand Reunion next August. In the history of CMA, the 70's Classes are a unique group. They include the first Coed classes, the last full military classes, and the final CMA graduating Class. To those of you in the 70's Classes, please consider this a personal invitation to attend the 2020 Grand Reunion.

As with all Grand Reunions, the 2020 reunion is for anyone that attended CMA at any time. We hope to have attendees from the 1940s through the 1970s. At that reunion, we will begin celebrating the 50th Reunions for the 70's, honoring the 1970 & 1971 Classes. Our goal as an Association is to maintain our Museum and hold a Grand Reunion every two years celebrating the 50th Reunion of all the classes. We need to get to 2028 to celebrate the 50th Reunion for the 1978 & 1979 Classes. For the Classes of 70 and 71, we hope you will make the trip to celebrate your 50th. But for the entire Association, now is the time for all of you Bellhops to contact your old friends and classmates and encourage them to attend our 2020 Reunion.

Cordially,

Robin

Robin Salze
Class of 1966
CMAAA President

CMA's Last Active Duty Service Member Retires

Army Major General William Hickman, CMA's last active duty Service Member, is retiring from the Army after nearly 37 years on active duty. He attended CMA



for six years, graduating with the Class of 1979, the last year before the transition to Columbia Academy. From CMA he went to Vanderbilt University and was part of the Army ROTC program there. Upon graduation, he entered the Army as an Infantry Second Lieutenant in 1983. During the course of his career, he traveled to more than 30 countries. He led troops through Iraq, settling into Mosul with his brigade, as the allied forces deposed dictator Saddam Hussein in 2003. His last assignment was as the Director of Strategic Plans and Policies for the NATA Allied Command in Norfolk, Virginia. William and his wife, Mayme, have moved to Murfreesboro, Tennessee where he will pursue his second career as a civilian.



2020 Reunion

Forget the election. The most important event in 2020 is the CMA Grand Reunion. Make plans now to be there. Ink it in on your calendar, August 6th-9th. Be there, Aloha!

Then and Now

Paul Brandt, Class of '57

Paul Brandt attended CMA for a full year beginning in the early summer of 1956 and graduated with the class of 1957. Like so many before and after him he counts his time at CMA as some of the very best years of his life. The friendly discipline of the teaching staff (Col. and Mrs. Sellers were his house parents in Academy Hall) brought out the here-to-fore hidden student in him. He experienced a sense of pride and accomplishment he had not known before. His roommates', Larry Crossland and John (Bubba) Phillips, were as different



as night and day; Bubba, ever the cutup and Larry always so serious. Early in the school year Larry came back from band practice with stories about all the exciting trips planned for the band during the year. He encouraged Paul to join the band, never mind that he couldn't read music. "We need a 2nd base drummer" he said. "All you have to do is watch the other man and follow his lead". This actually worked great for the few weeks they spent learning a repertoire of marches in the band room. The a-syncopation required to march and drum was another thing altogether. Eventually, however, it all came together and he had many good times traveling to various cities, including Nashville to play for then Vice President Richard Nixon and Baton Rouge, to march and play in the Festival in Dixie. Very modest contributions to the track team and swimming team rounded out his extra curricular activities. Besides being the band leader, Capt. (then) Paul Cauchon was the physics teacher. He got Paul so turned on to the subject that it became his major in college and until it turned into almost incomprehensible mathematics, it held him in sway. How he met and married his wife, Mary, is a story too long to relate here. Suffice it to say, they celebrate their 60th anniversary this October and if there have been two happier or luckier kids they don't know them. Besides having three beautiful and accomplished children they are blessed with two beautiful granddaughters, all of whom live very nearby in Chagrin Falls, Ohio. After 20 years of

working in several different engineering capacities, Paul co-founded a manufacturing business producing investment cast turbine blades and vanes for aircraft and land-based gas turbine engines for most of the world's leading jet engine builders. They retired in 1999 and embarked on a long held dream of cruising the Intracoastal Waterway from the Chesapeake Bay to South Florida. Each fall, after the threat of hurricane season, they left Annapolis, Maryland aboard their Grand Banks trawler, Gemini, for 6 months of excitement and adventure.

Mary was the helmsman and Paul the navigator and in 5 trips to Florida's east and west coasts and back to the Chesapeake she could drive the boat better than he could navigate. The people they met, the places they went and the adventures they shared could fill a book and perhaps someday they may. In the meantime they are continuing to enjoy life, good health, family and friends. He continues to enjoy gardening and furniture building, hobbies he has had nearly all of his life. Actually he started gardening in elementary school in a Victory Garden during the Second World War. It may have been a dozen years ago at his 50th reunion that he reconnected with his Band Company Commander, Marvin Vernon. He was saddened to see Marvin's last report in "Silver Taps" last year. Never the less he said, I still look forward to receiving the newest edition of the *Bugle!*



Bill Carden, Class of '66

Bill Carden lived in Columbia and really cannot remember his parents giving him much choice about attending CMA. So began his three years at CMA in the fall of 1963. Bill graduated with the CMA Class of 1966. His whole life was ahead of him and CMA memories were filed away for later years. Fast forward fifty-three years and events fondly remembered include: the PMS's car on the quad, the overloaded salute howitzer at the beginning of Christmas break, having your



very own M-1 rifle, and the scramble for the rolls at lunch at the 'locals' table. Enduring, inspirational memories were the examples set by the teachers, the U.S. Army staff and the senior cadet officers regarding how to act as gentlemen. The bearing, confidence and conduct of Captain Roy Hamilton, the Assistant PMS, and Cadet Captain Henry Hoss, A Company Commander, set the example for him. Honesty, excellence in all one did, self-discipline and teamwork are just a few of the lifelong traits instilled in cadets. As a senior, he had reached the rank of Cadet Captain and was a member of the Gold Star Drill Team for all three years. All these instilled principles, experiences and remembrances proved to be the foundation for the rest of his life. Bill then attended Tennessee Technological University and as his mother once quipped, "He majored in ROTC!" While he earned a BS degree in Business Management, it was the ROTC activities he enjoyed most. He joined the Pershing Rifle drill team as a freshman and realized how the CMA junior school officers felt as high school freshmen – low man on the totem pole. In his last year on the drill team, they won the 4th Regiment Drill Meet at Fort Gordon almost sweeping all seven events. He also enjoyed the parachuting club and rappelling off the waterfalls in the Cumberland Mountains with his ROTC buddies. Upon graduating as a Distinguished Military Graduate and accepting a Regular Army commission, he had the choice of his first assignment and selected Germany. He was assigned to a Field Artillery Special Weapons Holding Detachment in the northern German city of Duelman. The unit was stationed on a German artillery post and he worked with the German Army daily. He learned the meaning of sleeping on your feet and zero defects as their mission was the safety, security and reliability of U.S. artillery projectiles. The unit was authorized only three officers and 30 enlisted men, so everyone worked a 24-hour shift every third day, year round. In between was training, readiness inspections and socializing with his German counterparts



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– “ein Bier bitte”. After three years, it was off to Ft. Hood, Texas; then Ft Sill, Oklahoma; and not-so-far from home to Graduate School at Middle Tennessee State University. His next assignment was in Atlanta working with the military computer system World Wide Military Command and Control System. Since the system held all the war plans and Army readiness data, he also worked as a member of the Crisis Action Team. He then was assigned to command an artillery detachment in Izmit, Turkey living on a Turkish post and working with the Turkish artillery for a year. It was a glimpse into ancient culture and history dating Before Christ. The remainder of his career was a rotation between Field Artillery units and computer assignments. The last being in the Army Command Center in the basement of the Pentagon. Shortly after arriving, Desert Shield / Desert Storm began, so back to working 24-hour shifts with the Crisis Action Team. Having moved 15 times in 22 years in the Army, he decided he had enjoyed the free world tours enough and retired in 1992. He went to work in the Washington DC area for SRA starting at the bottom as a project manager of a three-person team supporting a U.S. Army contract. Ten years later, he had grown the work into a \$100 million-dollar a year contract. After 25 years, Bill permanently retired from the life of “business.” Six years ago he moved to Hendersonville, NC with his best friend, partner and wife of twenty-five years. He and Jackie take advantage of the wonderful opportunities in the mountains of western North Carolina with their many new friends in the Cummings Cove Community. ‘Old’ friends are encouraged to visit and maybe they might like it so much they’ll decide to stay! He spends his time practicing his faith and enjoying various card games, shooting his M-1 rifle, researching genealogy, restoring his 1979 Trans Am, and tasting wine with club members. And, there is the “honey-do” list of home improvements, travel, yoga, walking, and seeing the beauty of the Blue Ridge. Most of all he is thankful for the many blessings from the Lord including the opportunity to spend time with Jackie and his daughter, Kelly, and son, Kyle and his wife Kim. His faith combined with his past experiences has proved beneficial in the present. Both

have enabled Bill to transcend what could have been debilitating issues with a diagnosis of ALS (Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis aka Lou Gehrig’s disease). Bill and Jackie were recently interviewed by the Hendersonville Times and the Asheville radio station WPVM 103.7. The Times story can be accessed on line at <https://www.blueridgenow.com/news/20190811/hendersonville-couple-shares-als-story-to-raise-awareness>. The live interview is archived on *A Better World’s* website <https://wpvmfm.org/show/a-better-world/show-number-165>. Now, just as “then,” Bill is inspiring others with his faith, discipline, sense of humor, and “team” spirit.

Greg Thompson, Class of ‘72

Born in Memphis, Tennessee on June 1, 1953 as Don Gregory Taylor, “Greg” was raised by his Mother and Grandmother until his Mom remarried in 1964 to Captain Joseph Henry Thompson, USMC. It was shortly after the marriage Joe Thompson adopted Greg, resulting in his name change. They moved from Memphis to Cherry Point, NC initially, but as with all military families, moving became a basic part of life. Beaufort, SC, Honolulu, HI, and then back to Millington, TN by the summer of 1970. Having just left Hawaii to return to Tennessee, Millington High School was NOT very enticing and Greg announced “I am NOT going to school THERE!” to which his Marine father responded, “OK. But you are going to school SOMEWHERE!” A neighbor, Major Shippen told his Dad about CMA where he had a son (Frank Shippen, 72). Shortly thereafter, Greg began his junior year at CMA, living in Moore Hall. Demerits seemed to come easy for Greg early that first year. Nothing major, just lots of little infractions, racking up something just north of 100 before the end of the school year. He loved being on the Gold Star Drill Team and all the various military related drills and activities. Then came the 71-72 school year. Surprise! They made Greg an Officer and assigned him to be “King of the Goobers”. Herding cats and getting Goobers to the Mess Hall and classes on time share a com-



mon thread....it’s not nearly as easy as it might look. But love his Goobers he did, and in fact, still does. Best assignment on the battalion staff. Upon graduation, Greg didn’t want to leave CMA or Columbia, so he remained to go to Columbia State Community College. He took an apartment right out the back gate over Granny Ogles’ Laundry. Two years later it was time to move to a four year university, so Greg transferred to Memphis State and picked up a two year USAF ROTC Scholarship. Upon graduation and commissioning he was sent to Sheppard AFB, TX to become a Titan II Missile Launch Officer, in command of America’s largest nuclear weapon. He excelled in this career field and rose to be a Wing Level, Alternate Command Post Qualified Instructor, training all the other crews in the wing. He was awarded the 8th Air Force Master Crew Member Award and received 6 Highly Qualified ratings (the highest possible). He then was given a competitively selected assignment to Education With Industry (EWI), where he learned to be a Manufacturing Officer. Then it was off to Wright-Patterson AFB, OH, Camp Hialeah, Pusan, South Korea, Boeing, Seattle, WA and then back to Wright – Patterson AFB. Aircraft programs assigned included: A-10, B-2, C-5B, C-12, C-20A, C-21, C-23, C-130, F-4, F-22 and KC-135R. Upon retirement he moved to Spokane, WA to run the manufacturing and purchasing for a small manufacturing company owned by a previous boss in the USAF, before being recruited to move to Huntsville, Alabama to support Army Aviation. His B-2 and F-22 background in composites experience was needed for the Army’s newest helicopter, the RAH-66 Comanche. He worked on Comanche until the program was cancelled, but continued to work on developing manufacturing technology improvements on other helicopters for almost 18 years before moving into reliability improvement projects. His helicopter work has included AH-64 Apache, UH-60 Blackhawk and CH-47 Chinook. Greg plans to finally retire mid-summer next year and he and his wife Barbara (Barbie) invite all his Bellhop brothers and sisters to stop by for a visit if they are in the Fayetteville, Tennessee area.



Stories from CMA

In reading the spelunking story my memory raced back to 1949. The cave in question was a semi regular destination on Saturdays when our schedules and direct supervision were a bit more permissive. Sometimes on Sundays after letter writing time. Since no one had a car nor bicycle it never occurred to us to even try to ride out there. Besides like the previous writer said, the distance up the track was perhaps a mile. No big deal at all for a 'bell hop'... At times I was somewhat of a loner, so on one occasion I went alone. Quite a foolish thing that thankfully none of the faculty, nor as far as I know any of the cadets, learned about. Anyway besides the tight squeeze the writer mentions, there were a couple more chambers accessible via some additional low passages, but no branches. So as long as you had some light you would not get disoriented and lost or panicky. Well, this dumb schumck (me, Joe) overcame my claustrophobia and went further into the cave. Fine till I decided I had had enough solitude. Trying to leave, I got stuck in one of the little passages and you talking about panic, I was nearly overcome. I managed to back up and then to my horror discovered there had been a small cave in. How or where from I could not tell, but after some time and gaining some raw fingers and nails, I was able to clear enough debris to make my way out. Boy the sunshine and fresher air surely were welcome. Until now I do not recall ever telling anyone about that escapade. Not long afterward however the farmer who owned the land discovered problems with caving and being aware that bell hops sometimes ventured there, he asked Col. Ragsdale to put it off limits for our safety. The good Colonel was happy to oblige and in addition made it clear that any cadet who violated that policy could expect to spend the rest of his days of attendance at the pleasure of Col. 'Bulldog' Martin, commandant. No one possessed with half a grain of sense would want to suffer even tempting that fate.

Now, I would like to take a moment to pay tribute to Captain Liggett junior English instructor and to our esteemed headmaster, Col. C. A. Ragsdale.

Quite some years before arriving at CMA in Sept. 1948 I gained a deeply

entrenched dislike for the famous English Poets; you know Shakespeare, Shelley, Chaucer, etc. It turned out that a substantial portion of the junior year English course was centered on the writings of these supposedly esteemed gentlemen. So I proceeded to write Capt. Liggett a letter of protest, unsigned of course. It took awhile but the wheels of investigation began to turn and to avoid a 'full court' chapel session of our class, and the resulting ostracism, when discovered, I fessed up and was promptly invited to join Capt. Liggett in the basement of the office... That day I learned the most VALUABLE moral lesson of all my years in school up till that time and continuing these many years, even to the present.

I still remember the sting of Capt. Liggett's words when he said he had never thought of me as a coward, but that any author of an anonymous letter of that character is a COWARD. After a lengthy lecture on the subject I learned to my amazement that my only sin was not signing the epistle. Oh he and others of the faculty would not have been very appreciative of my attitudes, but on the other hand they were not intending to squelch my opinions, consequently there would have been no punishment nor demerits. Rather, through mature leadership they would at least have tried to get my attention on those subjects of unpleasantness just enough to try to change my mind. However, my transgression was then reinforced by a long string of demerits that of course required much 'bull ring' time allowing me ample opportunity to consider the error of my ways. After I had 'served my time', I had to go to Col. Ragsdale's residence for some ordinary purpose long lost to memory and for that matter the occasion then at hand. When he discovered that I was at the door, I received another very much unwanted, by me, lecture, and then that was the end of the matter. Class dismissed!!!

Teachers of lesser character would not have likely wasted their time in trying to convey to me the serious nature of my offense. But those at that time and place felt a necessity to correct my slide into gangster hood. They did so in such a way that they won my life long respect and appreciation. Sadly, I never wrote to tell them, so the best I can do now is have a long conversation with them in heaven.

Our society and country is truly in dire need of such leadership and spiritual support as such men gave our student body in those days. And from what I have learned since the faculties and staffs of our compatriot schools were similarly dedicated, providing a core of quality leaders that are fast disappearing from our government and other institutions of learning and leadership. There are many other good things I could tell about Ragsdale and Co., just as many of you that came afterward could do regarding your mentors at CMA. I just pray and hope that my generation did a bit to leave behind such glowing examples of conduct and understanding as guided our steps there in the 1940s-50s.

Joe Clark, Class of 1950

I remember that one day in 1951 (most likely my Senior Year) we fell out for drill as normal. However, this was not to be a normal drill day. The Cadet Battalion marched out the back gate and did a COLUMN LEFT. We all wondered where we were going. If the Cadet Officers knew, they were not talking. It seems to me that we crossed a bridge over the DUCK RIVER (my geography may be in error--after 69 years!). We eventually arrived at the Columbia Movie Theater, a site well known to all of us as we frequented the movies when on pass. We marched into the theater. We were the only patrons as the theater was not normally open on a weekday afternoon. We watched *THE DESERT FOX*, a movie about General Rommel of the German Army. Rumor had it that our Professor of Military Science and Tactics, Major Charles T. Boyle, had arranged the showing. In my two years at CMA, we never had another Drill Session like that one!

Nevin Williams, Class of 1957

Spelunking Update—The spelunking article in the Summer Edition of the *Bugle* somehow lost the author's name in publication. It only seems right that credit for such an adventure has to be given to the little hellion. The guilty party is Russell Thompson, Class of 1955.

Cannon And Caisson Restoration

As addressed in the Summer edition of the *Bugle*, the Decade of the 1970s took on the Cannon and Caisson Restoration Project for the CMA Museum and raised \$1,205 during the Decade of the 70s Reunion to support the restoration efforts. The project was finished in August and the total cost came in at \$1,227.10. A follow-on donation covered the difference and the project is complete and paid for. Special emphasis was put on ensuring that the wood on the Cannon and Caisson was properly protected and will be able to sustain the elements longer than it has in the past. The Cannon and Caisson have gone through numerous restorations over the years with the last being in 2008. This recent effort will provide protection for a longer period of time.



3rd Annual CMA Day

Columbia Academy will be hosting its third CMA Day on the campus this year on Friday, October 25th. This involves having CMA Alumni meet with the students during the morning Chapel session and further visiting during lunch in the "Mess Hall" and attending the football game Friday night. All alumni are encouraged to participate in the event. You will be glad you did.

Articles for Newsletter

The *Bugle* Newsletter always has room for Alumni Articles about times they remember from CMA that can be included in the **Stories from CMA** section or about current happenings that can be included in the **Whazzzuppp Dudes** section. Please submit your articles to Woody Pettigrew at either wpettigrew@knology.net or via snail mail to:

Woody Pettigrew
101 Sansberry Lane
Madison, AL 35756

SILVER TAPS

Tommy Lee Bates, Faculty

Mr. Tommy Lee Bates, age 83, husband of Marjorie Thompson Bates and a resident of Columbia, passed away on August 2, 2019, Tommy was a teacher at various Middle Tennessee schools from 1961 to 1996, including working at



Tommy Bates

CMA as an Junior School English, Math, and General Science teacher, assistant football coach, athletic trainer, intramural director, Summer day camp and wilderness camp director, and dormitory supervisor from 1965-1969. In addition to his wife Marjorie of sixty-one years and daughter, Kimberly (Jimmy Pruitt) Bates, he is survived by two grandchildren, a great grandchild, a nephew and a cousin. In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by his sister, Sammye Jo Bates Lawson.

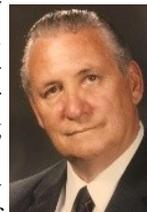
William J. Flippin, Class of '45

William Jerry Flippin, age 91, of Milan, Tennessee died peacefully on August 3, 2019. He graduated from CMA in 1945 and then served in the 25th Infantry Division near the end of World War II in the Pacific Theatre and occupation of Japan. Upon discharge from the Army, he completed his college pre-law at Rhodes College and went on to Vanderbilt Law School where in his senior year, he met the love of his life, Sara Floyd, of Nashville. Upon graduation from Vanderbilt Law School, he became the fourth generation Flippin to come home to begin his career. During the early days of law practice, he was elected to two terms in the Tennessee House of Representatives and three terms in the State Senate. Always active in Christian endeavors, he taught Sunday School for over 60 years at First United Methodist Church where he served as Chairman of the Administrative Board and District Lay Leader. God called home this servant of the Most High where he joined his beloved Sara, in that perfect and forever rest. .

J. B. Napier, Class of '46

J.B. Napier passed away on June 24, 2019. He was a native of Maury Coun-

ty, born May 14, 1928 to John Bunch Napier and Connie Crews Napier. He was preceded in death by his parents and his sister, Mary Agnes Napier Berry. He attended CMA for four years, graduating with the Class of 1946. He went on to briefly attend the University of



J.B. Napier

Tennessee at Knoxville, but subsequently joined the U.S. Marine Corps. After his military service, he joined the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, DC where he served for several years. Upon returning to Columbia, he opened Napier Bryant Service Station with Mack Bryant. In 1959, Mr. Napier, along with his wife, started a new business known as Southern Termite and Pest Control Company, later becoming Pestco Systems, Inc. He is survived by his wife of 65 years, Shirley T. Napier, and their four adult children. They share 8 grandchildren and are proud great grandparents to seven children.

Roger Bedford Sr, Class of '50

Roger H. Bedford, Sr. passed away on April 10th, 2019. He was born on February 17, 1933 in Franklin County, Alabama. He was a 1950 CMA graduate. He attended George-town College in Kentucky on a football scholarship before



Roger Bedford

transferring to the University of Alabama where he obtained a B.S. degree. After serving in the Army in 1960, he returned to the University of Alabama and graduated from law school in 1963. He returned to Russellville, Alabama and practiced law until his retirement in 1989, at which time he and his wife of 46 years, Betty, moved to Baldwin County. In addition to his parents, he was predeceased by his only brother, William W. "Bill" Bedford; nephew, Franklin Bedford; aunt, Virginia Rogers; granddaughter, Tiffany Mitchell; and son-in-law, William "Bill" Roberson. Along with his wife, Betty Hall Bedford, he is survived by four sons, Roger H. Bedford, Jr. (Maudie) (CMA '74), John Lawson

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SILVER TAPS

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Bedford (Julia), Robert E. Bedford and Ronald Daryle Steele (Kim); two daughters, Helen Bedford Roberson and Lisa Steele Murr (Chris); six grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

John McCutchen, Class of '61

John E. McCutchen, age 77, and his wife, Susan Witte Hays, of Jackson were both killed on Saturday, August 24, 2019, in a car accident. John was born in Jackson, Tennessee and went to high school at Jackson High and at CMA, spending 2 years at CMA and graduating with the **John McCutchen Class of 1961**. He operated a real estate development company, a retail and wholesale petroleum products marketing company and a motor carrier transportation company for petroleum products. He was preceded in death by his father, John N. McCutchen, who died in France while serving in the US Army during WWII, and his mother, Elizabeth Morgan McCutchen, of Jackson. He is survived by three daughters, two step-sons, and fifteen grandchildren and step-grandchildren.



John McCutchen

Manny Frisch, Class of '64

Emanuel Harold Frisch died on November 28th, 2017 in Mobile Alabama. He attended CMA for one year, his junior year, as a member of the Class of 1964. He is survived by his son An-

drew Frisch, grandson Alex Cash, sister Terry Lynne Frisch Laverder and his nephew's family Norman and Kimberly Roman and their children, nephews Jeff and Matt Roman and his lifelong friend Vincent Gomez. He was pre-deceased by his parents, Fred and Norma Frisch.



Manny Frisch

Kevin Crabtree, Class of '78

Kevin Crabtree, 59, inside sales for Sunbelt Rentals and resident of Columbia, died June 28, 2019 at Maury Regional Medical Center. Born November 8, 1959 in Cincinnati, Ohio, he was the son of the late Dan Crabtree and the late Joanne "Joan" Coffey Crabtree. Kevin attended CMA for six years, graduating with the Class of 1978. He was a star athlete, playing basketball, football, and baseball, and lettering in all three sports throughout high school. He went on to attend Tennessee Tech University for three years. He is survived by his sister, Rebecca (Ron) Sharp; his better half and everything, Rosemary Kaye Casias and her children, Ryan, Simon, Lavri, and Lyndsey; niece, Amberly Sharp (Chris) Pryor; nephews Jason (Gwen) Bobb, Andrew (Lori) Bobb, Bryan (Penny) Sharp; aunt, Nancy Coffey (Pete) Patton; three great nephews, three great nieces; and several much loved cousins.



Kevin Crabtree

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