because . . .

“For distinguished gallantry and valor above and beyond the call of duty as commanding officer of a United States submarine during her fourth war patrol in the Southwest Pacific. Boldly striking at the enemy, Commander Gilmore sank one Japanese freighter and damaged another by torpedo fire. In the darkness of night an enemy Japanese gunboat close ranged and prepared to ram the submarine. Commander Gilmore daringly maneuvered to avoid the crash and rammed the attacker instead, ripping into her port side at 17 knots and bursting wide her plates. In the terrific fire of the sinking gunboat and heavy machine gun fire, Commander Gilmore calmly gave the order to clear the bridge, and refusing safety for himself, remained on deck while his men preceded him below. Struck down by the fusillade of bullets and having done his utmost against the enemy in his final moments, Commander Gilmore gave his last order to the officer of the deck, ‘Take her down!’ The submarine dived; damaged but under control she was brought safely to port by her well-trained crew inspired by the courageous fighting spirit of their dead captain.”

. . . . we dedicate this book to

COMMANDER HOWARD W. GILMORE
THE HONORABLE FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
The President of the United States of America
Commander-In-Chief, United States Navy
REAR ADMIRAL RANDALL JACOBS, U.S.N.
The Chief of Naval Personnel

REAR ADMIRAL JOHN DOWNES, U.S.N.
The Commandant, Ninth Naval District
The Third Midshipmen's Class at Notre Dame, like its two predecessors, has been fortunate in having as its Commanding Officer a man whose long and varied Navy experience makes him a capable and understanding leader of men.

Since 1915, when he was graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Captain Henry P. Burnett has seen service on many ships in many waters. During World War I he was a Communications Officer aboard the Pennsylvania. At various times between 1923 and 1930 he was in the submarine service; in 1925, as a Lieutenant Commander, he was with a destroyer force in the Pacific; in 1927 he was a member of the United States Naval Mission in Lima, Peru.

These years of varied duty, of handling men in a hundred different situations both dangerous and difficult, have given him the tact and the firmness which are necessary for the delicate task of transforming civilians into naval officers in four short months. The discipline which he imposes has always been strict, yet temperate; never deviating into slackness on the one hand or tyranny on the other.

During his long and honorable naval career Captain Burnett has done many praiseworthy things in the service of his country; but far from the least of his contributions are the many young men whom he has given such an excellent start in the Navy at a time when the need for these men is so great.
“You will always have to fight to preserve what you will have won. You who are now offering your lives for your country must live for your country. You must have a voice in determining the future, in shaping a peace that will be permanent because it will be based upon charity and justice.”

Rev. J. Hugh O’Donnell, C.S.C.
President of the University of Notre Dame
It is an honor and a great satisfaction to me as your Commanding Officer to send greetings and salutations to the members of the Third Class to be graduated from the United States Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School as you are about to leave Notre Dame to assume your duties with the naval forces of the United States. You are going out to the aid of our beloved country in its hour of trial and greatest need. You cannot and you will not fail.

Glorious in the past, never more glorious than in the present, the Navy welcomes you with open heart; and it places its future largely in the hands of new officers like you, in full confidence that you will surely cherish its traditions and its shining history of valorous service.

The best of luck, and may God's blessing go with you.

H. P. BURNETT,
Captain, U. S. Navy, Commanding

The following is an extract from an address given by Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, U. S. N., Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet, to a group of newly commissioned officers:

"Many of you will be called to service at once—some of you in very remote parts of the world. Always remember that in accepting this commission, in taking your oath of office, you are undertaking to carry a share of the weight of responsibility in the defense of this great and beloved country of ours. You may serve on battleship or torpedo boat; submarine or plane; you may serve in any sea. You may be called on to carry on an exacting routine, or circumstances may offer you the opportunity to perform some brilliant exploit that will make you a noted part of American naval tradition. No one can tell, today, how great a privilege to serve your country it may later appear that you are granted. But always remember that as an officer of the Navy, your commission is merely the chance to serve. It is the beginning of a more serious responsibility; a grave duty; a heavy obligation."

I am confident that the purpose of your training here has been fulfilled and that as you receive your commissions you are fit to echo a phrase famous in our Navy, "Sir, we are ready now."

M. D. FAIRCHILD
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N. (Ret.)
The Third Notre Dame Midshipmen Class has been fortunate in having such a man as Lieutenant Commander Milton D. Fairchild as their Executive Officer. Active duty with the Fleet, experience on the staff of the U. S. Naval Academy, a genuine love of the Navy, combined with his determination to have us the best officers afloat, amply qualify him for his position on this station.

Since his graduation from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1930, our Commander has served on many types of men-of-war. The bombing of the destroyer KANE, while evacuating American Nationals from Spain in 1936, gave him the unusual experience of war-in peacetime. Commander Fairchild came to us directly from California where he had served as administrative head of the Navy’s Diesel Training School.

Discipline when administered justly creates respect and admiration. Those of us who have had the chance to know and talk with our Commander can attest to his sincere interest in our problems and willingness to stand by us. In spite of his many duties we always felt welcome in his home or office.
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. T. A. Waage, USNR
Wilmette, Ill.
Commissioned Dec. 22, 1917

Lt. H. F. Smith, USNR
Long Beach, Cal.
Commissioned June 4, 1925

Lt. Com. W. P. Burleigh, USNR
Glencoe, Ill.
Commissioned July 10, 1918

Lt. H. Ehrmann, USNR
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Commissioned Aug. 3, 1942

Ens. A. Warden, W-V(S)
Pascagoula, Miss.
Commissioned April 6, 1943

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. E. H. Engel, USNR
Wyandotte, Mich.
Commissioned July 23, 1942

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

Lt. G. E. Gardner, USNR
Lancaster, Ohio
Commissioned Aug. 24, 1942

Lt. M. I. Edelman, USNR
Chicago, Ill.
Commissioned April 17, 1943

Lt. B. Thomas, USNR
Columbus, Ohio
Commissioned March 3, 1942

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. (jg) F. F. Prescott, USNR
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Commissioned April 14, 1943
Lt. (jg) F. C. Rutherford, USNR  
Santa Monica, Cal.  
Commissioned May 26, 1941

Lt. (jg) J. W. Covington, USNR  
Rockingham, N. C.  
Commissioned April 6, 1942

Ens. V. E. Negus, W-V(S)  
Boston, Mass.  
Commissioned Jan. 14, 1943

They tol' me you'd gimme a hat for the head of the Second Deck!

Lt. (jg) Paul T. Sprinz, USNR  
Woodhaven, N. Y.  
Commissioned May 23, 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. M. L. Roark, USNR
Littleton, Col.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

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

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

Ens. T. E. Haven, USNR
Berkeley, Cal.
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

Ens. J. O. Harper, USNR
Dayton, Ohio
Commissioned May 27, 1943

Ens. G. H. Sahler, USNR
Joliet, Ill.
Commissioned May 27, 1943

Ens. A. M. Frothingham, USNR
New York, N. Y.
Commissioned May 27, 1943

Ens. J. B. Kubish, USNR
Hannibal, Mo.
Commissioned Jan. 28, 1943
LT. R. C. URBAN, USNR
Merrick, L. I., N. Y.
Commissioned May 21, 1942

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.

Lt. (jg) E. C. Peck, USNR
Greene, N. Y.
Commissioned Sept. 28, 1942

Lt. (jg) C. W. Fotis, USNR
Lynn, Mass.
Commissioned July 22, 1942

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

Ens. R. H. Austin, USNR
Stamford, Texas
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942
Lt. (Jg) J. W. Goddard, USNR
Greensburg, Ind.
Commissioned Jan. 2, 1943

Ens. W. B. Brown, USNR
Midland, Mich.
Commissioned Nov. 17, 1942

Ens. E. W. Ferrill, USNR
Alto Pass, Ill.
Commissioned Jan. 6, 1943

Ens. F. J. Kope, USNR
Youngstown, Ohio
Commissioned Feb. 17, 1943

"...and this, gentlemen, is undoubtedly one of our swiftest aircraft."
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.

Ens. L. G. Engel, USNR
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. T. J. Sandke, USNR
Chicago, Ill.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. J. W. Frament, USNR
Cohoes, N. Y.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. R. Sundene, USNR
Chicago, Ill.
Commissioned Oct. 21, 1942

Ens. J. E. Werner, USNR
Culver, Ind.
Commissioned Jan. 28, 1943

Ens. J. A. Rookus, USNR
Detroit, Mich.
Commissioned Jan. 28, 1943

Ens. E. S. Fleming, USNR
Minter City, Miss.
Commissioned Feb. 17, 1943
Ens. W. C. Smith, USNR
San Francisco, Cal.
Commissioned May 27, 1943

Ens. R. J. Roloff, USNR
Milwaukee, Wis.
Commissioned May 27, 1943

Egad—this can’t be right!
Things we’d like to forget
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.
Oh, stop worrying Sir, I won’t strain myself.
regimental staff
First
JULIO R. ALBANO
623 N. Troy St.
Chicago, Ill.
Wabash, '43

JOHN D. ALDEN
17 Church St.
Beacon, N. Y.
Cornell, '43

ALEX. ALEXANDER
Main St.
Endicott, N. Y.
Bucknell, '43

NORMAN D. ALEXANDER
Monroe St.
Franklin, Ind.
Franklin, '43

STANLEY D. ALLEN
2809 Park Ave.
Minneapolis, Minn.
U. of Nebraska, '43

MICHAEL A. ALTERI
Wolcott, N. Y.
Washington College, '43

CHARLES P. ANDERSON
811 Wolcott St.
Flint, Mich.
U. of Michigan, '43

ROSS E. ANDERSON, JR.
504 Prince St.
Pekin, Ill.
Baker U., '43

GEORGE M. ANGLE
43 East Blvd.
Rochester, N. Y.
Harvard, '44

RAYMOND N. ANGEVINE
520 E. Main St.
Endicott, N. Y.
Springfield College (Mass.), '40
Hugh M. Bailey
116 So. Mercer St
Sharpsville, Pa.
Penn (Cleveland, Ohio), '43

Richard P. Bailey
111 W. North Ave.
Elmhurst, Ill.
North Central, '43

Louis A. Bainter
211 Simmons St.
Webster Groves, Mo.
Central College, '43

Bill B. Baker
726 First St.
Yuma, Ariz.
U. of Arizona, '43

Edwin T. Baker
124 Corona Ave.
Pelham, N. Y.
Harvard, '43

Max L. Baker
512 New St.
Roaring Spring, Pa.
West Chester S. T. C., '43

Robert L. Baker
3669 Osceola St.
Denver, Col.
William Jewell, '43

Sloan H. Baker
2011 Pearl Harbor Place
Lake Charles, La.
Southwest T. S. T. College, '43

Frank E. Baldwin
67 W. Main St.
North East, Pa.
Pennsylvania State College, '43

Owen C. Barnes
2735 Walker St.
Kansas City, Kan.
U. of Kansas City, '43
HENRY K. BECKER
1072 Santa Fe Dr.
Denver, Col.
Regis, '43

HERBERT G. BECKMANN
Wellington, Mo.
Missouri Valley College, '43

RAYMOND F. BEDNOR
341 Center Ave.
Oakdale, Pa.
Pennsylvania State, '43

ROBERT BEEMAN
367 East 201 St.
New York City
Yale, '41

EUGENE BERNSTEIN
1195 Minna Place
Memphis, Tenn.
Vanderbilt U., '43

RICHARD W. BERRIDGE
334 Fountain Ave.
Dayton, Ohio
Oberlin, '43

SAMUEL BERNUNZIO
233 Maple St.
South Fork, Pa.
State Teachers College (Pa.), '43

WAYNE E. BIEHLER
Collyer, Kan.
Fort Hays State, '43

ALAN L. BIENVENU
500 Edward St.
Bossier City, La.
Louisiana State Normal, '43

BRADLEY BIGELOW
Jaffrey, N. H.
Harvard, '44
LEONARD S. BLUMBERG
17 Park Rd.
Wyomissing, Pa.
U. of Michigan, '43

KENNETH E. BOEHM
18 Claremont Dr.
Short Hills, N. J.
Duke U., '43

ROBERT L. BOGER
2530 Monterey Ave.
Detroit, Mich.
Wittenberg College, '43

WARREN H. BOLIN
7466 N. Jordan Ave.
Portland, Ore.
Linfield, '43

BILLY H. BOLTON
501 East 70th St.
Shreveport, La.
Louisiana State Normal, '42

CALHOUN BOND
120 Hawthorn Rd.
Baltimore, Md.
Washington and Lee U., '43

WILLIAM C. BONO
99 Spring St.
Passaic, N. J.
Columbia College, '42

SEATON A. BONTA, JR.
305 W. Prairie
Brookfield, Mo.
Kirksville S. T. C., '43

JAMES A. BOOCK
3749 McKinley Blvd.
Sacramento, Cal.
St. Mary's College (Cal.), '43
RICHARD K. CALL
4911 San Rafael Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal.
U. C. L. A., '43

GERARD J. CALLAHAN
197 Tremont St.
Newton, Mass.
Harvard U., '43

JERRY A. CALLNER
4827 Fairfield St.
Chicago, Ill.
R. C. A. Institutes, '38

FRANK D. CAMPBELL
232 Sherman St.
Caro, Mich.
U. of Michigan, '43

WILBERT R. CANNING
215-14th Ave., N.E.
St. Petersburg, Fla.
U. of Florida, '43

RALPH R. CANTER, JR.
130 S. Elder St.
Indianapolis, Ind.
DePauw U., '43

CALVIN C. CAPSHAW
Rosedale, Okla.
East Central College, '43

EDWIN W. CAREY
R. F. D. No. 2
Mt. Pleasant, Pa.
Indiana State Teachers, '39
R.K. S. COLE
528 Hoskins Ave.
Campbellsville, Ky.
U. of Louisville

WILLIAM R. COLE
Rural Route
Harrodsburg, Ky.
Centre, '43

WALTER V. COLLINS
682 Academy St.
New York, N. Y.
New York U., '43

HARRY G. COMERFORD
1032 N. State St.
Chicago, Ill.
DePaul, '43

FRANCIS J. CONFORTI
4320 Ely Ave.
Bronx, N. Y.
Notre Dame, '43

RICHARD V. CONNIN
515 Myers St.
Toledo, Ohio
U. of Toledo, '43

WILLIAM C. CONOVER
101 Greenway West
New Hyde Park, N. Y.
New York U., '43

FRANKLIN J. CONRAD
211 W. Larwill St.
Wooster, Ohio
College of Wooster, '43

MELVIN COMIN
1644 S. Springfield St.
Chicago, Ill.
U. of Michigan, '43

THOMAS C. COMMITTEE
816 Market St.
Wheeling, W. Va.
Bethany (W. Va.), '43
EARL L. CROWLEY  
502 Old Orchard St.  
Excelsior Springs, Mo.  
William Jewell, '43

LOUIS C. CULPEPPER  
526 Revere Rd.  
West Palm Beach, Fla.  
Florida Southern College, '43

CARNE C. CUNNINGHAM  
2420 Linwood Ave.  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
Greenville College (III.), '43

HUGH M. CURRIN  
R. F. D. No. 2  
Oxford, N. C.  
Wake Forest College, '43

WM. G. CUTHBERTSON  
39 Chatham Rd.  
Upper Darby, Pa.  
Temple U., '43

MAURICE DAILEY  
Clay Street  
Taylorville, Ill.  
Illinois College, '43

FRANCIS L. DALE  
997 Lafayette Ave.  
Bellevue, Ky.  
Duke U., '43

PAUL E. DAMON  
104 Hanover Rd.  
Mt. Lakes, N. J.  
Bucknell U., '43

DAN'L W. DAUGHETTEE  
Barstow, Texas  
Platteville State Teachers, '43

WM. A. DAVENPORT  
618 Sherman St.  
Watertown, N. Y.  
N. Y. S.C. of Forestry, '43
GUILFORD H. DUDLEY
320 E. 72nd St.
New York, N. Y.
Harvard, '43

JOHN K. DUGGAN
2916 Shady Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Notre Dame, '43

RAYMOND B. DUGGAN
1922 Grandview St.
Sioux City, Iowa
Notre Dame, '43

JOHN L. W. DUNCAN
R. R. No. 2
Mishawaka, Ind.
Franklin College, '43

ROBERT D. DUNCAN
78 N. 5th St.
Newark, Ohio
Denison, '43

LEWIS R. DUNN
519 Pine St.
Lancaster, Pa.
Franklin and Marshall, '43

ARTHUR D. DUNSTANE
321½ E. Lewis St.
Wichita, Kan.
Wentworth Institute, '39

JAMES E. DURLEY
Hughesville, Mo.
Central, '43

Robert E. EARNHEART
1810 Walker Ave.
Kansas City, Mo.
U. of Kansas, '43

CHARLIE H. EASLEY
Willis, Okla.
Oklahoma'A. & M., '43

[58]
WALTER K. EBERSOLE
R. D. No. 1
Hershey, Pa.
Lebanon Valley College, '43

THEODORE C. EDQUIST
3206 62nd S. W.
Seattle, Wash.
Linfield, '43

RODNEY J. EDWARDS
1901 Weeks St.
Superior, Wis.
Superior State Teachers, '43

ANDREW R. EEN
Mapleton, Minn.
Mankato S. T. C., '43

HARRY V. EICHER
13445 Emerson St.
Lakewood, Ohio
Wooster, '43

DONALD F. ELLIOTT, JR.
R. R. No. 6, Box No. 1177
Phoenix, Ariz.
De Pauw, '43

JOHN B. ELLOR
174 Kilburn Pl.
South Orange, N. J.
Denison U., '43

RICHARD N. ELVEY
2224 No. 39th St.
Milwaukee, Wis
Milwaukee S. T. C., '43
WILLIAM T. FISHER
418 Center St.
Huron, Ohio
U. of Notre Dame, '43

MILTON FISHMAN
2745 Corliss St.
Detroit, Mich.
U. of Michigan, '43

B. T. FITZPATRICK
909 Palmetto Ave.
Roanoke, Va.
Washington and Lee, '43

JAMES J. FLANAGAN
3807 Washington St.
Kansas City, Mo.
U. of Kansas City, '43

JOHN A. FLANAGAN
3844 Meade St.
Denver, Colo.
Regis College, '43

EARL T. FLEMING
7130 S. Rhodes St.
Chicago, Ill.
De Paul U., '43

ROBERT F. FLOTT
9945 S. Bell St.
Chicago, Ill.
U. of Michigan, '43

ARTHUR V. FLOTTE
2814 Bell St.
New Orleans, La.
Loyola U., '43

CHARLES S. FORD
34 Prospect St.
Crescent City, Fla.
U. of Florida, '43

RICHARD H. FORD
1204 Pleasure Rd.
Lancaster, Pa.
Duke, '43
SIDNEY FRIEDMAN  
143 Cedar St.  
Wyandotte, Mich.  
U. of Michigan, '40

C. A. FRONEBERGER  
Hanna St.  
Gastonia, N. C.  
Wake Forest College, '43

JOSEPH M. FROSIO, JR.  
114 Pine Place  
Warrington, Fla.  
U. of Florida, '43

DEE L. FROST  
697 E. State St.  
Jacksonville, Ill.  
Illinois College, '43

CECIL M. GABRIEL  
44 College Ave.  
Cuckhannon, W. Va.  
W. Va. Wesleyan, '43

John S. GALASKY  
60 North Place  
West Haven, Conn.  
Ohio U., '43

WM. M. GALLAGHER  
2164 Portola Way  
Sacramento, Cal.  
St. Mary's, '43

HOWARD T. GALT  
Glen Moore, Pa.  
Duke U., '43

RUDOLPH M. GANS  
392 Howard Ave.  
Staten Island, N. Y.  
U. of Notre Dame, '43

EDWIN R. GARDNER  
112 Oleander Ave.  
Goldsboro, N. C.  
Bowling Green C. of C., '43
WILLIAM P. GLESSNER
Weyhill Farms
Bethlehem, Pa.
Moravian, '43

JOHN N. GLOVER
Halfway, Mo.
Springfield T. C., '43

LLOYD G. GOHN
1767 N. 38th St.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Washington U., '43
Second Battalion
ALBERT E. GOOD
1060 Northview St.
Barberton, Ohio
Wittenberg, '43

GEORGE S. GOODSELL
2226 S. 7th St.
Sheboygan, Wis.
Carroll College, '43

J. ROY GOODFELLOW
93 Hancock St.
Rumford, Maine
U. of New Hampshire, '43

ROBERT D. GOODRICH
1110 Superior St.
Zanesville, Ohio
Denison, '43

CHARLES O. GORDON
Lake Mills, Iowa
U. of Iowa, '42

DALE W. GORDON
607 E. 3rd St.
Larned, Kan.
Kansas U., '43

HAROLD C. GORDY
636 W. Vine St.
Springfield, Ill.
Illinois College, '43

WM. B. GOSNELL, JR.
1711 W. 13th St.
Wilmington, Del.
Duke U., '43

JAMES E. GOTWALS
500 Gay St.
Phoenixville, Pa.
Pennsylvania State College, '43

THERON M. GOUGH
Parma, Idaho
College of Idaho, '43
EUGENE G. HAGENBACH
245 Mulberry St.
Rochester, N. Y.
Niagara U., '43

HAROLD E. HALE
Minco, Okla.
Oklahoma U., '43

ARTHUR S. HALL
5 Chestnut St.
Middletown, N. Y.
Cornell U., '43

EDWARD R. HALL
R. R. No. 1
Portsmouth, Ohio
Rio Grande College, '43

KENNETH K. HALL
409-C Morris St.
Charleston, W. Va.
U. of Hawaii, '45

THOMAS C. HALL
3117 Hutchinson Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal.
U. of Southern California, '43

GEORGE R. HALLEMANN
4171 Juniata St.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Louis U., '43

W. F. HALVORSON
Tolna, N. D.
Valley City S. T., '43

GEORGE C. HAMBERGER
1421 W. Water St.
Elmira, N. Y.
U. of Michigan, '43

EARLE G. HAMILTON, JR.
305 College St.
Kennett, Mo.
Washington U., '43
CARROLL L. HASLER
Kezelto, Va.
Bridgewater, '43

P. J. HASSELBERGER, JR.
31 Portland Ave.
Clifton, N. J.
New York U., '43

DENT HAWTHORNE, JR.
Granville Summit, Pa.
Pennsylvania State, '43

WARREN D. HAXTON
Chase, Kan.
Fort Hays Kansas State College, '43

ROBERT G. HAYSEN, II.
3487 N. Lake Drive
Milwaukee, Wis.
Dartmouth College, '42

ARTHUR HAZEN
Connecut Lake, Pa.
Slippery Rock, '43

BROOKS N. HEATH
35 Leslie Rd.
Auburndale, Mass.
Harvard, '44

EDWARD S. HEGLAW
15324 St.
East Cleveland, Ohio
Heidelberg, '43

LEE E. HEIDRICK
Little Valley, N. Y.
Cornell, '43

BERNARD R. HEITMAN
1185 Anderson Ave.
New York, N. Y.
U. of Kentucky, '42
WALTER G. HELD
Salem Ave.
Mickleton, N. J.
Bucknell U., '43

BENJAMIN E. HELLER
633 Third St.
Lancaster, Pa.
Franklin and Marshall, '43

DONALD T. HELTZEL
4000 E. Market St.
Warren, Ohio
U. of Notre Dame, '43

W. H. M. HENDRICKS
1222 N. B St.
Wellington, Kan.
U. of Kansas, '42

EDWARD A. HERBER
Lipscomb, Texas
West Texas State College, '43

DONALD HERDER
2911 Rueckert Ave.
Baltimore, Md.
Duke U., '43

RICHARD HERSEY
89 Mussey St.
So. Portland, Maine
Boston U., '41

HENRY K. HENLEY
Velasco, Texas
East Texas S. T. C., '43

WILLIAM B. HENLINE
1735 W. 3rd St.
Hastings, Neb.
U. of Michigan, '43

HOWARD E. HERSH
938 E. 128th St.
Cleveland, Ohio
Ohio U., '43
JAMES N. HINES
529 Jackson Ave.
Vandergrift, Pa.
Bucknell U., '43

JOSEPH B. HOFFERT
Shickley, Neb.
McPherson College, '43

BERNARD J. HOFFMAN
R. R. No. 5
Jasper, Ind.
St. Joseph's College

ROBERT L. HOKE
218 Jamestown Rd.
Williamsburg, Va.
U. of North Carolina, '43

JOSEPH R. HOLT
211 W. 8th St.
Ellsworth, Kan.
Kansas U., '43

GEORGE W. HOOD, JR.
527 S. Florida Ave.
Columbus, Kan.
Baker U., '43

BERNARD A. HOOK
Beckford St.
New Castle, Pa.
Muskingum, '43

HERBERT W. HOOVER
Graysville, Tenn.
Carson-Newman, '43
FRED M. JENNINGS
4650 55th St.
Dan Diego, Cal.
San Diego State, '43

EDGAR B. JOHNSON
909 Sorolla Ave.
Coral Gables, Fla.
U. of Florida, '43

HOWARD G. JOHNSON
R. R. No. 1
Miltonvale, Kan.
U. of Kansas, '43

JOHN P. JOHNSON
Viborg, S. D.
U. of South Dakota, '43

MAX H. JOHNSON
3018 Colorado St.
Kansas City, Mo.
Baker U., '43

ROBERT A. JOHNSON
Hall, Mont.
U. of Omaha, '43

WILLIAM C. JOHNSON
66 N. Grove St.
Valley Stream, L. I., N. Y.
U. of Notre Dame, '43

WILLIAM R. JONES
Post St.
Boonville, N. Y.
St. Lawrence U., '43

WILLIAM W. JONES
Driver, Va.
William and Mary, '43

WILLIAM R. JONES
La Center, Ky.
Manchester College, '42
ARMIN V. LANDIS
R. F. D. No. 2
Lawrence, Kan.
U. of Kansas, '43

NAT LANDRIANI
1317 St.
North Bergen, N. J.
New York U., '43

CHARLES S. LANIER
Aztec, N. M.
U. of New Mexico, '43

STANLEY T. LAPSYS
2930 Poplar Ave
Chicago, Ill
St Joseph's College, '43

KENNETH S. LARKINS
4217 Holmes St.
Kansas City, Mo.
U. of Kansas, '43

HARVEY L. LARSON
R. F. D. No. 1
Minong, Wis.
Superior State, '43

R. R. LASSITER, JR.
34-05 80th St.
Jackson Heights, N. Y.
Duke U., '43

THOMAS C. LASWELL
2203 Cedar St.
Owensboro, Ky.
Centre College, '43

GERALD W. LATTIN
Odessa, N. Y.
Hamilton, '43

ROBERT J. LAVIDGE
101 Bassford Ave.
LaGrange, Ill.
De Pauw U., '43
DELBERT T. LAYER
Charleston, Texas
East Texas State Teachers, '44

NEWTON C. LEE
Newton Grove, N. C.
U. of North Carolina, '41

LOUIS J. LEEK
3319 Cleveland St.
Kansas City, Mo.
Baker U., '43

HOWARD L. LEGUM
909 Grayson St.
Norfolk, Va.
Harvard, '44

DALE D. LEMON
Parker, Kan.
U. of Kansas, '43

JAMES E. LESCH
406 N. Griffin St.
Danville, Ill.
De Pauw U., '43

RICHARD A. LEUTHOLD
463 Prospect St.
Duke U., '43

ALLAN W. LEVEY
240 W. 7th St.
Eric, Pa.
Franklin and Marshall, '43
F. K. LEVINSON, JR.
5639 N. Meridian St.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Principia, '43

BUELL L. D. LEWIS
Calvin, N. D.
North Dakota State Teachers, '43

JAMES R. LEWIS
267 Grey St.
Danville, Va.
Medical College of Virginia, '43

LOY LEWIS
3535 Riverside Ave.
Jacksonville, Fla.
U. of Florida, '43

HAROLD H. LIEBOW
1710 Ave. H
Brooklyn, N. Y.
New York U., '43

JOHN W. LITTLEJOHN
Casey, Ill.
Eastern Illinois S. T., '41

JOHN R. LIVELY
511 Ross St.
Waynesburg, Pa.
Waynesburg College, '43

R. L. LIVINGSTON
Goodwater, Ala.
Alabama Poly. Inst., '43

DAVID T. LLOYD
6315 St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Carnegie Tech., '43

EARL E. LOAR
2916 St.
St. Joseph, Mo.
William Jewell, '43
JOHN L. LOCHER, JR.
4929 N. Marvins St.
Temple U., '43

RALPH R. LOCKE
Crab Orchard, Neb.
Peru State Teachers College, '43
Peru S. T. C., '43

C. P. LOCKHART
Big Spring, Texas
West Texas State College, '43

C. H. LOCKWOOD
6 N. Wyoming Ave.
Atlantic City, N. J.
Pennsylvania State, '43

JOHN A. LOOF
1842 LaSalle Ave.
San Francisco, Cal.
St. Mary's (Col.), '43

WILLIAM J. LOPER
154 N. 20th St.
Wheeling, W. Va.
Bethany, '43

EDWIN J. LORENA
1929 W. Hunting Park Ave.
Temple U., '43

DONALD T. LOUGHRAN
4 Blemton Pl.
Hempstead, N. Y.
Westchester S. T., '43
WILLIAM J. MARINIS
76 S. Sandusky St.
Tiffin, Ohio
U. of Western Ontario, '44

HOUSTON MARNEY, JR.
Carrizo Springs, Texas
S. W. Texas Teachers, '43

WILLIS L. MARR
New England, N. D.
North Dakota Ag. College, '43

MACKAY G. MARTIN
R. T. No. 1, Box 682
Grass Valley, Cal.
Chico State College, '42

ROBERT A. MARTIN
62 Pierrepont St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Colgate U., '42

PERRY L. MARTIN
Waterloo, Ind.
Indiana Central College, '43

RICHARD F. MARSHALL
229 North Heights Ave.
Youngstown, Ohio
Oberlin College, '43

FRANCIS S. MASON, JR.
Plymouth Meeting, Pa.
St. John's College, '43

CLAUDE W. MATTHEWS
800 Holland St.
Great Bend, Kan.
Kansas State College, '43

DAVID O. MATTHEWS
306 E. University St.
Royal Oak, Mich.
U. of Michigan, '43
WM. J. McKEON, JR.
708 Lenawee St.
Lansing, Mich.
Grinnell, '43

C. G. McLAUGHLIN
Main St.
South Berwick, Maine
U. of New Hampshire, '43

HEYS E. McMATH
204 College St.
Americus, Ga.
Emory U., '40

JOHN J. McMILLAN
405 Washington St.
Whiteville, N. C.
Wake Forest College, '43

GEORGE W. MEALS
Sarver, Pa.
Capital, '43

HOWARD L. MEANS
410 W. 13th St.
The Dalles, Ore.
Linfield, '43

MARVIN D. MELBY
R. R. No. 3
Westby, Wis.
La Crosse State Teachers, '43

WALTER H. MENCH
4510 S. 15th St.
Omaha, Neb.
U. of Omaha, '43

HENRY J. MEYER
601 Wooland St.
Jacksonville, Ill.
Illinois College, '43

MARCELLUS B. MEYER
914 Franklin Ave.
Brookville, Ind.
Wabash College, '44
A. C. MIRANNE, JR.  
12 Rio Vista Ave.  
New Orleans, La.  
Loyola U., '42

THOMAS B. MITCHELL  
411 Hawthorn Rd.  
Baltimore, Md.  
Penn State, '44

PHARES L. MIXON  
Live Oak, Fla.  
U. of Florida, '43

SAMUEL E. MOLTER  
Goodland, Ind.  
U. of Notre Dame, '43

RALPH H. MONE  
141 Sullivan Place  
Brooklyn, N.Y.  
New York U., '43

JOHN D. MONSON  
20567 Beacons Field Blvd.  
Rocky River, Ohio  
Denison U., '43

JOHN S. MONSOS  
4837 Harriet Ave.  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
U. of Minnesota, '40

H. M. MONTGOMERY  
5755 N. 7th St.  
Temple U., '43

KEITH E. MONTGOMERY  
203 2nd St.  
Port Clinton, Ohio  
U. of Toledo, '43

FRANK H. MOORE  
509 Rosery Rd.  
Largo, Fla.  
U. of Florida, '43

[96]
WILLIAM J. MORRIS
3660 Arsenal St.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Louis U., '43

HORACE L. MORROW
Main St.
Lynch, Ky.
Centre, '43

RALPH E. MORROW
1407 S. Courtland Ave.
Kokomo, Ind.
Manchester, '43

WILLIAM F. MOSLEY
Mena, Ark.
U. of Arkansas, '40

LUTHER M. MULLINS
S. Main St.
Jenkins, Ky.
Union College, '43

SIDNEY L. MULLIS
Alamo, Ga.
Berry, '43

WILLIAM J. MURDAUGH
S. Walnut St.
Sherman, Texas
Austin College, '38

JOHN F. MURPHY
5908 Loretto Ave.
West Chester S. T. C., '43
EDWARD B. MURRAY
314 Spruce St.
Boonville, Mo.
Central College of Missouri, '43

CORNEAL B. MYERS, JR.
3204 Noble Ave.
Richmond, Va.
Washington and Lee, '43

BURL F. NADER
106 10th St.
Wood River, Ill.
Culver-Stockton College, '43

WILLIAM H. NAUGLE
1924 Briggs St.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Franklin & Marshall, '44

LEWIS H. NEEB
4124 Tyrolean St.
St. Louis, Mo.
Arizona State College, '43

ROBERT C. NEFF
116 Maple St.
Willard, Ohio
College of Wooster, '43

ROBERT G. NEILEY
527 Paden St.
Endicott, N. Y.
Harvard, '43

JACK H. NEILSON
200 S. Homer St.
Ruston, La.
Louisiana Polytechnic Institute, '42

JACK W. NELSON
1802 S. Walnut St.
Sherman, Texas
Austin College, '43

HAROLD W. C. NEMKY
938 Cincinnati St.
San Antonio, Texas
U. of San Antonio, '41

[ 98 ]
JAMES O. NEWMAN  
Brandau Rd.  
Hermitage, Tenn.  
Carson Newman College, '43

RUSSELL C. NICCOLI  
135 E. 5th St.  
Walsenburg, Colo.  
Northwestern U., '42

JAMES A. NIETMANN  
3061 California St.  
Huntington Park, Cal.  
Principia College, '43

BURTON E. NILES  
307 Front St.  
Syracuse, Ind.  
Manchester College, '43

LAURENCE NOEL  
315 E. King St.  
Lancaster, Pa.  
Franklin & Marshall, '43

G. E. NIPPERT  
Raceland, Ky.  
Western Kentucky State

WILLIAM A. NOBLE  
Learned, Miss.  
Mississippi State, '43

J. LAURENCE NOEL  
315 E. King St.  
Lancaster, Pa.  
Franklin & Marshall, '43

CURTIS C. NORBECK  
Sugar Grove, Pa.  
Pennsylvania State, '43

NORTON NORRIS  
3356 Webb St.  
Detroit, Mich.  
U. of Michigan, '43

ALBERT J. OAKES, JR.  
Winona, Miss.  
Mississippi State, '39
BOHDAN D. OSYCZKE
343 King St.
Herkimer, N. Y.
U. of Syracuse, '43

CHESTER H. OVERBEY
War, W. Va.
Wake Forest College, '43

F. L. OVERCARSH
254 Hillside Ave.
Charlotte, N. C.
U. of North Carolina, '43

PHIL OXLEY
17 Menlo Place
Rochester, N. Y.
Denison U., '43

HOWARD L. PALMER
393 Washington Rd.
Grosse Pointe, Mich.
Harvard, '44

RICHARD L. PALMER
3 S. Buffalo St.
Springville, N. Y.
Brown U., '43

WILLIAM H. PALMER
517 Thomas St.
Stroudsburg, Pa.
Bucknell U., '43

CLYDE C. PARKER
Calhoun City, Miss.
Mississippi State College, '43

LESTER J. PARSONS
Hilton Rd.
Keokuk, Iowa
Carthage, '43

HAROLD C. PASSER
Faribault, Minn.
Harvard, '43
DEAN W. POLEN
Avella, Pa.
Waynesburg College, '43

RICHARD H. PORRITT
61 Slater Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Duke, '43

DONALD F. PRATT
443 Ira St.
Richland Center, Wis.
Carroll College, '43

WILLIAM H. PRATT
562 34th St.
Oakland, Cal.
U. of California, '41

ALAN E. PRICE
1270 Bellerock St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lehigh, '43

RICHARD G. PROSCH
3201 Home Ave.
Berwyn, Ill.
Denison U., '43

JACOB J. PRUZANSKY
268 75th St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Brooklyn College, '41

THOMAS J. PURCELL
1340 Davis Ave.
N. S. Pgh., Pa.
Carnegie Tech., '43

[ 105 ]
third
ROY S. ANDERSON
28 Reed St.
Agawam, Mass.
Clark U., '43

C. H. ANDREWS, JR.
509 Burton St.
Raleigh, N. C.
North Carolina State, '43

JACK A. ARNOLD
170 Merrick Rd.
Amityville, N. Y.
Tri-State, '43

JORDAN H. ASHLEY
Fourth St.
Graham, Texas
East Texas State, '43

EMIL M. BANAS
3801 Carey St.
East Chicago, Ill.
St. Procopius College, '43

C. H. ANDREWS, JR.
509 Burton St.
Raleigh, N. C.
North Carolina State, '43

JACK A. ARNOLD
170 Merrick Rd.
Amityville, N. Y.
Tri-State, '43

JORDAN H. ASHLEY
Fourth St.
Graham, Texas
East Texas State, '43

WARREN A. BAUER
R. R. No. 5
Hamilton, Ohio
U. of Cincinnati, '43

CHARLES S. BENNETT
Fairview at Chestnut
Nazareth, Pa.
Lehigh U., '43

SIDNEY L. BESVINICK
736 Collins Ave.
Miami Beach, Fla.
U. of Florida, '43
HENRY E. RITTER, JR.
N. 2nd St.
Scottsburg, Ind.
St. Joseph's College, (Ind.), '43

KEITH C. ROBERTS
Tecumseh, Neb.
Peru State, '43

NELSON M. ROBERTS
Hicksville St.
Jerico, Long Island, N. Y.
Middlebury College, '43

A. D. ROBINSON, JR.
15850 Rosemont St.
Detroit, Mich.
U. of Michigan, '43

WILLIAM F. ROONEY
625 Avenue L
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cornell, '43

STUART S. ROUGH
332 N. 16th St.
Monterello, Cal.
Occidental College, '41

ASA S. ROWLEE, JR.
190 N. Union St.
Battle Creek, Mich.
U. of Michigan, '43

PAUL E. RUARK, JR.
310 Chesapeake Ave.
Crisfield, Md.
Washington College, '43

CARL D. RUPPERT, JR.
2002 4th St. N. E.
Washington, D. C.
Catholic U., '43

EDWARD E. RUSHIN
1030 S. Market St.
Nanticoke, Pa.
E. Stroudsburg Teachers, '43
STEPHEN L. RUSK
10148 Gulf Blvd.
St. Petersburg, Fla.
Duke U., '43

C. E. RUSSELL, JR.
202 S. Cottonwood St.
Iola, Kan.
Kansas U., '43

DANIEL RUSSELL
209 Edgehill Rd.
Milton, Mass.
U. of New Hampshire, '43

SAMUEL J. SACHS
101 Elmwood Ave.
Newark, Ohio
Wittenburg, '43

T. H. SACKETT, JR.
320 South Ave.
Rochester, N. Y.
Assumption, '43

JEAN M. SAKS
74 Ross Ave.
Hackensack, N. J.
Cornell U., '43

CHARLES N. SANDERS
Shelbyville, Tenn.
U. of Tennessee, '42

JAMES M. SANDLIN
212 "E" St. N. W.
Ardmore, Okla.
Phillips U., '43

SAMUEL H. SAPP
Hillard, Fla.
U. of Florida, '43

DAVID C. SAUER
4030 Lincoln Hills Blvd.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Denison U., '43
JOSEPH J. SCHMUUCKER
801 Elmira St.
Williamsport, Pa.
Pennsylvania State College, '43

KENNETH M. SCHMUTZ
107 S. A St.
Herington, Kan.
Baker U., '43

DELBERT H. SCHOCK
2502 Summitview St.
Yakima, Wash.
Linfield College, '43

WESLEY C. SCHOELCH
7206 Pershing Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.
Washington U., '43

JAKIE M. SCHRUM
Big Sandy, Texas
East Texas State College, '43

ARTHUR W. SCHUBERT
Ramona, Kan.
McPherson College, '43

JOHN H. SCHUMACHER
145 Montgomery St.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Syracuse U., '43

B. C. SCHUMITSCH
Wausau Rd.
Antigo, Wis.
River Falls State Teachers, '43

EUGENE W. SCHOOLER
Osborne, Kan.
Fort Hays Kansas State College, '43

LEO L. SCHRAEDER
Timken, Kan.
Fort Hays Kansas State, '43
FRANCIS SIEVERS  
717 South Ave.  
Westfield, N. J.  
East Stroudsburg S. T. C., '43

SEYMOUR SILVERMAN  
1535 41st St.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
New York U., '43

ROBERT B. SILVEY  
Box 464  
Cullman, Ala.  
St. Bernard, '39

CHARLES A. SIMMONS  
Winnisquam, N. H.  
U. of New Hampshire, '43

HARRY M. SLADE  
Reisterstown, Md.  
Washington College, '43

JESSE L. SMALLING  
Duke, Okla.  
Southwestern Tech., '43

SAMUEL P. SMILEY  
R. R. No. 2  
Waterville, Maine  
U. of Maine, '43

RAYFIELD R. SKATRUD  
4600 Mill Creek Parkway  
Kansas City, Mo.  
Baker U., '43

BENNETT J. SIMS  
4600 Mill Creek Parkway  
Kansas City, Mo.  
Baker U., '43

BENJAMIN A. SMITH  
1844 S. 10th St.  
Terre Haute, Ind.  
Indiana College of Ph., '41
BENJAMIN L. SMITH, JR.
802 Cypress St.
Greensboro, N. C.
Duke U., '43

C. J. B. SMITH, JR.
40 Passaic St.
Hackensack, N. J.
Carnegie Tech., '43

CLAYTON H. SMITH
81 Rosemont Ave.
Portland, Maine
U. of New Hampshire, '43

ELBERT B. SMITH
Tuskeleche Rd.
Marysville, Tenn.
Marysville, '40

FREDERICK R. SMITH
Hardy, Va.
Maryville College, '43

J. G. SMITH, JR.
Route No. 2
Wilson, N. C.
Atlantic Christian College, '43

JOSEPH P. SMITH
148 Bayview Ave.
Port Washington, N. Y.
Niagara U., '43

LEONARD J. SMITH
308 Marcia Ave.
Hamilton, Ohio
Duke U., '43

LUTHER L. SMITH, JR.
P. O. Box 585, 825 School St.
Rocky Mount, N. C.
Duke U., '43

MAURICE F. SMITH, JR.
844 Pilgrim Rd.
Birmingham, Mich.
De Pauw, '43
JULIUS A. STRISO
1710 Popham Ave.
New York, N. Y.
New York U., '43

EUGENE R. STROUP
Cherryville, N. C.
Appalachian S. T. C., '43

FRANKLIN H. STUART
33 Monadnock Rd.
Wellesley Hills, Mass.
U. of Notre Dame, '43

RICHARD S. STUMPF
283 Church St.
Brookville, Pa.
Pennsylvania State, '43

HARLAN M. STURGIS
69 Western Ave.
Auburn, Maine
Bates, '43
Fourth
JAMES E. McDONALD  
2122 S. 35th St.  
Omaha, Neb.  
U. of Omaha, '42

WILLIAM A. McCOWAN  
Kendall Ave.  
Jersey Shore, Pa.  
U. of Notre Dame, '43

ROBERT T. MEEK  
415 N. Murray St.  
Madison, Wis.  
U. of Wisconsin, '43

EDWARD A. MILLER, JR.  
4203 34th St.  
Cincinnati, Ohio  
U. of Cincinnati, '43

C. RANDOLPH MYER II  
135 Maiden Terrace  
Elizabeth, N. J.  
Princeton U., '43

C. FRANK NANCE  
830 C Sims Rd.  
Bisbee, Ariz.  
U. of Arizona, '43

ROBERT A. NYERE  
19 Colliston Rd.  
Brighton, Mass.  
Harvard, '41

CLAUDE OGLE  
600 W. 105th St.  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
U. of Southern California, '43
WALTER TISCHUK
117 Baldwin St.
Castle Shannon, Pa.
'Carnegie Tech., '43

JAMES M. TISDALL
234 Oak St.
Holyoke, Mass.
Amherst, '43

MARK N. TITELMAN
351 Pacific Ave.
Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.
U. of Michigan, '43

HAROLD C. TODD, JR.
Tillotson Rd.
Fanwood, N. J.
Franklin and Marshall, '43

CHARLES L. TOLLE
R. R. No. 1
Windfall, Ind.
'Union College, '43

ORVILLE L. TOMLINSON
Route No. 5
North Kansas City, Mo.
'Baker U., '43

WENDELL H. TOMPKINS
R. F. D. No. 1
Council Grove, Kan.
'U. of Kansas, '43

WILLIS L. TOMPKINS
W. Main St.
Council Grove, Kan.
'U. of Kansas, '43
SHELDON L. TOOMER  
156 W. Magnolia Ave.  
Auburn, Ala.  
*Alabama Poly. Inst., '43*

REX C. TOOTHMAN  
Route No. 2  
Fairmont, W. Va.  
*Bowling Green C. of C.*

ROBERT A. TOOTHMAN  
Ice St.  
Barreckville, W. Va.  
*Bowling Green C. of C., '43*

GEORGE F. TRAIN  
1808 S. Van Ness St.  
Santa Ana, Cal.  
*Ottawa U. (Kan.), '40*

KENNETH E. TRAXLER  
Alachu, Fla.  
*U. of Florida, '43*

ROY T. TRIBBLE  
Caschilla, Miss.  
*Mississippi State College, '43*

NORMAN R. TRIMBLE  
McLean, Texas  
*West Texas State College, '43*

PERRY R. TRIMMER  
121 Burbank Dr.  
Snyder, N. Y.  
*Duke, '43*

JOHN E. TROUP, JR.  
5818 Grand Ave.  
Kansas City, Mo.  
*U. of Notre Dame, '43*

THOMAS J. TROUT  
1028 S. Main St.  
Findlay, Ohio  
*Denison, '43*
WM. S. TROWBRIDGE
429 Hamilton Pl.
Ann Arbor, Mich.
U. of Michigan, '43

HARRY E. TROXELL, JR.
677 Orange St.
Northumberland, Pa.
Duke U., '43

JESSE L. TULLMAN
752 14th Ave.
Paterson, N. J.
New York U., '43

SAM. L. TURLEY
530 E. Third St.
Williamsport, Pa.
Dickinson Jr. College, '40

C. M. UELTSCHEN
Morton, Miss.
Mississippi St. State, '43

SOLOMON ULANER
506 E. 176th St.
Bronx, N. Y.
New York U., '41

HOWARD E. UPSON
443 Hudson Ave.
Newark, Ohio
Harvard, '43

CARLOS G. VANAURON
1012 E. 42nd Place
Chicago, Ill.
Carthage, '43
JOHN R. WELLS
6524 Sagamore St.
Kansas City, Kan.
Kansas U., '43

ERMAL R. WELSCH
Wolcott, Ind.
Wabash, '43

GLENN F. WELSH
1121 Dalzell St.
Shreveport, La.
Duke U., '43

HEYWARD M. WHARTON
Burnside Rd.
Ithaca, Pa.
Princeton U., '43

QUENTIN P. WHIPPLE
2108 E. Broad St.
Columbus, Ohio
Ohio State U., '42

HENRY WHITE
240 Camden Ave.
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Maryland S. T. C., '38

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U. of Michigan, '43

RICHARD H. WHITEHILL
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Oil City, Pa.
Edinboro S. T. C., '43

MILTON I. WHITHAM
301 N. Court St.
Fairfield, Iowa
Petersburg College, '43

WEBSTER K. WHITING
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Middlebury College (Vt.), '43
THIRD
FOURTH
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Birmingham 7, Ala.
U. of Alabama, '44

ROBERT E. ALSUP
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ROBERT H. BACH
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U. of Oregon, '42

FRANCIS A. BEALL
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Mount St. Mary's College, '44

FRANKLIN M. BELL
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HOMER A. BLACK
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WILLIAM G. BENDER
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Bellaire, L. I., N. Y.
Brooklyn Poly. Inst., '43

DONALD G. BENJAMIN
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Friend, Neb.
William Jewel, '44

H. C. BIGGLESTONE
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U. of Arizona, '43
F. A. BLATTENBERGER
1462 Kaighn Ave.
Camden, N. J.
U. of Pennsylvania, '43

CARL J. BOEMER
2638 Queen St., N.
Minneapolis, Minn.
U. of Minnesota, '43

JOHN H. BOLSTAD
2348 Cherry St.
Denver, Colo.
Colorado School of Mines, '43

JAMES L. BOWEN
2669 S. Lincoln St.
Denver, Colo.
Colorado School of Mines, '43

ALEXANDER BRODY
10 S. Washington St.
Sumter, S. C.
U. of North Carolina, '43

BRUCE A. BOYD
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U. of Oregon, '43

THOMAS E. BRISLIN
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Bucknell U., '43

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St. Louis U., '42

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North Dakota State, '39

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Lawrence Inst. of Tech., '43

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U. of Chicago, '43

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Pennsylvania State College, '44

GEORGE W. DEWEY
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Northeastern U., '43

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Fresno State College, '41

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Wheaton, '43

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Elon College, '43

WARREN C. WINKLER
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Davis and Elkins College, '43

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Jackson, Tenn.
Lambuth, '43

"Yoo Hoo, Captain!"
To begin with the beginning, as Dickens once wrote, I was born. To begin in the middle and work towards the end, I was once a Midshipman, an officer in a qualified sense.

My name is of little importance because there were so many of us in our Company. You would probably forget initials so I'll give you my laundry number, and let that do until the BuPers decides in my favor and gives me a serial number that I can print in the upper left hand corner of all my future correspondence.

The Notre Dame Laundry Inc. allotted me No. 6384 as means of identifying my skivvy shirts and khaki trousers for three and one half months. so for the sake of clarity and brevity that will be my call number throughout "My Day's Log".

The day that I have entered could be anyone of the 115 days that I have spent on board learning how to become a naval officer in a qualified sense. So after consulting the Nautical Almanac and Plate II, I am taking the *alegratic sum* and the *mean draft* and picking July 17, 1943, as the day I will enter in the rough log. But while reading over my entries keep in mind the routine was the same for every day, perhaps on this particular day the assignment in Seamanship was a little harder, maybe I was feeling pretty low after my last Typhoid shot, or I had just been informed that I arrived at Notre Dame, May 31, 1943. Nevertheless, I still contend all of the days were basically the same—if it wasn't one thing it was another. And after reading through the daily routine maybe you could answer the biggest question that has been on my mind ever since I arrived at Notre Dame, May 31, 1943. "If all of this is done in the name of an officer in a qualified sense—what in the name of blazes will be expected of me when I'm a "regular"?"

**MID WATCH 0000-0400**

0130—Awakened by an energetic soul with a black and yellow band wrapped around his arm.

Half asleep I scribbled my initials on the small paper he was carrying.

0157—Started up to the second deck of Morrissey, still wondering if maybe I hadn't been a little too eager to join the Navy in the first place.

0159—Greeted the Security Watch with a snappy "Ready to relieve you, sir!". Logged myself in, and as he rounded the corner to bed, sank down in a hard chair and tried to make myself comfortable.

0217—Opened my left eye and glanced up and down the deck for the signs of any officer living or dead.

0254—Awoke with a start and rushed down to the end of the deck. Firmly securing the port hole I changed the temp. from raw and freezing to uncomfortable and damp. Noted condition of readiness of deck on my way back and logged same.

0320—Got a bad case of insomnia, and couldn't sleep. Looked over FIRE BILL and wondered what in hell I would really do if there wasn't a fire.

0335—Heard footsteps and smartly raced down the passage to greet the J. O. O. D. as he was entering the head. Logged same.

0357—Watched with amazement as my relief came staggering down the deck. Exchanged snappy salutes and returned to my billet.

**MORNING WATCH 0400-0800**

0550—And then through the fog there was a sharp blast of the trumpet . . . a voice within me whispered. "Arise".

0552—Ankle-deep in mist I found myself touching my left toe with my right hand and then swinging counter clockwise to give the rest of my body a wrench.

0555—Horizontally inclined, face downward over a concrete gangway depending upon two arms and a raised stern to keep me off the cold surface.

0611—Grabbed a styptic pencil and tried to stop blood from draining out of my damaged hull. Cleaned razor and damned same.

0642—Asked for the eighth sausage on the inboard side and after not getting it, moved farther down the line and silently and swiftly extracted two cinnamon buns from the metal tray.

0644—Traded one of my cinnamon buns for an extra nice plum. The entire transaction was completed underneath the table top to avoid an argument and possible report. Looked at my watch and hurried home to clean my
Watched wi... 

0728—Listened attentively while mate of the deck announced: "Now hear this, first period formation." Then cramming my gear underneath my arm I scurried down the deck and out to Plan II.

0734—Watched with keen interest as section leader erased board and sounded off. Broke out sheet of papes and humored the Ensign by writing down the answers to the questions he had so thoughtfully prepared.

FORENOON WATCH 0800-1200

0828—Stowed my gear, stood at attention. Waited until the Section Leader explained that we were to remain in the same room. Broke out my gear again, and sailed down the passageway toward the scuttlebutt and head.

0836—Watched with great admiration and awe as instructor explained how to moor a vessel head on. Noted down possible P Work questions and sank back in my chair and caught a cat nap.

1005—Tried like the devil to get a 85.5 line on my newly constructed Mercator Chart. Gave it up and changed my course to 090. It got me to approximately the same spot.

1030—Rushed back to my billet. Found that I had had visitors and they had left their little calling cards.

1031—Mate of the deck reminded me to initial extra duty detail be 1200.

1035—Buttoned last button on palm beach blouse. Leisurely dragged on a cigarette waiting for Captain's Inspection.

1100—Took a deep breath and stared straight ahead. Could feel hot breath of the Captain as he paused momentarily, in front of me, then moved on. Perspiration slowly oozing down my back.

1113—Rigidly at parade rest, watched Middie in front of me keel over. Noted the efficiency of the Medical Department and two Company officers as he was carted off the parade field.

1148—Entered the great mess hall of Notre Dame. Lamb stew and a baked potato didn't some-

how hit the spot. Adjourne to zero deck to grab a coke and a cigarette before 5th period class formation.

AFTERNOON WATCH 1200-1600

1300—Remembered $T = \frac{\text{AWL}}{35x12}$ but couldn't think what it solved for. Forgot W.C. and D.C. Sound off and went on re-report.

1336—Rubbed sink and dusted bed springs with last clean handkerchief. Snapped to attention as inspecting party entered room.

1515—Shifted rifle to left shoulder and started back down the concrete highway.

DOG WATCHES 1600-2000

1630—Left note on billet door. "Gone to town. Meet me there."

1658—Entered Sweeney's. Sighted schooner—drank same.

1741—Center of Gravity still above center of Bouyaney.

1911—Center of Flotation reached maximum peak. Righting moment positive—righting arm

1ST WATCH 2000-2400

2030—Observed destroyer broad on starboard bow.

2031—Up one—double O.

2032—Right "Oh!"

2033—Sounded howlers—veered to starboard. Collision inevitable.

2042—Trimmed 8° by stern.

2300—Down by the head.

MID WATCH 0000-0400

0007—Took range and bearing on Notre Dame bus—changed course to 000°. Steamed full speed ahead.

0059—Logged in Battalion Office. Righting arm negative.
Ordnance

ORDNANCE, the science of blowing up your fellow man before he blows you up, was a subject profoundly interesting to Midshipmen. It is impossible not to take any interest in a 16-inch gun, when you know that in a few short months you may be looking into the muzzle of one, pointed at your Higgins boat with unfriendly intentions and malice aforethought. Midshipmen therefore resolved to master this fascinating science, so that they could hold up their end of the little game of TNT tag which Webster calls war.

The course opened with a study of explosives. The instructor went over the ingredients of the various types with as much unctuousness as though he were describing his wife's favorite cake recipe, and told how many city blocks an ounce or two of such-and-such an explosive would wipe out. Then, perhaps, he would fish a cylindrical chunk of smokeless powder out of his pocket, saying that his particular grain was very old and had long ago lost its volatiles, and was very unstable: at which point he would begin to toss the chunk of powder around in a very frivolous fashion, banging it against the desk or perhaps dropping it on the floor; while the innocent seamen (This was during Indoctrination) would stuff their fingers in their ears, grit their teeth, and while awaiting the inevitable explosion, wonder whether there would be enough pieces of them left for burial, and wish that they had kissed their girls just once more before they left home. Then the instructor would tell them about a friend of his who was always fooling around with some explosive or other and would get his head blown off if he was not more careful. And then, after hitting the powder a final bang on the desk, he would hand it to the seamen and tell them to pass it around and look at it; which they did, handling it as though it were red hot.

During the first Midshipmen term, Ordnance dealt with the construction and operation of guns, and some very complicated mechanisms were thrown at the suffering students. They learned that every gun has an amazing number of parts in it, each of which has a name; and that, as a general rule, the smaller a part is, the longer its name is. Instructors loved to talk about a little chunk of metal found in one of the guns: this little piece of steel is approximately an inch long, and has a completely incomprehensible name with seven or eight parts to it.

After absorbing such items as radial expansion, A-tubes, frictionless bearings, gas check systems, differential cylinders, and firing locks, Midshipmen went on, in the second term, to the study of aiming the gun. This, they found is not merely a matter of squinting through a sight and squeezing the trigger; it involves several complicated mechanisms; so complicated that the complicated mechanisms of the first term seemed simple in comparison and Midshipmen after a discouraging session with the G. E. director found themselves yearning for the good old days when all they had to worry about was the DeBange Gas Check System.

They were told that nowadays range and deflection problems were solved automatically by machines; but before they had a chance to rejoice, they were also told that, in order that they might appreciate just what these machines were doing for them, they would be given a few problems to work out by hand.
NOT EVEN The Commando Course contributed as much to the physical development of Midshipmen as did Navigation. After four months of carrying Bowditch, Dutton, charts, plotting gear, tide tables, current tables, nautical almanac, and HO 214 around under his left arm, the puniest of Midshipmen found that he had developed phenomenal biceps. Bowditch in particular was so crammed with weighty wisdom, that a crowbar was required to pry him up off the deck after some exhausted sufferer had dropped him there.

At first, many Midshipmen attempted to solve the problem by leaving Bowditch in their billets when they went to class; but they soon discovered their mistake, and ever afterwards voiced heartfelt agreement with that fourth-deck Confucious, who first uttered the golden words, “Bowditch weighs less than a rifle.”

The mental labor undergone in Navigation class was just as great as the physical labor which was required in order to get there. Midshipmen were sadly disillusioned. They learned that a compass needle doesn’t point North after all; that the North Star is not always located directly above the North Pole; that when you look at your watch and see what time it is, it isn’t that time at all, it is several thousand simultaneous different times, each of them labelled with a different set of letters and figured widely differing but equally complicated ways. Finally, they learned that when you think you have made a 4.0 on P-Work, you have actually made a 1.9; but when you think you have made 1.9, you are right.

The compass, that crazy instrument that is wrong two ways at once, was perhaps the principal headache. After struggling for an hour or two with the P.S.C., deviation, variation, magnetic, and true, despairing Midshipmen wondered why they couldn’t throw all the calculations overboard and just muddle through, the way Columbus did. Little sayings and songs, such as “Can Two Dead Men Depart by Course Alotted?” as “Can Two Dead Men Depart by Course Alotted?”.

Most of the Navigation lessons involved plotting the course of some hypothetical ship whose captain had an insane passion for zig-zagging and for getting his ship into dangerous waters. This captain would steam along, zig-zagging happily, with nothing ahead of him except open water, one hundred fathoms deep; but all at once he would look to starboard and see three minefields and two reefs, with a terrific rip-tide running amongst them. Chuckling with glee he would change course to starboard at once and head straight for the obstacles, and then sink back in the hypothetical easychair on his hypothetical bridge and relax, while a roomful of sweating Midshipmen figured out his E. P.’s and danger bearings for him. After a lengthy session of vainly trying to find the danger angle of a mine field, most Midshipmen discovered that they were in complete sympathy with that famous old Navy phrase (uttered, perhaps, under similar circumstances,)

“Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!”
Seamanship

UPON the Seamanship Department fell the unenviable task of hammering into civilian heads all the useful pieces of sailorly information which were not covered by the other departments.

Early in the course came a long list of definitions from the Bluejacket's Manual—definitions of those outlandish terms which sailors use when they don’t want anyone to know what they are talking about: “scuppers”, “cat pendant”, “partners”, etc., etc. These definitions played a part in P-works, of course. On one memorable occasion the following question appeared: “Where would you expect to find a jackass aboard ship?” It is impossible to calculate how many midshipmen there were who (not knowing that a jackass is a canvas plug stuffed with oakum and used to prevent water from coming in through the hawse pipes—not even knowing as a matter of fact, what “oakum” and “hawse pipes” were) who were faced with the horrible temptation of answering, “on the bridge”, or, “in the wardroom”. Apparently they all resisted the temptation; nobody was shot the next morning.

But there were many other blunders, innocent ones, to keep the instructors in a good humor. One valiant guesser, when asked what a “spar suspended horizontally from the mast was” answered, “A Flag Officer”. Then there was the midshipman who was asked, “Who is The Chief of Naval Operations?” The poor devil, who had probably been thoroughly lectured on some previous occasion for failure to “sound off” when answering a question, was very careful to “sound off” this time. A little too careful, in fact: he sprang to attention and said, “Admiral King, sir, Midshipman Smith”.

Midshipmen were also made acquainted with the Organization of the Navy and the Chain of Command; they spent much time speculating on hypothetical cases, as when an Ensign runs a landing barge up on a mud bank and is bawled out by his immediate superior, and so on up the ladder, until the whole affair ends with the President telling the Secretary of the Navy to be a little more careful next time.

It was at this point that they learned of their own humble position in the Naval Organization, and first heard that dubious phrase, “Officers in a qualified sense”.

Communications, visual and radio, made up a large portion of the Seamanship curriculum. There was the Blinker drill, with the little light flashing on and off for the first five minutes of every class and the first part of every P-work. This little light seemed to have a hypnotic effect on most midshipmen. They would stare at it intently for a time, concentrating desperately, and then suddenly fall into a sort of trance and feel a delicious sensation of rest creeping over them, while the light winked on and off unheeded, and the Blinker Tree began to grow prodigiously.

There were also the flag hoist drills on the Drill Field, in which cruiser 4, stationed in the southwest corner of the field, was informed that a torpedo was mowing down the long grass to starboard in zone three. Nonchalant in the face of such danger, cruiser 4 acknowledged the signal, and nothing more was heard of the torpedo so it must have missed.

On the same field semaphore drills were held, and midshipmen, already sufficiently depressed, began displaying bodily entanglements.
It was generally agreed that Damage Control was the toughest course in the curriculum. It had to go some to beat Navigation, Ordnance and Seamanship, but it had what it takes and came romping in, a winner by several lengths.

It began with an indoctrination course in Engineering Drawing. Midshipmen had to draw blocks, starting out with simple parallelepipeds and gradually (but not gradually enough) working up to horribly distorted shapes which looked like a California architect's conception of the House of Seven Gables. It was necessary to show in the drawings, not only all the visible lines, but all the invisible ones as well; and Midshipmen discovered that there is nothing which makes you so cross-eyed as trying to look at an object three ways at once.

All this, however, was but a preamble to the course itself. Damage Control is the art of keeping a ship afloat and in a fighting condition after it has been hit by a few assorted enemy projectiles. In order to patch up the various holes, fractures and contusions which occur in the plating and frames of the ship when such projectiles hit it, something more than a tack hammer and a sheet of galvanized tin is necessary. As a matter of fact, so far as the Midshipmen could see, a degree in engineering, with a minor in mathematics was the qualification for patching up a medium-sized hole in a Higgins boat; while to repair any ship larger than a Higgins boat, a man must know every rivet in the ship by its first name; be able to integrate mentally a stability curve within five seconds; and completely understand the General Theory of Relativity.

The Department was notorious for the problems it dished out. One instructor publicly confessed that whenever a nightmare woke him up in the middle of the night, he immediately got out of bed and wrote down a problem for the next P-work.

Mixed in with four or five ordinary problems, each of which involved an impossible amount of brain strain, would be a whimsical little problem like the following: "A ship has a designers' length of 403 feet. Its dead rise is 5.5 feet, its displacement in salt water is 1500 tons, and the height of its mainmast is 50 feet above mean low water, what is the ship's displacement in fresh water?"
ON THE thirty-first day of May, Anno Domini Nineteen hundred and forty-three, observant citizens of the thriving municipality of South Bend, Indiana, may have noticed open trucks, crammed to the bursting point with the flower of American young-manhood, steaming at standard speed towards the verdant campus of the University of Notre Dame.

Class Number Three was reporting for duty.

Truckload after truckload of embryonic ensigns was disgorged upon the greensward, and there the future officers sat, weared by long train trips from Florida, from California, from North Dakota and South Carolina. There they sat for about five minutes, that is; at the end of which time they were called to attention by an Officer. It was a long, long time before they sat at their ease again.

The Officer gave them a little talk. "You are the lowest form of animal life in the Navy", he said. "Some day you may, by hard word and diligent application, attain the rank of Midshipman; which rank is not much better than your present one. Until that time, however, keep your insignificance constantly in mind."

Then he divided them alphabetically and sent them to their various halls "on the double".

In the ensuing weeks they were destined to hear many repetitions of that harsh phrase, "on the double", and to learn that, while in Navy, they had to run at top speed to wherever they were going, and then stand in line for half an hour or so when they got there.

First they stood in line to turn in their orders and be assigned to their billets; then they stood in line to draw their bedding; and then they stood in a gigantic line at the stadium to draw their uniforms. Loud were the lamentations as they tried to force size 3 crew hats down over their skulls, or to roll up endless trousers legs. "Don't worry, it'll shrink when it's been washed a few times," said a Supply Officer to an unfortunate seaman whose T-shirt was draped around him like a 1903 bathing suit. "Don't worry, it'll stretch after you've worn it a while," said the Supply Officer to another poor wretch, whose T-shirt was slowly strangling him to death.

When they had all been uniformed, they were herded into the already familiar “column of threes” and marched to their halls; a melancholy horde, with trousers legs dragging on the ground, sleeves dangling to knees, hats perched precariously on the uttermost pinacles of heads, and a miscellaneous assortment of raincoats, civilian clothes, and athletic shoes falling out of laundry bags at ten-second intervals.

It is said that one man got a perfect fit in every detail of his uniform; the lucky fellow was a 4-F civilian who, while standing around watching the proceedings, had been herded into line by a zealous Officer. The error was soon discovered, and he was set free two weeks later.

Thus the first day passed; in the succeeding days of Indoctrination the luckless Apprentice Seaman of Class Number Three were so rushed around, so hurried and buffeted and chased from one end of the campus to the other, that they found it impossible to distinguish one day from the next, if
anyone had asked them what the date was, they couldn't have told him. So confused did they become that it sometimes seemed to them as though Reveille sounded in the middle of the night. But out of this welter of hurry and confusion certain prominences protruded, and made lasting impressions on the innocent and permeable minds of the apprentice seamen.

There was the Physical Examination, wherein one encountered the attractive piece of leg art pasted on the x-ray machine in such a manner that the x-rayee had to twist himself into the required contortionist's posture in order to feast his eyes on the masterpiece. And the amiable Pharmacist's Mate who stuck an implement as big as a tire pump, and much sharper, into bare arms; drew out a pint or two of blood, and then said, "Tsk, tsk, too bad; we'll have to try again."

Also in the Medical Department were the frequent "shots", which brought protection from tetanus, typhoid, yellow fever, smallpox, and lost statical stability. The Pharmacists' Mates seemed to be engaging in a friendly competition to see which one could make the most punctures per minute. One foolhardy A.S. stopped to scratch himself, and was pierced eleven times before he got moving again. On the first shot-day, when two shots and a smallpox vaccination were given, the mates successfully employed an automatic recoil system. Two of them stood facing each other; when a victim came between them, one stabbed him in the left arm; the victim naturally recoiled to the right, and in so doing, was impaled on the other needle, which was held in the battery position by the other mate.

Calisthenics, morning and afternoon. Many an A.S., roused at 0550 and knowing that he could look forward to nothing but fifteen minutes of jumping-jacks, knee-bends, and push-ups, meditated wistfully upon suicide, like Hamlet; and, more resolute than the melancholy Dane, was prevented from shooting himself only by Article 61 in the regulations of the school, which prudently makes "possession or discharging of unauthorized firearms" a class A offense.

If the morning sessions were bad, those of the afternoons were worse. The tender-hearted powers that-be saw that all seamen were well limbered up by two hours of close-order drill before the exercise period; but, strangely enough, this limbering up did not seem to help much. After half an hour of imitating the violent twistings and jumpings of the Chief on the platform—a tireless machine with lungs of leather, a torso of steel, and arms and legs of Grade A rubber—the panting and groaning A.S. got as a reward sarcastic comments from some Officer, who would say, "Come on, mister, where do you think you are, at a lawn party? Get on the ball, or I'll run you around this field till 1800!" Although he was in the last stages of exhaustion, the A.S. always felt that if he had a baseball bat in his hands, he could muster up enough strength to clip the Officer a good one on the head with it.

EXECUTIVE DRILL. During the course of many dusty hours on the drill fields, the seamen gradu-
ally learned to perform an “about face” without tripping and falling down; and to march in reasonably straight lines for reasonably long intervals. As their feet moved mechanically beneath them, their minds wandered far away to the South Pacific, and they pictured themselves at the helm of a P.T. boat, racing across the blue water straight towards a doomed enemy battleship, while suntanned maidens stood on the white sands of a nearby beach and excitedly cheered them on. But just before the deadly torpedo struck home, they were abruptly awakened by a rude shock; their errant minds returned to the dusty drill field, and they realized that “to the rear, march!” had been given, and they had collided violently with the wheeling man in front of them. And then, of course, up sauntered the Officer with a vinegar face and snarled out his “Well, mister, just what do you think you’re doing? Wake up and get those commands, or I’ll have you polishing brightwork every Saturday for the rest of your life.” Never had the blue Pacific, the white sands, and the brown-skinned beauties seemed so far away.

WATCH. Sooner or later they all had watches. As Roving Watch they, in the dead of night, patrolled the boggy shores of the lake, carrying a nightstick and a ponderous searchlight, and desperately clubbing to death with the former implement the squadrons of mosquitoes which were attracted by the beams of the latter.

As Security Watch they sat, again in the dead of night, at the desks in the passageways, and propped their eyes open with their fingers, and at the prescribed intervals sleep-walked on Routine Inspections, and printed a faltering “All Secure” in the logs.

As Mates of the Deck and Assistant Mates of the Deck they feverishly studied the Fire Bill, trying to master it before an Officer came to quiz them. At five minute intervals they paced along the passageways, bellowing “Now Hear This!” (followed by some routine announcement, which everybody already knew by heart; the important announcements somehow were never heard, or else were heard ten minutes after the announced event had taken place). Once in a while, if their post happened to be on the fourth deck, far from any Officer, they omitted a “Now Hear This!” of their own, as, for example, “Now Hear This! Uniform of the day is crew hat, shoulder boards, and drill shoes! Carry Bowditch!,” or, “Now Hear This! There will be no calisthenics this morning! Breakfast will be served to all hands in their bunks!”

They made Routine Inspections of all rooms, and left slips of paper reading “dirty sink”, “dirty baseboards,” “dusty bed frames,” or simply (the work of an anonymous genius whose post was on a fourth deck) “Cleanliness is next to Godliness.”

And around 2400 they roused Seaman J. P. Jones of room 606 from his slumbers and told him that he had forgotten to log in, and must report to the battalion office immediately.

There were two bright moments during the twenty-four hours of duty of these mates and assistant mates: one came as they were about to be relieved; the other, as they sat at their desks at dawn and watched the mob of half-asleep seamen stream past them down the ladders and out to the parade ground for morning calisthenics.

On Saturdays, Inspection. Standing in motionless ranks for several hours (it seemed), while a terrifying display of stripes—enough to equip a whole army of ensigns—moved slowly down the
lines, throwing piercing glances from heads to feet and back again. As the dreadful stripes drew near to him, each horror-stricken seaman sucked in another cubic centimeter of air, expanding his chest to its extreme limit, and held his breath. If perchance some of the stripes halted in front of him in order to survey him more carefully, he had to keep holding his breath, although his eyes were ready to pop out. Every Saturday the breath-holding record of the world must have been broken at least four or five times; it is a pity that there was no one present to act as timer.

After this ordeal, another which was just as bad: Room Inspection. The cry would go out, “Now Hear This! Inspecting party on board; all hands stand by! Absolute silence will be maintained during inspection!” In every room, the two occupants came to parade rest. The one who was Room Captain and would get the demerits if anything went wrong, was twitching nervously; his room-mate, who had nothing to worry about this week, was the picture of nonchalance.

Bangs and clatters were heard at the other end of the passageway, as the Inspecting Party pulled open steel locker doors and peered inside. The banging and clattering drew nearer. The nervous Room Captain glanced everywhere in the room, to make sure that all was shipshape. A towel was hanging slightly askew; he tiptoed swiftly over and straightened it. The tap had leaked, and there was water in the wash-bowl; he inched over to it and dried it with his handkerchief. (The bangs and clatterings were much closer now). He glided back to his starting point and fell into parade rest again, with a sigh of relief; everything was ready now. But then he happened to glance at the deck, and there lay a piece of white string, which had magically escaped the furious swabbings and scrubbings of the night before, and which now stood out like a battleship in a bathtub. Should he go over and pick it up? If he didn't, he'd get a count for Dirty Deck; if he did, and was caught before he got back to parade rest, he'd get five demerits.

The bangs and clatterings were very close now; you could even hear the voices of the Inspecting Officers as they said “Dirty medicine cabinet”, “Windows not squared,” “Bunks improperly made,” etc., etc.

After a moment of indecision, the Room Captain could stand it no longer. He stepped forward; the deck squeaked loudly under his feet. He swiftly bent over to pick up the string, and just then in came—no; it's all over now; let's give it the happy ending, and say that he got back to parade rest just in the nick of time, and that it was someone else who was cleaning dummy rifles in the Drill Hall on the following Saturday afternoon.

After the Inspection ordeals came blessed relief in the form of Liberty; and the members of Class Three coursed through the town, their natural high spirits elevated even further by moderate doses of the heartening elixirs provided at Sweeney's. Surrounded by throngs of admiring young ladies at the Service Men's Center; The Country Club, The Indiana Club, and other centers of festive merriment, the dazzled seamen forgot the dreary routine of the week and became again the stalwart heroes of the P.T. boat; and the glorious delusion lasted until the late bell for calisthenics rang on Monday morning.

Ultimately Indoctrination came to an end, and Apprentice Seamen were transformed into Midshipmen, those hybrid creatures who are “officers
in a qualified sense”, as Naval Regulations tactfully put it. At the beginning of the regular term some changes were made. Competitive sports and The Commando Course (that crowning example of man’s inhumanity to man) took the place of afternoon calisthenics; the number of executive drill periods was reduced; shoulder boards and golden anchors blossomed on new Palm Beach uniforms; payday rolled around every once in a while, and Midshipmen were kindly permitted to look at and even to feel their money before it was confiscated by courteous tailors and laundrymen; and Navigation, Ordnance, Seamanship, and Damage Control now loomed horribly in the foreground. They had been bad enough during Indoctrination; now they were impossible. Tons of information were shoveled into skulls already loaded far beyond the Plimsoll mark for South Bend in summer; trees bloomed luxuriantly every week, and the monster Restricted Probation reached out and snatched many a Midshipman just as the poor wretch was running for the bus station. But in the distance, like the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow; commissions were glimmering; and the Midshipmen kept plugging away, although they knew that by all rights they should have gone to an asylum weeks ago.

Tough as the regular terms were, it was Indoctrination which was the real test. It was in those three short weeks that civilians took the icy plunge, and came out Navy men; it was then that the Navy was inoculated into them, like a tetanus shot. It was a strong and a sudden dose, but that was unavoidable. Later, when those who survived the inoculation looked back on the first three weeks, they realized that in spite of the apparently aimless hustle, the travelogues at the Drill Hall, the incessant marching, the ironclad routine, the rigorous discipline, all of which seemed so unreasonable to a civilian—that, in spite of all this, a great deal had been accomplished in a very short time; and that they had learned three valuable lessons, which would profit them all their lives: first, to make the best possible use of every minute; second, to be in the right place at the right time; third, to keep their mouths shut and do what they were ordered to do, no matter how unjust they felt the orders to be, or how impossible the tasks assigned.
BEST KNOWN for the weekly broadcasts over the South Bend station WSBT, the Captain Burnett Choir also presented one evening concert for the midshipmen, provided the musical entertainment for several of the drill hall get-togethers, and took a prominent part in the “Happy Hour” show. Ensign Hardy, Welfare and Recreation Officer on the station, rated it the best midshipmen choir so far produced at Notre Dame.

Midshipman Fran Dale, leader of the choir, brought with him experience gained as student director of the glee club, band, and orchestra at Duke University. Midshipmen Glen Welch and Bob Lively acted as accompanists. The a capella choir was under the baton of Midshipman Tom Kerr from De Paul University. The choir had a complement of seventy-five members, many of whom were featured as soloists.

Midshipman Harvey Bullock and Hal Liebow prepared the radio scripts and announced the programs.
Drum and Bugle Corps

It WOULD be difficult to visualize chow formations or those Saturday morning inspections and reviews minus the Drum and Bugle Corps.

Ensign Richard Tainter, Navy bandmaster for more than twenty years, lost no time in whipping the thirty-five experienced musicians—buglers, drummers, and trombonists—into a smart and versatile military band. A short week after the beginning of the indoctrination period our steps were lightened by such stimulating marches as “Semper Fideles” and “You’re in the Navy Now”. The duties of drum major were in the very capable hands of Midshipman Galen H. Frantz, who as a student directed the band at Manchester College, Manchester, Indiana.

In addition to their regular duties, members of this organization willingly sacrificed precious time for performances at several civic affairs in South Bend. Visitors on the campus and midshipmen alike were fully aware of the sparkling and efficient work done by the Drum and Bugle Corps.
NO ONE could question the popularity of the Midshipmen’s Dance Band. It was more than a group of college men sitting in for a jam session—a great deal more. The band quickly earned a reputation for being one of the hardest working outfits on the station.

Ensign G. A. Hardy organized and managed the band. Midshipman Frank Tinker acted as director. The band possessed a complete repertoire of dance music, but it featured special arrangements of famous swing numbers, just what the medical officer ordered for book-weary midshipmen. In addition to playing for the U. S. O. Tea Dances each Saturday afternoon, the band was on hand to give out with a few solid licks at nearly all of the special evening programs presented in the Drill Hall.

Of the fourteen musicians in this organization the outstanding soloists were Midshipmen Campbell on trumpet, Henline on trombone, and Tinker and Duda from the sax section. As an added attraction, Midshipmen G. T. Bunch and his “Scuttlebutt Quartette” sang with the band.
WHEN the call for extra curricular activities was passed through the halls, more than one hundred apprentice seamen turned out to offer their talents and experience toward the publication of a class book. Of these men thirty found time at odd moments to see the job through. This, the third class book of the Notre Dame Midshipmen's School is the fruit of our combined efforts.

Those men constantly popping out of nowhere with candid cameras represented our staff of photographers. The man who was always sketching in the margins of his seamanship notes may have been one of our cartoonists or artists. The odd-looking fellow sitting off to one side gnawing on the stub of a pencil was probably one of our writers trying to make the dead line. These were the men who made up the Capstan staff.

Working quietly in the background were the advertising and business men. They convinced business men that advertising space in our book was a good investment and they took your money just when you were running short. But to them fell the responsibility of paying for the Capstan.
“ANYTHING GOES,” was the order of the evening. For more than two hours the Drill Hall resounded with continual applause and laughter as officers, midshipmen, and their guests expressed delight and satisfaction. Our “Happy Hour”, the midshipmen’s one chance to reveal his true feelings with no holds barred, was a tremendous success. It was all in fun, but the officer who did not find the crowd laughing at his expense at least once during the evening could consider himself lucky indeed.

It was an event anticipated by all for many weeks, and the members of the Happy Hour Gang gave it their best. Any midshipman with a knack for entertaining was certain to find a spot in this show. Master of Ceremonies Harvey Bullock was able to mold the great variety of performances into a fast moving, well balanced program which would have done credit to professional showmen.

“What . . . school . . . are YOU from?” drawled a queer looking ensign in a drape-shape uniform. It was Midshipman Somers and the Fourth Battalion presenting their impressions of a class under “Rodney, the Recognizer” which held the audience in a sustained panic of laughter. The Third Battalion’s contribution, “Ninety Day Nightmare”, was a wild combination of burlesque and slap-stick comedy which more than lived up to its title. The Second Battalion’s skit featured the “Battalion Rockettes” fresh from the drill field and three months of grueling training under a certain company commander well known around the station for his New England snarl, “Look sharp, mistah.”

“My Son, My Son”, rendered by the First Battalion’s little theatre group climaxed the show. In this skit an irate Mrs. Moor presented to the assistant senior watch dog of the station a letter from her son, Eldridge, in which he said that the midshipmen were not happy here. The officer, however, through the medium of a few typical scenes of life at the midshipmen’s school soon convinced her that it was impossible for anyone to be unhappy at Notre Dame.

The musical portions of the show were well provided for by the Captain Burnett Choir and the Midshipmen’s Dance Band. “Spotlight Bands” by the Dance Band featuring imitations of Tommy Dorsey, Glen Miller, Benny Goodman, and other great name bands proved to be the musical hit of the evening. The entire show was under the direction of Ensign G. A. Hardy, Welfare and Recreation Officer of the station.
The Dramatic Club

As by tradition at Notre Dame Midshipmen School, the Dramatic Club kept activity coming throughout the school term.

Planning skits for the Happy Hour, setting the stage for a three act murder riot and announcing for the Captain Burnett Choir were just a few of the many things this club did.

Midshipman Harvey Bullock did a grand job as M. C. for the Happy Hour. In addition to this mirthquake, he set the stage for the Choir each Monday evening for their weekly broadcast over station WSBT.

As for the play this class presented “Arsenic and Old Lace”. This three act murder farce about two old ladies who poisoned “old lonely bachelors” was directed by Midshipman Jack Thomason. Outstanding personalities in the cast were Midshipmen Chris Smith, Borthwick, Russell, Gardiner, and Zummack. Two battalions watched the action each afternoon it was presented.

In addition to the actual dramatization of the show, there was the necessary work of costumes, stage settings, properties and the added hours of work just about exam time.
"There goes that wise guy again!"

"Green over red . . . sure thing ahead!"
Made gentlemen by Act of Congress
THIRD CLASS OF THE UNITED STATES
NOTRE DAME,
NAVAL RESERVE MIDSHIPMEN'S SCHOOL
INDIANA
THIRD CLASS OF THE UNITED STATES
NAVAL RESERVE MIDSHIPMEN'S SCHOOL
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA
There was a bell. A haze. A maze of shoes, shirts, shorts and staggering bodies. Again a bell—but at a distance. Suddenly the sharp report of 1-2-3-4 eroding the nervous system, cell by cell. The haze began to lift and Mr. Middie found himself doing the “old” jumping jack in an uncoordinated series of complex convulsions.

Thus we were instructed in the meaning of the term “calisthenics” and its place in the Naval routine (0555 local uncivil time). And under the genuine enthusiasm of Chief Ahearne, moulder of morning muscles, we were inspired to greater calisthenic heights each dawn, Monday through Saturday—and the rains rarely came.

We did enjoy though the fine athletic program under the supervision of Lt. Brown, who in true democratic fashion gave us our choice of Nucom, baseball, touch football, tennis, track or volleyball. For the benefit of those who had never been nearer water than the backyard well there was the “sub” squad. And for the benefit of those not raised in trees, there was the commando course.

Touch football attracted the numerous ex-gridiron greats among us, the caliber of the games showing their influence. The other men, of John Q. Public ability, had to suffer the consequences, coming from games in various shades of black, blue, red, and even white in small areas. As a matter of fact, there were a couple of rules for the game, and they did use a football—so let’s call it football anyhow.

For the V—for Victory chassis that adds appeal
to a suit of skin-tight whites, the novel game of nucom was offered. We heard the game was introduced by a body rub manufacturer trying to drum up business in those dark depression days. After all, grunting a 16 pound medicine ball around for an hour certainly isn’t the most tender of activities. The game is a sort of heavy weight brand of volley ball, but its enthusiasts claim it is superior to the original because of the marvelous sedative effect it can have on a middle’s muddled mind. A few drives taken on the skull is guaranteed to relieve the most highly strung of his stringing.

Not all the middies felt so ambitious, though so many turned out for the great American sport, baseball, a patriotic gesture, we have been led to understand. Nevertheless, company competition was at its flood tide in the endeavor, due perhaps to the greater opportunity for blowing off steam and general Bronx jeering. Scuttlebutt had it that Big League scouts, en route to various old age homes in search of talent, would stop and gaze on our games with mouths open and watering at the raft of such youthful and goodly material.

The track season was highlighted by the trackster’s coach luminary, Chief Quinn running away with the mile trial in the A. A. U. meet at Soldier’s Field, Chicago. Thus inspired by such exertions the galloping gobs spend many minutes each week chasing their chief around the oval getting in shape for the meet that never came. Apparently these little red ration stamps, which the Navy seems to be so short on, were required even for track meat.
However, there was some tough competition in the inter-battalion event; the second battalion winning only after the last event was run.

The commando course was the scene of most laughs. Remember that first day when you found yourself face to face with a very high and very flat wall, which object was to be put beneath you? And the first maneuvers to accomplish same, something like this: 1st attempt—knees buckled and knocked nose; 2nd attempt—knees buckled; 3rd attempt—knees knocked; 4th attempt .... 5th ....... “The nurses were swell in sick bay!”

Then, after conditioning to that, a long horizontal rope was introduced to be traversed with body parallel to same, ape fashion, as a kind of toe developer. We think they borrowed the idea from a zoo. But there is no complaint forthcoming; it did accomplish its purpose. Our toes are in fine shape now. But the final obstacle of the course, on the home stretch, was the most irritating. It was only with great difficulty that we avoided tripping over our tongues, at that point hanging several feet out.

And so we have been put in fighting trim at Notre Dame. We take leave fully able to keep our chins off our chests, our chests above our belt lines, and our belt lines much reduced. Sometimes it took some uncomfortable effort—especially in the hour of dawn—but we are glad for it on reminiscing because we are off to the wars in a state of physical health. For which, thank you Lt. Brown.
"I must keep telling myself, Mr. Wells won't let us down!"
**Liberty**

TIME, for Class Number Three, was measured from one Liberty to the next. No sooner did Midshipmen secure to their rooms at 1800 on Sunday (which marked the end of one Liberty—than their thoughts turned to 1430 on Saturday (which marked the beginning of the next).

But the path to a week-end liberty was strewn with many obstacles, prominent among which were Trees, Restricted Probation, Watches, and Extra-Duty Squad. Midshipmen had to sidestep very carefully to avoid these snares for the unwary; many luckless sufferers were of the opinion that it couldn't be done.

As Monday and Tuesday rolled by, a few fell by the wayside: some were assigned demerits and extra-duty hours for some horrible crime, such as appearing in ranks with shoes not polished to the degree of brilliance. On Wednesday, those who had been fortunate enough to get an invitational letter from someone's Aunt Susie in Chicago might be seen feverishly drafting their Shore Leave papers, which had to be printed exactly in the prescribed manner, down to the most inconspicuous
Thursday came, and then Friday: That was the day which tried men's souls. It was then that the Trees came out, and Midshipmen, with all ten fingers crossed, tried to push their way through the crowd in front of the bulletin board and get a look at the fatal lists. A sound of mingled groans and cheers perturbed the air as Midshipmen gave vent to their emotions upon finding, or not finding, their names among the spreading boughs of one or more trees. Midshipmen who had been models of righteousness all week, and who planned wonderful things for the week-end, only to find themselves lodged in the branches of the Damage Control tree when the goal was so near, were sometimes known to give way under the strain. It is reported that one individual, who had been put on one tree or another for three weeks in a row, went rushing up and down the passageways with hair all mussed and an insane gleam in his eyes, screaming "Give me Liberty or give me Death!" at the top of his lungs.

At last came Saturday. Morning classes, then the Inspection ordeals, then perhaps an afternoon class, which dragged on interminably. But at last the hands of the clock reached 1430, and the ringing of the bells proclaimed liberty throughout the station. Shortly thereafter busses bulging with
Midshipmen labored into South Bend and unloaded; Midshipmen dispersed in a hundred different directions; some to the Service Men’s Center, some to the movies, some to certain oases where cooling and healthful beverages might be obtained. The sidewalks of the city were dappled with the brown of palm beach uniforms. Back at Notre Dame the station was deserted, except for the luckless victims of Extra-Duty, who were sadly patrolling their beats, mournfully shifting the rifle from one shoulder to the other to relieve their muscles and break the monotony.

Night came on, the hours went swiftly by, and Midshipmen reluctantly discontinued their joyous activities in order to catch the last bus back to the station and log in at 0059. But after breakfast next morning they were released again, and continued where they had left off; dining, dancing, and conversing raptly with beautiful women.

All too soon there was another bus to catch; and promptly at 1800 each Midshipman loped into his room, in time for the check-up. He sat in his chair with his feet on the desk, vacantly gazing into space. In his nostrils still lingered the scent of Enorme Odeur, the perfume which so recently had been wafted to him from behind the ears of that lovely blonde. He heaved a sigh. He had the next week-end completely planned already; now if he could only get by that Damage Control on Tuesday and the Ordnance on Wednesday—
U. S. O. Shows

Midshipmen could always tell a USO show was coming whenever they were teetering precariously on the brink of Restricted Probation, whenever assignments were piling up in heaps even larger than usual, whenever there was a series of important P-works in the offering—in short, whenever every spare minute was needed for grinding away at textbooks a USO show would be announced, with attendance required. And, muttering a brief prayer for divine guidance in the Damage Control exam of the morrow, Midshipmen would fall in and march to the Drill Hall, where the festivities were to take place.

The Drill Hall is a building of mammoth proportions. Eagles have been known to nest high up in the beams under its curving roof, and a daring amateur ornithologist who once climbed up there to get a couple of eagle eggs was forced to descend before he had accomplished his purpose, because the high altitude gave him a nosebleed. Sound waves from the Hall's public ad-
dress system go up into these dizzy heights and re-
bound from rafter to rafter, not returning to earth
for months. During an Ordnance drill in Mid-
August some Midshipmen claimed to have heard
faint echoes of the speeches made during the last
graduation ceremonies. And the length and
breadth of the Drill Hall rival its height. An
officer at one end who wishes to communicate
with an officer at the other end must either tele-
phone or send a dispatch rider on a bicycle.

It is therefore evident that when a performance
is going on at one end of the building, there will
be Midshipmen sitting at the other end who can
neither hear nor see what is going on.

As the Midshipmen filed in on USO night and
filled the hundreds of rows of folding chairs, a good
fifty percent of them were in this predicament.

The overhead lights were extinguished with the
entrance of a Master of Ceremonies to the plat-
form. All that the Midshipmen at the other end
of the Hall could see was his derby hat, rising above
the rows and rows of heads which loomed in front
of them and blocked the view. The Master of
Ceremonies began to speak; all that the Midship-
men in the back rows could hear was a faint
buzzing noise, like a hungry mosquito; but the
front rows burst into uproarious laughter. Then
the various acts came on. Perhaps a sextette of
lovely dancing girls, with charming smiles and
rationed costumes: The front rows howled ap-
proval, but all that the back rows could see was a
shapely arm which now and then appeared above
the massed heads in front of them. Then per-
haps a juggler, and at last the back rows saw
something: three white balls, a cane, and an old
shoe, which magically rose and descended again.
The back rows couldn’t see where these objects
were coming from or where they were going, but
they didn’t care: They began to feel some of the
enthusiasm of the front rows, and started to cheer
lustrily until the finale.
"Bill, what does 'qualified sense' mean?"
"Look, Rodney—a new weft!"
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PHOTOGRAPHY . . . Randolph Wedding, Edwin L. Williams, Frank J. Bartell, Joseph Haller (V-12).

THOSE who dared put another obstacle in front of graduation came out for the Capstan. The innumerable hours of picture taking, name checking, and ad solicitation were not willingly sacrificed in time of study needs. But of course most of the newly commissioned officers will remember the Capstan staff, choir, and bugle corps for their ability to get out of twenty-four hour watches and the athletic periods, (obstacle course). Nevertheless, there has been an attempt, vain or otherwise, to provide Notre Dame's third Midshipmen's class with an enjoyable remembrance of those delicious meals, extra duty squads, tree lists, executive drill, watches, shots in the arm, U. S. O., cleaning the billets, sounding off, P Work, South Bend weekends, carrying Bowditch, and those characters of Happy Hour fame.

Take this book for better or for worse, but your best enjoyment will come when leafing through it after we have won this war.
In Appreciation

It is not possible to publish a Capstan without the extra help and advice of many generous people. Whether you accept this book or not, there are those who deserve our appreciation for all they have done.

First of all, the staff would like to thank all the officers and midshipmen for the trouble they went to in the picture-taking process. Those appointments did not always come at the most opportune time and the retakes were probably more discouraging.

We particularly wish to thank our officer advisors, Lt. Haralson F. Smith, and Lt. (jg) Kenneth G. Pearce for their cooperation and needed guidance.

Lt. (jg) P. T. Sprinz is to be thanked for his advice and help in obtaining pictures and information.

Mr. Ray Moran, our publisher, offered much of his time and energy toward the betterment of this book. Moffett Studios of Chicago gave us extremely prompt service for such a short working period.

The Waves in the Administrative Office are to be thanked for their typing.

J. P. Haller (V-12) deserves a vote of thanks for spending so much of his time taking Midshipmen pictures.

It is the work and inspiration of people such as these that make our class book possible and this is but one small way that we may show our appreciation.
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It is significant that South Bend Lathes have been selected for service in the machine shops on board many of the Navy’s fighting ships. Providing these lathes is one of our many wartime jobs.
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MM has contributed to the War Production Fund of the National Safety Council to help stop accidents that have killed or injured over 11,600 workmen every day since Pearl Harbor. More than a year ago, Minneapolis-Moline was awarded the Governor's Safety Award Pennant for a well established safety program in every plant.

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