



# *Kadet Newsletter*

*Peacock Military Academy  
Alumni Association, Inc.*

(817) 581-7715

Arthur V. Wolf, '73, Editor

Address of Record: 732 Cliffmoor Drive, Keller, Texas 76248

Winter 2015

Vol. XXXV, No. 2

My fellow cadets,

Boy how time flies, It has been over a month since your Peacock board met. We had another meeting with great attendance and we covered the following:

**Scholarship Committee** / We are happy to inform you we have made great progress and have to date accumulated in excess of \$168,000.00 that will in the future be used to give a worthy student and opportunity to advance his or her education. We continue to reach out and think of ways to grow our scholarship coffers and welcome anyone the wishes to contribute to our cause.

**Reunion committee** / The reunion committee has been working diligently to find the next location for our 2016 reunion. Although we have several very nice locations we are leaning to a central location close to the San Antonio airport so more of our fellow cadets can have easier access and be able to attend.

**Membership and Search Committee** / This committee reported locating and contacting over ten fellow cadets of which a large number have updated their information so we can correspond with them and keep them informed on what we are doing.

Please if you know of a fellow cadet that is not in our directory please ask them to contact us so we can keep them informed.

**Facilities** / Our facilities group reported they have been working with the Salvation Army to continue maintain the Headquarters Building. Shortly after the meeting we were informed the Salvation Army will be housing some of their office personnel in the building and the Headquarters building will be getting some needed maintenance. A new security system will be put in place in order to protect and preserve the Academy's paraphernalia and historical documents.

**Alumni Administration** / This group has been working with our Web Master to keep updating information on the internet so we all can have access to information about our school. This will enable us to keep everyone informed.

There are a number of other committees that work diligently behind the scenes to keep our organization. These groups are Treasury, Communications, and our Secretary. I'm very pleased to inform you know we have a very active group of volunteers participating in keeping the Academy's history alive. Anyone that wishes to volunteer for any committee is welcome.

The sad reality of our beloved PMA is that we get notified regularly of the passing of one of our cadets. For this reason I want to encourage everyone to come to our reunion the first Weekend in October 2016. We really have a great time talking to our old friends that we shared so much with. Our spouses always enjoy the weekend in San Antonio and there is plenty of time to see the sights.

**Thanks for your support and prayers.**

Jose Pacheco Class of 1969  
214 693 0330

**P.S. Mark your calendars for October 2016**



## TAPS

Olegario Losoya '32  
Reginald Bertrand Beaty '45  
Daniel Eugene Boone '45  
Joel Washington Burge '45  
James Franklin Carter '45  
Homer Lonnell Dancer '45  
Lonnie D. Montgomery '45  
Lee Shelton Thrift '45  
Sanders "Sandy" W. Brown '48  
Lon M. McDougle '48  
James Todd Boggs '56  
Kenneth Barr '59  
John Ritchie '59  
Ben Bishop '62  
Tommy Skeeters '62  
John M. Weatherford '69  
Armando Manuel Ripol '71



### Welcome New Life Members!!!

Joe P. Early '68  
Wylie Evans '72

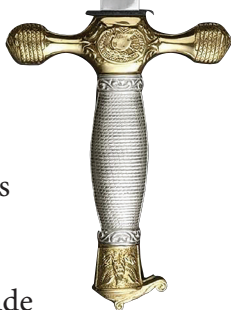
PMA Web Address:  
[www.pmaalumni.org](http://www.pmaalumni.org)

PMA Facebook Page:  
Peacock Military Academy Alumni

Wesley Peacock House Facebook Page:  
W Peacock House

## Peacock Swords

If you wish to order a Peacock Sword with your name and class etched on it, contact Mr. Kevin Harrington at Marlow White – 1-800-255-6136. Swords are made in Germany by WKC. They are the sword suppliers to West Point. Price is \$355 each + \$25 for etching your name. You may also contact Arthur Wolf '73 at [awolf@fscfoods.com](mailto:awolf@fscfoods.com) or Butch Good '67 at [rogjan73@gmail.com](mailto:rogjan73@gmail.com)



## MOVING???

If you are moving, please let the Alumni Association have your new information: address, telephone numbers, etc.

[awolf@fscfoods.com](mailto:awolf@fscfoods.com)

(817) 581-7715

## Peacock Military Academy Memorial Scholarship Fund



### PMA Memorial Scholarship Honor Roll\*

Ed Sebera '49      Johan Heidenreich '50  
Arthur F. Wolf '51      L.B. Johnson '56  
David S. Hale '62

\*Contributions made to scholarship fund in the name of a deceased cadet earns them a place in the Honor Roll.

## 2016 Dues

The Alumni Association is collecting dues for 2016 and a Dues Form is included with this Newsletter. The Dues Form may also be used to make a contribution to the Scholarship Fund. If you have already paid your dues, please disregard the reminder!

THANKS!



### REMINDER!

Board of Directors  
will meet on  
Saturday,  
April 2, 2016

The Wesley  
Peacock House



*When my husband, John, and I moved from our first home in Los Alamos, NM, to our current residence, we need to minimize our furniture. Giving away an old bookcase that had originally come from the Peacock School for Boys was a hard choice until I found the right recipient: a ten year old boy who loved it, and whose mother wanted him to know something of its history.*

*So, I wrote the following letter to Jesse Romero to give him a small taste of its background.*

*-- Sue Ellen Peacock Hains.*

*November 2015*

\*\*\*\*\*

January 10, 2009

Dear Jesse,

Here is the story about the old bookcase you now have in your room.

My grandfather, Wesley Peacock, Sr., traveled from Georgia to Texas when he was a young man. He carried a pistol with him because, in those days, Texas was a wild place. In 1894, he decided to start a school in San Antonio, Texas.

He named the school the Peacock School for Boys. After a few years more, it became the Peacock Military Academy, "The West Point of Texas." The original school building is now a Texas Historic site. Have you been to see the Historical Museum right here in Los Alamos? It is much like the historic building in San Antonio and records the history of another boys' school – the one that was located here, the Los Alamos Ranch School. You should see the exhibit and learn about that school, too. It was closed when the United States entered World War II. In San Antonio, Peacock Military Academy lasted for almost a hundred years, so your bookcase is now older than that.

The bookcase came from the original Peacock school library. It was attached to other bookcases and had glass doors to protect the books from dust. You can still find these bookcases in antique shops with the glass doors intact. I know your grandmother Esther likes antiques; maybe someday you can go antiquing with her and find one.

The bookcase was at the school from the very beginning. The early students studied everything from reading, writing, and spelling, to rhetoric (speech), physics, higher mathematics, English literature, Greek, German, and French, and the courses of study remained much the same until the school closed.

In 1898, just four years after Wesley Peacock, Sr., founded the school, the Spanish-American War started, and the U.S. joined in the short fight against Spain to help liberate Cuba from Spanish rule. The citizens of San Antonio were proud that their city was a recruitment site for Teddy Roosevelt's "Rough Riders." Teddy Roosevelt himself came to the city. He later became a President of the U.S. Maybe events like this one helped my grandfather decide to make his school a military one.

The boys (at first, called 'students' and, later, also, called 'cadets') were always almost all boarders: they lived in barracks on the campus. The school was their home where they studied, played baseball, football, and many other sports; where they learned military strategies and drills.

The school was a success and it grew in size, adding more buildings until it covered about fourteen acres.

My sisters and I grew up at the Peacock School. We ate our meals in the school's dining room (the Mess Hall) with our family and all of the cadets. We rode our bicycles on the sidewalks around the buildings. On Sundays, there were dress parades: the Drum and Bugle Corps played military music; the cadets marched in their uniforms, carrying rifles, and 'passed in review' for visiting army and air force generals. There were horses, too – a cavalry. People came from all over the city to watch the parades and parked their cars around the parade field.

There were special acts at the parades, too: one was a fast-cadence drill team called "The Zouaves." At the end of their drill on a wooden platform, they attacked a high fortress wall and then scaled it. There also was the Monkey Drill team, made up of boys who performed gymnastics on the backs of horses while the horses were galloping around the parade field. These parades were always good shows and the spectators honked their car horns to show their appreciation.

My sisters and I loved this excitement and we were disappointed that we couldn't be students at Peacock Military Academy. But we were girls and had to go to a girls' school, instead.

The Peacock school closed in 1973 after a history of educating and training thousands of young men.

I know my grandfather would be pleased to know that you have a part of that history—the bookcase-- in your room. I certainly am.

Best wishes,  
Sue Ellen Peacock Hains

*Note: Jesse Romero is now a senior at Los Alamos High School.*

# “Summertime, when the livin’ is easy”\*

By Donna Peacock

*“Betcha can’t kick that rock forever.” — “Betcha I can.”*

Summer dares of neighborhood kids. It wasn’t a very long distance to the end of Peacock Street—at least, the block from our house up to Texas Street, where Colonel and Mrs. Richardson lived, or—in the other direction—a few feet to Cincinnati Avenue.

Peacock Street was a part of our growing up; it could have been named anything else and my sisters and I wouldn’t have known the difference. We lived across the street from Peacock Military Academy; the street which ran by the side of our house was called Peacock, and our last name was Peacock. But I doubt that any of us made any connection until we were much older. All of these elements combined were simply and happily ‘home’ and daily life for us—safe and comfortable all year long, whatever the season

But “home” did take on a different personality during the summer: the campus was vacant; no cadets in uniforms; no bugle calls; no dress parades or retreat ceremonies; no mess hall meals, no Friday night movies in the auditorium. Everything was on vacation. Except for my father, Colonel Don, my uncle, Colonel Wesley, and my aunt, Dorothy. They continued office hours, paper work, arranging and overseeing repairs, maintenance, interviewing student and staff applicants—the whole process of running a school and preparing for the fall session. Of course, they dressed a bit more casually and had a more flexible schedule; still, they had a family business to operate and that business didn’t stop.

We children, on the other hand, were able to explore and experience the campus and the buildings in a playful way during the summer months. The Headquarters became a ‘destination,’ a place to visit our father, uncle, and aunt; to punch holes in paper; “help” with whatever needed to be done; pretend to be cadets, giving and following orders. The campus sidewalks became more open avenues for bicycle riding and roller-skating; the cannons, an invitation to climb and play on. Every July 4<sup>th</sup>, our father, Colonel Don, stood, alone, on the Zouave platform in the middle of the parade field, single-handedly shooting colors and sounds from a flare gun – a wondrous display of fireworks for us and for all the neighborhood kids and their families-- as we watched from the grand-stand. We thought he was very brave.

Peacock Street itself would transition from rock-kicking site, direct route-to-the-Richardson home, or the dangerous boundary of Cincinnati Avenue (“Do not cross the street!”) to the site of a circus parade heralding the neighborhood kids’ circus spectacular. Depending on our ages at the time, someone was the director; another, the producer; others, performers or side-show characters. Sue Ellen was a fortune teller. Dottie donned her green

one-piece swim suit (a fashion plate in and before her elementary school days) and hung by her ankles from the backyard swing-set trapeze, or dressed as a monkey, monkey-walking around the audience (neighbors and relatives) collecting coins in her tin cup. Others kids juggled or just walked in a funny fashion or feigned being circus animals. I used my Jerry Mahoney dummy and played ventriloquist for the patient and loving spectators. It was all grand. And Peacock Street might even host real horses – school cavalry horses transformed into circus steeds. School custodians and long-time staff members Adolph and Rosales led two or three of the most gentle academy horses up and down the street, offering rides to all the children. In later years, the horses spent the summer at Camp Stewart, a fine boys’ camp on the Frio River. I guess we children had, by then, outgrown the circus productions.

As the three of us – my sisters and I – grew closer to and into our teen years, the summer time at Peacock Military Academy became exciting in changing ways. The Headquarters was still a ‘destination,’ but more for purposes of examining and reading about potential new cadets – “He sounds cute.” Sue Ellen sometimes helped for maybe even a bit of allowance, doing more substantial work, like filing. We all perused the film catalogues, hoping to select the next school year’s movie offerings for Friday nights. Our father and others usually re-directed our choices to films more appropriate and interesting for boys. John Wayne always overpowered ‘chick flicks.’

After the school swimming pool and cabana was built, summer brought a new look there, too. My father often spent hours in the water, scrubbing the tiles around the edge. Swimmers and water-types changed from male to female. Once, at least, Colonel Don sternly admonished us and friends for shampooing our hair in the pool or playing music that was unbecomingly loud.

But, on the day after Labor Day, every year – through our growing up – attention and activity began to normalize again. The campus was alive with boys in uniform, with barrack inspections, drill routines or walking off tours; my mother was thrilled and relieved that the mess hall was again re-opened. We were driven (or, eventually, Sue Ellen did the driving when old enough for a driver’s license) from the driveway, backing onto Peacock Street and from there to our school at St. Mary’s Hall. My father wore his uniform daily and walked from our house, across Cincinnati Avenue, to and through the campus to his office, always stopping to pick up any piece of trash to keep everything in order for the fall, the winter, the spring, and ready for the next summer.

*\*title borrowed from song “Summertime”  
by George and Ira Gershwin*



## Report to the Office

There it is again, another unsolicited memory of Peacock. Maybe we really never left Peacock. The Peacock Boys are on TDY and one day will have to return, report in, and give an accounting for our actions since graduation. I hope I remember to stand up straight and salute.

And then it happened. I heard over the PA system - Lieutenant Vlieger, report to the office. There had been a rumor going around about cadets being called to the office, but I did not expect it so soon. I walked in, stood as straight as my old muscles would allow, and gave a snappy salute. In front of me was a large, round table covered with transcripts and notes. Seated around the table were Colonel Wesley, Colonel Don, Colonel Richardson and Coach Snowden. A familiar voice said, "Cadet Vlieger, give us the report on your life." Yes, sir, the other day my wife and I were talking about the best things that have happened in our lives. The first is finding each other at such a young age. The second is having a great son we can be proud of. The third is having two grandsons that make us smile. And the fourth was having Peacock in our lives. Sorry, sir, Peacock has slipped from first place over the years.

"Stop bellowing and tell us how you made the world a better place." Yes, sir. I found that I had the gift of making people feel good about themselves. I used that gift to cheer up someone that was having a rough day or felt awkward in a group or just had a low opinion of themselves. Over time, people have learned to trust me. I have heard so many confessions that I know how a priest must feel! "Stop, Cadet Vlieger. You are rambling." After a brief huddle, I was told - "That is not what we expected, but it will do. You have given us a passable report. Dismissed." As I left, I saw other cadets lined up at the side entrance door. We saluted!



Mike Vlieger, '62

## Frank Brothers

For most new cadets, the road to Peacock started with a visit to Frank Brothers on Alamo Plaza. I made the trip in the fall of 1958. It was fortunate for me my grandfather had an account with Frank Brothers.

I remember that first visit to the basement where both TMI and Peacock dress uniforms were displayed on mannequins. I immediately found the West Point grey uniform to be my favorite. The measurements started for the long list of uniforms and accessories - dress coat with two pair of pants - khaki uniform with web belt and brass belt buckle - fatigues with combat boots and cap - a dress cap, garrison cap, raincoat, gym shorts, and T-shirts - white duct pants and white web belt with a large brass buckle for parades - A green coat that reversed to a khaki side and gloves. I am sure I have left off a few items that Frank Brothers supplied.

When I returned to Frank Brothers two weeks before the start of the Fall Semester, I left with several arms full of uniforms. Being a day student, my uniforms went to my home. While hanging up the dress coat, I realized I was a slick sleeve. It sure was different from the dress coat on the mannequin with gold captain chevrons!

Mike Vlieger, '62



It was a hot day in early May 1953, when my mother came into the house to tell me she had been talking with Mrs. Rodarte. Her son Arturo '53 had invited me to his graduation in a military school in San Antonio. I made the trip with them and had the first look at Peacock Military Academy, I liked it right off; it was love at first sight. I roamed with Arturo some of the barracks, classrooms, armory and the campus. I called my parents in Nuevo Laredo to tell them how excited I was and would like for them to enroll me in Peacock. They told me to take it easy, they would like to see it for themselves, and during the summer we would take a trip and talk with the Superintendent.

One of the afternoons, we even played a friendly game of soccer with some of the Mexicans, Nicaraguans, Salvadorians and even the Calvo brothers from Guam, which were Arturo's very good friends. Some of the cadets came to see us play a game that was too strange to them. Graduation Day came and I became more excited at the idea of coming to Peacock.

I had studied in St. Joseph's Academy, a Marist Brothers school, in what they call an Intermediate Grade (so you could learn English) and was advanced to freshman. I really didn't like the school very much. First because everyday we had to walk from home, cross the International Bridge and take the school bus. In summertime and winter it was a 6 mile hike back and forth and not very pleasant. Also, the Brothers treated the Laredo locals as their pet students. No matter how good your essays or physics work were, the grades of 10 were for the Leyendecker's, Martin's, Notzon's, etc., not for us.

In July I finally convinced my parents to take me to San Antonio. We were received by Colonel Wesley who gave us a short tour of the campus. My father, always very stern, told me..."Alright, if you want to come here, we will go along; but don't call us on the first weeks to come and pick you up. You are staying for keeps"....."Of course Dad, I promise I will graduate from here". We got the list of all the clothes and stuff that I would be needing and went back home.

During the summer my mother mentioned to some of her friends about me going to Peacock and the advantage I would have, since they were going to let me advance on my credits in such a way that I could graduate in 3 years instead of four. Mrs. Montemayor told her son Glafiro '55 (RIP) about it and he also got on the Peacock bandwagon.

I was present early in the morning the first days of September, thrilled at getting measured and getting my uniforms. I got my books and was taking 5 subjects instead of the regular 4. A few weeks had passed and we were going to a football game. I was coming down the stairs in Johnston Hall when Jacobs pushed me and said "hurry up you speck", I didn't know what it meant, but sounded mean, so I answered him in fluent cuss words in Spanish with unkind things about his mother. A lieutenant then told us to rush and get going. The buses were waiting and as we formed a line, Jacobs was behind me and tapped me on the shoulder. As I turned back I received a good blow to my mouth. I was ready to hit back but Capt. Moore grabbed me from my shoulder and asked for my name for the list. When I reached my seat Glafiro asked me..."what happened to you???" I took my hand to my mouth and saw it was very bloody. So as Jacobs was coming in I sort of ran into him and hit him in the face. He lost his balance and ended in the laps of the Colonels wives at the front of the bus.

The next day, as a special treat, we were handed a couple of rifles and we had to march one on each end of the oval circuit right in front of the Wesley House during free time after school and on weekends. My parents came to San Antonio on a Sunday to take me to lunch and were very surprised to see me marching up and down. Col Wesley came out and told them "sorry but no, you cannot take your son anywhere, he is punished and that is military discipline". So they just drove back to Nuevo Laredo.

On this Saturday we were preparing to go to town, so we were cleaning ourselves up. I was shaving and Raul Gutierrez '55 kept spraying me with shaving cream. As I was about to counterattack he ran out of the bathroom. Expecting him to come back I hid by the door and Bernard Young, who was stocky and very athletic came in through the door. Thinking it was Gutierrez I let him have a big spray of shaving cream. He was already with a clean uniform and ready for inspection. He looked at me raving mad and started swinging. I could feel the impacts and tried to fight back, but he drove me back and I ended up between a toilet and the water heater. I must have hit him hard also because I could see in the mirrors in front, a lot of blood over me. Then an officer came in, stopped the fight and took him out of the barracks. I had it, I thought. I went to my room all bloodied and shaken. To my surprise, Young came into the room holding a rag to his forehead and I thought he was back for more; instead he said: "Ferrara, it was a great fight". It turned out one of my blows had swung his head against the old water heater and he had a deep cut. About two days later I ended up in the infirmary with an inflamed neck. I was quarantined thinking I had the mumps, when it was really an inflamed neck gland due to the blows from Young.

Some time later in Johnston Hall, 5 or 6 of us were smoking a cigarette in a hurdle. Since I was in the band I had a big buckle from my cross bands and was using it as an ashtray. All of a sudden a Lieutenant comes in and there I was holding the buckle with the smoking butt. Col. Donald called me to the office and said "Ferrara, you were smoking in Johnston Hall which is a fire hazard, so even if you don't have permission from your parents I am moving you to Lee House where you can smoke to your heart content." Of course I didn't squeal on the buddies.

One Sunday morning after going to mass in St. Mary's, there were 4 or 5 of us, and as we walked into E. Commerce St., several guys from TMI riding in a jeep cussed at us. So Glafiro '55 or Riddle '55 and I ran up to the jeep and pulled one of the guys down into the street. We all ran like heck, no chance of going to the movies at the Majestic this time, because we knew they would be after us. We decided to go back to school early, so we went about two blocks further than usual to catch the Cincinnati bus and stayed at the corner store until check in time.

Jacobs after the fight had been moved to Birkhead Hall and one night we were startled to hear loud police sirens all around the academy. Something must have happened; but we stayed in our barracks. Next day we found out that Jacobs had gone AWOL thru the stables with another couple of cadets. Apparently for sometime, they had hot-wired cars and ridden around for kicks. Jacobs, they said, was sent to a correctional and we never heard from him again. The two other cadets got 25 or 30 wood-laps in their butts.

For some reason they changed the study hour from a classroom to the auditorium, Luis Cuadra and I got bored and decided to take a nap on the other side of the projection booth. We laid on top of some tarps or nets. All of a sudden we hear "Attention!", so we jumped up but stayed hidden against the wall. There was no chance to go further up as we could see Col. Donald's back. He turns around and spots us: "What do you think you are doing there???" "Taking a nap, sir!", I said. "Ferrara, you are a corporal, shame on you, you are busted".

So my Peacock Brothers, those are a few of my memories I keep from my beloved Peacock Military Academy. Along with the Peacock family and staff and all my class buddies and undergraduates with which I had a lot of nice times. I went to college in Monterrey Tech for 5 years and I don't keep as nice memories of it as from Peacock. God Bless you all.