THE HONORABLE FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
The President of the United States of America
Commander-In-Chief, United States Navy
Rear Admiral John Downes, U.S.N.
The Commandant, Ninth Naval District

Rear Admiral Randall Jacobs, U.S.N.
The Chief of Naval Personnel
Dedication

To Admiral Ernest F. King, Chief of Naval Operations, the second class of the Notre Dame Midshipmen’s school respectfully dedicates this book.

Today, May 27, 1943 more than 1000 midshipmen are being commissioned Ensigns USNR. Way back in February when we emerged from the crowded, tarpaulin-covered trucks we were ignorant and naive to the ways of the navy; but now, we feel confident in the knowledge we have gained at Notre Dame. After wearing navy blue for four months it is not difficult to imagine ourselves as weather-beaten and experienced salts who have stood our watches with the best. Yes, we are really navy-wise.

But before any of us were born, or even anticipated for that matter, a young man had left his home in Lorain, Ohio, and had completed four years at the Naval Academy. In 1901, future Admiral Ernest J. King was graduated fourth in his class of sixty-seven. His schooling was augmented by patrol duty during the Spanish American War. The Chief of Naval Operations for World War II was receiving the foundations of his practical experience aboard the USS SAN FRANCISCO, off the Atlantic Coast and in the blockade off Cuba.

The career of the Chief of Naval Operations is the embodiment of naval tradition. In 46 years of professional experience Admiral King has been assigned to every type of duty; from instructor at the Naval Academy to COMDESDIV during the World War; from Assistant Chief of Staff to the Commander in Chief, Atlantic Fleet, to COMSUBDIV; from Commander of the USS LEXINGTON to Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics.

Notable among his assignments was that to a submarine division as commanding officer in 1922. A year later he was given command of the Submarine Base at New London, Connecticut. And then to complete his education he went to Pensacola in 1927 where he qualified as a naval aviator.

In our civilian days we knew little about Admiral King, except that he was Chief of Naval Operations. When we came to Notre Dame we realized that he was the man who in the final analysis would decide our naval fate, and accordingly a new interest in him prevailed. We read about him and looked at his pictures and tried to decide for ourselves what he was really like.

We learned that Admiral King is the possessor of the Navy Cross, won while he was on Atlantic duty during the World War, and the Distinguished Service Medal and Gold Star awarded “for exceptionally meritorious service” as officer in charge of salvaging operations of the submarines S-51 and S-4. In addition to these, he has received numerous decorations which mark the high spots of his professional duties.

Our Chief of Naval Operations has had a truly glorious career and it will be a challenge to us all to keep faith with it.
The task of transforming civilians—the attorneys, the musicians, the editors, the fresh-from-college youth—into Navy officers equipped to fight the most far-reaching war in history is no easy one.

To Captain Henry P. Burnett has fallen this task. And although this is but the second class to have been commissioned at Notre Dame, we, as the products of this transformation, will testify that “Our Skipper” has fulfilled his responsibilities in the finest Navy Tradition.

Born in Shelbyville, Kentucky, in 1893 Captain Burnett entered the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1911. At 49, he can look back on more than a quarter century of leadership on Uncle Sam’s fighting ships—destroyers, battleships and seven years of submarine duty.

Today Captain Burnett is concerned with training officers for these fighting ships at a time when the future of the nation may well depend on the quality of such men.

For what we are certain shall be considered a job well done—we salute “Our Skipper”.
To Lt. Comdr. Richard Wagner, U.S.N. (Ret.), the "exec", fell the arduous task of station and school administration.

That the administration was so efficient can be attributed to the fact that Mr. Wagner was the newly appointed Executive Officer when the school was appointed a Naval Reserve Midshipmen's in October, 1942, and initiated much of the present routine.

A 1927 graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, Mr. Wagner served with the fleet in numerous capacities until he retired following an accident several years ago.

Recalled to active duty in 1940 he helped organize a New York Midshipmen's School. He was transferred to Notre Dame in September, 1942, one month before the school was elevated from an indoctrination station.
Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C.
President of the University of Notre Dame
Foreword

May 27, 1943—Graduation Day for the Second Class of the United States Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Memories are the “riches” of life; impressions, fun and laughter, trials and tribulations, associations; on these one builds character, citizenship and ideals.

Your course has not been easy. With backgrounds as varying as the elements you tempted the “alchemists of old” to teach a PhD, the mysteries of cam thrusts and metacenters, a Master of Arts in English that “b-o-a-t-s-w-a-i” is pronounced “bosun”, a B.S. in Economics that ground “taykal” should be moved, an M.A. in Music that only “two guys” on board ship rate “whistling”. BUT we found that with a little salt, lots of pepper, some vinegar and all spice, you'd throw in the grit to make a potion that would knock Tojo and Hitler off the map any day.

As a “plank owner” of all Midshipmen’s Schools, it has been my privilege to help thousands of V-7 college men become Ensigns. You've done us proud; the only Reserve Officers with the Medal of Honor are former V-7’s.

As you leave today, I am leaving too for another job, but wherever we go the officers of all the Midshipmen’s Schools will watch and pray with me for your success. We’ve had our heroes in history—you men are making history now.

Good Luck and may we all rally round “The Capstan” for the last “speed-run”.

[Signature]

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER RICHARD WAGNER, U.S.N. (RET.)
Lt. Com. C. W. Myers, USNR
Bethany, Mo.
Commissioned Dec. 15, 1941

Our Senior Watch Officer and head of the Discipline department, Mr. Myers, was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1922. After serving as a junior turret officer aboard the U.S.S. Arizona for twenty-one months Mr. Myers resigned from the Navy in 1924 and took a position as distributor of petroleum products. He returned to active duty in February of 1942, and was promoted to Lt. Commander in November of that year.

Lt. C. N. Springer, USNR
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Commissioned April 13, 1942

Lt. E. C. Fant, USNR
Memphis, Tenn.
Commissioned March 13, 1942

Lt. A. P. Brown, USNR
Dallas, Texas
Commissioned Jan. 30, 1942

Lt. P. A. Swart, USNR
Summit, N. J.
Commissioned May 15, 1941

Lt. (jg) H. J. Langen, USNR
East Troy, Wis.
Commissioned Sept. 12, 1941

Ens. E. G. Hotchkiss, Jr., USNR
St. Louis, Mo.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. G. M. Hearne, USNR
Shreveport, La.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. R. L. Austin, USNR
Anderson, Ind.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942
Ens. J. J. Clark, USNR
St. Louis, Mo.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. G. A. Hardy, USNR
Hudson, Ind.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. L. F. Black, Jr., USNR
Bronxville, N. Y.
Commissioned Dec. 24, 1942

Ens. D. K. Stuckey, USNR
Exeter, N. H.
Commissioned Jan. 28, 1943

Ens. E. M. Dixon, USNR
Sea Cliff, N. Y.
Commissioned Jan. 28, 1943

Ens. C. A. Read, USNR
Washington, D. C.
Commissioned Jan. 28, 1943

Ens. J. B. Kubish, USNR
Hannibal, Mo.
Commissioned Jan. 28, 1943

Bosn. W. E. Dregalla, USNR
Cleveland, Ohio
Commissioned Jan. 7, 1943
Lt. T. A. Waage, USNR
Wilmette, Ill.
Commissioned March 16, 1942

Lt. H. F. Smith, USNR
Long Beach, Cal.
Commissioned April 15, 1942

Lt. Com. W. P. Burleigh, USNR
Glencoe, Ill.
Commissioned Feb. 14, 1942

Lt. H. Ehrmann, USNR
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Commissioned Aug. 11, 1942

Lt. (jg) H. B. Miller, USNR
Chicago, Ill.
Commissioned Jan. 16, 1942
MEDICAL DEPT.

Com. J. E. Malcomson, USN
Detroit, Mich.
Commissioned April 21, 1917

Com. G. S. Vogan, USNR
Kane, Pa.
Commissioned Jan. 28, 1935

Lt. Com. H. S. Millett, USNR
Kansas City, Mo.
Commissioned April 18, 1935

Lt. Com. J. V. Treynor, USNR
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Commissioned March 29, 1942

Lt. C. A. Gripkey, USNR
Kansas City, Kan.
Commissioned March 8, 1938

DENTAL DEPT.

Lt. Com. H. W. Rinesmith, USNR
St. Louis, Mo.
Commissioned Feb. 25, 1938

Lt. H. H. Stahlhut, USNR
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Commissioned Aug. 26, 1942

Lt. H. O. Gaebe, USNR
Chicago, Ill.
Commissioned May 17, 1941
Lt. A. M. Babich
San Francisco, Calif.
Present Rank Dec. 29, 1941

Lt. (jg) Francis C. Rutherford Pay Clerk Leonard G. Rankin
Santa Monica, Calif.
Commissioned May 26, 1941
Wapakoneto, Ohio
Commissioned June 25, 1942

Lt. (jg) Paul T. Sprinz
Woodhaven, New York
Commissioned May 11, 1942
REGIMENTAL STAFF
Cadet Officers Battalion 1A and 1B

FIRST BATTALION

Lt. A. P. Brown
Battalion Commander

Ens. L. F. Black, Jr.
Ass't. Battalion Commander

Ens. E. M. Dixon
Ass't. Battalion Commander
Norman D. Ance
Charlevoix, Mich.
Marquette U., '37

Elmer H. Anderson
Minneapolis, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '41

Laurel R. Anderson
Austin, Texas
U. of Texas, '36

Lende O. Anderson
Northfield, Minn.
St. Olaf College, '39

Leo A. Anderson, Jr.
Massillon, Ohio
Dartmouth, '43

T. Stanley Anderson
Little Falls, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '42

Robert W. Andree
Great Neck, N. Y.
Dartmouth, '43

Albert C. Ansorge, Jr.
Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Valparaiso U., '42

Charles D. Armentrout
Dallas, Texas
Southern Methodist U., '36

Charles R. Arth
Redlands, Calif.
Occidental College, '41

Carl S. Ashby
Leamington, Utah
Utah State Agricultural College, '39

Norman W. Austin
Winthrop, Mass.
Bowdoin College, '42
Sherman G. Babcock
Riverside, Cal.
U. of California, '41

Robert Bach
Woodmere, N. Y.
Princeton U., '39

Roger E. Bacon
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Louis U., '38

Bernard G. Badke
Rockford, Ill.
St. Joseph's College, '39

Donald W. Bagenstose
West Reading, Pa.
Franklin and Marshall, '42

John A. Baghatt
Fort Collins, Colo.
Colorado State

Rollin H. Baker
College Station, Texas
U. of Texas, '37

Ernest E. Ball
New Haven, Conn.
Dartmouth, '43

Joe M. Ball
El Paso, Texas
U. of Texas, '42

Alfred E. Balocca
Elmhurst, Ill.
John Carroll U., '43

Robert C. Barrienbrock
Kingsport, Tenn.
U. of Michigan, '38

Robert C. Barnum, Jr.
Greenwich, Conn.
Dartmouth, '43
Burrows Barstow, Jr.
Shaker Heights, Ohio
Dartmouth, '43

Delos P. Bassinger
Detroit, Mich.
U. of Michigan, '40,

Fred W. Bateman
Roper, N. C.
U. of North Carolina, '42

William F. Bauer, Jr.
East Orange, N. J.
Wesleyan U., '41

Martin M. Baxter
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Fordham U., '43

Marion A. Beatie
Paris, Texas
Texas A. & M., '43

Michael J. Becker
Tacoma Park, Md.
Michigan State, '42

Phillip E. Beebe
Weaver, Iowa
U. of Iowa, '42

Frank R. Bellino
Providence, R. I.
Rhode Island State, '43

E. Randall Bellows
Chicago, Ill.
Oberlin College, '37

Richard E. Belz
Union, N. J.
Rutgers, '43

DeW. Clinton Benbow
Greensboro, N. C.
U. of North Carolina, '38
Martin Bendetson
Haverhill, Mass.
Tufts, '42

William L. Bennett
Mason City, Iowa
Iowa State Teachers, '40

James V. Benschoter
Toledo, Ohio
U. of Toledo, '42

Thomas R. Benton
Olathe, Kan.
Kansas State, '43

Robert Berlin
Jersey, N. J.
Rutgers, '42

Frederick M. Binder
Pleasantville, N. J.
Ursinus College, '42

Ernest L. Birdsall
Andover, Mass.
Massachusetts State College, '37

Aaron H. Birenbaum
Brooklyn, N. Y.
U. of Georgia, '42

Charles J. Birkeland
Warwick, N. D.
Michigan State, '39

John Black
Boston, Mass.
Harvard, '38

Aaron J. Blackman
Beverly Hills, Cal.
U. C. L. A., '38

Howard E. Blake
Fairfield, N. C.
Atlantic Christian College, '43
Bernard C. Blumenthal  
Evanston, Ill.  
Northwestern U., '43

Frederick W. Bode  
Milwaukee, Wis.  
Carroll College, '39

Daniel Bogorad  
Detroit, Mich.  
Wayne U., '42

A. Stanley Bolster, Jr.  
Nashua, N. H.  
Dartmouth, '43

Joseph Boneparth  
New York, N. Y.  
U. of Pennsylvania, '36

Charles J. Boning  
Milton, Mass.  
Harvard, '37

Ronald F. Bostwick  
Seattle, Wash.  
U. of Washington, '42

Albert H. Bowers  
Lakewood, Ohio  
Pennsylvania State, '41

Alden E. Bowman  
Pratt, Kan.  
Kansas State Teachers, '42

William H. Bowman  
New Orleans, La.  
Tulane U., '42

Derek C. Bownds  
Houston, Texas  
Texas A. & M., '43

Robert S. Bracken  
Clarksburg, W. Va.  
Salem College, '43
Elliott C. Bradford  
Seattle, Wash.  
State College of Washington, '41

Carl S. Brice  
Sulphur Springs, Texas  
East Texas Teachers, '40

Deward B. Brittain  
Spartanburg, S. C.  
U. of South Carolina, '42

C. Robert Britton  
Monmouth, Ill.  
Monmouth, '43

Irving D. Brouman  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
U. of Pittsburgh, '42

Arthur M. Brown  
Cambridge, Mass.  
Dartmouth, '43

Charles M. Brown  
Indianapolis, Ind.  
U. of Notre Dame, '38

Hugh L. Brundage  
Virginia, Minn.  
Carleton College, '36

Harold W. Brunn, Jr.  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
U. of Minnesota, '42

William J. Bryant  
Stamford, Texas  
Texas A. & M., '43

Stefen J. Bryla  
Detroit, Mich.  
Detroit Inst. of Tech., '40

Benjamin H. Bryon, Jr.  
Old Greenwich, Conn.  
Dartmouth, '40
Harry A. Bublick
Adrian, Mich.
Ferris Inst., ’41

Henry L. Buccello
Des Moines, Iowa
U. of Iowa, ’42

Aubrey W. Buchanan
Weatherford, Texas
Texas A. & M., ’43

David L. Buck
Waterloo, Iowa
Iowa State, ’41

Charles M. Bucklin
Brookline, Mass.
Harvard, ’42

Allen W. Burgess
Dallas, Texas
Texas A. & M., ’43

John F. Burke
East Orange, N. J.
Seton Hall, ’42

Carl H. Bush
Newhebron, Miss.
Mississippi State, ’41

M. Thomas Bust
Charlotte, Mich.
Michigan State, ’39

Osborne D. Butcher, Jr.
Topeka, Kan.
U. of Kansas, ’42

Charles J. Callahan
Schenectady, N. Y.
Villanova, ’43

William W. Callahan
Milwaukee, Wis.
Carroll College, ’38
Eugene J. Callan  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
St. Francis, '43

Clarence A. Cameron  
Cookeville, Tenn.  
Tennessee Tech., '37

William C. Cameron  
Pasadena, Cal.  
Stanford, '42

Clinton L. Campbell  
Anderson Island, Wash.  
Stanford U., '43

David R. Campbell  
Monmouth, Ill.  
Monmouth, '37

Frank W. Campbell  
Noblesville, Ind.  
Indiana Law School, '39

John J. Campbell, Jr.  
Bellerose, N. Y.  
Fordham U., '43

Louis B. Cappuccio  
Westerly, R. I.  
Boston U., '39

J. Hugh Capron  
Lanesboro, Minn.  
Winona State Teachers, '40

Geoffrey E. Carlisle  
Topeka, Kan.  
Washburn College, '39

John W. Carlson  
Harrison, N. Y.  
Oswego State Teachers, '38

Lloyd A. Carlson  
Melrose, Minn.  
U. of Minnesota, '42
Ronald W. Carpenter
Lincoln, Neb.
A. and M. A., '37

John A. Carr
Leeds, Ala.
Mississippi Southern, '41

Winthrop W. Carr
Bowdoin, '43

Henry L. Carter
Baltimore, Md.
U. of Virginia, '41

Ralph Caruso
Pittsburgh, Pa.
U. of Pittsburgh, '40

Richard D. Casey
Mason City, Iowa
U. of Notre Dame, '39

Warren C. Casey
Dudley, N. C.
Wake Forest, '42

Raymond C. Chaisson
Cambridge, Mass.
Boston College, '42

J. V. Chandler
Kingsville, Texas
Texas A. & I., '38

John D. Cheatwood
Atlanta, Ga.
Alabama Poly. Inst., '43

John C. Chesney
Chico, Cal.
Chico State College, '38

David F. Chester
Monongahela, Pa.
California State Teachers, '43
John L. Chrislow  
Lodi, Wis.  
U. of Wisconsin, '41

A. Joseph Ciernia  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
U. of Minnesota, '39

Richard T. Clancy  
Beverly, Mass.  
Salem State Teachers, '41

Donald E. Clark  
New Haven, Conn.  
Dartmouth, '43

John F. Clark  
Toledo, Ohio  
Ohio U., '41

William Clarkson III  
Corsicana, Texas  
Texas A. & M., '41

Jay B. Clothier  
Sylvia, Ken.  
Kansas State Teachers, '43

Merrell D. Clubb  
Stillwater, Okla.  
Oklahoma A. & M., '42

George C. Condon  
Brodhead, Wis.  
U. of Wisconsin, '39

Graham B. Conklin  
Ridgewood, N. J.  
Dartmouth, '43

William P. Conlon  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.  
Pennsylvania State College, '41

Paul J. Connolly  
Holy Cross College, '41
John E. Connor
Teaneck, N. J.
Mount Saint Mary's, '43

Joseph T. Connors
Springfield, Mass.
St. Michael's College, '43

Eugene R. Conway
Cumberland Hill, R. I.
Rhode Island State, '43

Ralph W. Cooke, Jr.
Hinsdale, Ill.
U. of Illinois, '38

Floyd E. Cooper
Puxico, Mo.
Missouri State Teachers, '43

Benjamin H. Corning
Mt. Tabor, N. J.
N. J. State Teachers, '43

Thomas J. Cosgrove
New York, N. Y.
Fordham U., '43

David F. Closlet
Beecher City, Ill.
James Millikin U., '39

Charles F. Cottam
North Providence, R. I.
Providence, '43

Daniel T. Cotton
Nyack, N. Y.
Susquehanna U., '37

Ralph M. Coughenour
Columbus, Ohio
Denison U., '39

Robert O. Covey
Oshkosh, Wis.
U. of Wisconsin, '42
John R. Covington
Youngstown, Ohio
Ohio U., '41

John P. Coyle
Ft. Scott, Kan.
Kansas State-Teachers, '39

Andrew R. Craffey
Southwest, Pa.
Xavier U., '40

Donald W. Crance
Geneva, N. Y.
Dartmouth, '43

Daniel J. Crimmins
Larchmont, N. Y.
New York U., '39

Edward H. Crosby
Laurel, Miss.
Mississippi State College, '41

John T. Crowley
Woburn, Mass.
Boston College, '39

James Cruickshank
Saylesville, R. I.
Dartmouth, '43

John W. Crutcher
Hutchinson, Kan.
U. of Kansas, '40

Paul J. Cummings
Providence, R. I.
Providence College, '43

Author L. Curry
Boston, Mass.
Boston College, '42

Edward J. Curtin
Portland, Ore.
U. of Washington, '42

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Robert L. Cushing
Middleboro, Mass.
Amherst College, '39

Charles C. Dadant
Hamilton, Ill.
U. of Illinois, '41

Paul F. Daly
St. Joseph's College, '42

Frederick L. Darlin
Slippery Rock, Pa.
Slippery Rock State Teachers, '42

William B. David
Cuero, Texas
Howard Payne College, '42

Raymond G. Davies
Detroit, Mich.
U. of Detroit, '38

Fred A. Davis
Salem, Ore.
Oregon State, '39

Russell D. Davis
Mount Vernon, Wash.
Western Washington College, '41

Wendell A. Davis
Wollaston, Mass.
Rollins College, '40

R. B. Dawson, Jr.
Tulia, Texas
Texas Tech., '42

Arthur L. Dee
San Francisco, Cal.
Stanford, '42

Philip L. Defliese
Glendale, N. Y.
C. C. N. Y., '40
John A. Ekblad  
Chicago, Ill.  
Northwestern U., '39

Quentin T. Eldred  
Memphis, Tenn.  
U. of Tennessee, '43

Floyd E. Ellerton  
Silverton, Ore.  
Oregon State College, '42

Edward H. Elling  
Manhattan, Kan.  
Kansas State, '42

Joseph F. Ellis, Jr.  
Clarksdale, Miss.  
Washington and Lee U., '43

Morgan C. Elmer  
New York, N. Y.  
Lehigh U., '40

Robert A. Elmore  
Forest Hills, N. Y.  
Parsons College, '40

Joseph R. Ennis  
Kansas City, Mo.  
Kansas U., '43

Paul E. Enz, Jr.  
Nutley, N. J.  
Dartmouth, '43

Robert S. Erickson  
Mayville, Wis.  
Rochester, '42

Eldie Etzel  
Round Top, Texas  
S. W. Texas Teachers, '42

Lawrence L. Everley  
Herington, Kan.  
Ft. Hays Kansas State, '40
Thomas P. Finucane
Jersey, N. J.
Saint Peters, '38

Robert E. L. Fitch
Fairmont, W. Va.
Fairmont State College, '39

Francis B. Fitzpatrick
Ellicottville, N. Y.
U. of Notre Dame, '43

John J. Fitzpatrick
Shamokin, Pa.
Mount Saint Mary's, '43

Joseph P. Fitzpatrick
New York, N. Y.
Niagara U., '43

Theodore R. Fletcher
White Plains, N. Y.
Duke, '40

Otto C. Flom
Delhi, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '42

Vernon H. Fobes
Moorhead, Minn.
Moorhead State, '42

George A. Foote
Portsmouth, Va.
U. of North Carolina, '42

Francis P. Ford
New York, N. Y.
Fordham, '41

Thurston Formy-Duval, Jr.
Whiteville, N. C.
Wake Forest College, '43

Robert D. Forsyth
Youngstown, Ohio
Washington and Jefferson, '43
William J. Georgitis
Bristol, Conn.
Bowdoin, '42

Elmer E. Gerdling
Independence, Ohio
Ohio U., '42

Everett D. Gerwig
Buckhannon, W. Va.
West Virginia Wesleyan, '42

Robert A. Geuting
Lansdowne, Pa.
St. Joseph's, '41

Adam L. Gibson, Jr.
High Point, N. C.
High Point College, '41

Adam Gifford
El Paso, Texas
U. of Portland, '43

Sarando P. Giftos
Portland, Maine
Boston U., '42

Daniel B. Gilbreth
West Caldwell, N. J.
U. of Pennsylvania, '39

James L. Gilfillan
Staten Island, N. Y.
Dartmouth, '43

Wendell K. Gilkerson
Minneapolis, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '42

Walter D. Glasscock, Jr.
Kansas City, Mo.
U. of Missouri, '41

George C. Goller
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Westminster, '43
Lelan C. Good  
Sheldon, N. D.  
North Dakota Agr. College, '42

Robert C. Gorman  
Shaker Heights, Ohio  
John Carroll, '43

Roger E. Gottry  
Minneapolis, Minn  
Hamline U., '42

Abraham Gozonsky  
Laconia, N. H.  
U. of New Hampshire, '38

Fred E. Graff  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Carnegie Tech., '39

Earnest E. Graham  
Wheaton, Ill.  
Cornell College, '38

William C. Graham  
East Orange, N. J.  
Colgate, '43

Bertram S. Green  
Butler, Pa.  
Pennsylvania State, '43

Morris L. Green  
Berwyn, Ill.  
U. of Illinois, '37

Marion D. Greenler  
Holgate, Ohio  
Ohio State U., '42

Harry J. Greenspan  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
U. of Minnesota, '41

Harold F. Greiveldinger  
Port Washington, Wis.  
U. of Wisconsin, '42
John S. Griffin, Jr.
Spiceland, Ind.
Purdue U., '39

Clifton C. Griffiths
Muleshoe, Texas
Texas A. & M., '43

S. Robert Groban
Columbus, Ohio
West Virginia U., '41

Joseph B. Grosch
Belleville, N. J.
Montclair State Teachers, '43

Edward C. Gullion
Lebanon, Ind.
Wabash College, '37

Harry L. Gustafson, Jr.
Dartmouth, '43

Russel W. Gustafson
Greenville, Pa.
Thiel College, '39

Glen S. Guthrie
Ithaca, N. Y.
Cornell U., '41
Cadet Officers Battalion 2A and 2B

SECOND BATTALION

Lt. H. G. Langen
Battalion Commander

Ens. R. L. Austin
Asst. Battalion Commander

Ens. J. B. Kubish
Asst. Battalion Commander
John A. Haag  
Clifton, N. J.  
Mount Saint Mary’s, ’43

Nat H. Hager  
Paintsville, Ky.  
U. of Louisville, ’42

Philip E. Hager  
Seattle, Wash.  
U. of Washington, ’39

Russell H. Hahn  
St. Louis, Mo.  
St. Louis U., ’43

Herbert M. Honier, Jr.  
Boston, Mass.  
Northeastern U., ’41

James T. Haire  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
U. of Minnesota, ’42

David S. Halbakken  
Pelican Rapids, Minn.  
Concordia College, ’39

Robert G. Haldeman  
Marion, Ohio  
Ohio State U., ’39

Randolph V. L. Hall  
New Haven, Conn.  
Washington and Lee U., ’37

Douglas R. Hallett  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Haverford College, ’43

Alden S. Hankla  
Radford, Va.  
Medical College of Virginia, ’41

Philip J. Hanley  
San Francisco, Cal.  
U. of San Francisco, ’40
Paul D. Hanlon  
West Roxbury, Mass.  
Dartmouth, '43

George J. Hanna  
Newton, Kan.  
Kansas U., '42

Lloyd E. Hansen  
Seattle, Wash.  
U. of Washington, '39

Worth T. Harder  
Toledo, Ohio  
U. of Toledo, '40

William J. Hardiman  
Malden, Mass.  
Boston U., '39

William J. R. Hargrave  
Drexel Hill, Pa.  
Maryville College, '42

Alton E. Harness  
Liberal, Kan.  
Kansas State Teachers, '40

John O. Harper  
Dayton, Ohio  
Ohio U., '41

Bernard Harris  
Louisville, Ky.  
U. of Kentucky, '39

Loy E. Harris  
Kansas City, Kan.  
U. of Kansas City, '39

George M. Harrison  
Seattle, Wash.  
U. of Washington, '41

Kenneth A. Hartig  
Dubuque, Iowa  
Drake U., '40
Paul G. Helvey
Emory, Va.
Emory and Henry, '43

Ralph M. Hendrix
Greer, S. C.
Clemson, '41

Gerald J. Hennessy
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Fordham, '37

James J. Henry
Columbus, Ga.
Spring Hill College, '40

William R. Herrell
Midland, Mich.
Flint Junior College, '38

Robert H. Herrick
Minneapolis, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '42

Francis F. Hess
Two Rivers, Wis.
U. of Wisconsin, '41

Harold E. Hester
Crawfordsville, Ind.
Wabash, '38

Eugene E. Hickey
St. Paul, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '41

Edward J. Hickey
Grosse Pointe, Mich.
U. of Notre Dame, '43

Robert J. Hickey
Pittsfield, Mass.
St. Michael's College, '43

Upton M. Hillelson
New York, N. Y.
U. of Pennsylvania, '41
William J. Ivester
Sayre, Okla.
U. of Oklahoma, '43

Meyer C. Jacobs
Brookline, Mass.
Colby, '43

Andrew W. Janosz
Manchester, N. H.
Keena Teachers College, '40

Joseph M. Jefferson
Nemacolin, Pa.
Waynesburg, '42

Leslie E. Jenne
Chewelah, Wash.
State College of Washington, '42

James J. Jezeski
Robbinsdale, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '40

K. Richard Johansson
Chicago, Ill.
U. of Wisconsin, '40

Anard H. Johnson
Chicago, Ill.
Howard, '41

Carl E. Johnson
Logansport, Ind.
Purdue U., '41

Dale M. Johnson
Mabton, Wash.
State College of Washington, '41

Kenneth J. Johnson
Sardis, Tenn.
U. of Tennessee, '40

William H. Johnson
St. Paul, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '42
Robert M. Johnston  
New York, N.Y.  
C. C. N. Y., '42

Donald W. Jones  
Denver, Colo.  
Dartmouth, '43

Norman D. Jones  
Archer, Fla.  
U. of Florida, '42

Robert F. Jones  
Detroit, Mich.  
Wayne U., '40

Walter H. Jungbluth  
Washington, Iowa  
U. of Pennsylvania, '38

Robert Kaderli, Jr.  
New Braunfels, Texas  
Southwest Texas Teachers, '43

Robert A. Kane  
Holy Cross, '39

Irwin D. Karesh  
Charleston, S. C.  
U. of South Carolina, '41

Samuel Karnofsky  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Indiana U., '42

John M. Keefe  
Bronxville, N. Y.  
Dartmouth, '43

John R. Keller  
Chicago, Ill.  
U. of Chicago, '42

Robert J. Kelly  
Detroit, Mich.  
U. of Michigan, '40
Kevin B. Kenny  
Hartford, Conn.  
Dartmouth, '43

Michael W. Kesslak  
Johnstown, Pa.  
Saint Francis, '43

Kermit L. Key  
Eustace, Texas  
E. Texas State Teachers, '43

Leonard J. Keyes  
Columbia Heights, Minn.  
U. of Minnesota, '43

Harold F. Kiley, Jr.  
Norwood, Mass.  
Boston College, '39

John J. Killea  
Susquehanna, Pa.  
U. of Toronto, '42

Edward W. Kilrain  
Painsville, Ohio  
John Carroll U., '43

Robert L. Kiltz  
Chambers, Neb.  
Wayne Teachers College, '36

William M. Kimball  
Ebensburg, Pa.  
Saint Francis, '40

Richard Kimmel  
Willoughby, Ohio  
Dartmouth, '43

Robert P. King  
Stebenville, Ohio  
Muskingum, '41

James A. Kintz  
Sandusky, Ohio  
Ohio State U., '42
William M. MacLenathan  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Hamilton, '41

Alexander J. Macones  
Dunmore, Pa.  
U. of Scranton, '39

Norman A. Maier  
Indianapolis, Ind.  
Purdue U., '40

James B. Malley  
Somersworth, N. H.  
Dartmouth, '43

Richard H. Mallory  
Detroit, Mich.  
U. of Detroit, '42

Elmer T. Malone  
Williamston, N. C.  
Wake Forest College, '39

John A. Maloney  
East Providence, R. I.  
Providence College, '43

Joseph D. Mandel  
New York, N. Y.  
U. of Pennsylvania, '42

Otto C. Marsteller  
Nogales, Ariz.  
U. of Arizona, '43

George W. Martin  
Providence, R. I.  
Rhode Island State, '43

John L. Martin  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
Canisius, '41

Leon E. Martz  
Altoona, Pa.  
Dickinson Jr. College, '39
George D. Mason
Brattleboro, Vt.
Dartmouth, '43

John M. Masterson
New York, N. Y.
Mount Saint Mary's, '43

Lawrence M. Matthews
U. of Pennsylvania, '41

Kenneth C. McArthur
Superior, Wis.
Superior State Teachers, '40

John S. McCaffrey
Leominster, Mass.
Fitchburg State Teachers, '43

Bernard V. McCarthy
Harrisburg, Pa.
Mount Saint Mary's, '43

Eugene E. McCarthy
White Plains, N. Y.
Dartmouth, '43

Dwight G. McCarty
Emmetsburgh, Iowa
Grinnell College, '39

Nelson C. McClary
Winnetka, Ill.
Dartmouth, '43

Frank K. McClelland
Teaneck, N. J.
Bowdoin, '43

Robert W. McCluggage
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Louis U., '43

Donald McCorkindale
Holyoke, Mass.
Dartmouth, '43
Joseph J. McCue
Narragansett, R.I.
Mount Saint Mary's, '43

Robert E. McElliott
Grosse Pointe, Mich.
U. of Michigan, '39

Wilbur P. McElroy
Homer, Ill.
Eastern Illinois State Teacher's, '41

John P. McFadden
Detroit, Mich.
John Carroll U., '43

H. John McGaffigan
Milwaukee, Wis.
Mount Saint Mary's, '41

Henry A. McGill
Englewood, N. J.
Mount Saint Mary's, '43

Ernest D. McIver
Duluth, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '42

Robert L. McKeand
Madison, Ind.
Hanover, Ind., '39

Philip A. McKinney
Paris, Texas
Paris Jr. College, '37

Michael D. McNamara
Detroit, Mich.
U. of Detroit, '42

Chalmers R. McNeely
Mooresville, N. C.
Lees McRae, '40
Joe. B. Minton
Walters, Okla.
U. of Oklahoma, '43

Thomas C. Moarn
Chicago, Ill.
Pennsylvania State College, '43

Joseph J. Molkup
Berwyn, Ill.
U. of Chicago, '41

Thomas W. Momyer
Scottdale, Pa.
Pennsylvania State, '43

Albert P. Moore
Governors Island, N. Y.
Dartmouth, '43

Blount I. Moore
Louisville, Ky.
U. of Mississippi, '39

E. Leon Moore
Blackshear, Ga.
U. of Georgia, '40

Thomas B. Morgan, Jr.
Babylon, N. Y.
Dartmouth, '43

James W. Moriarty
Newton Centre, Mass.
Colby, '43

Alfred L. Morin
Brighton, Mass.
Boston College, '42

Dean W. Morrison
Madison, Wis.
U. of Wisconsin, '42

Joseph W. Morrison
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Fordham U., '36
Milton E. Nelson  
Racine, Wis.  
U. of Wisconsin, '42

Robert J. Nelson  
Billings, Mont.  
Montana State, '40

Robert M. S. Nesbitt  
Tarkio, Mo.  
Tarkio College, '43

Elmer C. Nesius  
Remington, Ind.  
Purdue U., '40

Thomas Newbold  
Boston, Mass.  
Harvard, '38

Robert D. Noble  
Oelwein, Iowa  
U. of Iowa, '41

Thomas W. Newsom  
Lawrenceville, Va.  
Randolph-Macon College, '39

Richard L. Noble  
New Haven, Conn.  
Dartmouth, '43

Anthony Nicolai  
Rocky River, Ohio  
John Carroll U., '43

James A. Nolan  
Queens Village, N. Y.  
St. Johns College, '37

John F. Nissen  
Port Clinton, Ohio  
Ohio Wesleyan, '42
John C. Pfeil  
Passaic, N. J.  
Rutgers, '43

Jack S. Phillips  
Cicero, Ill.  
U. of Illinois, '41

Marshall W. Picken, Jr.  
Bellport, N. Y.  
Bowdoin, '43

Edgar W. Pieper  
Beaver Dam, Wis.  
LaCrosse State Teachers, '43

Joseph B. Pliska  
Fitchburg, Mass.  
Providence College, '42

Alvin C. Polk, Jr.  
Louisville, Ky.  
U. of Kentucky, '39

Harry B. Pollak  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
U. of Pennsylvania, '42

Ernest H. Powell  
Beatrice, Neb.  
U. of Nebraska, '42

James H. Prindle  
Avenal, Cal.  
U. of California, '42

William C. Pritchett  
Linden, Ala.  
Alabama Polytechnic Inst., '42

James A. Purcell  
Evansville, Ind.  
Purdue U., '42

Raymond C. Purcell  
Plain Dealing, La.  
Louisiana Polytechnic Inst., '38
David L. Reavis
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Wake Forest College, '42

Sidney V. Reed
East Port Chester, Conn.
Columbia, '41

Jack H. Reich
Chicago, Ill.
U. of Illinois, '42

David A. Reid
Amarillo, Texas
U. of Minnesota, '38

Donald E. Reiland
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
St. Mary's U., '38

Mathias J. Reiser
Toledo, Ohio
Ohio State U., '40

William C. Remsen
Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
Dartmouth, '43

Charles S. Remy
Red Oak, Iowa
U. of Iowa, '42

Herbert G. Reusch
New York, N. Y.
Columbia, '39

Henry S. Reynolds
Grosse Pointe, Mich.
Dartmouth, '42

Gale L. Richards
Akron, Ohio
U. of Akron, '40
David T. Richardson  
Elgin, Ill.  
Manchester College, '42

Frederick S. Richardson  
Dover, N. H.  
Dartmouth, '43

George O. Richardson, Jr.  
Upper Montclair, N. J.  
Wesleyan U., '43

Allen A. Richman  
New York, N. Y.  
U. of North Carolina, '38

Robert B. Richman  
West Hartford, Conn.  
Dartmouth, '39

John R. Rickhoff  
St. Louis, Mo.  
St. Louis U., '40

Howard W. Rieke  
Blairstown, Iowa  
Iowa U., '39

Benedict E. Rizzuto  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Providence College, '43

Frederick J. Roach  
Hinsdale, Ill.  
U. of Iowa, '37

Dunbar Robb, Jr.  
Charleston, S. C.  
U. of Michigan, '40

Eugene W. Roberts  
Joplin, Mo.  
U. of Missouri, '40

William M. Roberts  
Bar Harbor, Maine  
Bowdoin College, '43
James F. Roohan, Jr.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Michigan State College, '42

Fred L. Rosenberg
Jackson Heights, N. Y.
Syracuse U., '39

Francis E. Ross
Framingham, Mass.
St. Michael's College, '43

William O. Ross
Nyack, N. Y.
Yale, '43

Donald N. Rothman
Baltimore, Md.
U. of Virginia, '42

Charles R. Rounds, Jr.
Nashville, Tenn.
U. of Cincinnati, '41

Morton S. Rubin
Brookline, Mass.
Yale, '42

Bernard S. Rubiner
Detroit, Mich.
U. of Michigan, '39

Anthony G. Rud
New York, N. Y.
Dartmouth, '43

William D. Rumberger
Du Bois, Pa.
Pennsylvania State, '43

Albert E. Rust, Jr.
Newton Highlands, Mass.
Harvard, '41

John T. Ryan
Monroe, La.
U. of Michigan, '42
Cadet Officers Third Battalion

THIRD BATTALION

Lt. P. A. Swart
Battalion Commander

Ens. G. M. Hearne
Ass't. Battalion Commander

Ens. C. A. Reed
Ass't. Battalion Commander
Edwin L. Schmidt
Lockport, N. Y.
Syracuse U., '40

George L. Schmidt
Omaha, Neb.
Creighton U., '37

Thomas B. Schmidt, Jr.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Mount Saint Mary's, '43

Robert R. Schminky, Jr.
Willoughby, Ohio
Ohio U., '42

Robert H. Schroeder
Milwaukee Wis.
Northwestern U., '41

Francis M. Schwartz
Kingfisher, Okla.
St. Benedict's College, '43

Marvin Schwartz
New York, N. Y.
Columbia U., '42

David B. Scott
Pennsylvania State, '43

Charles E. Seger
Sherwood, N. D.
North Dakota State Teachers, '41

Mario F. Senese
Chicago, Ill.
John Marshal Law School, '42

Samuel L. Sepinuck
Boston, Mass.
Brown U., '41

Jack Seriff
San Antonio, Texas
U. of Texas, '42
Henry J. Shames
Milwaukee, Wis.
U. of Chicago, '42

Dean P. Shaw
Monroe, Iowa
U. of Iowa, '42

John H. Shaw
Brookline, Mass.
Dartmouth, '43

Burton C. Shelton
Abilene, Texas
Hardin-Simmons U., '38

William H. Sheridan
Troy, N. Y.
Mount Saint Mary's, '43

Irwin N. Shifrin
Cleveland Heights, Ohio
Western Reserve U., '40

Louis M. Shine, Jr.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Holy Cross College, '42

Henry L. Shorr
Youngstown, Ohio
Ohio U., '42

Bernard J. Short
Cranston, R. I.
Providence College, '42

James A. Silver
Manatee, Fla.
Virginia Tech, '43

Leo Silverstein, Jr.
New York, N. Y.
Dartmouth, '43

James S. Simms
Ocean City, N. J.
Bucknell U., '42
Ely Sires
Palmyra, Wis.
Milwaukee State Teachers, '39

Marvin K. Sizemore
Parsons, Kan.
Kansas State Teachers, '40

A. V. Skinner
Monroe, Okla.
Southeastern State College, '42

Jesse W. Skinner
Shreveport, La.
Louisiana State Normal, '36

Robert L. Slaughter
Indianapolis, Ind.
Butler U., '40

Joseph H. Smies
Courtland, Kan.
Kansas State College, '41

Clinton R. G. Smith
Allerton, Ill.
Northwestern U., '42

Dudley K. Smith
Excelsior, Minn.
U. of Notre Dame, '42

Frank Smith, Jr.
Pendleton, Ind.
Indiana U., '39

Gerald L. Smith
Manchester, Iowa
U. of Dubuque, '42

John H. Smith, Jr.
Kansas City, Mo.
Dartmouth, '42

Joseph M. Smith
Yonkers, N. Y.
Fordham U., '42
Paul E. Stanley
Meriden, Conn.
Bowdoin, '43

Adin P. Steenland
Palisades Park, N. J.
U. of Georgia, '42

Wilbur N. Stegman
Lincoln, Kan.
Emporia State, '43

Newton H. Stein
Minneapolis, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '42

Stanley J. Stein
New York, N. Y.
C. C. N. Y., '43

Leroy Steiner
Providence, R. I.
Rhode Island State, '43

Martin Steinmann
Minneapolis, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '37

Walter L. Stephenson
Henryetta, Okla.
Oklahoma U., '43

Guenther P. Stieghorst
Evanston, Ill.
Monmouth College, '43

Bruce W. Stoddard
Boise, Idaho
U. of Idaho, '39

Robert E. Stokes
Dallas, Texas
Howard Payne College, '43

Donald D. Stolz
Watonga, Okla.
Oklahoma City U., '40
Benjamin Thompson  
Falmouth, Maine  
Bowdoin, '43

Bruce E. Thompson  
Cleveland Heights, Ohio  
John Carroll U., '43

Howard J. Thompson  
Cedar Falls, Iowa  
U. of Iowa, '42

Louis A. Thompson  
Mitchell, S. D.  
Augustana College, '40

Milton A. Thompson  
Watertown, N. Y.  
St. Lawrence U., '40

Leslie M. Thornton  
Kansas City, Mo.  
Kansas U., '42

Edward R. Tinsley  
Columbus, Ohio  
Ohio State U., '42

Charles B. Titus, Jr.  
Sayre, Okla.  
U. of Oklahoma, '43

Charles J. Toma  
Dubuque, Iowa  
U. of Dubuque, '39

Robert Z. Torrance  
Export, Pa.  
Pennsylvania State, '43

Richard L. Tremaine  
Sumner, Iowa  
Upper Iowa U., '41

Ralph P. Trovillion  
University City, Mo.  
Dartmouth, '43
Alexander Turchick  
Watervliet, N. Y.  
Union College, '41

John P. Turner  
The Plains, Va.  
Hampden-Sydney, '42

Joe J. Turner  
Houston, Texas  
U. of Houston, '40

Robert R. Turney  
Topeka, Kan.  
Washburn, '42

John F. Tuttle, Jr.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Mount Saint Mary's, '43

Frank M. Tyree  
London, Ky.  
Bowling Green Business U., '43

Murray S. Underwood  
Petersburg, Iowa  
U. of Iowa, '42

John D. Urquhart  
Lind, Wash.  
U. of Washington, '42

Joseph P. Vaghi, Jr.  
Bethel, Conn.  
Providence College, '42

Wylie W. Vale  
Houston, Texas  
Rice Inst., '39

Clement G. Vandell  
Leoneth, Minn.  
Iowa State, '42

Wellington J. VandeWalker  
Gloversville, N. Y.  
St. Michael's College, '43
Herbert P. Walker, Jr.
Clarion, Iowa
U. of Iowa, '42

Oscar H. Walker
Whitesburg, Tenn.
Lincoln Memorial U., '39

Robert Y. Walker, Jr.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
U. of Wisconsin, '39

Wayne H. Walker
Russell, Kan.
Oklahoma A. & M., '37

Robert Wallace
Wallingford, Conn.
Yale, '42

Frederick H. Wallis
Durango, Iowa
Dartmouth, '43

Henry R. Walsen
Concord, N. C.
Elon, '37

John D. Walton
Glen Ridge, N. J.
Dartmouth, '43

Ralph C. Wands
Akron, Ohio
Kent State U., '41

David L. Wann
Terre Haute, Ind.
De Pauw U., '42

Kenneth D. Wann
Leighton, Ala.
Florence State Teachers, '38

E. Smedley Ward, Jr.
Dartmouth, '43
Robert J. Ward
Hillsdale, N. J.
Rutger's College of Pharmacy, '43

Arthur R. Ware
Quincy, Mass.
U. of Glasgow, Scotland, '36

John E. Waterston
Canton, Mo.
Culver-Stockton, '43

Alfred S. Wathen
Bardstown, Ky.
U. of Kentucky, '39

C. Donald Watkins
Columbus, Ohio
Carnegie Tech, '43

Roy Watson
Rochester, Minn.
Dartmouth, '43

Richard H. Watson
Springfield, Ill.
Wabash, '43

Richard J. Watts
Baltimore, Md.
Princeton, '42

Joseph T. Wazney
Scranton, Pa.
Pennsylvania State, '42

William S. Webber
Ben Avon, Pa.
Yale, '42

Sheridan H. Wedow
Cleveland, Ohio
Duke, '41

Mark L. Wehle
New York, N. Y.
Harvard, '37
Francis J. Weingartner  
Gladstone, Mich.  
Central State Teachers, '40

Paul C. Weise  
Milwaukee, Wis.  
U. of Wisconsin, '42

Albert W. Wells  
Jersey City, N. J.  
Trenton Teachers, '43

D. A. Westmoreland, Jr.  
Clover, S. C.  
U. of South Carolina, '40

William H. Whealton  
Tampa, Fla.  
U. of Tampa, '43

Ralph R. Wheaton  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
U. of Minnesota, '42

James D. Wells  
Wellesley Hills, Mass.  
Dartmouth, '43

D. A. Westmoreland, Jr.  
Clover, S. C.  
U. of South Carolina, '40

William H. Whealton  
Tampa, Fla.  
U. of Tampa, '43

Ralph R. Wheaton  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
U. of Minnesota, '42

John E. Wheeler  
Platteville, Wis.  
Platteville State Teachers, '39

Warren G. Wheeler, Jr.  
Dedham, Mass.  
Bowdoin, '43

Carl H. Wheelon  
Sunnyside, Wash.  
Washington State College, '39

James F. White  
Marissa, Ill.  
Monmouth College, '42

John A. Whitney  
Peoria, Ill.  
Wabash, '43
Leslie J. Wouters  
Green Bay, Wis.  
U. of Wisconsin, '41  

Stanley P. Wronski  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
U. of Minnesota, '42  

Walton J. Wuebbold  
Hamilton, Ohio  
U. of Notre Dame, '40  

John F. Wynne  
Woodbridge, Conn.  
Dartmouth, '43  

Lauren L. York  
Grinnell, Iowa  
U. of Iowa, '41  

Conrad S. Young  
Omaha, Neb.  
Dartmouth, '43  

William E. Young  
St. Clairsville, Ohio  
Ohio Wesleyan, '42  

Chester J. Zabek  
Adams, Mass.  
Providence College, '42  

Roger I. Zurgable  
Emmitsburg, Md.  
Mount Saint Mary's, '43  

Warren E. Zweig  
Whiting, Ind.  
Indiana U., '42  

Warner M. Wilcox  
New York, N. Y.  
Dartmouth, '43
Cadet Officers Fourth Battalion

FOURTH BATTALION

U.S.S. BADIN
Ens. E. G. Hotchkiss  
Company Officer of 12y

Ens. C. H. Clark  
Company Officer of 11x

Lt. E. C. Fant  
Battalion Commander

Ens. G. A. Hardy  
Company Officer of 12x

Ens. D. K. Stucky  
Company Officer of 12y
William A. Brooks  
Newark, N. J.  
Lehigh U., '42

Edwin C. Brown  
LaCrosse, Wis.  
U. of Wisconsin, '41

George R. Brown  
Colorado City, Texas  
California Inst. of Tech., '40

Marvin H. Buhner  
Racine, Wis.  
U. of Wisconsin, '42

Robert F. Burns  
Ashtabula, Ohio  
U. of Cincinnati, '38

Robley A. Butler  
Camas, Wash.  
Oregon State, '39

John G. Byrne  
Sandwich, Mass.  
Holy Cross, '41

Edward J. Cahill  
San Mateo, Cal.  
Stanford, '41

Joseph B. Callagee  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
Canisius, '40

William E. Campagne  
Akron, Ohio  
U. of Minnesota, '37

H. Leroy Carr  
Albert Lea, Minn.  
Iowa State, '39

Howard G. Carter  
Ames, Iowa  
Iowa State, '39
Nathan M. Childs, Jr.
Opelousas, La.
Louisiana U., '42

James M. Chisholm
Cincinnati, Ohio
U. of Cincinnati, '42

Lane M. Christ
Rochester, N. Y.
Rensselaer Tech, '43

Henry L. Clark, Jr.
East Orange, N. J.
Stevens Inst. of Tech., '38

Egbert H. Clower
Atlanta, Ga.
Emory U., '42

Edwin G. P. Collen
Bronxville, N. Y.
Stevens Tech., '42

John T. Collins
Orange, N. J.
Cornell U., '40

William J. Collins, Jr.
Biloxi, Miss.
Mississippi State, '42

C. Gordon Colony
North Liberty, Iowa
Iowa State, '41

Harold L. Conrad
Minneapolis, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '41

Harold W. Coryell
Red Oak, Iowa
Iowa State, '40

Garland Craig, Jr.
Oak Park, III.
Purdue U., '39
Charles E. Crandall, Jr.
Arlington, N. J.
Princeton, '42

Arthur O. Crownover
Independence, Mo.
Oklahoma A. & M., '40

Augustus J. Dagian
Opelousas, La.
Colorado State College, '39

John R. DeClue, Jr.
Denver, Colo.
U. of Colorado, '42

Carrol F. Deyoe
Jetmore, Kan.
Kansas State, '42

Thomas J. Digan, Jr.
Rockville Centre, N. Y.
Stevens Tech., '41

John T. Donnelly
Mackinac Island, Mich.
U. of Notre Dame, '42

Hugh J. Donohue
W. New York, N. Y.
Fordham U., '37

James J. Dooley, Jr.
Parsons, Kan.
Kansas State, '41

Harry A. Downing
Rensselaer Tech., '37

Harold E. Dregne
Marshfield, Wis.
Stevens Point State, '38

William A. Dufresne
Cleveland, Ohio
Fenn College, '43
Richard T. Dungan  
Dayton, Ohio  
Cornell U., '41

David B. Eames  
Pontiac, Mich.  
Michigan State, '38

Judson B. Eisnor  
Everett, Mass.  
Tufts College, '40

Kermit E. Elam  
Edgewood, Texas  
North Texas Teachers, '38

Pedro J. Engardio  
Williamston, Mich.  
General Motors Inst., '42

Ned H. Englehart  
Chicago, Ill.  
Purdue U., '42

James Eppolito  
Nanty-Glo, Pa.  
U. of Arkansas, '42

Maurice J. Feldman  
Beckmeyer, Ill.  
James Millikin, '40

Frank Fiederling  
Clarksville, Tenn.  
Southwestern, '36

John B. Foley  
Clark U., '40

Arthur L. Friedberg  
Yorkville, Ill.  
U. of Illinois, '41

Arnold R. Gahler  
Portland, Ore.  
U. of Pacific, '41
Robert J. Gaillard
Cleveland, Ohio
Fenn College, '41

George Garrish
Detroit, Mich.
U. of Detroit, '41

Robert V. Gauthier
Glen Ridge, N. J.
Newark College, '41

James W. Goodhue
Mt. Vernon, Wash.
M. I. T., '43

Harry M. Goodman
Akron, Ohio
College of Wooster, '39

Don R. Gosch
Hammond, Ind.
U. of Illinois, '39

Walter O. Graham, Jr.
Upper Montclair, N. J.
Lehigh U., '42

Lloyd V. Gray
Stillwater, Okla.
Oklahoma A. & M., '42

Sidney F. Greenwald
Baltimore, Md.
M. I. T., '43

James K. Guilfoyle
Oak Park, Ill.
St. Benedict's, '37

Craig F. Haaren
Allenhurst, N. J.
Rutgers U., '41

Harold W. Haight
Ottawa, Kan.
U. of Kansas, '40
Arthur B. Jones  
Wayne, Mich.  
Edison Tech., '42

Morton J. Keisler  
Homestead, Pa.  
U. of Pittsburgh, '42

William W. Ketchum  
Marysville, Mo.  
Maryville Teachers, '42

James P. King  
Nokomis, Fla.  
Florida Southern College, '42

Ralph N. King  
Cincinnati, Ohio  
U. of Cincinnati, '41

William C. King  
Akron, Ohio  
U. of Akron, '42

Joseph M. Kishel  
Nanticoke, Pa.  
Indiana U., '42

James G. Krieble  
Union City, N. J.  
Princeton, '42

Chester F. Kruszyna  
Adams, Mass.  
Tufts, '41

Joseph H. Kuranz  
Waukesha, Wis.  
Tri-State, '41

Lebert W. Lamb  
Cooper, Texas  
East Texas State, '42

Edwin R. Lasner  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Carnegie Tech., '38
Earl D. Leeth
Morgantown, Ohio
Ohio State U., '42

Willard D. Libby
Waterville, Maine
Colby, '37

Herman F. Lippman
Providence, R. I.
Brown U., '37

Sidney C. Little
Fond du Lac, Wis.
U. of Michigan, '42

Isador J. Livant
New York, N.Y.
New York U., '39

John S. Livermore
San Francisco, Cal.
Stanford, '40

Nathaniel F. Lovelace, Jr.
Macclesfield, N.C.
North Carolina State College, '37

Samuel J. MacMullan
Williamsport, Pa.
Penn State, '37

John A. Malley
New Castle, Pa.
Tri-State College, '42

John P. Malone
Cleveland, Ohio
John Carroll U., '37

Leonard L. Martin
Kansas City, Mo.
U. of Illinois, '41

Marshall L. Masterson
Voith, Texas
Texas U., '41
Harry F. Poll
Chicago, Ill.
Purdue U., '41

Max Pollack
Milwaukee, Wis.
U. of Wisconsin, '41

Edward M. Poole
Barberton, Ohio
Lafayette College, '36

George Popa
Canton, Ohio
College of Wooster, '41

Ronald M. Porteous
Far Hills, N. J.
U. of Illinois, '39

Seymour Post
Fulton, Ill.
U. of Illinois, '40

Angelo H. Prezioso
Youngstown, Ohio
Youngstown College, '39

Charles A. Quinn, Jr.
St. Louis, Mo.
Washington U., '39

Julius Raskin
Erie, Pa.
Allegheny College, '42

Richard R. Raven
Bay Shore, N. Y.
M. I. T., '43

William T. Reace, Jr.
Chicago, Ill.
U. of Illinois, '42

Clarence G. Reber
Reading, Pa.
Lehigh U., '41
William M. Redd, Jr.
Baltimore, Md.
U. of Maryland, '42

C. Espy Reed
New Orleans, La.
Louisiana State U., '39

Charles F. Reed
Chicago, Ill.
Kalamazoo, '37

Paul W. Regan
Lowell, Mass.
Lowell Textile Inst., '37

Franklin M. Rhodes
Youngstown, Ohio
Ohio State U., '39

Russell R. Rhoads
Laramie, Wyo.
Wyoming U., '42

Cecil R. Rohrer
Neenah, Wis.
Kansas State College, '39

Donald W. Rindt
Madison, Wis.
U. of Wisconsin, '40

David F. Roach, Jr.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Rose Polytechnic, '42

Hugh R. Roberts
Wells, Mich.
Michigan College of M. & T., '40

George Robertson
Detroit, Mich.
Wayne U., '40

Seth A. Robins
Webster Groves, Mo.
Colgate U., '40
Ward S. Sear  
Des Moines, Iowa  
Iowa State, '42

William F. Seewagen  
Glendale, N. Y.  
Brooklyn Poly., '38

Thomas A. Shank  
Chillicothe, Ohio  
Ohio State, '41

Charles J. Sharav  
Chicago, Ill.  
U. of Illinois, '38

Wesley S. Shaw  
North Bessemer, Pa.  
Carnegie Tech, '42

Will H. Shearon, Jr.  
Nashville, Tenn.  
Vanderbilt U., '36

Stanley M. Slawsky  
Albany, N. Y.  
Rensselaer Poly., '43

Arthur B. Smith, Jr.  
San Francisco, Cal.  
U. of California, '42

Garrison P. Smith  
Orange, Texas  
Alfred U., '42

John P. Smith  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Purdue U., '40

Thomas S. Smith  
U. of Pennsylvania, '33

William K. Smith  
Du Bois, Pa.  
Pennsylvania State College, '41
John R. Stair  
Akron, Ohio  
Ohio State U., '38

James E. Steele  
Sharon, Pa.  
Grove City College, '40

Lawrence E. Stewart  
Annapolis, Md.  
M.I.T., '43

Robert M. Stewart  
Wilson Dam, Ala.  
Alabama Poly., '40

William F. Stewart  
Saffordville, Kan.  
Kansas State, '40

Lee B. Storms  
Evansville, Ind.  
Indiana U., '36

James H. E. Summers  
Pittsburg, Kan.  
Kansas State, '42

Richard W. Sweet  
Woonsocket, R.I.  
Rhode Island State, '42

Milton Taxer  
Portland, Ore.  
Iowa State, '38

Torrence R. Thomas  
Mertion, Pa.  
M.I.T., '43

Ernest M. Thompson  
Ann Arbor, Mich.  
Tri-State, '41

William M. Tinnon  
Larchmont, N.Y.  
Rensselaer Poly., '43
Carl F. Van Hartesveldt
Detroit, Mich.
Hope College, '40

William M. Van Lonkhuyzen
Grand Rapids, Mich.
U. of Michigan, '40

Andrew C. Verock
Montgomery, Mich.
Tri-State, '36

Ralph J. Vitale
East Boston, Mass.
Tufts, '42

Herbert T. Wade
City Island, N. Y.
Tri-State College, '42

Raymond L. Walter
Jersey City, N. J.
New York U., '42

Roger Walwark III
Brentwood, Mo.
Washington U., '42

Robert B. Wehrung
Indianapolis, Ind.
Purdue U., '39

Charles R. Weir
Birmingham, Mich.
Michigan State, '42

John J. Weixel, Jr.
Nyack, N. Y.
Cooper Union, '40

Albert H. Welle
Bloomfield, N. J.
Syracuse U., '42

William E. Welliver, Jr.
Lock Haven, Pa.
Pennsylvania State College, '38
Hey Sir, where can we find the Navigation Tree?
SECOND FOURTH BATTALION

Morris E. Allen
Rolla, Mo.
School of Mines and Metallurgy, '43

Ralph N. Albert
Charlestown, Mass.
Tufts College, '36

John F. Ambos
New Brunswick, N. J.
Rutgers, '42

Robert J. Ames
De Peyer, N. Y.
Cornell, '38

Robert J. Ardissono
Oshkosh, Neb.
U. of Nebraska, '38

Marvin W. Arkin
Savannah, Ga.
Georgia Tech., '43

George W. Baker, Jr.
Baltimore, Md.
Loyola of Baltimore, '43

Stuart A. Barksdale
University, Va.
U. of Virginia, '40

Peter Barna
Mayne, W. Va.
Tri-State College, '43

Paul W. Bast
Rockfield, Wis.
U. of Wisconsin, '37
Richard R. Bernard  
Jacksonville, Fla.  
U. of Virginia, '39

Joseph R. Bonnet  
Morgan City, La.  
S. W. Louisiana Inst., '38

Willard P. Boswell  
Freeport, Ill.  
Beloit, '41

David G. Bowers  
Fitzgerald, Ga.  
Alabama Polytech., '43

Charles L. Brown, Jr.  
Ridgewood, N. J.  
U. of Virginia, '43

Edward W. Brown, Jr.  
Lexington, Ky.  
U. of Kentucky, '40

Frank R. Bucko  
War, W. Va.  
Virginia Polytech, '43

Herbert E. Burgess  
Castelford, Idaho  
Eastern Washington College, '42

Waldo E. Bushnell, Jr.  
Winsted, Conn.  
Rensselaer Polytech., '43

Ralph O. Butler  
Fort Madison, Wts.  
Iowa State, '42

Morrison G. Cain, Jr.  
Kenmore, N. Y.  
Clarkson Tech., '41

Cornelius Callahan  
Lafayette, Ind.  
Purdue U., '42
Thomas C. Callaway, Jr.
Atlanta, Ga.
Emory U., '37

James F. Callicott
Oneida, N. Y.
Colgate, '42

William S. Calwell
Logan, W. Va.
Berea College, '38

William T. Charles
Ahoskie, N. C.
Wake Forest, '42

James R. Clark
Dormont, Pa.
U. of Pittsburgh, '43

Michael J. Colarusso
New York, N. Y.
Northeastern U., '37

James A. Connolly
Scranton, Pa.
U. of Scranton, '43

Charles E. Cook
Princeton, '42

John M. Cooper
Montgomery, Ala.
Alabama Polytech., '42

Frank T. Cotter
Sharon, Conn.
Cornell Law School, '42

Frank A. Cox
St. Paul, Minn.
Macalester, '38

Harold E. Cozine
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cooper Union Inst., '39
Karl P. Karsten  
St. Charles, Mo.  
Valparaiso U., '43

Richard R. Kasson  
Sheboygan, Wis.  
Ripon, '41

Sanford A. Katz  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Western Reserve, '36

Edward J. Kelley  
Lowell, Mass.  
Purdue U., '39

William M. Kelley  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
U. of Southern California, '43

Duane L. Kenaga  
Cadillac, Mich.  
U. of Michigan, '43

George M. Kent  
San Marino, Cal.  
Occidental, '42

Richard H. Killion  
Supply, Okla.  
Oklahoma A. & M., '43

Robert E. Kiracofe  
Richmond, Ind.  
Transylvania, '40

Clarence G. Kjellberg  
Chicago, Ill.  
Purdue, '42

Leo A. Klein  
Almira, Wash.  
U. of Washington, '43

William H. Kohlmann, Jr.  
Woodhaven, N. Y.  
St. John's U., '42
Robert Kramer
New Bedford, Mass.
Brown U., '43

Donald E. Krebs
Marietta, Pa.
Lehigh, '43

Herman E. Lammer
Indianapolis, Ind.
Indian State Teachers, '40

Theodore D. Lance
St. Petersburg, Fla.
U. of North Carolina, '38

Edward M. Lang
Chicago, Ill.
Purdue, '43

Edgar J. LeBlanc
New Orleans, La.
Tulane U., '38

Robert E. Lee
Sac City, Iowa
Iowa State, '43

Harry Leighton
Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Cornell, '40

Israel Z. Lenzner
Buffalo, N.Y.
Massachusetts Tech., '43

George W. Lewis, Jr.
Chevy Chase, Md.
U. of Maryland, '43

William D. Lewis
Carbondale, Pa.
Pennsylvania State, '38

Edward R. Ligon
Herrin, Ill.
Southern Illinois Normal, '43
Dorsey O. Maynard
Huntington, W. Va.
Marshall College, '41

Clark V. McCarty
Kansas City, Mo.
U. of Kansas City, '37

John C. McCarty
Louisville, Ky.
U. of Louisville, '43

Robert E. McConnell
Storm Lake, Iowa
Buena Vista College, '42

William J. McCready
Louisville, Ky.
Berea, '41

William M. McFate
Youngstown, Ohio
Case School of Applied Science, '42

Charles W. McMahon
Fort Dodge, Iowa
U. of Iowa, '40

Peter J. Metz, Jr.
Neenah, Wis.
St. Norbert, '38

Robert Mills
Chicago, Ill.
Northwestern U., '42

Frank C. Mingledorff
Douglas, Ga.
Georgia Tech., '41

Neal M. Mitchell
Grand Forks, N. D.
U. of North Dakota, '38

Philip J. Mitchell
Meridian, Miss.
Tulane U., '40
Edward J. Palka  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
Canisius College, '41

Paul D. Pasquine  
Dorchester, Mass.  
Boston College, '43

Howard C. Pettett  
Peoria, Ill.  
Bradley Tech., '41

Harry R. Phillips, Jr.  
Spartanburg, S. C.  
Rensselaer Polytech., '43

C. Vinton Plath  
Ithaca, N. Y.  
North Dakota State College, '37

Dawes H. Potter  
St. Paul, Minn.  
U. of Minnesota, '42

Robert S. Putterman  
Baltimore, Md.  
Loyola, '43

James D. Ramsey  
Lowell, Mass.  
Yale U., '43

Julian J. Raynes  
Augusta, Ga.  
Georgia Tech., '41

Kenneth L. Read  
Bloomfield, N. J.  
Princeton U., '43

Kenneth L. Retherford  
Lakebay, Wash.  
U. of Illinois, '39

Robert L. Rhodes  
Duncambe, Iowa  
Iowa State, '43
James T. Riley  
Nashville, Tenn.  
Vanderbilt, '41

Aven L. Roberts  
Kirksville, Mo.  
Northeast Missouri State, '41

Allan H. Roush  
Hardin, Mont.  
Montana State College, '40

Donald Rowell  
New York, N. Y.  
Harvard, '37

Stuart H. Roy  
New Britain, Conn.  
Pratt Institute, '43

Harold I. Rubenstein  
Brockton, Mass.  
Harvard, '37

Gordon F. Ruble  
Pearsburg, Va.  
Roanoke College, '39

George M. Rupley  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
Cornell U., '42

Bernard L. Sarahan  
Maywood, Ill.  
Loyola, '42

Elwood D. Scandrett  
Grinnell, Iowa  
U. of Minnesota, '39

William J. Schmitt  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
U. of Pittsburgh, '40

Robert B. Schow  
Hudson, Ohio  
Case School of Applied Science, '42
James E. Stephenson  
Mt. Vernon, Ga.  
Georgia Tech., '43

John S. Stock  
Shelby, Ohio  
Case School of Applied Science, '43

Eugene H. Stone  
North Manchester, Ind.  
Manchester, '38

Morton H. Stovroff  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
Purdue, '42

Andrew G. Suozzo  
Long Island City, N. Y.  
Pratt Institute, '43

Kenneth F. Sweeney  
Great Neck, N. Y.  
Columbia U., '39

James B. Tackett  
Bluefield, W. Va.  
Virginia Polytech, '43

Robert H. Tarr  
Portland, Ore.  
Reed College, '42

Jerome Teter  
Dickson, Pa.  
U. of Scranton, '42

Scott D. Thayer  
Swarthmore, Pa.  
Middlebury College, '43

Howard H. Thompson, Jr.  
Newark, Ohio  
Muskingum College, '40

Avery J. Timms  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
U. of Southern California, '43
W. Robert Titus
Farmdale, Ohio
Ohio State U., '37

D. Hugh Tarhan
Welsh, La.
Louisiana State U., '43

J. B. Trent, Jr.
Roanoke, Va.
U. of Virginia, '41

Robert M. Vredenburg
Troy, N. Y.
Rensselaer Polytech., '43

S. J. Wahl
Astoria, Ore.
Oregon State, '43

James D. Walker
Amherst, Mass.
Massachusetts State, '41

Robert F. Walker
Clear Lake, Iowa
Iowa State, '42

Theodore L. Wassard
Portland, Ore.
U. of Washington, '41

William R. Watson, Jr.
Haverford, '41

Robert C. Wayne
New York, N. Y.
Rensselaer Polytech., '39

James N. Westveer
Holland, Mich.
Michigan State, '40

Paul S. Wheeler
Beaver, Pa.
Pennsylvania State, '42
H. L. White
Selma, N. C.
Atlantic Christian College, '42

Philip D. White
Okmulgee, Okla.
U. of Oklahoma, '43

Wesley K. White
Stillwater, Okla.
East Central State Teachers, '35

H. Sidney Williams
San Francisco, Cal.
U. of California, '38

Robert H. Winter
Holland, Mich.
Hope College, '37

J. William Witherspoon, Jr.
Mercersburg, Pa.
Lehigh U., '42

Charles E. Witty
Cortland, N. Y.
Syracuse U., '41

Henry S. Wulf
Hampton, Va.
Harvard, '39

Robert L. Woodard
Shreveport, La.
L. S. U., '42

Arthur A. Zimecki
Chicago, Ill.
Spring Hill, '43

Victor H. Zoller
Tulsa, Okla.
Missouri School of Mines, '43

John E. Zubak
Trafford, Pa.
Susquehanna U., '43
Some day in the not too far distant future, many of we midshipmen now at Notre Dame may be in very tough spots as we pursue our naval careers.

Perhaps the situation may be a lonely life-raft tossing on the broad Pacific, perhaps it may be just a continuous routine of lashing winds, soaked clothing and poor food on a watered and trembling destroyer.

Nostalgia will assail us. We will think back on our training at Notre Dame—our golden days 'neath the Golden Dome. Yes, we'll think back on many things, among them these:

Up at 0550 and out on the parade for calisthenics. Easily distinguishable whites were the uniform as often-times the moon was hidden and starlight wasn't sufficient insurance we wouldn't do deep knee bends on another man's stomach.

Jerseys were also worn so that men who sought warmth by hiding in snowdrifts could be detected and made to fall back in.

Birds, awakened in their deepest slumber, chirped profanely at us and with soft clucking noises urged their young to go back to sleep as we had never been known to harm any of them.

After fifteen minutes of such fun we were dismissed despite our protests for "just six more push-ups, to make it an even hundred." As we ran reluctantly to our halls, we gibed and catcalled the less hardy of our shipmates who had frozen in a scare crow stance midway in a jumping-jack.

Back in our billets we loudly agreed that the exercise was the best thing in the world for us, meanwhile making a mental note to stop in and see how much our pneumonia had improved since yesterday.

Leisurely ablutions followed. With only four men in a room containing a big wash-basin, it was a simple trick to shave two at a time, and besides the omnipresent wind closed those gashes quicker than any styptic pencil yet invented.

Talking in ranks was prohibited, but few could resist the temptation to conjecture what new goodies were to be placed before us as we formed for breakfast. Morning meals were so varied it would be impossible to list this gourmet's dream come true. Let it suffice to say that once in a while, not all the time, mind you, we had cinnamon rolls and corn flakes. Who could ask for anything better?

Familiar now to the easy-going pace, we lolled over breakfast for six or seven minutes, until finally the urge to clean up our little homes became too strong and off we went to make things spic and span.

Class formations were a delight to all.

Instructions were exciting and informative. We would sit entranced as our instructors dramatically related how the firing pin impinged on the cap, or how free surface effect was minimized by compartmentation.

After an hour or two of these intellectual pearls, we would return to our quarters, and marvel with our
room-mate on the clarity and cogency of the lecture.

As we crossed the threshold we saw we had visitors during our absence. All left written evidence of their presence, and if we only had a typewriter on the desk, the scene would be just like a city editor's desk ten minutes after the OWI press releases come in.

There would be a little note from the company officer saying he had dropped by and would we please come to his office and initial a demerit list. There would be three or four official memorandums, the most important of which told of the dire consequences in store for any man found eating in the public cafeteria between 11:30 and 13:30. One of the chiefs, the MJOD and the OOD all wanted to see us at once.

But before we could get off on these important errands, the mate announced the uniform of the day had been changed, we were to fall out in inside information immediately and the watch bill was to be signed before noon.

Mid-morning marches from the classroom building to our halls were the best sport of the day. Drummers who discarded inhibitions and played "ragtime, jazz time, swing, any old thing;" officers and chiefs lining the walks to call encouraging "hip, hip" in practiced discord, combined to make the return informal and carefree. We were certainly the happy group as we skipped back from classes.

After hearing the wise advice, delivered succinctly in half an hour, that all men should have haircuts for captain's inspection, we returned to our rooms and awaited noon chow formation.

Afternoons were even better than mornings. When we first arrived on the ship there was nothing to do in our liberty period except have pie and coffee in the cafeteria or, disgusted with inactivity, seek refuge from ennui on one's bunk.

A month was all we could stand of that and finally we prevailed on company officers to have an athletic program instituted. Organized entirely on a "voluntary" basis, this athletic program enjoyed a huge success. Even those individuals who were not fortunate enough to land on one of the competing teams asked that they be drilled for an hour just to keep in condition. Their request was willingly granted.

Evenings, devoted mainly to study, had a touch of sadness about them—soon another glorious day would be gone and we would be that much nearer the end of our stay in our garden of Eden.

When taps would sound we climbed mournfully into our bunks, resigned to wasting more than seven hours in sleep.

So when that day of the life-raft or arduous duty comes, and we recall that which has gone before, we'll finally pray, "this is bad, O Lord, but thanks for letting us see that things could be worse."
I don't give a damn if you took a dozen pills—put those pants on right!

"Noo Yawk" Zootaform

There Were 96 From Dartmouth
SEAMANSHIP
Mr. Walrath, head of the Seamanship department, is a graduate of North Dakota State college and holds an M.S. degree in engineering from Iowa State college. He entered the teaching profession on leaving Iowa State and was head of the engineering department of the North Dakota school of Forestry prior to entering the Navy in August of 1942. After indoctrination at the Naval Reserve Officer’s Training school in New York, Mr. Walrath was assigned to the Ordnance department of the Naval Training school at Columbia and was transferred to Notre Dame on March 1, 1943.
"Just the International Date Line, Commander."
NAVIGATION
Lt. G. M. Bloom, USNR
New York, N. Y.
Commissioned June 11, 1942

Mr. Bloom, head of the Navigation department, was graduated from Miami University in 1926 with the B.S. degree and in 1939 was awarded an M.A. at Northwestern University. Before receiving his commission in the Naval Reserve in June of 1942, Mr. Bloom was a mathematics instructor. After indoctrination at Prairie State he was stationed at the Naval Training school, Columbia University, where he became head of the Johnson hall section of the Navigation department. Mr. Bloom was transferred to Notre Dame in February of 1943.
Ens. G. J. Lovett, Jr., USNR  
Cambridge, Mass.  
Commissioned May 12, 1942

Ens. A. L. Whiteman, USNR  
Commissioned May 13, 1942

Ens. E. F. Gardner, USNR  
Beverly, Mass.  
Commissioned May 15, 1942

Ens. W. H. Gregory, USNR  
Commissioned Oct. 9, 1942

Ens. D. H. Baird, USNR  
St. Paul, Minn.  
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. J. J. Meaders, USNR  
Phillips, Neb.  
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. R. K. Smith, USNR  
Clairton, Iowa  
Commissioned Dec. 8, 1942

Ens. H. O. White, Jr., USNR  
Glenolden, Pa.  
Commissioned Dec. 24, 1942

Ens. D. C. Lewis, Jr., USNR  
Lexington, Va.  
Commissioned Dec. 24, 1942

Ens. T. E. Haven, USNR  
Berkeley, Cal.  
Commissioned Dec. 24, 1942

Ens. J. H. Matson, USNR  
Racine, Wis.  
Commissioned Dec. 24, 1942

Ens. E. A. Rauscher, USNR  
Memphis, Tenn.  
Commissioned Dec. 24, 1942
Ens. G. Fifer, USNR
Los Angeles, Cal.
Commissioned Jan. 28, 1943

Ens. G. S. Fox, USNR
Nashville, Tenn.
Commissioned Feb. 17, 1943

USS SPEARFISH
A graduate of the Cooper Union Institute of Technology, Mr. Urban, head of the Ordnance department, holds degrees in chemical engineering and education. He is an expert on ship models and has acted as ship model consultant for the New Bedford, Penobscot and Salem Marine Museums, and as secretary-treasurer of the New York Ship Lore and Model Society. After receiving his commission in May of 1942, Mr. Urban was a member of the Ordnance department at Abbott Hall. He was ordered here in October of 1942.
Ens. C. H. Clark, USNR
Tallahassee, Fla.
Commissioned June 1, 1942

Ens. C. W. Fotis, USNR
Lynn, Mass.
Commissioned July 17, 1942

Ens. M. A. Sprague, USNR
White Lake, Wis.
Commissioned Sept. 9, 1942

Ens. E. B. Wallace, USNR
Austin, Texas
Commissioned Sept. 10, 1942

Ens. J. L. Crowley, USNR
Providence, R. I.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. R. H. Austin, USNR
Stamford, Texas
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. J. E. Bates, Jr., USNR
Muskogee, Okla.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. M. L. Roark, USNR
Littleton, Colo.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. H. T. Sorensen, USNR
Chicago, Ill.
Commissioned Oct. 26, 1942

Ens. R. Sundene, USNR
Chicago, Ill.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. A. N. Turner, USNR
Topeka, Kan.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. E. D. Murphy, USNR
Alhambra, Cal.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942
Ens. L. E. Dyer, USNR
Bloomington, Ind.
Commissioned Dec. 24, 1942

Ens. M. J. Hetland, USNR
Rochelle, Ill.
Commissioned Jan. 21, 1943
DAMAGE CONTROL
As head of the Damage Control department, Mr. Pearce came to Notre Dame in September of 1942 from his civilian position as mechanical and construction engineer for the Cater Oil company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey. Mr. Pearce served in the Navy from 1929 to 1930 when he received an appointment to the Naval Academy. Shortly after his graduation from Annapolis Mr. Pearce resigned his commission and went on inactive duty. He was ordered here immediately upon returning to active duty.
THE CAPSTAN

Some sixty men turned out in room one of the Classroom building during the second week of February to signify their interests in this, the second class book published by midshipmen here at Notre Dame, and to offer their varied experience toward its editing. Of that sixty, a mere eight men remain at this time, and they, with new recruits, have scoured the base from every angle to assemble the information, art and pictures contained herein.

Those fellows down the hall who never seemed to sleep, the guys who faced you with a picture of yourself and foolishly asked, "Is this you?", the heavy little guy who was constantly snapping a flash bulb in the face of his fellow men, and the group best represented on the trees—they were The Capstan, its good qualities and its bad ones.

Behind the scenes, and there must always be someone behind the scenes, has been still another group, the business and advertising men. They were the fellows who rode around in the station wagon, who took your money and smiled while they did it. But their's wasn't an easy task. To them fell the job of paying for the book and keeping its cost down to a level where we could all afford to buy. To them we owe the low cost of this volume.
That extra something at chow formations—call it military smartness, the added snap in our marching—was furnished by the Drum and Bugle Corps.

Organized by Bandmaster Richard Tainter, the corps started playing one week after the indoctrination program began and was soon established as an integral part of the campus routine. The corps also furnished the chief attraction for hundreds of Notre Dame students and visitors who crowded the chow hall entrances each evening to watch formation and to hear a Navy band play with all dignity a tune whose more popular lyrics start "You're In The Army Now".

Midshipman Fred Graff, who directed the band at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh before he came to Notre Dame, directed the corps of 30 musicians—buglers, drummers and three trombonists.

Came pleasant weather and outdoor Captain's Inspection. The drum and bugle corps then made it easier for midshipmen to stand "at attention" while their shoes and haircuts underwent careful scrutiny.
"I was hanging by my toes from a yardarm taking blinker at 50 words a minute".

The speaker was an apple-cheeked midshipman, promiscuously promoted to a double striper and the listeners—more than 1500 strong—fairly rocked the Drill Hall in unrestrained delight as this salt from the shores of dear old Cripple Creek, Colorado, expounded on the dangers of the high seas and "Why you birds gotta learn your blinker".

But it was all in fun. It was the "Happy Hour" show—two hours packed with music, swing and burlesquish drama that had officers for the villains and was complete in everything but "Hearts and Flowers".

By its program containing no less than 22 acts, "Happy Hour" had all the appearances of a loose get-together, a mixing up of all kinds of talent; but it ended as a well-knit, hilarious comedy with generous portions of "good" music by the Captain Burnett Choir and solid jive by the Midshipmen's Jam Band.

High point of the comedy was "Sweeney's Shamrock". The stage was rigged with a bar and two midshipmen whose imitations of two of the better known officers of the school were about as subtle as a 16 incher on a battleship—but twice as funny. The Sweeney number was written by Wilbur Stegman who clinched his composing talents a few minutes later with a rendition of his self-written "Cactus Jack".

Almost anti-climatic (but still thoroughly enjoyed by all) was the sad satire entitled "A Midshipman's Midsummer Night's Dream", "Red Rommel, the Fox", or "The Howards and the Virginian". A midshipman was peacefully awakened at 0900 by a buxom housemaid armed with a breakfast menu and the latest comic book—to make sure he maintained the highest literary standards, no doubt.

A more likely situation came about, however, with the entrance of the company officer, decorated with a wide yellow stripe on his sleeve, an alarming shock of red hair, and a Southern accent that smacked suspiciously of New England. The dream scene was polished off with another of Midshipman Stegman's ditties, "Mistefer Reed", written too late to appear on the written program but ranking with "Cactus Jack" as one of the show's high spots.

The twelfth company's contribution to "Happy Hour" was "The Batty Office"—scene, Any Old Battalion
Office and time, any old time. Featured in this skit were Midshipman Pooshups, Midshipman Shots and Murderous Midshipman, who had been the ungrateful recipient of a room slip—("room in gross disorder") because his roommate's shoe lace was found hanging from a shoe.

Midshipman Dale Richards was in charge of the dramatic groups for the show and Midshipman John Shaw combined the duties of master of ceremonies and first baritone of the midshipmen's quartet. Stanley Sandberg and Roger Spross headed the production staff.

The show was directed by Ensign G. A. Hardy, who with Midshipman Berl Olswanger created a few popular specialty numbers for the jam band including "Spotlight Bands", an excellent imitation of the musical themes of several of the nation's leading swing organizations.

Ensign Hardy also directed the Dramatic Club whose crowning achievement was Clare Boothe's three act play, "Margin For Error" which was presented at Washington Hall on May 24 and 25. Midshipman Gale Richards, who figured prominently in the "Happy Hour" show was president of the dramatic group.
The midshipmen heard them for the first time at the "Happy Hour" show. But for months the Captain Burnett Choir had been well-known to thousands of residents of the Northern Indiana district by virtue of weekly broadcasts over South Bend station WSBT. These broadcasts have given the school an enviable reputation in things musical and have provided choirs of future classes with a real mark to shoot at.

Leader of the choir was Robert Sprecher, formerly tenor soloist for the St. George Episcopal Church in New York. Donald Jones, assistant, was president of the Dartmouth College Glee Club and was baritone soloist for the choir, while Wilbur Stegman, a Kansas product, handled many of the tenor solos.

The broadcasts were announced by John Shaw and scripts were handled by Stanley Sandberg.
Swing Band

Closest link to civilian life of all midshipmen activities was the Midshipman Dance Band, known less formally around the station as the "Jam Band".

The band started as a five-piece unit but soon developed into an organization of thirteen pieces—four sax, four bass, four rhythm and leader Ensign G. A. Hardy.

The band gave informal "sessions" each Friday afternoon at Morrissey Hall and at the station dances earned itself the reputation for being the best swing outfit in the vicinity.

Feature of the band was pianist Bert Olswanger who was a member of George Olsen's band before he enlisted. Other members of the band, who also had professional "swing" experience before joining the Navy, were midshipmen Szura, Fribourghouse, Buccello, Jackson, Bauer, Faucette, Campbell, Daly, Graff and Sybil.
First Midshipmen Graduates Pictured During Ceremonies in Navy Drill Hall
Company Seven Tries a Scatter

The Millionth Mile
CLANG CLANG CLANG CLANG CLANG
FUSER!

ZERO SECONDS

TWO SECONDS LATER

FOUR SECONDS LATER

SIX SECONDS LATER

NEXT TIME
GET HERE ON THE DOUBLE

FOSTER

TEN SECONDS FLAT
SPORTS

The time was 1630.
We had our feet comfortably plopped on our desks and were enjoying our first cigarette in hours when "that bell" rang.

"That bell" usually marked a happy occasion, but this time the mate of the deck sang out with almost sadistic pleasure, "formation for voluntary athletics", and wouldn't we please hurry out to the parade grounds. (He didn't really say "please".)

Most of us hurried to formation muttering uncomplimentary things about Mr. Webster whom we felt should get himself a new definition of the word "voluntary", but pretty soon we forgot all about Mr. Webster's shortcomings, and before we could realize it, we found ourselves liking this athletic business—even if it was strictly "voluntary".

Some of us played a game called nucom, which we learned, is like volley ball only a guy could break his good right arm serving because this "volley ball" had been stuffed to a 16 pound capacity. Morrissey Hall's Company Five waltzed off with the nucom championship of the regiment by such a wide margin that we would have sworn Mr. Austin was proselyting his athletes if we hadn't known that his company, too, was arranged in alphabetic order.

Mr. Austin's boys from Five did a pretty neat job in the basketball race, also, and scuttle-butt had it that even the Notre Dame basketball coaches had that hungry look in their eyes when they watched Ensign Austin's five drub the boys from Company 9 in the final play-off at the field house.

Of course there were some boys who looked for something less gentle than batting a medicine ball around the drill hall or wiping the floor at good old Rockne Hall in a hot company basketball competition, and for such tastes, the program offered hours d'oeuvres of touch football, a main course of boxing, a generous sprinkling of wrestling and a dessert of Judo, which made the old Jap past time of jui jitsu look like a convention of the Park Avenue Boy Scout Troup 77.

Come spring and we discovered that the Notre Dame football team didn't use all 31 fields on the campus for spring practice. Scene of our spring workouts was the Navy Drill field which was just big enough to make a guy plenty tired after he had been ordered to do a length of the field for moving in ranks. It was so big, in fact, that two midshipmen who were ordered to take that tour first went to the Navigation department for a pelorus and to the dining hall for a packed lunch before starting the trip. They never did get back.

But not all of us spent our time running around the drill field. There were "A" and "B" leagues in soft ball just as there had been in basketball, volleyball and nucom. Rumor had it that midshipmen were made eligible for the "A" team if they could run around the base paths twice and still had enough energy to march back to the hall—supermen all.

Then there was touch football, which, according to the rules, was a lot like the real thing, but we substituted the Marquis of Queensbury rules—no fair kicking a man AFTER he's down.

The prize for athletic stick-to-it-iveness went to the track squad who first put on their running pants when February snows still made the campus look like the head on a beer mug. Track squad coach was Chief Tom Quinn, a track star in his own right and an optimist of no mean proportions. Therein lies a story:

It happened on a Saturday morning when it was so cold that even the sparrows hung around their nests. Things weren't too bright for the boys from the first battalion anyway. They had only Captain's inspection and an ordnance exam to look forward to. So with track star and optimist Chief Quinn leading the way, the battalion set out on a cross-country jaunt that routed back of the chow hall, past the drill field, around the Notre Dame Stadium, and back (as the order goes) on the double.

This little voyage was a substitute that day for the activity that was really the "cream" of the athletic program—in popularity, at least. Morning calisthenics they were called—designed to build muscles and to bring home the fact that all good little midshipmen are out of bed at 0550.

That was our athletic program at Notre Dame. It started out at the uncivilized hour of the day and finished on the lazy hour. But just between us—we liked it.
Nucom—Fast, Exciting, Strenuous!

Regimental Basketball Champs—Company Five
“Wrestling Without Rules” at the Rock

“Keep That ‘Left’ Out”, Leather-Pushers Learn
"The shape of things to come"
There was much of hustle and bustle in a first-deck Lyons room that Saturday afternoon which marked the end of indoctrination period.

Three of the four denizens of the oversize closet clustered about the mirror preening in new dress blues. The desired full length view was obtained by standing for the head and shoulders, and climbing successively on a chair and the wash basin to complete the picture with the midriff and lower sections. They descended with "oohs" and "ahs" of appreciation.

Midshipman Blotz, the sartorially indifferent occupant, sat on his bunk muttering imprecations.

"Classroom security watch from 2200 to 2400. In the whole weekend for a measly two-hour watch. And I thought I was smart when I beat the draft."

While in this mood, Blotz rejected the half-loaf of freedom offered him until 1930 - and decided to eat one of the steaks featured Saturday evenings.

Feigning deep concern, his roommates attempted words of solicitude. Everybody concerned knew it was just good form.

"Too bad, Blotzie, but as long as you're not going out will you lend me five bucks."

"That's tough, fellow, but you can look up our drawing marks when you 'phone from the Ordnance Department. You'll find them under the second blotter, or in one of the desk drawers."

The liberty bell sounded and Blotz found himself alone with the mate, who eyed him suspiciously.

Blotz, feeling deserted, offered no information.

After evening mess he mustered.

"Ready to relieve, sir."

Listening patiently to the warning of the ASOOD that saboteurs might strike tonight, Blotz thought:

"Who would want to get in that place?"

At tattoo, mindful that a smart appearance is half the battle with enemy agents, he performed the self-improving ritual which was now a habit.

The night quartermaster looked skeptically as Blotz reported, seemingly doubtful of his ability to tour a building and use a telephone. Finally, however, Blotz was accepted, entered in the log as Blottz.

The first tour proved uneventful as did all the others. The only excitement came when the OOD, checking on his watch, was heard crunching through the snow a hundred yards away.

Knowing who it was, Blotz and his partner, one of the many Johnsons from Morrissey, decided to impress him with their vigilance and skyrocket that aptitude grade. They hid in the shadows until the victim was within six feet and then bounded out, bellowing in unison:

"Halt, who goes there?"

After a few backward jumps, the officer recovered his composure, and told them to carry on.

At 2400 relief came. Blotz happily gave his lantern, nightstick and best wishes to his successor and doubled back to his hall.

As he entered he heard the first of the revelers returning and enviously listened to snatches of their talk.

"When I ran across her at Sweeney's she was drinking beer, and then when she tried to switch to Scotch, I said . . . ."

Blotz sympathized. Scotch on the dough you get here!

Just after he turned in, one of his roommates barged in, glad to find a pair of ears for his tale of woe.

"I was dancing all night with her at the Indiana, see, and just as I was going to ask to take her home, some ensign walks up with her coat, and says 'shall we go now'?"

The other two entered just before checkup. Al, the Kansan who affected a soft drawl when out in company, screeched of misrepresentation on the part of a young lady, who Cinderella-like, departed at midnight with the explanation she was already late for the graveyard shift at Bendix.

Bob, a married man, had little to say other than the picture he took in was one he had seen before.

At breakfast formation, surveying a yawning and red-eyed regiment, Blotz was convinced.

"Yeh, I had a fine time last night", he told his next interrogator, "I was on watch—the best weekend I've had since I've been here."
As Seamen We Dance
Specials Celebrate Graduation and Who Wouldn't

A Real Ensign Magician
Wives Muster at 1630

Blind Pianist Interprets Tschaikowski
The expression of individuality which we were first allowed to exercise—without official disapproval—was much in evidence at the "Get Acquainted with the Navy" dance given at the Indiana Club by the U.S.O. for the new midshipman class. All sorts of dancers showed their skill. And no matter his ability each A.S. reveled in the opportunity for relaxation and perhaps a few mournful memories of "civvies" instead of the unfamiliar and uncomfortably warm G.I. uniform.

The Navy outnumbered the fair sex, which gave them a chance to look over the field before braving the swirling mass for the sake of closer acquaintance with swaying hips and perhaps a provocative smile. Needless to say, the Navy soon became acquainted—and all too quickly it was time to join the struggle for coats with others worried about the 0100 deadline. Confusing memories of just how we managed to find such a cute girl, and whether it was a line, assailed us as we bounced out to Notre Dame determined to take full advantage of our liberty "next time".

Armed with the self confidence of real Navy men, we proudly escorted our dates to the next formal dance at "The Indiana." "Dress blues at last—this will really be something!" we thought as we headed for the nearest unoccupied table close to the refreshment bar, after hurrying through the necessary formality of the reception line.

A newer and better opinion of feminine beauty in South Bend gradually eased out your previous doubts, when your girl proved to be at least civilized and you found she was good company. As the rust of social inactivity wore off, on the dance floor you really began to get in the groove and tried out some of the old steps and flourishes.

Gold braid was much in evidence and seemed to have the lion's share of the beautiful gals, you mused—looking forward to that great day when you too would command not only men but also the admiring glances of the fair sex. It was surprising that Mr. _____ and even Lt. _____ were human after all and really seemed to be enjoying the dance as much as you were. Most of your mates had brought dates and familiar faces were everywhere you looked—not many stags either.

The problem of getting more than one drink an hour without completely deserting your date was finally solved when you discovered that a sizeable tip to a particular waiter turned the trick. From then on it was a struggle between a week-old thirst for liquid refreshment and for a more intimate acquaintance with your date.
An announcement that the "upstairs rooms" were open suggested a reconnaissance cruise. It developed that there was a relatively deserted club room above with comfortable chairs and an adjoining billiard room in secluded darkness. Just when you and the girl friend had settled down in a corner of the billiard room—"why do people want to play ping pong at a dance anyway?" you said with a groan as group of couples invaded the room and broke up your rendezvous with a dream.

Out on the dance floor again and swinging to a catchy tune, contact with reality almost vanished and before you realized it the dance began to break up. Well, this dance had really lived up to expectations and that rather indefinite desire for companionship had centered on a particular individual.

Gone was the prospect of a lonely Sunday, for now you had an invitation for Sunday dinner and an afternoon alone with Sally. It hurt too, to leave her with just a quick goodnight and rush for the last bus to the station. But you looked forward to more good times in South Bend with her—and hoped you didn't hit a watch many week-ends. The Indiana Club and Sally were good fun.
A $32.00 Question

RADIO NIGHT

Instead of being confined to their rooms to prime for their weekly quizzes on this particular Friday night, the midshipmen found themselves assembled in the all-too-familiar drill hall. As if navigation, seamanship and ordnance hadn't done a complete job of testing them, they were selected as guinea pigs for some kind of radio program—a quiz program it was, when already the word "quiz" was appearing in their young navy lives with disturbing frequency.

"Will you take your money or shoot the works?" was the manner in which WGN's Johnny Neblett opened the show. The response of a drill hall filled to capacity with Midshipmen was a rousing "Shoot the Works" and the 30 minute program was underway.

With this cue, two curvaceous young ladies, a blonde and a brunette, took their mobile mikes and began the process of selecting candidates for the possible $32-in crisp cash. It was the regret of the temptresses that "we can't hold hands with all these gorgeous midshipmen at the same time". Of course, with pay day a mere formality, the $32 loomed as a small fortune to the already quiz-filled audience.

The questions, sent in by listeners, were the essence of the unexpected so far as this group of oft-questioned, oft-baffled midshipmen were concerned and included everything from the naming of news agencies to the selection of rhyming synonyms for "chubby hubby" and "sassy lassy".

Nevertheless, the first contestant, a startled midshipman from Kansas City, was inspired by the young lady who took station on his lap to the extent that he came through with the $32 question. A third girl then scurried up with an armful of currency and paid off on the spot.

Inasmuch as St. Patrick's Day was approaching, a set of questions concerning the Irish had been submitted. It soon became painfully apparent, however, that the midshipman selected to answer them was not an Irishman by any manner or means. The Irish in the regiment still maintain that the guy "must have known" and that probably the presence of his wife who was looking daggers through the brunette on his lap caused a lapse of memory.

The principal shortcoming of the quiz, of course, was that there were too many would-be contestants and too little time. However, according to observers those deprived of the chance of replenishing their coffers were able to concentrate on their seamanship and ordnance afterwards to an extent that the contestants could not.
It was a miserable night in the opinion of those Midshipmen from below the Mason Dixon Line as the regiment mustered for its second USO show. They were convinced that a snow storm on April 19 was unreasonable, even in Indiana. The show would have to be much better than pretty good to bring any pleasure their way.

Whether these Midshipmen realized it or not, the seven artists of the show probably were no more grateful for the belated dose of winter than any one else. However, according to Godfrey Ludlow, violinist and master of ceremonies, the prospect of entertaining a Navy audience overshadowed any depressing effect that nasty weather might have had. "Whenever we see Navy on our schedule, we’re thrilled", he declared, "there’s absolutely no comparison between Navy audiences and others that we’ve played before on this tour."

The concert had been organized in New York in November of 1942 and had been on the road ever since. They had played to aviation cadets in Texas, the army in San Diego, and blue-jackets on San Francisco’s Treasure Island. In the space of five months they had been received by various crowds of service men in Oklahoma, Utah, Arizona, Oregon, Washington, Nebraska and several other western states. This was their 199th performance.

Other artists on the program were Cynthia Earl—piano accompanist; Mary Gale Hafford, violinist; Sergei Radansky, Russian tenor; Sigurd Rascher, saxophonist, and Phyllis Olivia, Spanish dancer.

With all apologies to the more seasoned artists—it was Phyllis Olivia, the Spanish dancer, who brought down the house. Miss Olivia, as Irish as the shillalah, hails from Long Island. From her repertoire of swirling skirts she brought forth native Spanish dances and peasant ballet to capture her first in popularity. Midshipmen were of the opinion that this dancer was both delightful to look upon and possessed of considerable talent.

With a touch of salt and a flare of patriotism the program came to an end with everyone joining in “Anchors Aweigh”, and "The Star Spangled Banner."
CLASS ROOM
NAVIGATION

Navigation, according to Dutton, is the art of determining a ship’s position at any time and of conducting a ship safely from one position to another.

That, however, is only Dutton’s opinion.

Midshipmen of the good ship U.S.N.R.M.S., Notre Dame, embryonic navigators all, proclaim vehemently that navigation is a subtle art of torture, designed by some sadist, for the purpose of driving potential ensigns crazy. And well might they have that opinion.

Starting innocently enough with symbols of bouys, lights, radio beacons and other navigational knick-knacks, the course was well received by all. A stock appraisal heard in the vicinity of the classroom building during the first week was:

“This is a cinch. I’m gonna hit it for a 4.0.”

When a sufficient state of mental softness had set in, the trap was sprung. Running fixes came out of nowhere, Tide Tables, looking like a dime-novel, but which require complete mastery of calculus and analytic geometry for understanding, suddenly became the most important volume of the dozen texts issued. And so it went. G.H.A., declination, azimuth and “red right returning.”

Not content with bewildering midshipmen with assorted slogans and rules concerning the franchise privileges of those deceased, instructors made doubly sure of their prey on P-work days by assigning a list of necessary equipment which only took from reveille until 0953 to assemble.

Usually the first ten minutes of an examination were spent recuperating from the fatigue which resulted from carrying Bowditch and all his associates smartly under the left arm.

Typical P-work was a serial account of the adventures, meanderings and hopes of the U.S.S. (censored), which erratically steamed at ten, twenty and 27.9 knots on wild courses that delighted the fanciful mind of her bibulous master.

A cautious navigator, despite tipping, he was constantly determining his position, the sun’s G.P., and the bearings of Barnegat Light at 30 second intervals. All to no avail. After every exam midshipmen would angrily exclaim:

“The goofy so-and-so went right over Long Island. What does he think he’s in, Amphor?”

Patience and understanding of the instructors was a by-word among the halls. Smiling kindly they would enter the room and blandly ask if there were any points on the day’s assignment they could clear up. Deluged with questions, they picked the cream and gave the inevitable answer:

“We’ll take those up in a few minutes, but first break out paper and pencil for a little quickie—just to keep in practice, heh heh.”

As the term drew to a close, a marked discontent was noted among the fledgelings. They were tired of expending all their energies and wasting their talents on the second deck of the classroom building. They longed for the real thing, to see old Barnegat herself.

Perceiving this feeling, one instructor, never known to ladle out praise without cause, and for that matter, never known to ladle out praise, finally broke down and paid his group a tribute.

“You fellows are going to be quite a surprise to the fleet. Why, from what I’ve seen here, you’re going to be able to show these old-timers methods of navigation they never dreamed existed.”

And we surely will.
SEAMANSHIP

Far from the smell of salt air and the sound of wind through the riggin’, Midshipmen at Notre Dame learn the trade secrets of mariners in an all-purpose course entitled Seamanship. Anything that isn’t included in any other course at the Midshipman school will turn up invariably under Sea.

Public enemy of the course is the blinking infernal machine above the blackboards. Here, Midshipmen spent many a dazed and harried minute in attempting to follow the too fast blankety-blank blinks. Shouts of delight sounded forth when the blinker went off. It goes without saying that Midshipmen are suspected by the department as being responsible for the aforementioned breakdown.

Blinkeritis is a peculiar disease, common in Seamanship classes. Victims have found that they become hypnotized by the blinker, and gaze in rapt fascination at the darn thing without so much as writing down a single word or letter. This glassy-eyed condition continued until instructors decided to collect the papers. The tree has been found an excellent antidote.

Seamanship drills, held in Navy drill hall, will live fondly in the hearts of all Midshipmen. It was there that they endured some of the happiest hours while at Notre Dame. There future ensigns learned the ropes, and how to tie them. Each knot had its particular utility and it meant a summary court martial if the knot were used for any other purpose. Time and again an instructor, brandishing a knife, would wade into a group of men knee deep in knots and cut one of them loose from his own handiwork. Such is an instructor’s cross.

Signal flags, hoisted in halyards throughout the drill hall provided interest, even though sometimes unintelligible. Each group clustered at a particular flag-bag would attempt to outrace other flag-bag groups thus setting up a danger zone around any such group.

The intricacies of semaphore were explored and found acceptable to most Midshipmen. Many of the more advanced students sent such amazing signals as Uncle, Roger and Nan without the slightest hesitation. Some even tried figure 8’s, but by far the most popular signal among all was the attention signal given at the beginning of the message. Next in popularity was the “front” signal which required even less effort than the former.

Somehow that position reminded us of a fan dancer preparing for her a-peel, and not at all like a semaphore drill. But whatever we thought we kept to ourselves, and raised our reluctant arms as the far-away voice of the instructor droned on.

More involved than a simplified income tax blank were the International and Inland Rules of the Nautical Road. It all started when a staff of foreign lawyers sat down in 1899 and decided how they would confuse each other. The above rules was their answer. Particularly painful were the lights required for the various types of vessels, underway, with way on and not underway. It had been suggested by a certain Midshipman in a quiz that a vessel with all green lights was a Christmas tree. Another, when seeing two red lights in a vertical line called it a stop sign. Topic of many a lush pu’n were the “black balls or shapes” as displayed by vessels in various stages of undress.

Although the pathe through Seamanship waters had many an obstruction buoy in the way, we managed to navigate safely.
DAMAGE CONTROL

A part of the training at any midshipman's school is concerned with the four requisites of a watch officer. The first and most important of these is forehandedness. Now if, dear reader, you wish to retain your confidence in the practical results of being forehanded then you should read no further and turn to the next page.

The following story as told by an officer of the navy cannot be questioned. It is about the same officer, and for the sole purpose of enlightenment rather than entertainment.

The story has its real beginning on May 27, 1943, when a fellow named Blotz was commissioned Ensign, DV{(G), at the naval training school, Notre Dame, Indiana. In the four preceding months he had undergone the marked transformation from civilian to naval officer.

Now, eight weeks later, Mr. Blotz was on the bridge of destroyer No. 333 standing his first watch as O.O.D. It was in those quiet hours just after midnight and he was mentally engaged in determining his actions should his ship suffer damage below the waterline. Just as he had been instructed to do at Notre Dame, he was spending his less busy moments anticipating any mishap.

The forehanded Ensign Blotz imagined two compartments flooded by water from a gaping hole in the hull, port side and a few feet forward of the raft body. It was a wonderful hole to practice with because it gave Mr. Blotz an opportunity to drag in all his knowledge of damage control, every effect of flooding, principle, and formula that had made his four month cruise through Notre Dame a stormy one—that is, every one which he could remember.

"The first things to do," he thought, "are to establish the flooding boundaries and to determine the weight of the flooding water. But then, it would be easier to determine the flooding boundaries because, as I remember that damage control course at Notre Dame, there are no formulas involved. But I wish I had Plate II, you'll remember Plate II, to calculate the weight of water in those two compartments.

"To neutralize the effect of the flooding I could pump the water out or shift weights, but either would consume too much time. The only remaining alternative is to counter-flood a starboard compartment near the stern. But, hang it all, I sleep in the only available space, the one on the platform deck just abaft the engine rooms. And besides, I think the cook used our last remaining fire hose to make stew for the crew tonight."

"The only thing I can see is to plug the hole and form a bucket brigade to get the water out. If this doesn't turn the trick we can always send out an SOS and take to the lifeboats—that is, if all of them weren't left ashore when the hull was conditioned for wartime cruising.

"Oh, why couldn't the Bureau of Personnel have given me recruiting duty as I asked for back at Notre Dame. After two weeks of damage control in midshipman's school I could have told them that I would make a poor O.O.D. They could have looked at my marks and discovered that for themselves."

Thus ends the story of one brand new ensign who attempted to put his knowledge of damage control to practical use.

If, after hearing this experience, you still think you can neutralize the effects of an underwater explosion, then why don't you drop around to my recruiting station for a chat.

You see, I am Ensign Blotz.
Midshipman Blotz dozed restlessly...

King Mark XIV, high regent of Firelocknia (latitude and longitude unknown), straddled himself comfortably on his mushroom stem and assumed his most philosophical pose.

"I tell ya, boys, fame—it's wonderful. It's just like I said all the time. All a guy's gotta have these days is the proper publicity—and bingo, he becomes a public figure overnight. Ya can't go half way on this publicity angle either. Remember when that advertising salesman from Naval Ordnance came around to see me about buying some space in that big red book of his. I could have bought maybe only one page like that piker, Mark V, but not me, I'm smart. I take five pages of pictures, and four pages of plates in technicolor. Strictly Disney stuff, that technicolor, but it paid off."

Now King Mark XIV was not a modest guy even for such a finely-machined hunk of steel. So all this talk caused no little disturbance to Prince Dimwit De Bange who was trying to catch a few quick winks in the next chamber.

"I wish you and your bunch of lugs would go easy on the gas for a few minutes so a guy could get some sleep. That's the trouble with you, Mark, too much gas—even since you got your picture in Naval Ordnance. What you gotta learn is to take your fame in stride."

"Quiet, Dimwit De Bange," Mark answered, "before you cause a blowback. Just to show you who really rates at Notre Dame Midshipmen's School, I'll read you a letter a midshipman sent me, personal-like. And he says he knew so much about me they put him on some kind of a tree every week:

'Dear King Mark (I want you guys should notice how he says King like he's supposed to—that's real navy etiquette.) This letter is written in sincere appreciation for all the good times you made possible for us during our three months course in Ordnance at Notre Dame.'

'You realize, King Mark, that before we began this course, none of us knew a 16 incher from a cap gun. But pretty soon we learned a lot of things. We learned that a score has nothing to do with football—even at Notre Dame, and that they wouldn't serve potatoes on a spanning tray—even with all the potatoes we get at our chow hall.'

"But you, King Mark, you're different. None of us had any trouble learning about you. It was just like learning about Washington, Lincoln and General Grant—pure hero worship. I'm sure, therefore, you won't be surprised to note that we voted you official "Glamour Guy" of our class. And you didn't get that honor because of your well-insulated firing pin or because of your super, super primer retaining catch. No sir, King Mark, you got that honor because of your lost motion spring. The sentiment was unanimous that at Notre Dame where there is so little lost motion (especially among the midshipmen) that we should pay special tribute to a guy with a special lost motion spring."

"I guess you've gathered by now, King Mark, that we think you're a pretty good guy, but we're thinking of the next class too. For their sake, next time you send in your pictures for Naval Ordnance, could you manage to lose the diagrams of about 99 relating parts. It won't make the midshipmen mad. No sir, it won't..."

ZING... Brrr-r-r-r-r-r-r... "Reveille! All hands hit the deck."
Blotz jumped. "What a horrible night!"
"Formation for the first period." "Second period drill formation." Such were the calls which initiated the train of events that began with grabbing for your raincoat and culminated in receiving a work party for scratching your ear in formation. The connecting link between the two consisted of two mad dashes—one was down the eight flights of stairs, where it seemed that every other midshipman was doing his best to trample on your newly polished shoes; the other, which was somewhat similar to an off-tackle smash, was along the cement walk which led to your respective plan.

As you battled slowly toward plan No. 3 it seemed that the other 1037 midshipmen were bent solely on having you go with them to plan No. 1. If you didn't mind picking up your books a few times or gathering up the navigation equipment which some 200-pounder had sent flying, then it can be said that you usually reached plan No. 3 with no trouble at all—just in time to see your section marching around the corner.

Then apparently to make things more difficult, a new order was passed—"starting with the first class formation tomorrow morning no midshipman will break through ranks already formed nor will he run across the grass." It was really a very nice order, except that it left us no path to run to plan No. 3, or any other plan—that is if you discount the overland route via St. Mary's Lake.

It wouldn't have been so difficult had there not been a three minute time limit. None of us could see any logical reason for selecting three minutes, instead of five or even ten, until we heard the story from a veteran member of the ship's company. It seems that a Fordham (or was it Slippery Rock) track star visited the midshipman's school at Notre Dame at the request of proper authorities. He climbed to the fourth deck of Lyons Hall, donned his track shoes and got set for a running start to plan No. 3. By stop watch his time was 2:57. Because we had to carry Bowditch we were given three additional seconds.

But these were only a few of the tribulations in the daily schedule of a midshipman.

When we first received the schedule of classes, there was great rejoicing over the ample number of free periods. Some were happy because they saw plenty of time to prepare assignments; others, because they recognized the chance to maintain their civilian interest in current sporting news. Ah, yes—it was a fine schedule. All of us had three or four hours each day in which we could do as we pleased—we thought.

The first week we had to draw clothing and equipment. Of course it couldn't be done during class periods, so some of us flunked P-works and others found it necessary to neglect their sporting pages. It was not too bad though because everyone thought that after the excitement of the first few days, things would quiet down and we would regain all those unscheduled hours. How naive and innocent we were to the ways of the navy.

Starting about the second week and ending during our sixteenth week of naval training, various and sundry formations were called during those periods when we had no classes.

First there were shots. They could usually be counted on to ruin about three otherwise perfectly good hours. It would have been all right to have them just before going to a class. But no, they had to be given us when we had no other formations for the rest of the day. We had to relinquish our free time to overcome their effects.

Then there were battalion assemblies, usually called about ten minutes after the beginning of the last study period before a P-work or two. Most of them were to instruct us in the correct manner of filling out official forms previously distributed. By the time we had returned to our rooms we had forgotten the numerous instructions anyway. And besides there was that P-work to study for. So we hastily answered the various questions on the form and dashed off to turn it in to the M.O.D. If anyone was lucky enough not to get demerits for making an error on it, then he got them for omitting to write his room number in the upper right hand corner. By the time we had settled down again the bell was ringing and the M.O.D. was announcing "Formation for the seventh period." It was then that we grabbed our raincoat and fought our way to join the formation that would take us to the P-work we didn't study for.
And then one day at a general assembly an announcement was made. "On Mondays and Tuesdays you are to attend the Washington Hall movies; Wednesday and Friday afternoons you will have executive during the first two periods (yes, we knew the instant we heard it that we had P-works in the last two periods); and on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays you all will participate in voluntary athletics."

So it went—each succeeding week saw a diminishing number of daily study and liberty hours. Each week we realized how much free time the previous week had afforded us, and wondered what new plans were in store for us for next week.

More seriously though, a word of praise should be given to him who devised the system that guides us day by day. To have 1100 individuals in the right place at the proper time eight different times a day is certainly a feat to be lauded.

And we might put in a good word for those 1100 individuals, too.
“Midshipman Blotz Logging In, Sir”
We got off the train.

The little guy in the natty tweed topcoat hitched his zoot pants and the fierce Indiana wind almost carried him off his feet.

"Say, 'ya reckon it'll warm up a bit here. Man, I ain't ever been cold like this._ How do you Yankees stand it?"

The scene was the railroad station in South Bend, Indiana, where they have four months of White Christmas and where sunshine is a military secret.

The "Yankee", who was such a big hulk of a guy that it made you glad he was on our side when you looked at him, half smiled.

"Dintcha hear, sailor? This ain't cold. They tell me on the destroyers in the North Atlantic, you don't dare stop when you're walkin' on the deck lest your feet freeze right in their tracks. And if that doesn't happen, when you get inside they have to douse you with a bucket of cold water just to thaw you out."

"I ain't a sailor, yet," the little guy answered. "Man, if it stays this cold, I reckon I'll plumb freeze myself right out of this hyar navy. Why, just last week I was playin' golf in Houston with my sleeves rolled up. That's weather."

Thus did the big guy and the little guy—the Yankee and the slight Southern gentleman, see Uncle Sam's navy for the first five minutes.

But the next five minutes was blackout, the strictly non-military kind. The scene of the blackout was a tarpaulin-covered stake truck that rattled plenty and didn't match our new tan luggage. But it was marked "USN" and the next time we saw daylight an officer pointed to a snow-crusted dormitory and told us: "Welcome, gentlemen, this will be your home for the next four months".

The face of the little Southerner plainly showed disappointment. "Here I came all the way from Houston to South Bend. It's cold enough to be Alaska, and I've been here for 15 minutes and ain't seen one guy who even resembles a football player."

"Stick around", answered the Yankee. "Two more weeks of this weather and if you live, you'll feel like the Fifth Horseman."

The conversation came to a sudden end when a red-headed ensign who looked like he was covering plenty of muscle under his bridge coat ambled over.

"Listen, Mister", he addressed the Yankee (who looked old enough to be his father,) "This is no tea party. You're supposed to be standing at attention and there's nothing in Navy Regs about lip movement when you're at attention."

The officer turned toward the Southerner who had his eyes shamefully glued to the sidewalk.

"And you, Mister," he called in a voice that fairly jolted our Dixieland friend. "Are you a cement expert? Get your eyes off the deck when you're at attention. Let Uncle Sam take care of Notre Dame's concrete problems."

He was learning quickly.

He soon found out, for example, that the guy on his deck who was bursting his lungs with notices preceded by "Now hear this", was no relation of Paul Revere. And when this same guy hollered "all hands fall out immediately in front of the hall", our Dixie pal knew this meant to line up, and to line up in the navy means to do so with eyes open and lips buttoned.
And without the common decency of telling us where we were going, this ensign, who had accused Mr. Dixie of being connesieur de la concrete, said, "Forward March" in a voice like he meant business.

It seemed we had marched hours and the campus buildings did little to shield us from the wind. Suddenly the stadium loomed up like the big huge saucer that it is.

A smile, the first one in hours, spread over little Dixie's pan like a ray of Houston sunshine. "I told you all they couldn't keep us here long without meetin' up with the football team. And they're takin' us straight into that stadium. Wonder what Bertelli looks like?"

But before little Dixie could spell Kalamazoo, he found himself in the stadium and in a little room that looked not too much unlike the back room at Gimbel's (Houston branch).

Then the battle began. Little guy though Dixie was he was able to withstand the barrages of socks and underwear but he wondered at two articles of clothing which he later found were "gear".

One of these articles Dixie held in his hand at a comfortable distance away from himself because he figured it might take a swing at him, and without giving this officer the Southern hospitality of a salute, he began his plea.

"Suh", he said, "I'm Apprentice Seaman William Jefferson Lee, and without taking the risk of exposing a navy secret, I would like to know where we are supposed to wear these?"

"Step over into this corner," the officer said, "and I will give you the lurid details."

"First of all, you must understand that these are trousers, pants, or you might even call them dungarees. Mr. Webster will tell you that such clothing is to cover the lower limbs of your carcass with. In the navy, we call them pants. There are 13 buttons on these pants, but not because the navy could not get priorities for zippers. Apprentice Seaman Lee, these 13 buttons are to remind you that we had 13 colonies long before they ever thought of Texas. The middle or Keystone button, you button first. That's Pennsylvania, and as long as you've taken care of Pennsylvania, you will not lose the other 12 colonies, but if you don't have all of the 13 colonies in place, you will find yourself on report, for which we give no distinguished service medals."

"Now, Apprentice Seaman Lee, I think you know everything about the trousers. That other article which seems to cause you concern is not a tossle cap, it is a watch cap, and should remind you to always keep that little grey stuff you have inside your cranium on watch, on the alert.

That night Dixie lay in his bunk and in a slight whisper so as not to disturb his room mate, he began:

"Deah God; this navy ain't such a bad place after all. Ah guess Ah can get used to them Yankees and if Ah try hard, Ah might even get used to this Yankee weather—if they let me pull the watch cap ovah mah ears."

"But, God, if you should find a spare zipper up in Heaven, put it in an envelope and address it 'Apprentice Seaman William Jefferson Lee, Sec. 45, USNR Midshipmen's School, Notre Dame, Indiana,' and drop it in the nearest mail box.

"Ah can sho use it."
IN APPRECIATION

It is for you to decide whether or not the efforts of our staff have resulted in an accurate picture of our life during the past few months. A few words thanking all those who have taken part in bringing this class book to a successful conclusion is certainly appropriate—even though inadequate.

We wish to express our appreciation to the officers and midshipmen of Notre Dame U.S.N.R. Midshipmen's School for their generous assistance and constructive criticism. In our presentation of the work, worries, and "welfare" of his midshipman class, Captain Burnett and Lt. Com. Wagner and all of the battalion officers have been most co-operative.

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In conclusion, we wish to thank all members of the Capstan editorial and business staffs—writers, artists, photographers, advertisement solicitors, and editors—for the long hours unselfishly given to this record of our stay at Notre Dame.
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CHOICE OF POCKETS: You may have regular side pockets or quarter-top or half-top pockets in cotton, khaki or khaki, or as allowed within regulations, are tailored to all personal details.

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