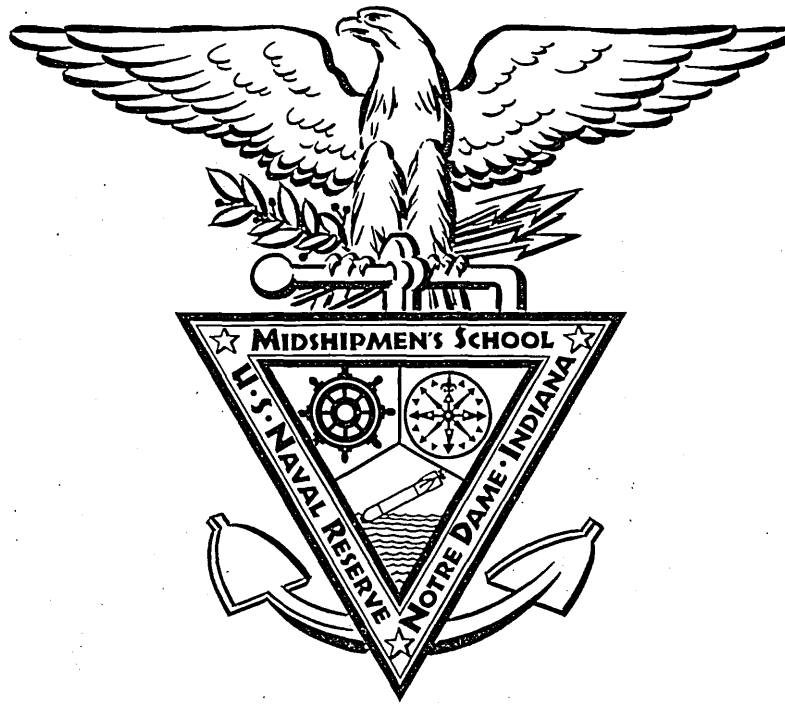


U.S. NAVAL RESERVE MIDSHIPMEN'S SCHOOL, UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

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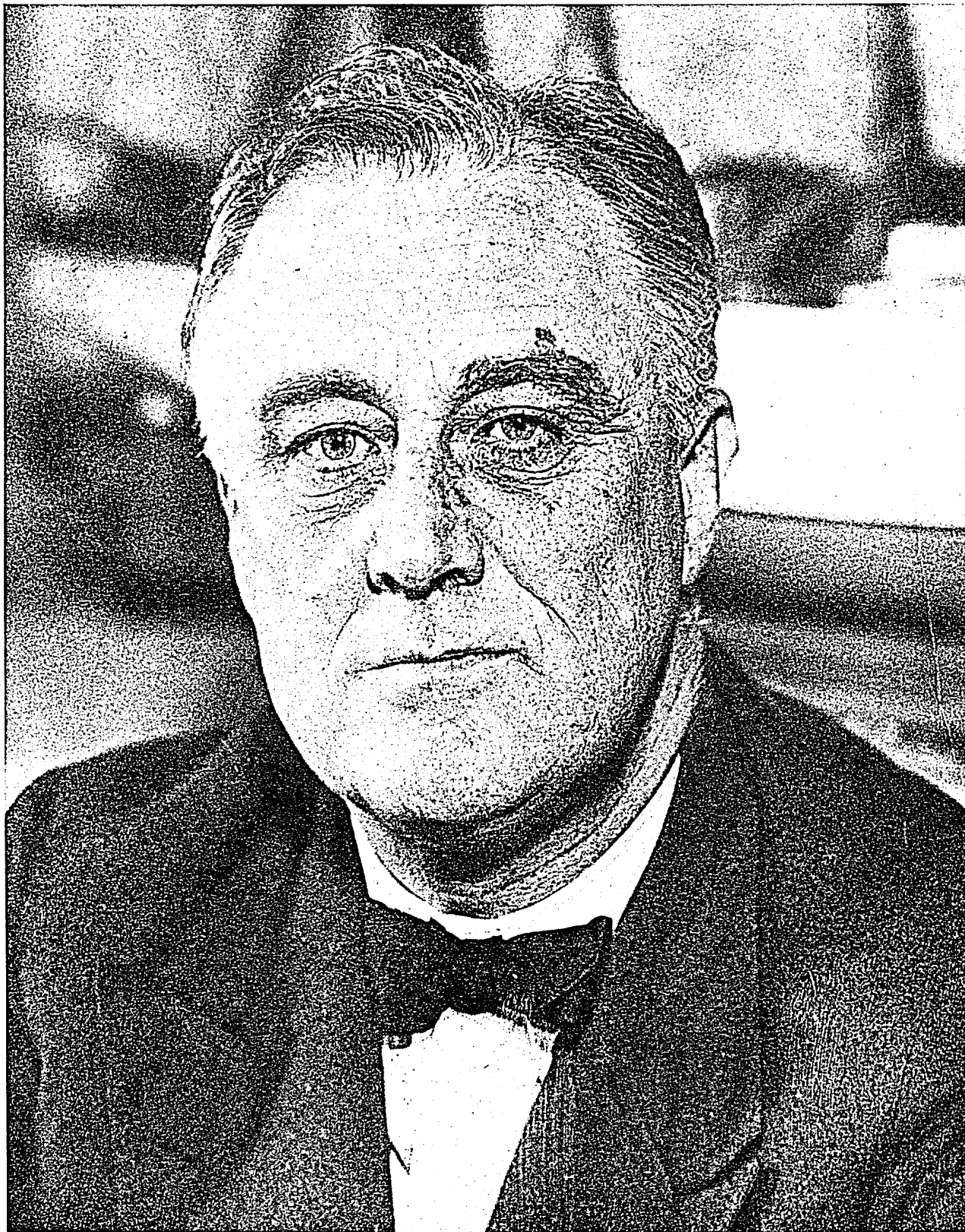


THE CAPSTAN

JANUARY ★ NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY THREE



PUBLISHED BY THE FIRST CLASS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL RESERVE MIDSHIPMEN'S SCHOOL
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA



THE HONORABLE FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
The President of the United States of America
Commander-In-Chief, United States Navy



REAR ADMIRAL JOHN DOWNES, U.S.N.
The Commandant, Ninth Naval District

REAR ADMIRAL RANDALL JACOBS, U.S.N.
The Chief of Naval Personnel



*The First Class of the U.S.N.R. Midshipmen's School
respectfully dedicates this book to*

CAPTAIN HENRY P. BURNETT, U.S.N.
Our Commanding Officer



Foreword

" . . . On October 5, 1942, the name of the Naval Training School (V-7 Indoctrination), Notre Dame University, will be changed to the U.S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School . . ."

RANDALL JACOBS.

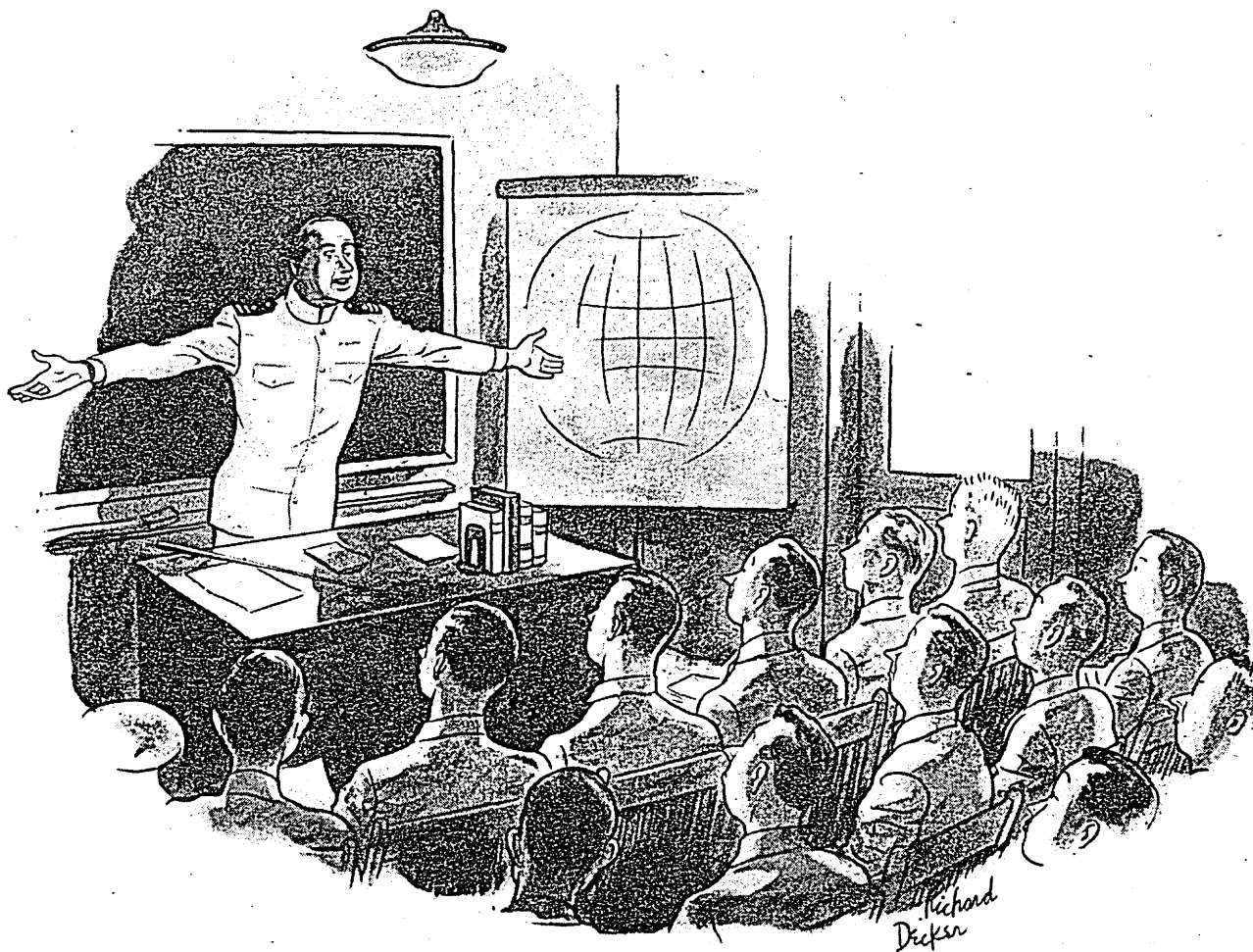
This book attempts to record a series of impressions—the pictures, experiences and ideas of one thousand two hundred and fifty-two college men who during the past four months have labored to prepare themselves to take their places as officers in the Navy of the United States.

You've met all these men before—you cheered them on the gridirons of their alma maters, you bought insurance from them and produce from their farms. You've read their newspaper columns and ridden in the cars they built in the factories—they were your neighbors at Peace, but now their business is War.

On the eve of graduation of the First Class from this School it is the pleasure and privilege of the Executive Officer to compliment the Class on a job "Well Done." Yours is no rosy future in the winning of this war—it's just hard and dirty work sinking Jap ships and German U-boats until the sea is cleared for all free men. It's up to you and we know you'll come through with the traditional spirit of all Naval Officers.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Richard Wagner". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER RICHARD WAGNER, U.S.N. (RET.)



"Now an ocean spreads out endlessly—all water—sometimes ruffled by things we call waves."

Administration



Captain Henry P. Burnett

"... respected and admired by all"

Notre Dame has long been known for the prowess of its teams. In time past its men hit the line hard and under the guidance of Knute Rockne its tackles were feared on every gridiron. But the tackles that are now talked about on campus are different from those of the past. Rockne has gone but in his place stands another whose work, like that of the departed coach, is to prepare teams who will also hit the line hard and make their goals and score their touchdowns over their opponents.

The new teams are in good hands. The man at the helm knows how to steer. He has played the game which he is teaching for a generation. When he arrived at Notre Dame as Commanding Officer of the U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School he felt at home at once. For the University's colors of blue and gold brought back to Captain Henry P. Burnett's memory the blue and gold which as a midshipman he saw when he entered the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1911.

Captain Burnett has sailed far since those days when as a young Kentuckian he embarked upon his course. He was born in Shelbyville in 1893, the year that Charles Duryea tested America's first gasoline buggy. The next year, Japan, already an aggressor nation, attacked China and in a short war won for itself the Liaotung Peninsula and the Island of Formosa.

Yet war seemed far away from the United States when young Burnett entered the Naval Academy in the spring of 1911. It is true that Italy and Turkey were fighting but Europe was distant at that time when it took a hardy airman 84 actual flying hours to span the continent. But before Midshipman Burnett's class was graduated, the Germans had invaded Belgium and the rumble of cannons began to be heard on this side of the water. The same year that he tossed his cap in the air at Annapolis the British had scored a naval victory off Dogger Bank, the submarine was bringing the war closer to our shores and the Lusitania was sunk.

Within two years of the time that Ensign Burnett was graduated he was commissioned a lieutenant, junior grade, but he never wore the stripe and a half for he was off on fleet maneuvers, and when he walked down the gangplank of the Maine he was a full lieutenant.

In the meantime we had entered the war and as Communications Officer he sang "Anchors Aweigh" when the Pennsylvania, the flagship of Admiral Mayo, Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet, sailed. The

duties of the Navy during the last war were light compared to those today. The modern development of both sea and air power, which Captain Burnett saw happen while he was in service, transfer the burden of the present conflict upon our sea forces.

Outstanding in the Captain's glamorous Navy career is the long and arduous time he spent in submarine duty during the period from 1923 to 1930. But he refrains from beginning to discuss this phase of his life because his adventures were so many and various that they could fill books.

In 1925 Lieutenant Burnett was made a Lieutenant Commander and did duty with our destroyer force in the Pacific. Two years later he became a member of the United States Naval Mission in Lima. He roamed through the narrow streets of Peru's capitol, he met people and he drove down to its port of Callao.

During those years he learned much about our Latin American neighbors so that he was no stranger when, in command of the Wickes in Nicaragua, he was sent to Salvador to assist in putting down a Communist uprising. Three years later he became a Commander and last year a Captain.

At 49, Captain Burnett is a typical Navy man. Perhaps his figure is not quite as trim as it was when he trod the deck of the Pennsylvania. But his present duties are confining and his "Navy belt" has stretched since he has not been able to play his indifferent game of golf. All his life he has been devoted to athletics and he still remains a football fan who also scans eagerly the baseball and basketball scores.

Despite the fact that he does not get his usual outdoor exercise, his oval face retains its tan and the tiny wrinkles etched by the wind and sun and rain. His complexion makes his graying hair seem grayer and brings out the blueness of his eyes which, when he speaks, twinkle and betray his sense of humor.

Although he has given orders a large part of his life, he still has the soft drawling tone characteristic of that part of the country from which he hails. His quiet manner, however, does not hide his energy while his magnetism has made him a favorite with the people of South Bend.

The prospective ensigns regard their Captain with respect and admiration, and he, in turn, considers them as the finest lot of boys to be found in this country and is confident that every one will continue the glorious tradition of the American Navy. No greater confidence can be placed on anyone than this.

S. J. WOOLF



LT. COMDR. RICHARD WAGNER, U.S.N. (RET.)
Executive Officer

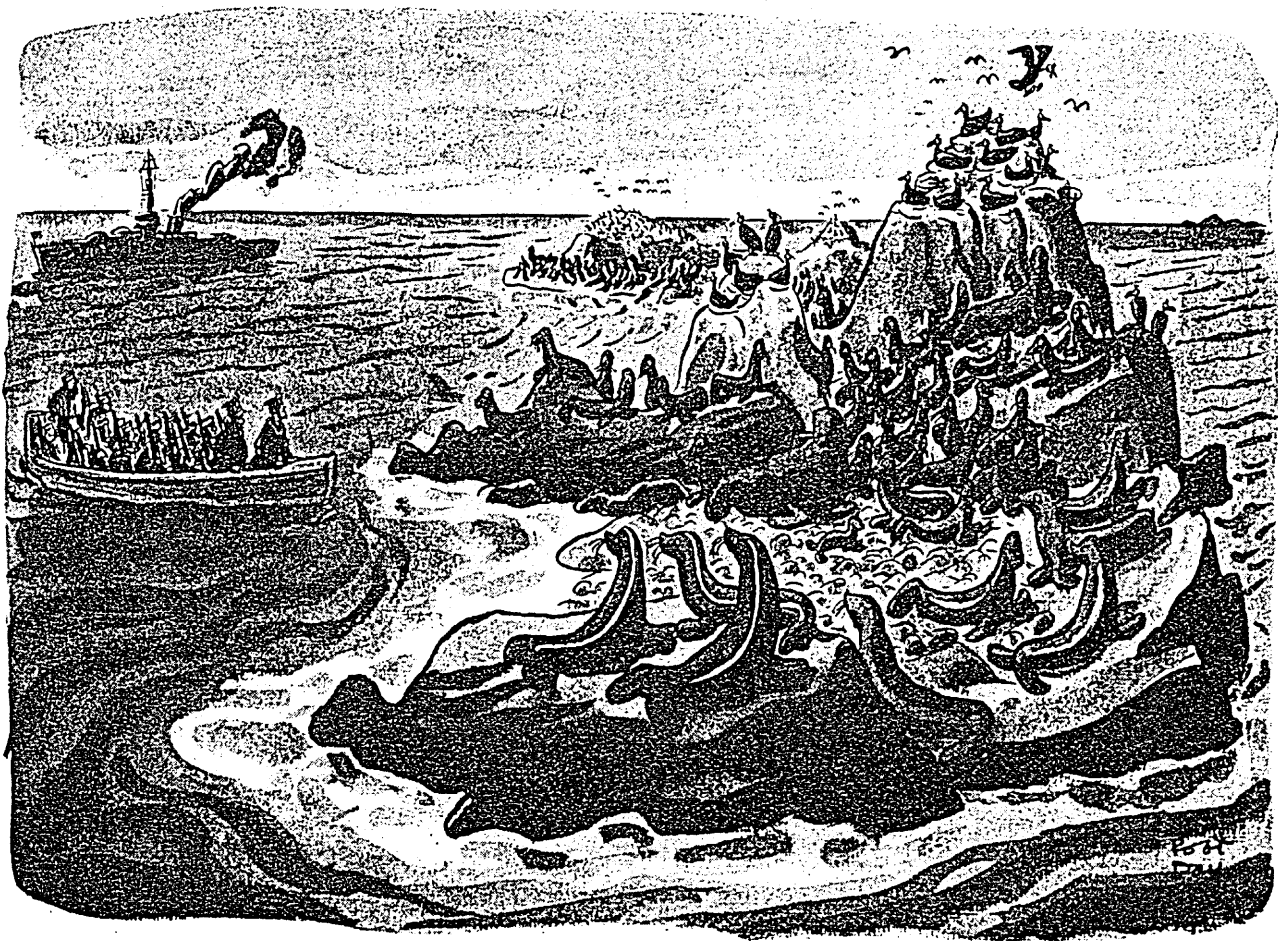
Early in September, 1942, the new Executive Officer reported here and immediately turned to on the many detailed tasks which arise in organizing a Midshipmen's School. This was not a new task for Lieutenant Commander Richard Wagner, U. S. Navy, as he was called from retirement to help organize the first Midshipmen's School of World War II on board the U.S.S. Illinois.

Having previously studied to be an engineer, the Commander was graduated with honors from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1927. In the years that followed at sea he served on a battleship, destroyers, two heavy cruisers, and on the staffs of ComSofor and ComCrusUS. His duties varied from Spot I of a new cruiser to Engineer Officer of a destroyer and

included staff work, torpedoes, catapults, radio and even a bit of aviation.

He retired several years ago, following an accident, and entered civilian life to become the Commandant of a boys' naval preparatory school. Recalled to active duty in July, 1940, he became the Administrative Aide of the U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School in New York and served there continuously during its organization and expansion until transferred to Notre Dame.

"I have had many interesting experiences . . . revolutions, earthquakes, rescues of shipwrecks at sea, fires and accidents . . . but none of these thrills could compare with the pleasure I had in receiving my orders to come back into the Navy to serve in World War II," Commander Wagner declares.



"Find out who's in charge."

Executive



LT. COMDR. CHARLES W. MYERS, U.S.N.R.

After graduating from the Naval Academy in 1922, Mr. Myers served as a junior turret officer aboard the U. S. S. Arizona for twenty-one months. He resigned from the Navy in 1924 and became a distributor of petroleum products. Mr. Myers applied for active duty in December, 1941, and received his orders in February, 1942. As Senior Watch Officer, he heads the discipline department here. Mr. Myers was promoted to Lt. Comdr. in November, 1942.



LT. CLARENCE N. SPRINGER, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Springer began his career in the Navy as an apprentice seaman. After four months' training at Great Lakes in 1928, he boarded the destroyer U. S. S. Marenco. While at sea he was trainer on a broadside gun and mess cook for the chief petty officers. He took examinations for entrance to the Naval Academy and was appointed in July, 1929, graduating in 1933. He was employed by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana in August, 1942, when he was called to duty.



LT. KENNETH I. C. KEEPERS, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Keepers, materiel officer here since the early days of the school, was graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1927, and resigned from the Navy the same year. He was called to active duty in 1940. Mr. Keepers was ordered to temporary duty at Pensacola, Florida, and then to Corpus Christi, Texas. Transferred to the Naval Reserve aviation base at Dallas, Mr. Keepers was officer in charge of the cadet regiment. He was ordered to Notre Dame from Dallas.



ENSIGN HAROLD B. MILLER, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Miller, communications officer, was an advertising executive before entering communications school at Great Lakes, where he was commissioned in January, 1942. He reported at Notre Dame in March, 1942. Mr. Miller is aide to the Executive Officer, ship's secretary, and administrator of outgoing and incoming messages. He was graduated from the University of Illinois in 1936, having majored in psychology. His home is in Chicago.



LT. (j.g.) ALBERT P. BROWN, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Brown, First Battalion officer, is a native of Texas. He attended Southern Methodist, where he participated in all major varsity sports. He captained the varsity baseball and basketball teams. Mr. Brown graduated in 1929 with a B. S. degree in business administration. In civilian life he was an accountant, and was a chief accountant at the time of his entrance into the Navy. He was commissioned in January, 1942. This is his first station.



LT. (j.g.) JOSEPH B. KIRBY, U.S.N.R.

Notre Dame is not unfamiliar to Mr. Kirby, Second Battalion officer. He was graduated from the university in 1931 with a major in foreign commerce. He is best remembered by Notre Dame students as a boxing champion on several Fighting Irish teams. Mr. Kirby was commissioned April 1, 1942. He was appointed Second Battalion officer the day we arrived for indoctrination training.



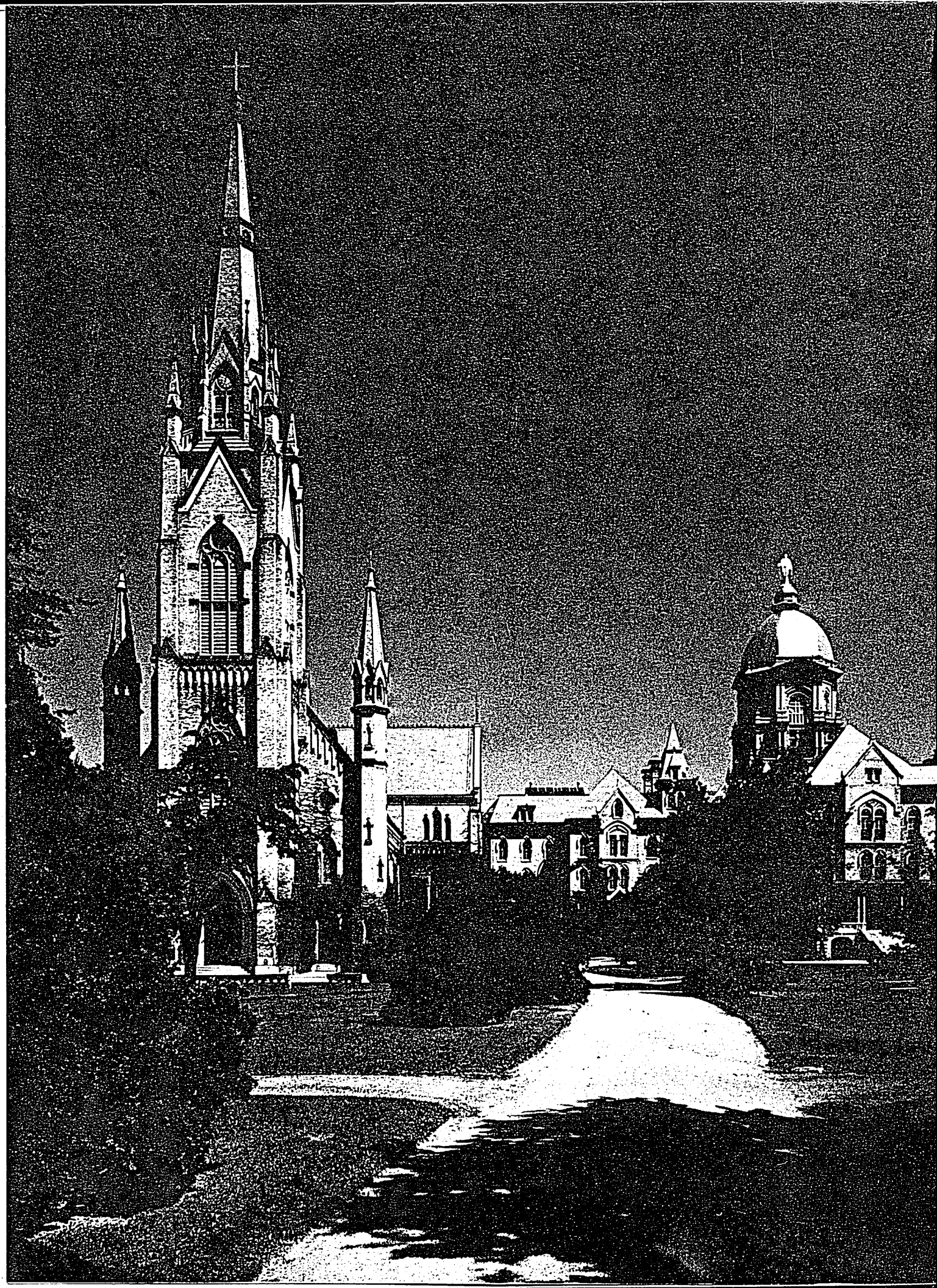
ENSIGN JAMES CRAWFORD, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Crawford, formerly Third Battalion commanding officer and at present ship service officer at Gulfport, Miss., graduated from Georgia Tech in 1935 with a degree in commerce. Between the time he left college and the time he was commissioned in April, 1942, Ensign Crawford was employed as traveling supervisor by an accounting corporation. Commissioned at Atlanta, Georgia, Ensign Crawford was sent to Notre Dame in May for six weeks of indoctrination.



LT. EDWARDS C. FANT, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Fant, Fourth Battalion officer and Athletic Officer, left civilian life as an automobile dealer in Memphis, Tenn., to receive his commission as a lieutenant (j.g.) in April, 1942. He graduated from Georgia Tech in 1929, his major having been business administration. Mr. Fant's battalions have won three out of four battalion competitions, which are judged on the basis of drill, room inspection, athletic competition, and aptitude.





"According to this shot we just crossed the bar at Bermuda."

Navigation



LT. DAVID J. LLOYD, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Lloyd, head of the Navigation Department, graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1924. There he was on the varsity boxing team, representing the academy in the 118 pound class. Shortly after graduation, Mr. Lloyd left the Navy. As a civilian he was at various times a sales engineer and sales manager. In May, 1942, he was recalled to active service as head of the mathematics department at Notre Dame, while it served as an indoctrination center. With the establishment of the midshipmen's school at Notre Dame, Mr. Lloyd was ordered to head the Navigation Department.



LT. (j.g.) WALTER O. GOLLNICK, U.S.N.R.

Commissioned in May, 1942, Mr. Gollnick was ordered to Notre Dame in October after receiving training at Harvard and aboard the U. S. S. *Prairie State*. A graduate of Middlebury College in 1928 with a major in mathematics, he spent much of his time teaching and coaching athletics. In 1940 he received his master's degree in education and mathematics at Marquette.

LT. (j.g.) PHILIP A. SWART, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Swart attended Oberlin, receiving his A. B. degree in 1938. He played on Oberlin's football, basketball, tennis, and swimming teams. Following his graduation, he taught mathematics and physical education. In 1940, Mr. Swart entered the Reserve Midshipmen's School at Annapolis, and went to the Fleet in July, 1941. In September, 1942, he was ordered here.

LT. (j.g.) RICHARD C. TEFFT, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Tefft graduated from Union College in 1933 with a B. S. degree in civil engineering and several football letters. He has done graduate work at Syracuse, Rochester and Cornell. From 1933 to 1942 Mr. Tefft taught high school mathematics. He was commissioned in July, 1942 and sent to Harvard, and from there he was transferred to Columbia. He was ordered here in October, 1942.

LT. (j.g.) CHARLES F. VENT, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Vent was an air conditioning engineer in Chicago before he was commissioned on June 20, 1942. He graduated from Kenyon College in 1931 with the degree of Ph. B. Mr. Vent spent two months at the U. S. S. *Prairie State*, and taught for six weeks at the Columbia University Midshipmen's School before he was ordered to Notre Dame in November.



ENSIGN WILLIAM J. HUSSONG, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Hussong was commissioned in April, 1942, and after training at U. S. S. *Prairie State*, came to Notre Dame in July. He graduated from Washington and Jefferson College in 1938 with a B. S. degree in mathematics and a Phi Beta Kappa key. He taught mathematics before receiving his commission.

ENSIGN THOMAS C. ROBERTS, U.S.N.R.

A graduate of New York State Teachers' College, class of '39, Mr. Roberts received his A. B. degree in education. While at college he played varsity basketball. He entered the Naval Reserve on July 1, 1942, and received his training at the Reserve Training School at Columbia University in New York.

ENSIGN MYRON G. COLLETTE, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Collette attended the University of Maine, receiving his A. B. degree in physics in 1936. Mr. Collette won letters in football, basketball, baseball, and track. He taught science and coached high school football for six years before receiving his commission, in 1942. In July, 1942, Mr. Collette was ordered here as an instructor in mathematics.

ENSIGN ALBERT J. WHITEMAN, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Whiteman was the Benjamin Peirce mathematics instructor at Harvard when the war called him into the Navy. He was commissioned on May 31, 1942, spent an indoctrination period at Harvard and taught Navigation at the U. S. S. *Prairie State* for two months before coming to Notre Dame. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1937 with an A. B. degree.

ENSIGN GEORGE J. LOVETT, JR., U.S.N.R.

Mr. Lovett graduated from Boston College in 1936, receiving his A. B. degree in physics and mathematics. A year later he took his master's degree in education. From 1937 to 1941, Mr. Lovett taught physics and math. He entered the Navy as an ensign in June, 1942. In July, he was ordered to Notre Dame.

ENSIGN ERIC F. GARDNER, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Gardner graduated from Harvard in 1935. While at college he played varsity basketball and tennis, and later coached tennis at Harvard. Mr. Gardner also distinguished himself scholastically, winning the Lawrence and Mathews Awards and election to Phi Delta Kappa. Commissioned in 1942, he came here from *Prairie State*.





ENSIGN GEORGE M. HEARNE, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Hearne attended Centenary College, graduating in 1941 with an A. B. degree in economics. He began graduate work at Texas University but left to enter the Navy. Mr. Hearne received his indoctrination training at Notre Dame as a V-7. He went to the Reserve Midshipmen's School at Abbott Hall, receiving his commission in October, 1942.



ENSIGN ROBERT L. AUSTIN, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Austin graduated from the University of Indiana in 1942, receiving an A. B. degree in government and history. He was elected to Phi Delta Phi, and was a member of the varsity track team. Upon graduation he entered the Navy through the V-7 program, receiving his training at Abbott Hall. He was ordered here upon receiving his commission.



ENSIGN GORDON ALFRED HARDY, U.S.N.R.

A composer of music, Mr. Hardy reported to Notre Dame as a V-7 trainee on July 6, 1942 and was commissioned at Abbott Hall in October. Not content with A. B. and Bachelor of Music degrees from Michigan University in 1941, he has worked on his M. S. degree in composition and theory of music. He directed the Union Opera several times on the campus.

ENSIGN JAMES J. MEADERS, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Meaders started his Navy career as a V-7 trainee at Notre Dame in July and was commissioned at Abbott Hall on October 21, 1942. In his undergraduate days at Midland College, he was a member of Blue Key, listed in Collegiate Who's Who, played varsity football, and was captain of the school's track team. He received a B. S. degree in 1942.

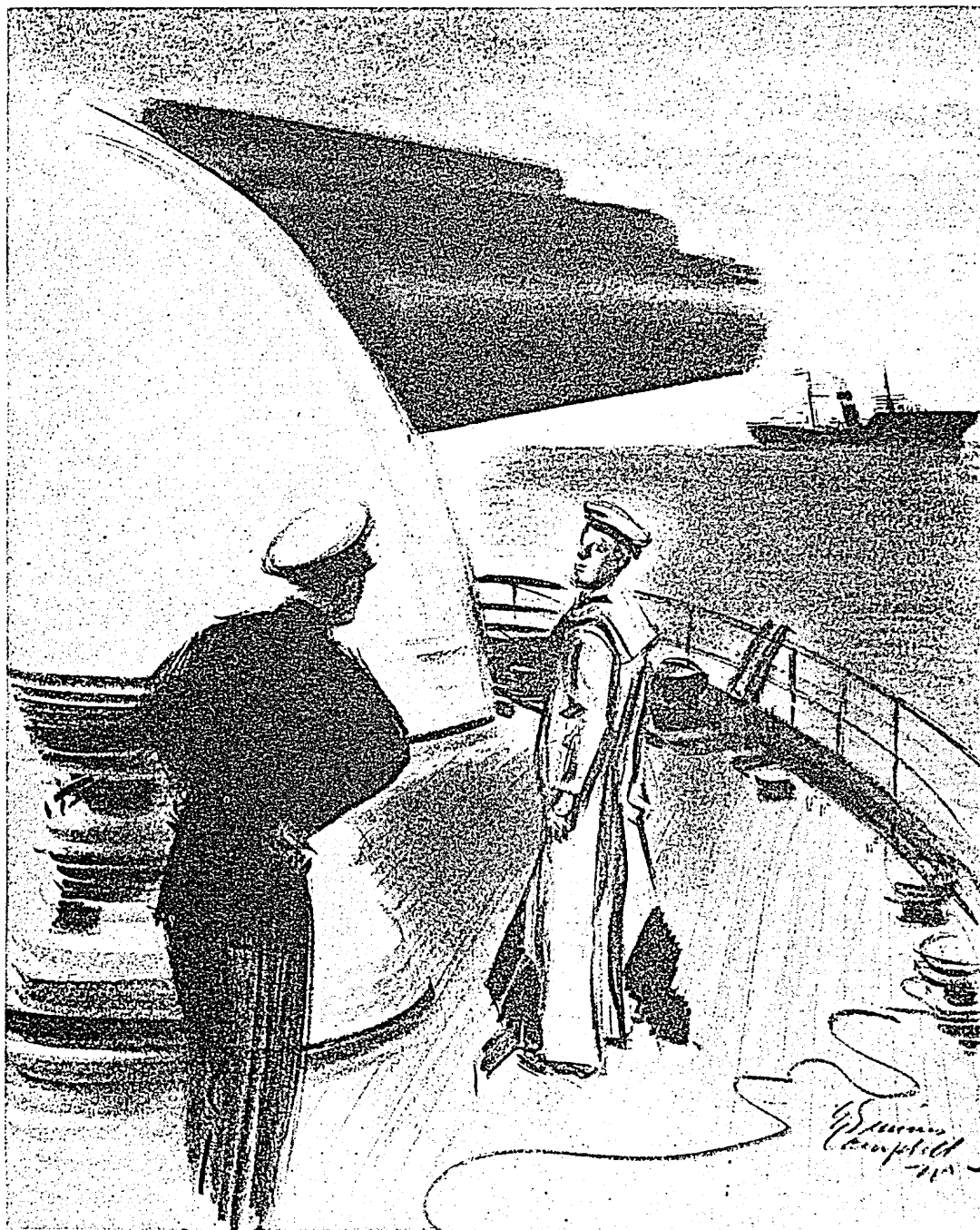
ENSIGN DUNCAN H. BAIRD, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Baird graduated from Yale, receiving his A. B. in 1939. He then went to Michigan University Law School, receiving his L. L. B. in 1942. He had planned to attend Pembroke College, England, but immediately after graduation from Law School, Mr. Baird entered the Naval Reserve via V-7. He went to the Reserve Midshipmen's School at Abbott Hall and received his commission in October.

ENSIGN RICHARD K. SMITH, U.S.N.R.

Last July, Mr. Smith left his Clarion, Iowa, law business to enter the Navy, taking his V-7 training at Notre Dame. He was commissioned at Abbott Hall in October. High honors were conferred upon Mr. Smith when he was graduated from the University of Iowa Law School in 1941. He reported here shortly after receiving his commission.





"Signal 'we're awfully sorry', then let 'em have it."

Ordnance



LT. WILLIAM P. BURLEIGH, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Burleigh came to Notre Dame in October from Abbott Hall to become head of the Department of Ordnance. He graduated from the first World War I Reserve Midshipmen's School and was on active duty from December, 1917 until March, 1926, when he resigned. During this period he served as gunnery officer on three gunboats and with the Naval Overseas Transportation Service in World War I as communications officer. In February, 1942, he was recalled to duty. From February to October he was a member of the Ordnance Department at Abbott Hall.



LT. RALPH C. URBAN, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Urban is an expert on ship models. He is the ship model consultant for the New Bedford, Penobscot and Salem marine museums and is secretary-treasurer of the New York Ship Lore and Model Society. Mr. Urban, who was commissioned in May, 1942, was graduated from the Cooper Union Institute of Technology with a degree in chemical engineering.



LT. ERNEST H. DUNLAP, JR., U.S.N.

"Remember Pearl Harbor" is more than a war slogan to Mr. Dunlap. When the Japs struck, he commanded a secondary battery which "got a few Japs." He wears the Navy Cross, awarded for carrying wounded men from a casemate although wounded himself. He reported to Notre Dame in April, 1942. Lt. Dunlap graduated from the Naval Academy in 1939.



LT. (j.g.) GEORGE R. BRINES, U.S.N.R.

A graduate of Illinois Wesleyan, Mr. Brines entered Abbott Hall's first V-7 training course. Following a one-month apprentice seaman's cruise to Cuba aboard the U. S. S. Arkansas and three months' midshipman training, he was commissioned in June, 1941. After graduation he was stationed in Chicago as vocational training officer and first lieutenant. He was transferred here in April, 1942.



LT. (j.g.) BRADAMORE BROUILLETTE, U.S.N.R.

A graduate of Southern Illinois Normal, Mr. Brouillette was a member of the initial V-7 class at Abbott Hall, receiving his commission in June, 1941. He was first attached to the Indianapolis radio training school and was ordered to Notre Dame last March. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant (j.g.) in June, 1942.



Lt. (j.g.) LOUIS RAUCHMAN, U.S.N.R.

A graduate of the University of Cincinnati, majoring in business administration, Mr. Rauchman entered the service in August, 1940. He took a midshipman's cruise aboard the U. S. S. *Arkansas*, finished V-7 training at Abbott Hall, and was commissioned in June, 1941. He was stationed at the Naval Armory at Toledo, Ohio, before coming to Notre Dame.

ENSIGN CHARLES W. FOTIS, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Fotis was graduated from Tufts College in 1937. He won a Master's degree in education at Harvard in 1939 and was an instructor at the Dean Academy of Franklin, Mass., when war was declared. Commissioned on July 22, 1942, he was first assigned to the U. S. S. *Prairie State*, then to the Midshipman School at Columbia University. He was ordered to Notre Dame on November 22.

Lt. (j.g.) AUSTIN J. KENNEDY, JR., U.S.N.R.

A graduate of the Naval Academy, class of 1942, but ordered to duty in December, 1941, Mr. Kennedy has been teaching at Notre Dame since March, 1942. Prior to coming to Notre Dame, Mr. Kennedy was ordered to duty at Norfolk, Va. Before going to the Naval Academy he attended The Citadel. He was appointed to Annapolis from South Carolina.

ENSIGN JOHN L. CROWLEY, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Crowley left his position as law secretary to the Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court to enter the Navy in July, 1942. Mr. Crowley received his B. A. degree from Brown in 1937, and an L. L. B. from Harvard Law School in 1940. He was commissioned at Abbott Hall last October.

Lt. (j.g.) ROBERT M. PALMER, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Palmer graduated from the Naval Academy in December, 1941. He was stationed at the San Diego Naval Base before reporting to Notre Dame in March, 1942. In addition to his teaching duties in the Ordnance Department he is general recreation coordinator, guiding such successes as the Happy Hour, the Drum and Bugle Corps, the Glee Club, and the Dance Band.

ENSIGN RAYMOND H. AUSTIN, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Austin received his A. B. degree from Hardin-Simmons in 1939 and an M. A. from Indiana University in 1940. He has been in the Navy since July 6, 1942, having been commissioned at Abbott Hall. He reported to Notre Dame on October 26. Before his enlistment he was an accountant with the Phelps-Dodge Corp., at Bisbee, Ariz.





ENSIGN JAMES E. BATES, JR., U.S.N.R.

Mr. Bates comes from Muskogee, Okla., "Indian Capital of the World." He entered the Navy in the July, 1942, midshipman class. Mr. Bates was trained at Notre Dame and Abbott Hall. Before joining the Navy, he was head of the personnel department at Pinecliff Arsenal. He graduated from the University of Oklahoma in 1939.

ENSIGN ROBERT SUNDENE, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Sundene graduated from Northwestern in 1938 with a B. S. degree in commerce. Until 1941, he was a superintendent of construction work in Chicago. Until July, 1942, he was engaged in engineering and construction inspection at the Savanna Ordnance Department Proving Ground, Illinois. He was assigned to Notre Dame after receiving his commission at Abbott Hall in October.

ENSIGN MAYFORD L. ROARK, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Roark is one of the graduates of the July midshipman class at Abbott Hall. He graduated from the University of Colorado in 1940, and received his master's degree in public administration the next year. While at the University of Colorado, Mr. Roark was president of his senior class, and he is a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

ENSIGN ARTHUR N. TURNER, U.S.N.R.

With B. A. and L. L. B. degrees from Washburn College, Mr. Turner was an attorney in Topeka before entering the Navy. At Washburn, Mr. Turner served two terms as secretary-treasurer of the law school, and was a member of Delta Theta Phi. He was assigned to Notre Dame, where he had spent his own indoctrination period, after being commissioned at Abbott Hall in October.

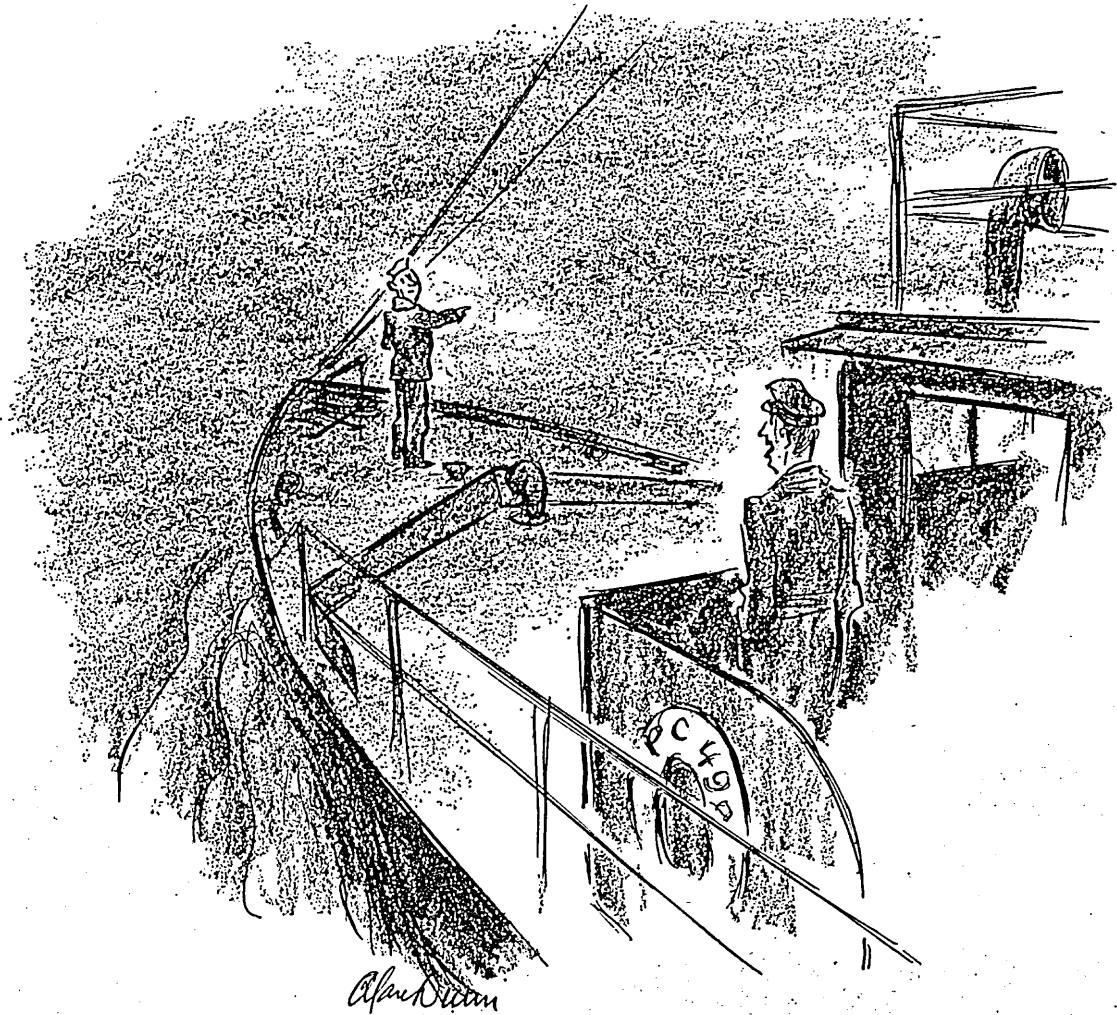
ENSIGN HARVEY T. SORENSEN, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Sorensen is a graduate of Wittenberg College. While in college he was a member of Blue Key, national honor society, and Delta Sigma Phi fraternity. Before enlisting in the Naval Reserve and receiving his commission at Abbott Hall this year, he was an agency auditor for the General Electric Corp.

ENSIGN EARL D. MURPHY, U.S.N.R.

Commissioned October 21, 1942, at Abbott Hall, Mr. Murphy was assigned directly to the Ordnance Department at Notre Dame. Mr. Murphy received his B. A. degree from Occidental college in 1939, and an L. L. B. from the Harvard Law school in 1942.





"Just say 'broad on the starboard beam', Peters. Don't point!"

Seamanship



LT. J. KENWORTHY LORD, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Lord, head of the Seamanship Department, was a member of the class of 1924 at the U. S. Naval Academy. Ships and the Navy have been Lieutenant Lord's hobby ever since he obtained his first summer job at Cramp's shipyard in 1914. He enlisted in 1918 and served at Newport, Rhode Island, during World War I. He was appointed to the Naval Academy from the service. After resigning from the Navy, he taught for a year in Philadelphia, then spent a year in the sales department of the Electric Storage Battery Co. For the last 15 years Mr. Lord was an automobile dealer in his native state of Pennsylvania. In April, 1942, he was commissioned in the Naval Reserve and ordered to duty at Notre Dame.



LT. THOMAS A. WAAGE, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Waage was a member of the first Reserve Midshipmen's School during World War I. He made twenty-one round trips to foreign shores on Navy transports, and served on many types of ships. One of his commanding officers was Admiral W. D. Leahy. In March, 1942, Lieutenant Waage was recalled to service. He was an instructor in seamanship at Abbott Hall before coming here.

LT. HARALSON F. SMITH, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Smith graduated from the Naval Academy in 1925, and served aboard the U. S. S. Mississippi under Capt. (now Adm.) Thomas C. Hart until May, 1927. He was then transferred to the U. S. S. Sapelo. He resigned from the Navy in March, 1928. Mr. Smith served with the U.S.N.R. from 1928 until 1933. He was called from his insurance business in April, 1942, and reported here for active duty.

LT. JOHN R. GRANDFIELD, U.S.N.R.

A graduate of New York U., Mr. Grandfield taught in the vocational high schools of New York City for six years before receiving his commission in 1942. His first assignment was as an instructor at a Naval Communications School. Lt. Grandfield was with the European squadron from 1923 to 1927 "on the other side of the quarterdeck," serving on the old U. S. S. Pittsburgh.

LT. (j.g.) PAUL H. JOHNSTON, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Johnston received his B. A. from Manchester College, and his M. A. from Columbia. Until he began his indoctrination course at Northwestern in December, 1941, Mr. Johnston taught Commercial Education. After receiving his commission in April, 1942, he spent two months in Philadelphia and one month as an instructor at the Naval Training School at Dartmouth before coming to Notre Dame.



LT. (j.g.) GEORGE W. GROTTs, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Grotts was principal of the Community High School of Brownstown, Ill., before receiving his commission last August. His first assignment was at the Columbia University Midshipmen's School and he was ordered to Notre Dame on Nov. 21. Mr. Grotts received an A. B. degree in 1929 from Lincoln College, Illinois, and was awarded an M. S. in 1939 at the University of Illinois.

LT. (j.g.) KENNETH G. PEARCE, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Pearce, head of the Damage Control Section of the Seamanship Department, graduated from the Naval Academy in 1934. He resigned from the Navy after graduation and from 1934 to 1942 was employed as a mechanical and construction engineer by a Tulsa, Okla., oil firm. Mr. Pearce was ordered to Notre Dame for active duty in September, 1942.

LT. (j.g.) LAUREN F. CHAMBERLAIN, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Chamberlain attended Wabash College, where he starred in boxing and football. He reached the finals of his division in the annual Golden Gloves Boxing tournament. Upon receiving his commission from Abbott Hall in 1941, Mr. Chamberlain was ordered to Great Lakes. After six months at that post, he was ordered to Notre Dame.

LT. (j.g.) HERBERT J. LANGEN, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Langen graduated from Wisconsin State Teachers' College in 1939. He taught mathematics in East Dubuque High School, Illinois, until he enlisted in the Navy in 1941. When he was commissioned at Abbott Hall, Mr. Langen was ordered to Great Lakes. In March, 1942, he reported to Notre Dame to teach Indoctrination Math and Seamanship.

ENSIGN BRUCE P. HAYDEN, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Hayden attended the U. S. Naval Academy. When defective eyesight forced him to retire after graduation in 1938, he left behind him a notable record as sports editor of "The Log," chairman of the Press detail, and photographer for the 1938 "Lucky Bag." Until recalled by the Navy in December, 1941, Mr. Hayden was in the insurance business. He reported to Notre Dame in March, 1942.

ENSIGN JOHN L. BROWNLEY, U.S.N.R.

A lawyer before entering the Navy, Mr. Brownley received his college training at Houghton College, and his law degree from Brooklyn Law School in 1930. He received his commission in May, 1942. Mr. Brownley taught Ordnance in the Naval Training School at Dartmouth College, until he was ordered to Notre Dame in October.





ENSIGN JOHN H. THOMAS, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Thomas graduated from Oklahoma U. in June, 1941, with an engineering degree. He followed his profession for one year, then returned to Oklahoma U. as an instructor of engineering, remaining there until he entered the Navy. Following indoctrination at the U. S. S. *Prairie State*, Mr. Thomas was commissioned on May 4, 1942. On July 15, he reported to Notre Dame.



ENSIGN LAWRENCE G. ENGEL, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Engel attended Columbia University, receiving his B. S. in 1940 and his M. A. in 1941. His specialties were political science and education. Joining the staff of one of New York's largest stores, Mr. Engel rose to the position of department head. He received his commission in October, 1942, at the U. S. S. *Prairie State*.

ENSIGN HARLEN J. BEDELL, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Bedell was graduated from Illinois Wesleyan College in 1937 with a B. S. degree. He was active in sports while in college, winning varsity letters in football, basketball, and track. Commissioned in June, 1942, he spent a two-month indoctrination period at Cornell University, was first assigned to the Midshipman School at Columbia University, and came to Notre Dame in November.

ENSIGN JOSEPH W. FRAMENT, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Frament was graduated from New York State Teachers' College at Albany in 1940. He played tennis and captained the basketball team. Upon graduation, he taught in the high schools of Albany. Mr. Frament received his commission in October, 1942, at Columbia University Midshipmen's School, and was ordered to Notre Dame as a Damage Control and Seamanship instructor.

ENSIGN HENRY T. EMERSON, U.S.N.R.

A lawyer, Mr. Emerson came to Notre Dame with several of his class mates from the Columbia Reserve Midshipmen's School. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Yale in 1939, where he played varsity soccer. In 1942 Mr. Emerson received his L. L. B. from Harvard Law School. He was commissioned in October, 1942.

ENSIGN EDWARD G. HOTCHKISS, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Hotchkiss graduated from Yale, where he played baseball and later managed the team through several successful seasons. He was Priorities Director with the Truck Treader Co. of America before joining the Navy. He was ordered to Notre Dame after receiving his commission at U. S. S. *Prairie State*.





ENSIGN THOMAS J. SANDKE, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Sandke was a steel priority supervisor before entering the Navy. A native of Illinois, he was graduated from Pennsylvania State College and the Central Y. M. C. A. College, where he edited the college newspaper and was president of his class. He was ordered to Notre Dame, after receiving his commission this year, from the U.S.N.R. Midshipmen's School, New York.

ENSIGN JAMES J. CLARK, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Clark attended Illinois University and Missouri University, from which he received a degree in business administration in 1939. He was president of his Business School class. In 1940 he was awarded his L. L. B. from the same university, and became a member of the freight traffic solicitation department of the Wabash Railroad. After training at Abbott Hall, he was commissioned in October, 1942.

ENSIGN JOHN M. SPOONER, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Spooner attended the University of Illinois, graduating in 1937. He held positions with the Phillips Gasoline Co. and the DeVilbiss Automobile Spray Painting Co. before enlisting in the Navy. He received his training at the New York Naval Training School, and was awarded his commission in October, 1942.

ENSIGN RALPH T. SMITH, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Smith is a graduate of Illinois College and Washington University Law School, where he was president of his class and was a member of the baseball team. Mr. Smith engaged in general legal practice and served as Assistant General Attorney for the C. & I. M. Railway, before entering the service. Upon receiving his commission at Abbott Hall in October, 1942, he was ordered to Notre Dame.

ENSIGN DONALD BRABSTON, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Brabston attended Birmingham Southern University and later, Northwestern, where he received his Master's degree. Since his chief avocation was handling boats, the Navy was his natural choice when war was declared. After receiving his commission from Abbott Hall in October, 1942, Mr. Brabston was ordered to Notre Dame.

ENSIGN ORLON M. WALSTAD, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Walstad attended Luther College and was graduated in 1940. He left behind him an outstanding record in intramural athletics and varsity football, besides a four-year assignment as a member of the college concert band. After receiving his commission at Abbott Hall, in October, 1942, Mr. Walstad was ordered to Notre Dame.





ENSIGN ROBERT H. WINN, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Winn, Assistant Fourth Battalion officer, studied chemical engineering at Oklahoma A. & M., and for the last three and a half years has been engaged in the oil business. He was commissioned in May, 1942, having received indoctrination at Notre Dame. He left Notre Dame last November, reporting for duty at a Navy Diesel school.

ENSIGN E. A. WINTON, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Winton graduated from Duke University in 1937. He left his desk at a bank to come to Notre Dame in May as a member of an officer's training class. Upon completion of the course, he was retained as assistant aide to the Executive and Division Officer of the ship's company. In November, he was appointed assistant Battalion Commander. Soon after this, he was ordered to other duty.

LT. (j.g.) GLEN R. SCHLEUTER, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Schleuter attended Iowa State, St. Ambrose's, and Iowa University. His major was engineering. Mr. Schleuter left college in September, 1940, to join the Navy, and in June, 1941, received his commission. In October, 1941, he was ordered to active duty and assigned to the Indianapolis Radio Training School. In March, 1942, he came to Notre Dame. He left in November.

ENSIGN JAMES W. HOUGH, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Hough, assistant to the Third Battalion commanding officer, graduated from Randolph Macon College, majoring in history and economics. He received his Navy training at Cornell University and was commissioned on April 20, 1942. Mr. Hough left Notre Dame early in November for other duty.

LT. (j.g.) EDMOND C. DOLLARD, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Dollard's work with N. B. C. and later an advertising firm in Chicago fitted him for his duty as public relations officer at Notre Dame. He graduated from Wisconsin in 1939, where he majored in commerce, and competed on the swimming team for three years. He left Notre Dame last November and reported for duty at Corpus Christi, Tex.

LT. (j.g.) JOHN M. KENNEDY, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Kennedy, who graduated from Princeton in 1928 with a degree in electrical engineering and an enviable record on the polo field, was Personnel Officer aboard the U. S. S. Notre Dame. Mr. Kennedy received his commission March 5, 1942. He was ordered to Jacksonville, Florida, in November.



"Who's gonna' pass out?"

Medical



COMDR. JOSEPH E. MALCOMSON, (M.C.) U.S.N. (Ret.)

Commander Malcomson, after graduation from Wayne Medical School, entered the Navy in 1917. He was medical officer on troop ships in World War I. After the war, he was ordered to the Navy Hospital in New York and then to the Navy Hospital in St. Croix, Virgin Islands, where he was in charge of a leper colony. Commander Malcomson then went to Annapolis as athletic medical officer. In 1930, he went back to sea as fleet surgeon for the Atlantic scouting fleet, serving under Admiral Leahy. Commander Malcomson retired in 1937, and was recalled to active duty in September, 1939.



LT. COMDR. GUY S. VOGAN, (M.C.) U.S.N.R.

Dr. Vogan attended Grove City College, where he was a member of Phi Rho Sigma, and the University of Pittsburgh Medical School, graduating from the latter in the class of 1916. Dr. Vogan saw service in World War I as a lieutenant in the Army Medical Corps. His period of duty in the present conflict dates from December, 1941, when he was ordered to the Philadelphia Naval Hospital.

LT. COMDR. J. V. TREYNOR, (M.C.) U.S.N.R.

Dr. Treynor attended the University of Iowa, graduating in 1919. He continued at that university and was graduated from its medical school in the class of 1921. Dr. Treynor interned at Long Island and St. Christopher's hospitals in Brooklyn, N. Y., and at the Barnes Hospital in St. Louis. He served in the First World War and entered his present period of service in May, 1942.

LT. COMDR. H. S. MILLETT, (M.C.) U.S.N.R.

Dr. Millett graduated from the University of Kansas in 1928. After interning, Dr. Millett began a career of specialization in psychiatry and neurology that included instructorships and professorships at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York University, Long Island College of Medicine, and the University of Kansas. Dr. Millett entered the service in February, 1941, and in April, 1942, he was transferred here.



LT. REGINALD R. RAMBO, (M.C.) U.S.N.

Dr. Rambo came here after a period of naval service that included two years of sea duty. He also has been stationed at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, and at the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. He graduated in 1938 from the Harvard Medical School, entering the service soon afterward.



LT. CLARENCE GRIPKEY, (M.C.) U.S.N.R.

Dr. Gripkey took both his undergraduate and medical work at the University of Kansas. Dr. Gripkey was on the staff of the Crile Clinic, Cleveland, Ohio. He was commissioned in the Naval Reserve in March, 1938, going on active duty at Great Lakes in December, 1941, and coming to Notre Dame last March.



LT. BLISS K. SHAFER, (M.C.) U.S.N.R.

Dr. Shafer is a graduate of the University of West Virginia, class of 1935, and the Western Reserve Medical School, class of 1939. Dr. Shafer, who played tennis and football at West Virginia, interned at the Hawthornden Hospital, Macedonia, Ohio. Dr. Shafer went on active duty here in April, 1942.

Dental



LT. Comdr, H. W. RINESMITH, (D.C.) U.S.N.R.

Dr. Rinesmith is a graduate of the Washington University School of Dentistry, class of '30. After graduation he was assistant professor of Operative Dentistry at Washington U., and engaged in private practice in St. Louis. Enlisting in the Naval Reserve in '38, he was ordered to duty, coming to Notre Dame in May, '42.



LT. HERMAN GAEBE, (D.C.) U.S.N.R.

Dr. Gaebe is a graduate of George Williams College, class of 1936, and Northwestern Dental School, 1940. At George Williams, he played on the basketball team. He entered the service in October, 1941, and was stationed at Great Lakes before coming to Notre Dame.



LT. LOWRY D. REAVES, (D.C.) U.S.N.R.

Dr. Reaves is a graduate of Washington University's undergraduate and dental schools. He has capitalized upon a fine singing voice by appearing as soloist over both the Columbia and National Broadcasting networks. He entered the Navy two years ago and saw service at Great Lakes before being ordered here.

Supply and Disbursing



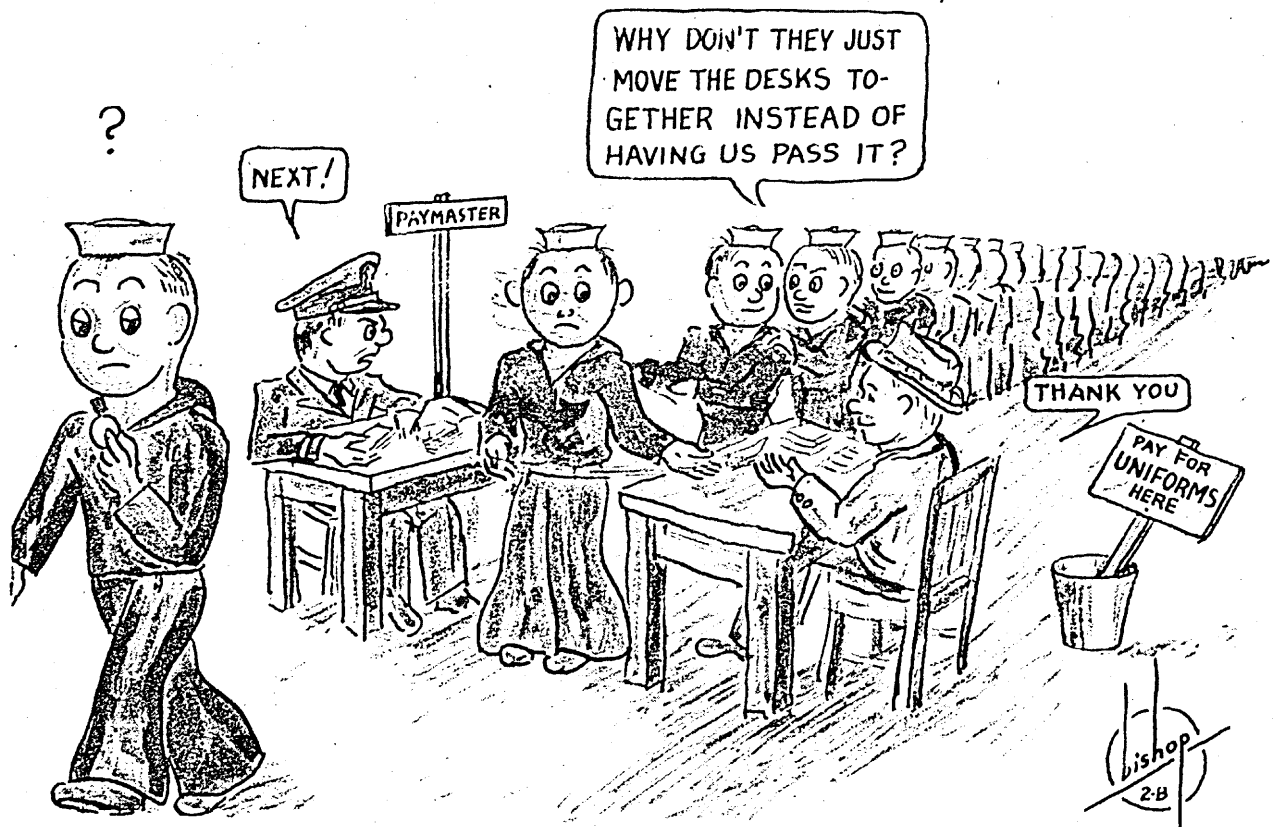
LT. AMBROSE M. BABICH, (S.C.) U.S.N.R.

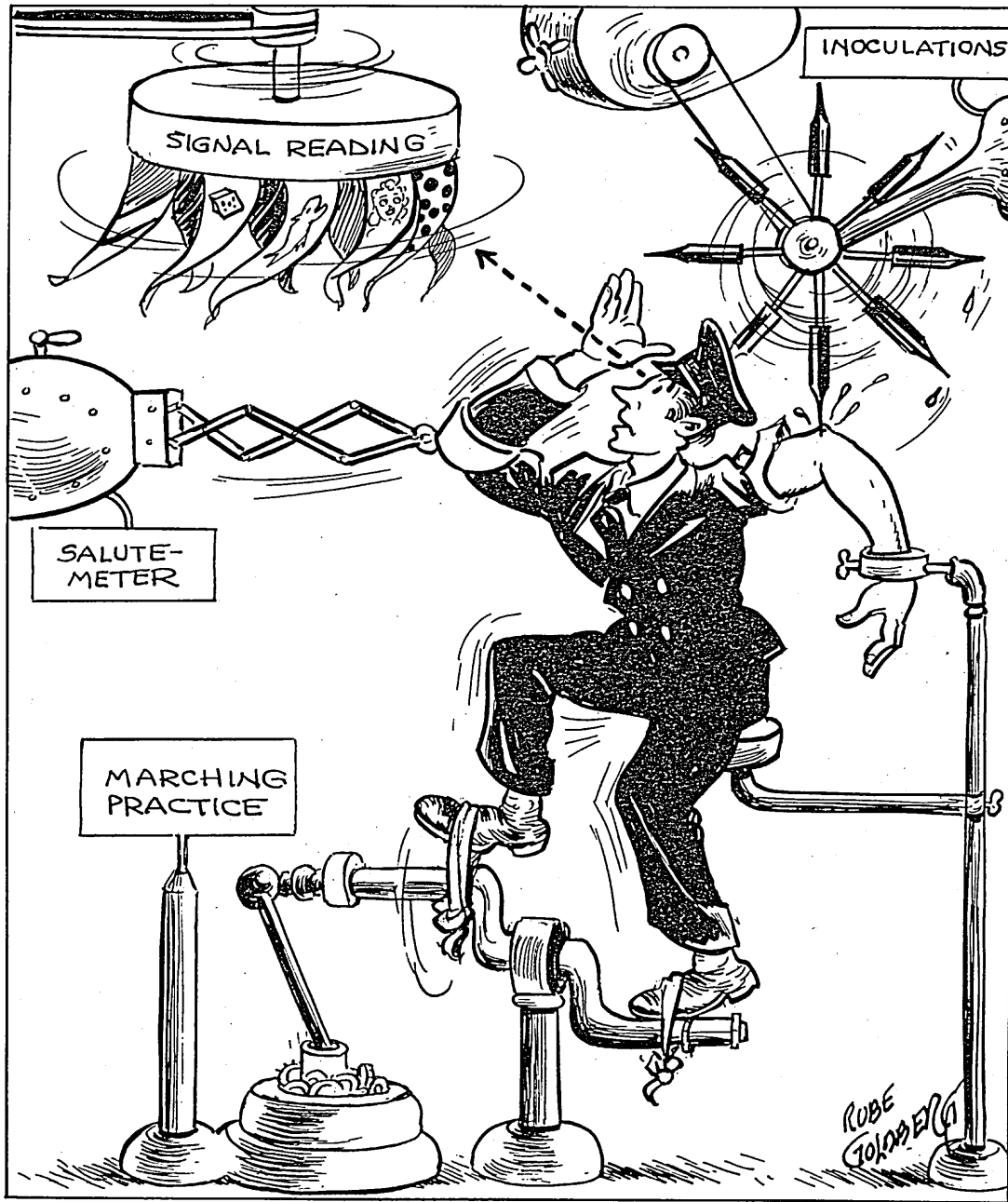
When the U. S. S. Kearny was torpedoed Mr. Babich, supply officer here, was aboard her. He received a letter of commendation from the Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet for meritorious conduct during and after the torpedoing. Licut. Babich was commissioned in 1935. He attended St. Patrick's College, Wellington, New Zealand. He served two years with the Royal New Zealand Field Artillery before coming to the United States.



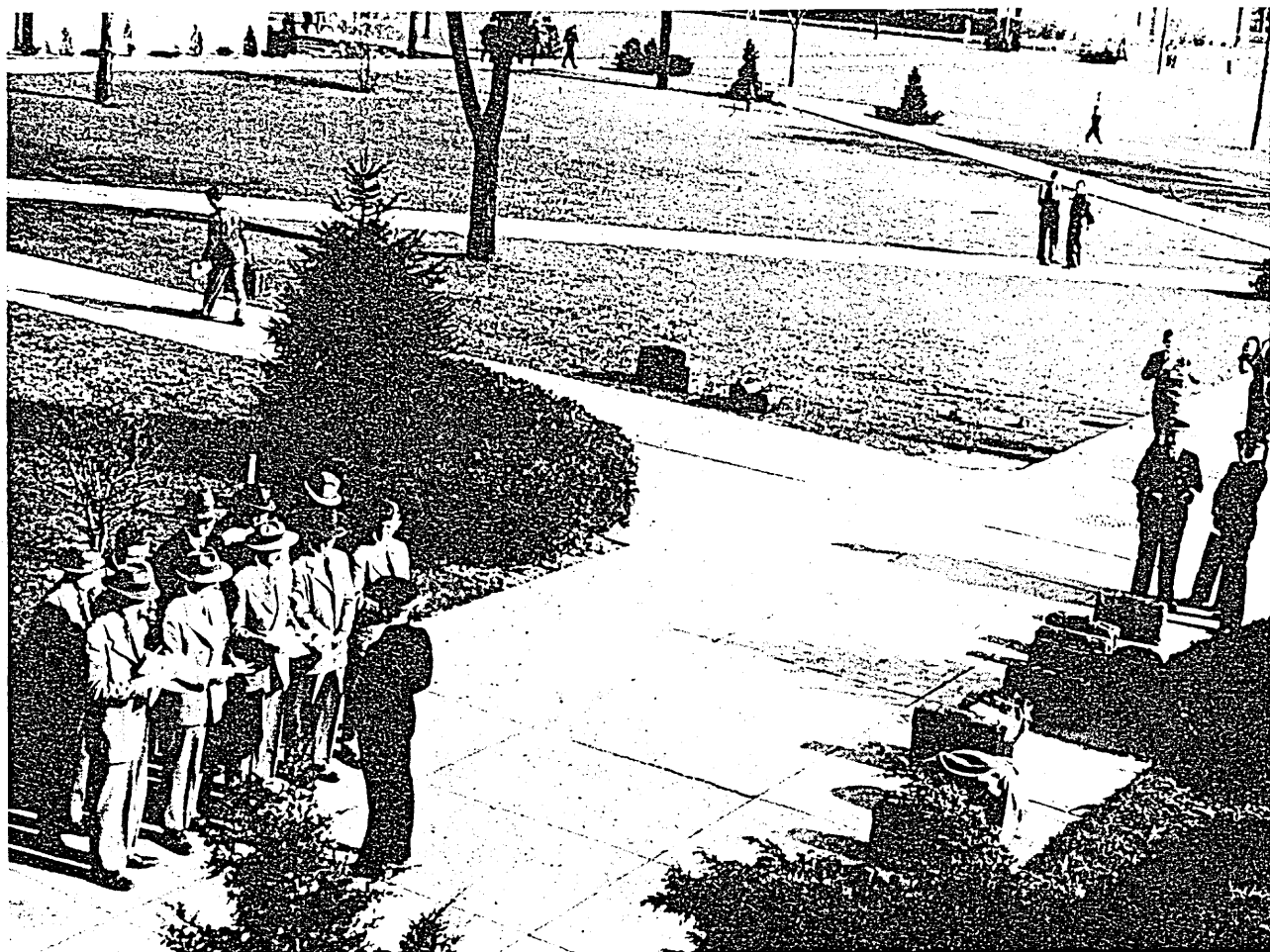
LT. (j.g.) F. C. RUTHERFORD, (S.C.) U.S.N.R.

Mr. Rutherford, disbursing officer for the U. S. S. Notre Dame, was graduated in 1939 from U. C. L. A. with a Bachelor of Science degree in accounting. He was employed as an accountant in the Sheriff's office of Los Angeles County before receiving his commission in the Naval Reserve on May 26, 1941. Licut. Rutherford is a member of Alpha Kappa Psi, business fraternity.





Indoctrination



WHEN Seaman W. T. Door went on active duty October 5, several months after having taken oath as a member of the United States Naval Reserve, he found himself completely at sea, though by no stretch of the imagination can Notre Dame, Ind., be considered a port.

The Navy, he discovered to his swift befuddlement, lives in a world of its own. Even commonplace objects have different names. Anything you put your feet on, for instance (with the possible exception of a desk) is "the deck." Food is "chow," stairs are "ladders," walls, "bulkheads," and any kind of equipment is "gear." One of the first lessons Seaman Door acquired along this line was that the compartment marked "head" is not the commanding officer's headquarters.

In the Navy, everything runs like clockwork, he found. In less time than it takes to run up BAKER, bewildered Seaman Door had filled out a boat load

of forms in triplicate, marched to the storeroom where he was loaded up with a complete set of uniforms and bedding, and stumbled back to his room, groaning silently under the weight.

Perhaps the second thing Seaman Door learned was the meaning of the term, "scuttlebutt," which he concluded closely resembles what is referred to among civilians as plain ordinary 'bull'. One of the strangest things about scuttlebutt, he learned further, is that the more far-fetched it is, the readier and wider acceptance it finds. After a little more experience, however, Seaman Door decided that this was not so unreasonable, at that.

Life in the quarters revolved around pronouncements, generally unintelligible, by the mates of the deck, who rent the air at short intervals with orders to fall in, announcements of the uniform of the day, and sundry other ultimatums, followed in two minutes by contradictions, followed in turn by restora-



tion of the original orders. Now and then mates of the deck were found to possess the two prime qualifications of a train announcer: a highly penetrating voice, coupled with a total inability to make themselves understood.

Seaman Door was soon removed from the fool's paradise he had built for himself around the item in his orders stating that there would be no formal classwork during the indoctrination period. Supplied with eight textbooks (including Bowditch) he quickly concluded that "formal" in the Navy must mean white ties and tails.

Between times, there were periods for athletics and plenty of infantry drill. Before long, he was able to take drill—even two hours of it in the rain—in stride.

Calisthenics, however, was a horse of another color. The first time his company did a bending exercise, so many joints cracked that the drill field sounded like a rifle range, and a salty lieutenant who happened to be standing by was moved to sing out absently, "Cease firing!"

Seamanship, ordnance, and math for navigators

turned out to be the subjects of class instruction; and it soon appeared that the most rugged of these was math for navigators. There was much feverish resurrecting of badly decayed knowledge of geometry, algebra, astronomy, plane and spherical (if any) trigonometry, and mechanical drawing.

In some ways, Seaman Door reflected while going to formation on the double, the general atmosphere resembled that at college, except that the men were obviously much more intent on getting something out of their instruction. There was more good humor, and less horseplay, perhaps due partly to the ever-present spectre of demerits.

Immunization "shots," which made life hardly worth living on Tuesdays, and generally Wednesdays, too, were a major tribulation. Besides the severe muscular soreness and general doggy feeling which nearly everyone suffered, the faint of heart were terrorized by the most sadistic brand of scuttlebutt while waiting in the line leading into the sick bay. If the reaction to the shots were any criterion, Seaman Door felt certain after the fifth or sixth round that he was immune to all the afflictions of man or beast, including ergophobia.



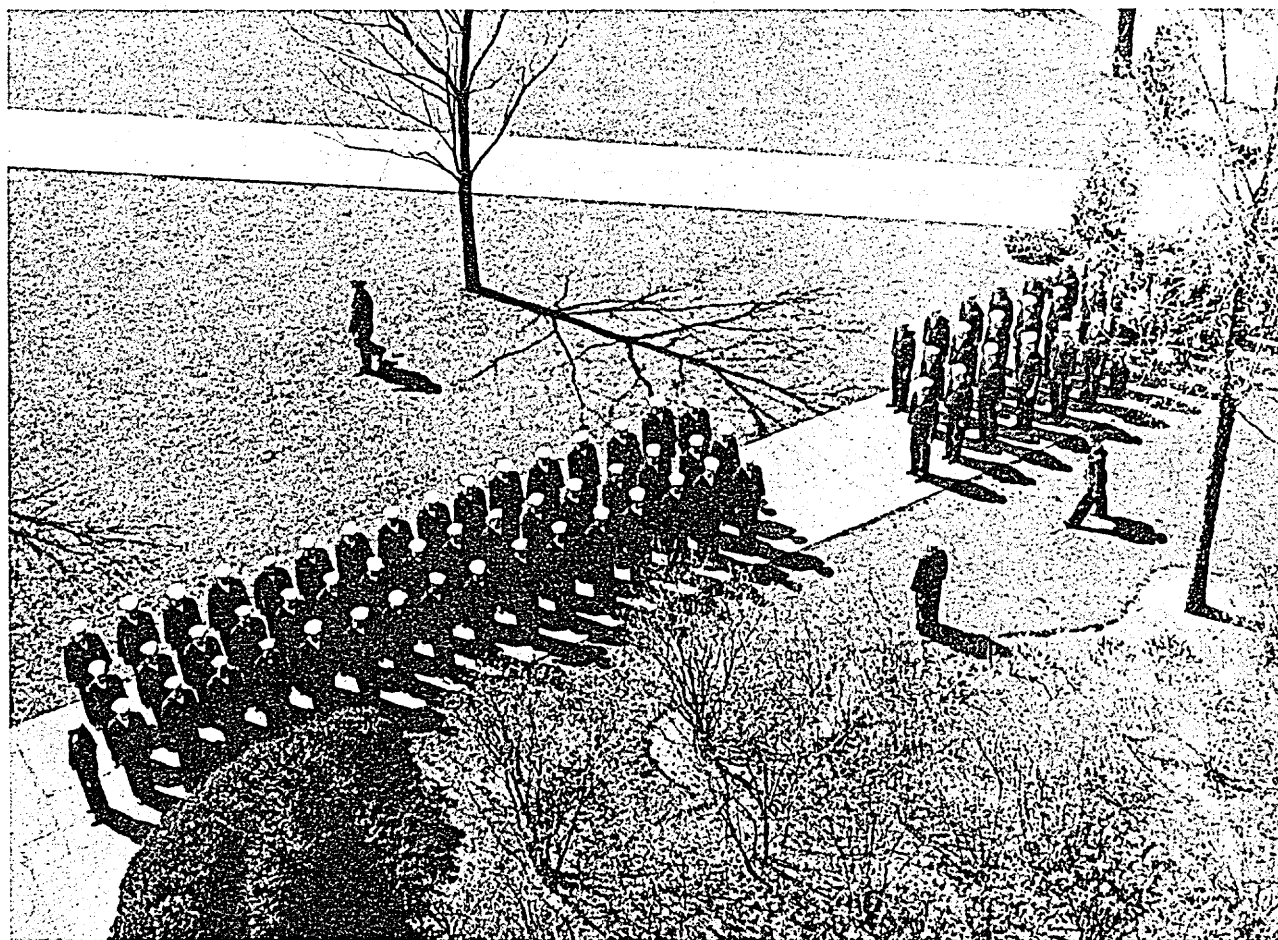
Captain's inspection was discovered to have a meaning not apparent to the casual onlooker, and to involve an onerous routine which got under way about 18 hours beforehand with swabbing of the deck. Seaman Door used to think that this was the only Navy term he understood, but he knew now that he had not fully appreciated its implications.

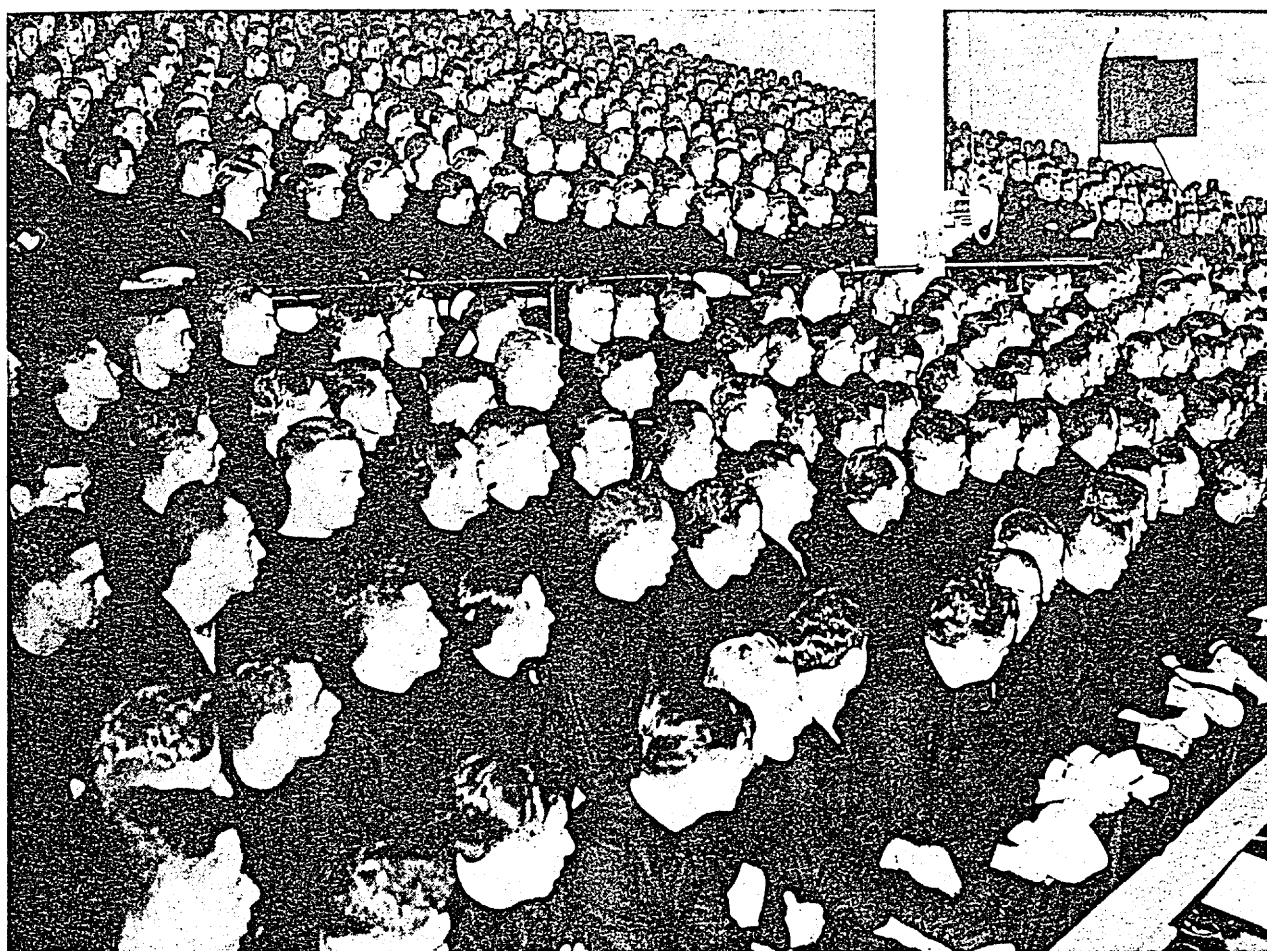
The bare elements of getting a room in order for inspection include, he learned: (a) sweeping, (b) swabbing, and (c) going over the floor with fingernails to capture any stray broom straws, or grains of sand; making up the beds according to a precise formula, with somewhat less tolerance permitted in the angle of blanket folds than in solution of a navigation problem; getting the ends of an unsymmetrical towel to hang absolutely square; thorough dusting, especially of the most unlikely places, such as the crevice inside the bottom of

locker doors, or any cranny that is either beyond reach or out of sight; scrubbing the washbowl; keeping the wastebasket empty and the ashtray burnished; and seeing that shoes under the bed are lined up along the shortest distance between two arbitrarily selected (generally by the inspecting officer) points.

Somewhat harried after the first two or three days of living in a hell of a hurry, Seaman Door had come to relish warmly every second of his seven hours and fifty minutes in bed. It was with some chagrin, then, that he drew the last half of the midwatch as mate of the third deck, where he grudgingly put in two hours noting in the log his own and the roving watch's reports that all was secure; sir; and ruefully pondering man's inhumanity to man.

The bits of miscellaneous information assimilated by Seaman Door in a remarkably short-time would





make a long list, but some of the more noteworthy items were: That in spite of considerable legwork, to put it mildly, sailors' shoes are likely to wear out on the top as soon as on the bottom, due to incessant shining; that it is possible, nay, judicious, to distinguish a commissioned officer at 500 yards with the naked eye; and that you will always know where you are going when you get there.

Well over a thousand men comprised the indoctrination class which matriculated on Oct. 5, and was due to become the first midshipmen's class at Notre Dame. Colleges and universities in all parts of the country were represented, Seaman Door found, and there was such a variety of accents that a muster sounded like the Biblical confusion of tongues.

The first Saturday at 12:30 came the anxiously-awaited proclamation of liberty. Striding freely along the broad and bustling streets of South Bend,

Seaman Door thought he knew now how Atlas must have felt when someone spared him off for a few hours.

South Bend residents were so anxious to be pleasant and helpful to men in uniform that Seaman Door, one week on active duty, felt like an ancient and honored mariner, grown hoary in the service of his country. The city's Servicemen's Center, operated by a group of public spirited people, contained all that a young man could ask, viz., a goodly stock of beauteous damsels, food and drink, reading and writing materials, and the speedy and cheerful solution of almost any personal problem.

Monday was an evil day for Seaman Door, who found himself on a work detail because his ashtray had been left on his desk, his soap dish was dirty, and his locker was somewhat out of order. By way of penance, he put in two hours lugging desks, files,

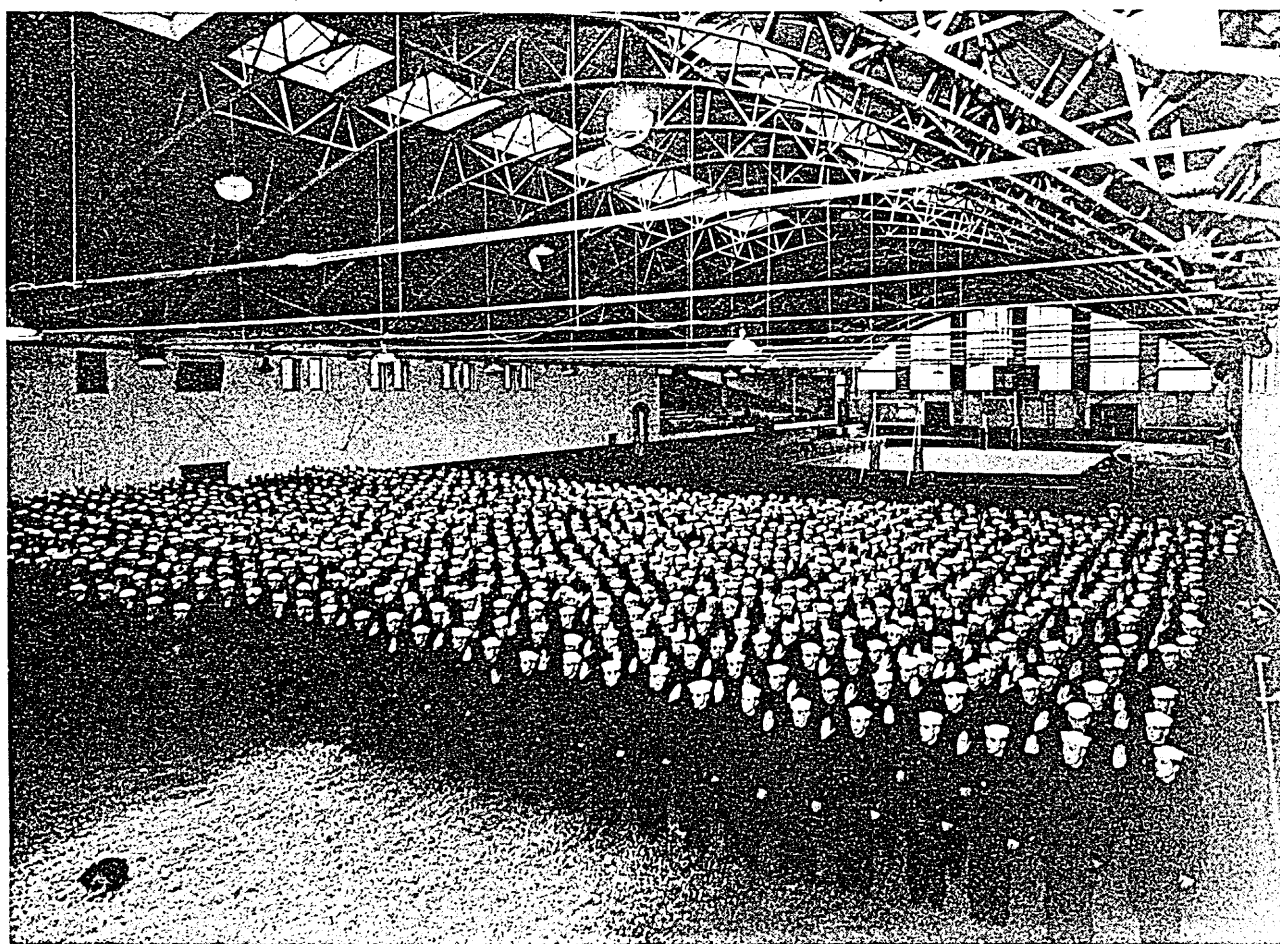
and other office equipment from Rockne hall up to the second floor of the new Navy building. The fellow on the other end of a file cabinet philosophically remarked that if he should be shot at sunrise some morning for too many infractions of the rules, at least he would get another couple hours' sleep that day.

Succeeding weeks (all two of them) of indoctrination were much like the first as to routine schedule, Seaman Door discovered. There were always innumerable new things to learn—and on the double. But even after the first week, he found his grip tightening on this new and confusing way of life. He decided that he liked the Navy's systematic way of doing things, and reflected that he could have accomplished a great deal more as a civilian with more of the Navy's place-and-time-for-everything attitude. Most important of all, he found himself taking a fierce pride in being a Navy

man, and in living up to its standards for their own sake—not to mention escaping the ignominy of being dubbed a landlubber.

Though still, and for months to come, a dry-land sailor, Seaman Door already could feel a responsive thrill to the glorious traditions established by such men as John Paul Jones, John Barry, Commodore Perry, and Admiral Farragut—and, by lineal kinship, Ferdinand Magellan, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lord Horatio Nelson.

All in all, he felt like an old salt, and put full steam on living the part to the extent that he might fulfill the definition of "The Master of a Ship of War," as set forth in Ward's "The Wooden World": "His language is all heathen Greek to a cobbler; and he cannot have so much as a tooth drawn ashore without carrying his interpreter. It is the aftmost grinders aloft, on the starboard quarter, will he cry to the all-wondering operator."





Midshipmen's Day

The D

*"When I first put this uniform on
I said, as I looked in the glass
'It's one in a million that any civilian
My figure and form will surpass.'
I said, when I first put it on,
'It is plain to the veriest dunce
That every beauty will feel it her duty
To yield to its glamor at once'."*

If the truth were known, the secret reaction of Midshipman W. T. Door, to the first glimpse of himself in his eagerly-awaited dress blues coincided neatly with the sentiments expressed by Gilbert and Sullivan's vain colonel of the Heavy Dragoons.

Donning dress blues, however, had no relation in time to actually becoming midshipmen, owing to several weeks' delay in arrival of the caps. By the time they came, impatience knew no bounds. This situation was neatly epitomized by Lt. Brown, commander of the first battalion, as he addressed the formation of the ultimate few whose odd sizes had finally turned up. In the drily humorous tone for which he has become well known, he remarked, "Now, if there is any man here who doesn't want to get his dress cap, he has my permission to fall out."

After final indoctrination exams, however, jumpers and white caps gave way immediately to blue shirts and ties, together with the then odd-looking blue-banded headgear, constituting undress blues. The blue-banders in turn were shortly succeeded by watch caps (the Navy's term for what we called "stocking caps" in our belly-flopping days, which, while no sartorial triumph, were accepted with rejoicing when winter in Indiana showed its true bitterness.

The new class schedule revealed a highly satisfactory number of study periods, compared with the old indoctrination routine, but two developments served to curtail all celebration. First of

these was that while indoctrination had seemed rigorous enough with respect to studies, it was really only a mild warmer-upper. Next, two or three study periods a week were snatched away for additional athletics.

Navigation, ordnance, damage control, and seamanship—these put together made up an incubus that fevered the hapless midshipman day and night, set him to pawing wearily through tables in his dreams, invoking curses on the man who first thought of mounting a gun on a ship (and incidentally, agreeing wholeheartedly with Lord Nelson in his opposition to the use of sights on the grounds that they would introduce unnecessary complications into firing), getting hopelessly ensnared in buoyancy and stability calculations, and deeply envying landlubbers whose traffic and steering problems had some relation to previous experience.

If there was a man in the regiment who stayed on "top" of his work for more than a few hours behind, he did not let it be known, and most of us were lucky to keep within hailing distance. To quote again the proud colonel of the Heavy Dragoons,

*"I didn't anticipate that
When I first put this uniform on."*

One entry in the program which excited a certain amount of curiosity was "executive drill." Now, everybody knew what drill was, and quickly tried to think of something else, but the "executive" part of it sounded intriguing. All hopes were

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dashed when executive drill turned out to be plain old ordinary drill, with an hour of athletics thrown in for good measure. Where the "executive" part of it came in remained an unfathomed mystery.

Two milestones in the annals of the Notre Dame Midshipmen's school were set up when, first, all classes were begun in the freshly-completed Navy building just beyond Rockne hall, and some weeks later, the Navy drill hall was opened for use. There was a new appreciation of having enough seats to go around, blackboards (with or without chalk), and adequate space to work in. Best of all were the tables in the Nav. classrooms, where one could construct a Mercator chart without fear of running over the abyss which gave Columbus some mutiny trouble.

2

One or two more shots in the arm (tetanus, they must have been), shortly put an end to the forlorn processions which used to wind into the sick bay every week. The blood tests and fluoroscopic exams were still to come, but could be disregarded since they involved no hardship except loss of study time. They did say, however, that one midshipman stopped on the way back from a blood test to roll down his sleeve and fell three assignments behind.

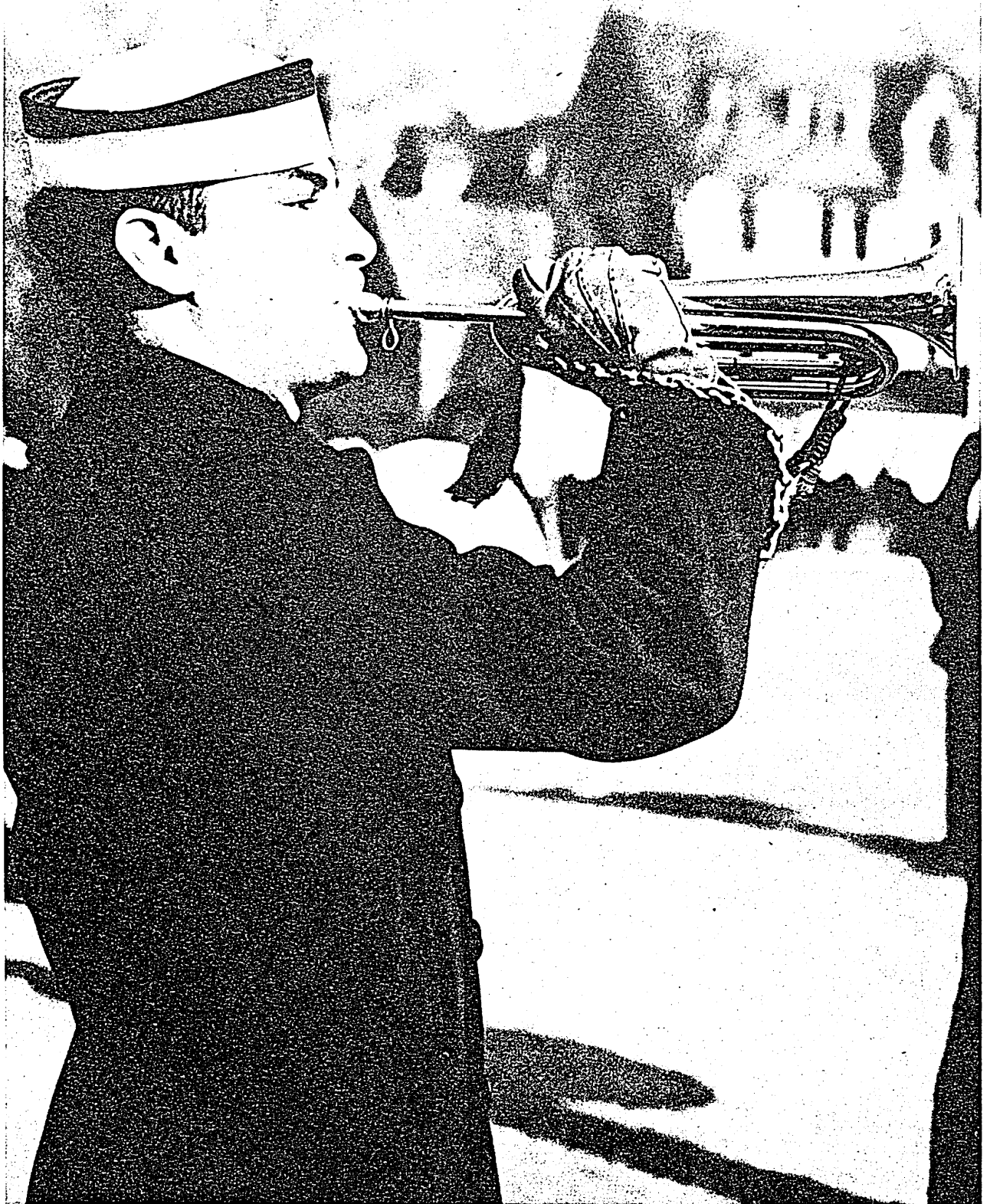
Within the first week, the regiment made acquaintance with yet another hoary tradition—the "tree," an institution regarded with aversion, if not horror, by one and all. Every Wednesday was Arbor day, when trees were planted on main

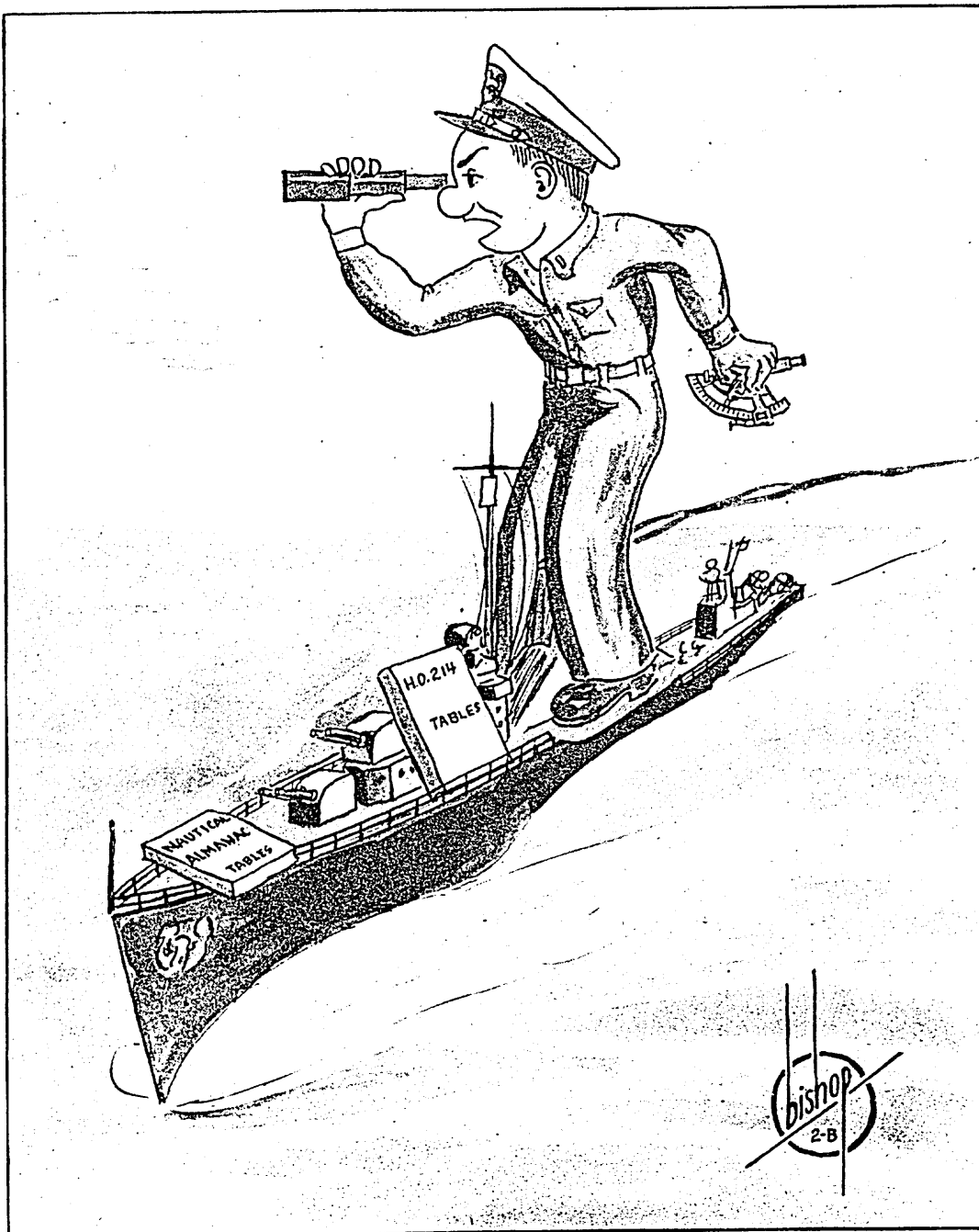
bulletin boards where all could see one's name and jeer. This custom gave rise early in December to a fervent hope which puzzled all civilians who happened to hear of it: namely that the regiment would have no Christmas trees.

Whatever a midshipman's other troubles, no one need fear that he worries over money, for he has none to trouble him. It was a black day early in November when, our finances touching rock bottom, we were lined up to be paid \$41.50, and within ten minutes lined up again to pay out \$40 for midshipmen's uniforms and accessories. Succeeding paydays, bringing stipends averaging \$15, developed into occasions for exchanging debts.

Then, too, there were interludes . . . the Saturdays when we strutted our stuff in town, proud as peacocks in our brand-new dress blues, and content to have broken the back of our civilian individuality to merge with an honored tradition . . . the brief minutes of daily liberty when, now in the habit of living intensely, we made firmer friendships than in years previously . . . the moments when esprit de corps was being born . . . the evil hour when we shook hands all around before walking into the first term Nav. final . . . that day of transcendent glory when one's name was announced with a 4.0 attached to it . . . the week-end that best girl, or Mom and Dad, or perhaps all three, traveled up to South Bend.

If this summing-up conveys the impression that all was not skittles and beer, it is a fairly accurate account. No one expected a lark, and while midshipmen's training by popular consent was voted the toughest stretch we had to put in anywhere, its severity served to impress us with the seriousness of our job as nothing else could have done. Most satisfying of all was the conviction, born of numberless weary and hopeless hours, of having earned our stripes.





"I'm sure I left Pearl Harbor here."

Navigation

IT WAS quiz day again and we were frantically cramming mnemonic devices into ourselves while sharpening pencils and arranging the texts in a convenient, portable pile. There was Dutton, the Pacific Ocean Tide Tables, the Azimuth Sun Bearings, Introduction to Astronomy, Current Tables, and Bowditch. Gee, he's a heavy one . . . (In more ways than one.)

Our roommate was one of those mathematics sharks who could handle a protractor like a surgeon handles a scalpel, draw neat circles and meticulously straight lines, and work out intricate problems while we were still struggling with the first fix.

There were a few score like him in the entire school. Accomplished lads, really out of this world, who found Navigation a cinch and couldn't understand why all the others ever had trouble with it.

"Come on", he said. "Let's go. This test today

will be simple. You really should breeze through it."

Muttering an imprecation, we collected our books and joined a group in the passageway.

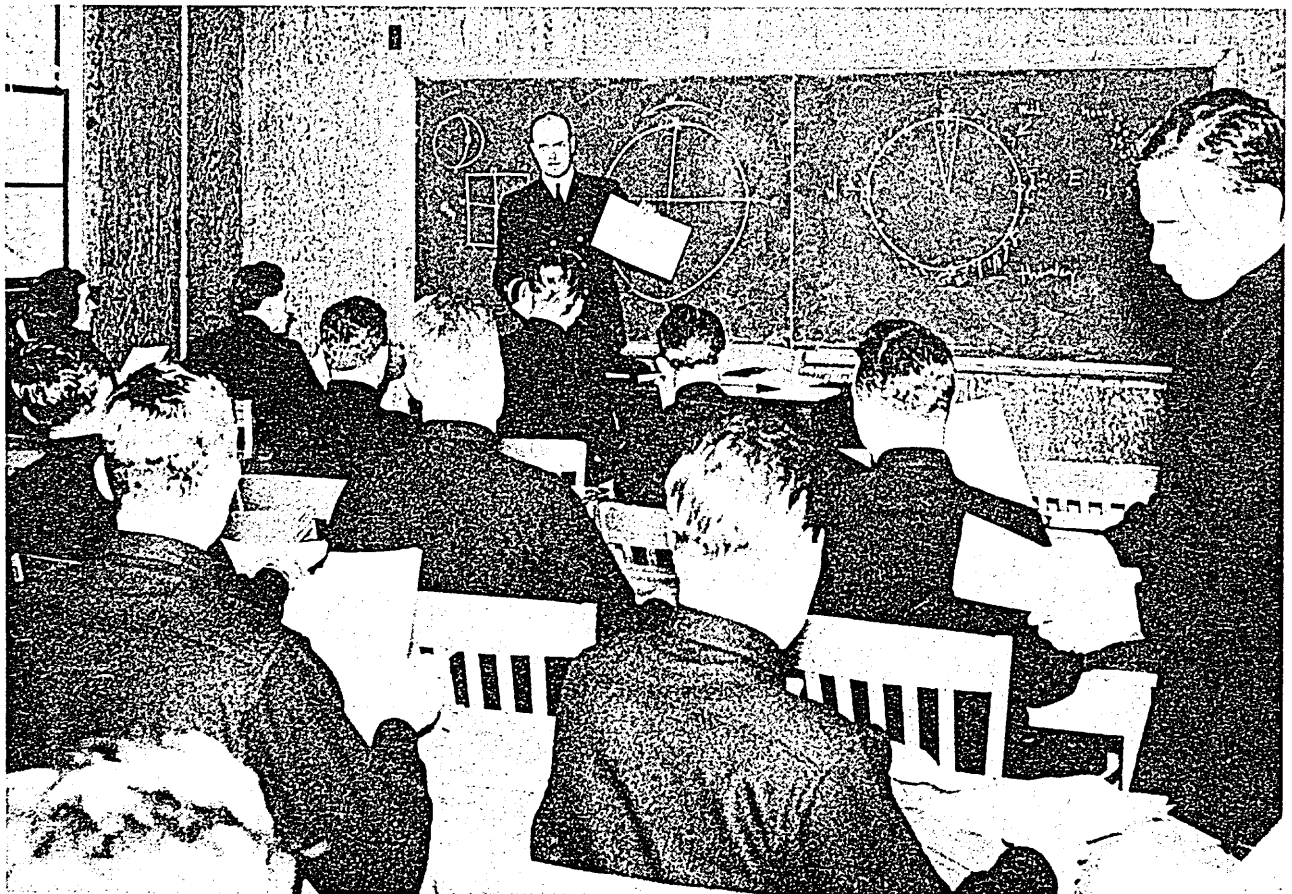
"How do you get the t and d of the sun?"

"What is a good definition of azimuth?"

"Howinhell do you convert Watch Time to G. C. T.?"

And so it went.

We tottered off apprehensively, barely missing a fall on the ice, miraculously preventing the books from slipping, and keeping the compass point out of the anatomy of the fellow in front. It was a lucky start, but we never took luck for granted for we knew it was better to figure you didn't have a chance. Then the surprise of passing would be sweeter and the shock of bilging, less potent, since expected.





Up the ladders, through the passageways, the books going helter skelter in our arms but not yet on the deck, we managed to get our coats on hooks and ourselves into the classroom. Maybe he won't give the test today, we hoped. Maybe this and maybe that, but there he was already on his way in and those were certainly P-work sheets in his arms. "We'll have a little quickie, gentlemen," he said, "Just to see if you have studied your lesson." And we started, mulling formulae, mumbling prayers and munching fingernails.

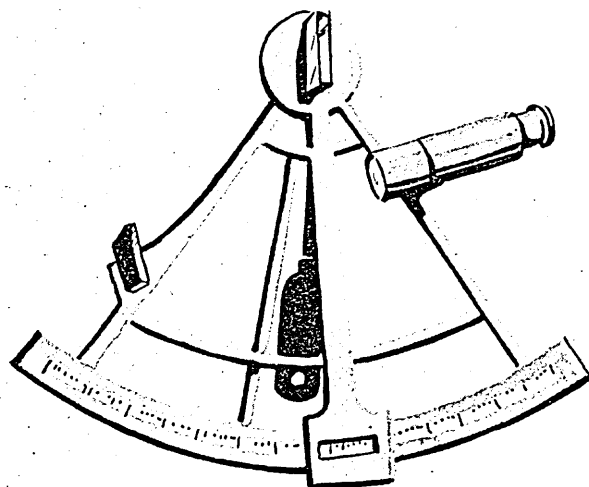
The problem reads: You are on board a destroyer, the Throckmorton P. Snodgrass, course 070, speed, very little indeed in times like these. You have just taken a running fix and found yourself 729 miles from your DR position, south of the Estimated Point, attained by using radio bearings from Lighthouse A, Station B, and the tower of the RCA building in New York City, four blocks from the Gay White Way and the Crossroads of the World. Oops! There is a torpedo looking you right in the eye, on course 045 relative, and it's coming much faster than you're going. There are shoals just a wee bit ahead and you are within the danger circle, headed for certain doom, and your

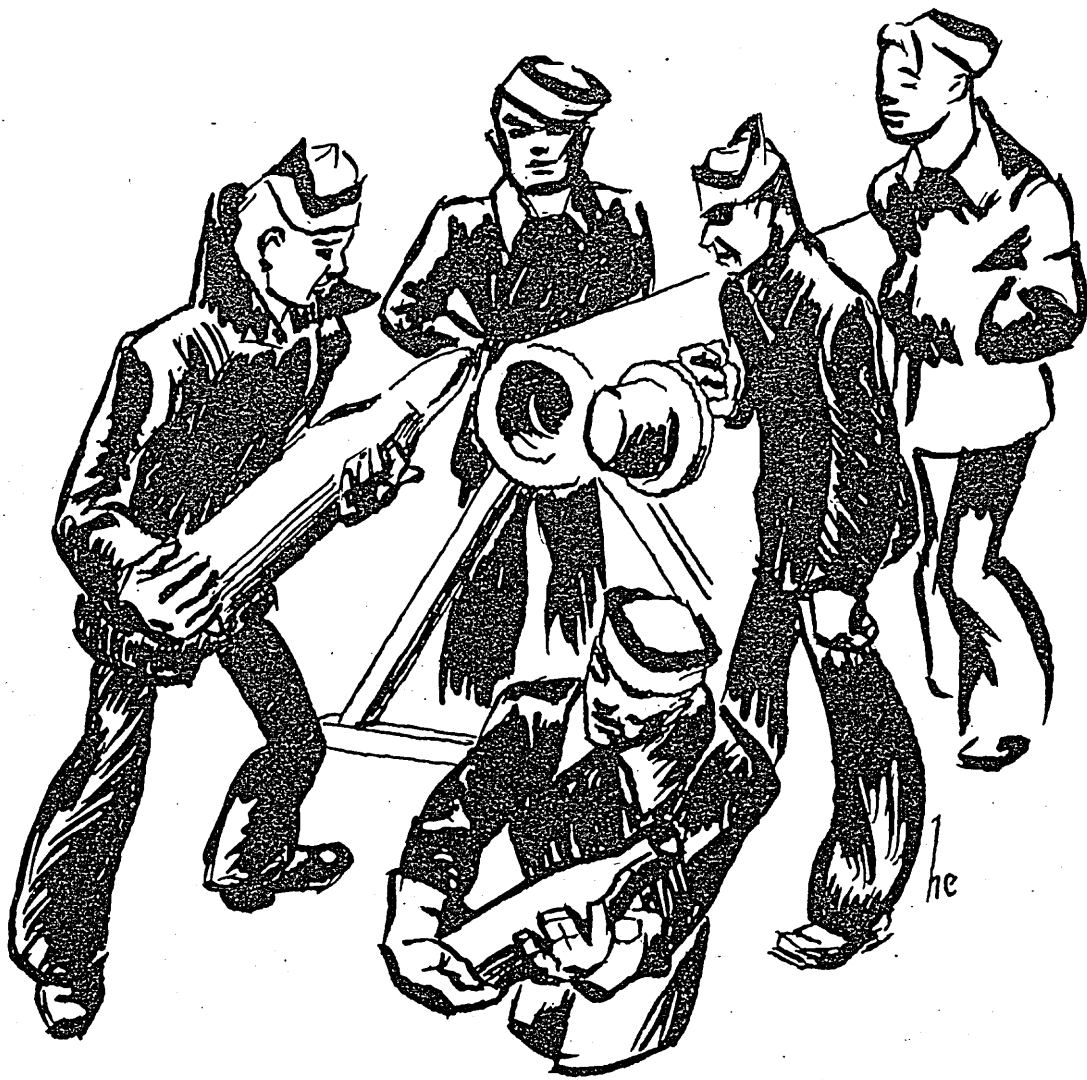
OOD has just reported that two seaman shot an albatross five minutes before the torpedo was sighted. The lookout reports that there is a recalcitrant school of fish on the starboard beam, playing "sloogey" with a pearl, and a call to the engine room reveals that some viper in the crew is inciting a mutiny. Now the required answer is: What course would you have to steer in order to make the late show at Radio City?

Ah, you get to thinking about New York in December, the Gay White Way, a late show with a midnight supper at the Stork Club and then, Bowditch falls to the deck. The busy little beaver beside you wants your eraser and another one would like to have those Current Tables, please. The bell rings and you haven't even begun. You gather together your gear and envision Camp Upton in December with everyone pointing at you when you walk down the street without the Ensign's stripe.

But someone is mumbling in the rear. He had worked it all out; got the ship as far as a Kansas cornfield, and then the instructor told him that it was patently impossible and that only blank papers would get 4.0's. Oh, my goodness, what did I do to deserve this?







Ordnance

SALVOES directors dip strips
pointer fire matching zero readers
increasing twist

Such was Ordnance, as we were exposed to its mysteries. A long, mind-racking struggle with such incomprehensible (at first) terms as the above.

The instructors had a sense of humor. They would smile in sly fashion and say:

"I know the operation of this instrument seems difficult but you can readily grasp the principle if you look at Plate V opposite Page 147."

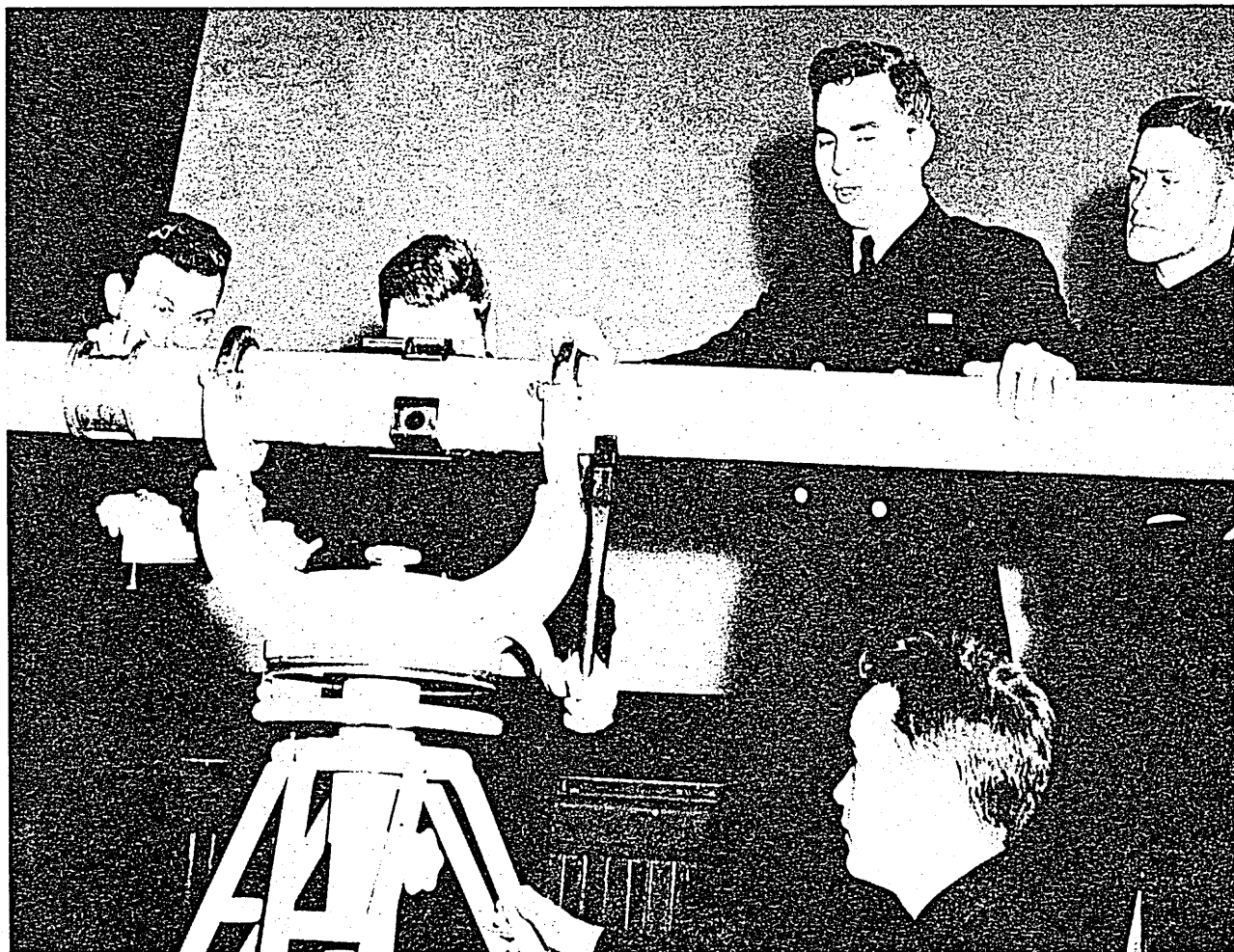
Pages would flutter as we turned to that plate which would solve the situation. Once there we discovered the reason for the instructor's smile. There would be a drawing of a Rube Goldbergian invention, replete with dozens of valves, cams, wheels and cogs.

Understand it? Well, perhaps not at first but the general idea would begin to sink in after diligent application.

We discovered, to our surprise, that hitting the target entails more than merely pecking through the sights and pulling the trigger. We learned that in many Naval battles the target is never seen with the naked eye, yet the target is usually straddled with the first salvo and thoroughly perforated with the second.

We learned what happened when the German battleship Bismarck sunk the mighty Hood, pride of Britain's Navy, with a single well-directed salvo.

To landlubbers, it has always been mystifying just how Naval vessels, subject to constant pitch and roll, ever manage to hit the targets at all. We found out it was all a matter of correcting various angles, then, 'gittin' thar fustest with the mostest shells."



A director, we always thought, was a Hollywood personage who put glamour gals and guys through their paces before the camera, wore leather puttees and spoke with the voice of omnipotence.

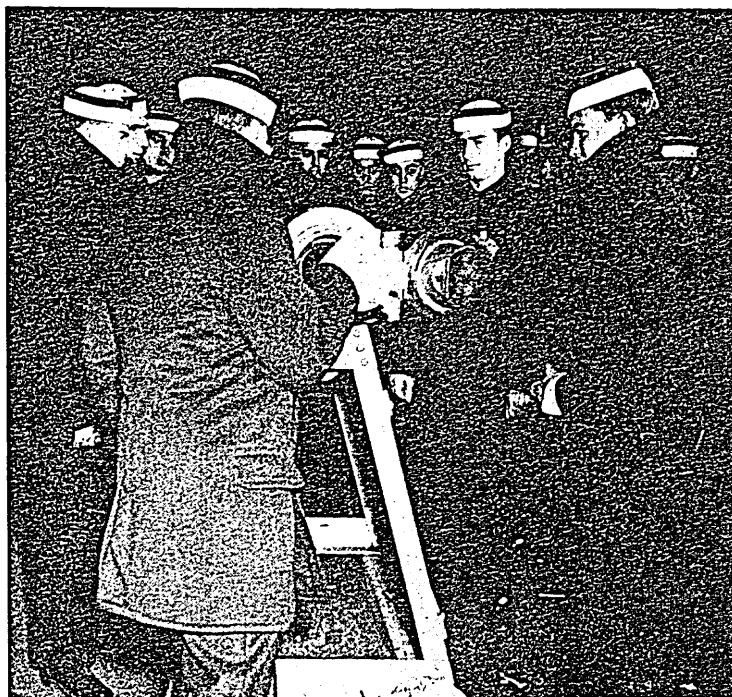
Very true, but we also learned there's an infinitely more accomplished Director in Naval Ordnance, an almost-human and vastly complicated machine that makes hits possible before you can say "arbitrary ballistic."

Nor was it all theory that was doled out to us. We spent considerable time at the loading machines and rangefinders.

From this time on, whenever the words "loading machine" are spoken, we will all shiver as with the ague.

Who can ever forget those drill sessions beneath the Notre Dame Stadium, with the temperature crowding zero and the wind whipping through the passageways and P-coats?

Sure. It was cold. But it was fun, too. There we had our first glimpse at the manner in which guns are loaded and fired.



The lessons learned on those nippy days may pay off some day when we're helping to fire real guns and real shells at the enemy.

Safety, safety, safety.

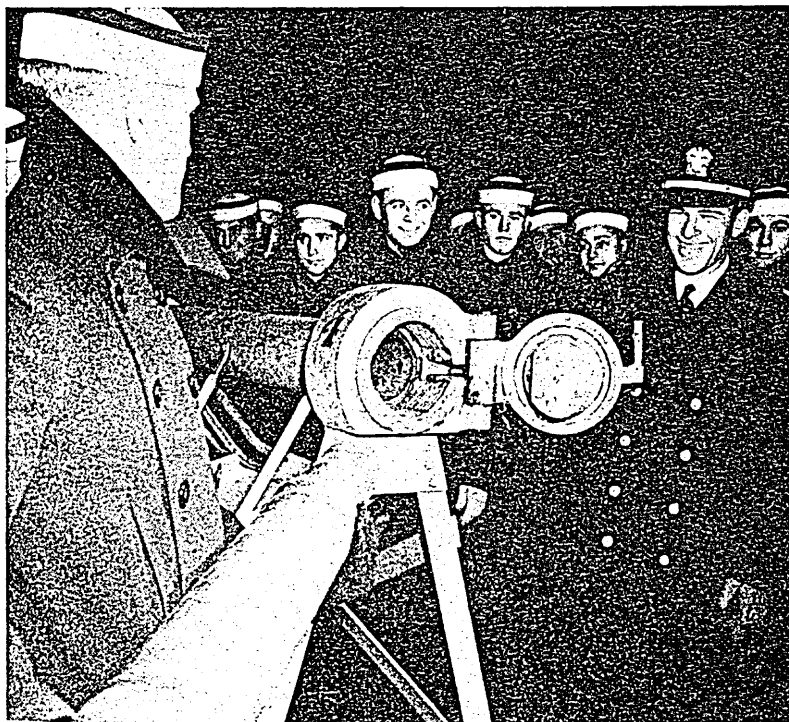
It was drummed into us with a relentless determination. At drill they indicated how one little mistake could wipe out the whole gun crew. Responsibility was being placed on our shoulders and we were feeling its weight.

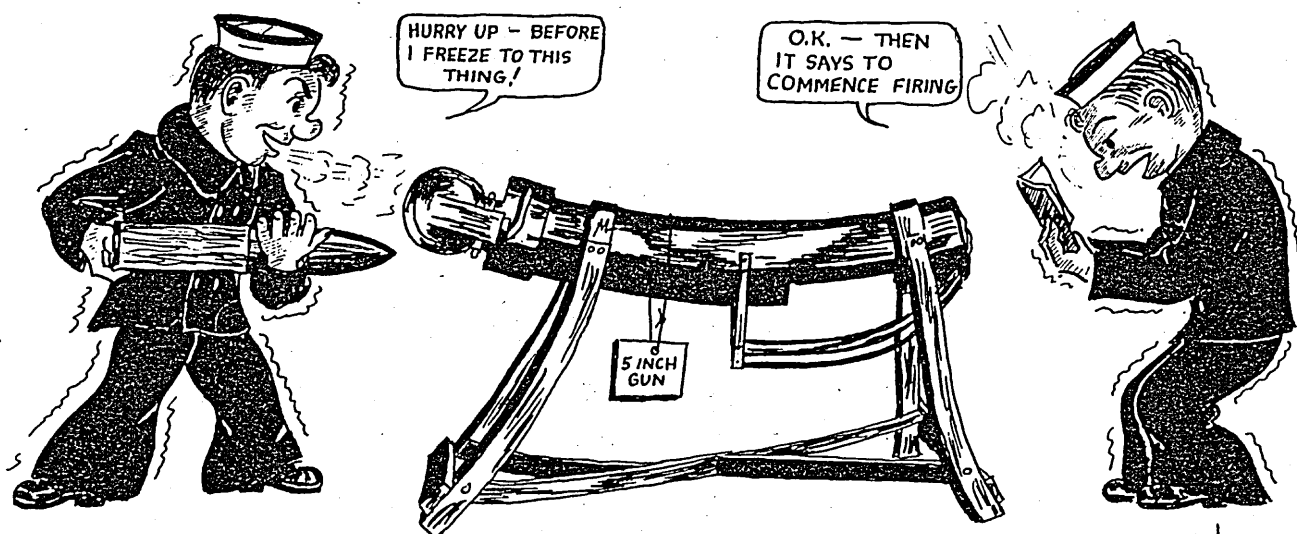
Few things made more fascinating discussion than "hangfires," and we'd sit completely entranced while some sea veteran would tell us how treacherous they could be. Opening the breech during a hangfire might blow your gun crew to Kingdom Come so the proper procedure was to call the Captain and ask him what you should do. And if the gun's services were required, he might say "open it", and it was the Gunnery Officer's duty to carry out the order.

"Are there any questions?" the instructor would ask considerably before dismissing the section.

"Sssir, are we going to be the....."

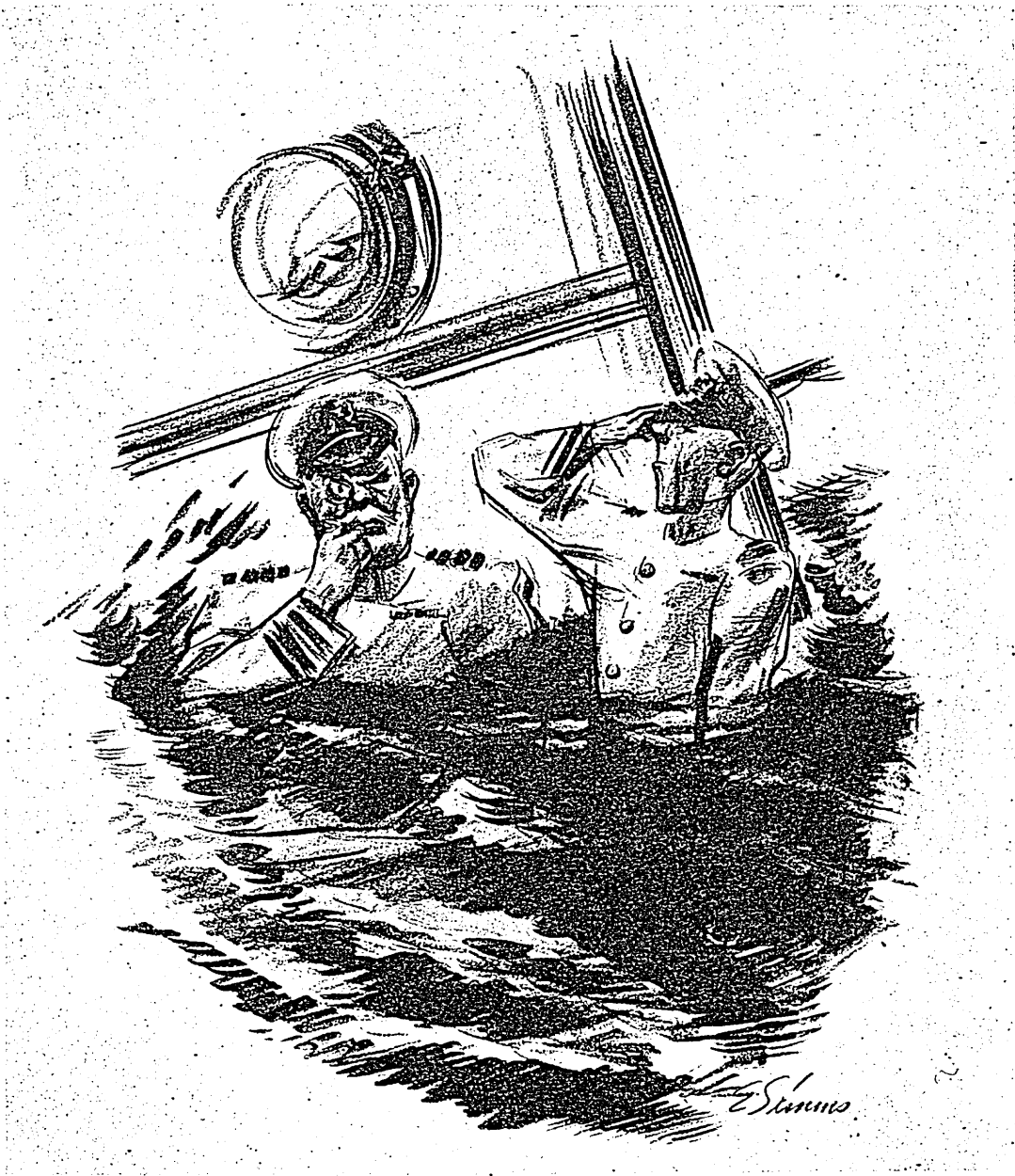
It was all quite apparent. We were!





THE HEROES OF NOTRE DAME STADIUM

bishop
28



"Sir—do you think I should give the alarm?"

Seamanship

FOR CENTURIES upon centuries mariners the world over have been establishing customs and preserving traditions which are unparalleled by other services. And come hell, high water, or a Philosophy major to the Midshipmen's school, every one of their number must be thoroughly familiar with these customs before they qualify as salts of the sea.

Seamanship is the type of course which embraces everything pertaining to the Navy which is not covered by other departments. In it you run the gamut from discovering how to tow, maneuver, and anchor a ship to ascertaining who gets the wettest seat in a motor launch when there are two Admirals, a General, a Commander, and an Ensign embarking. (As if we didn't already know!)

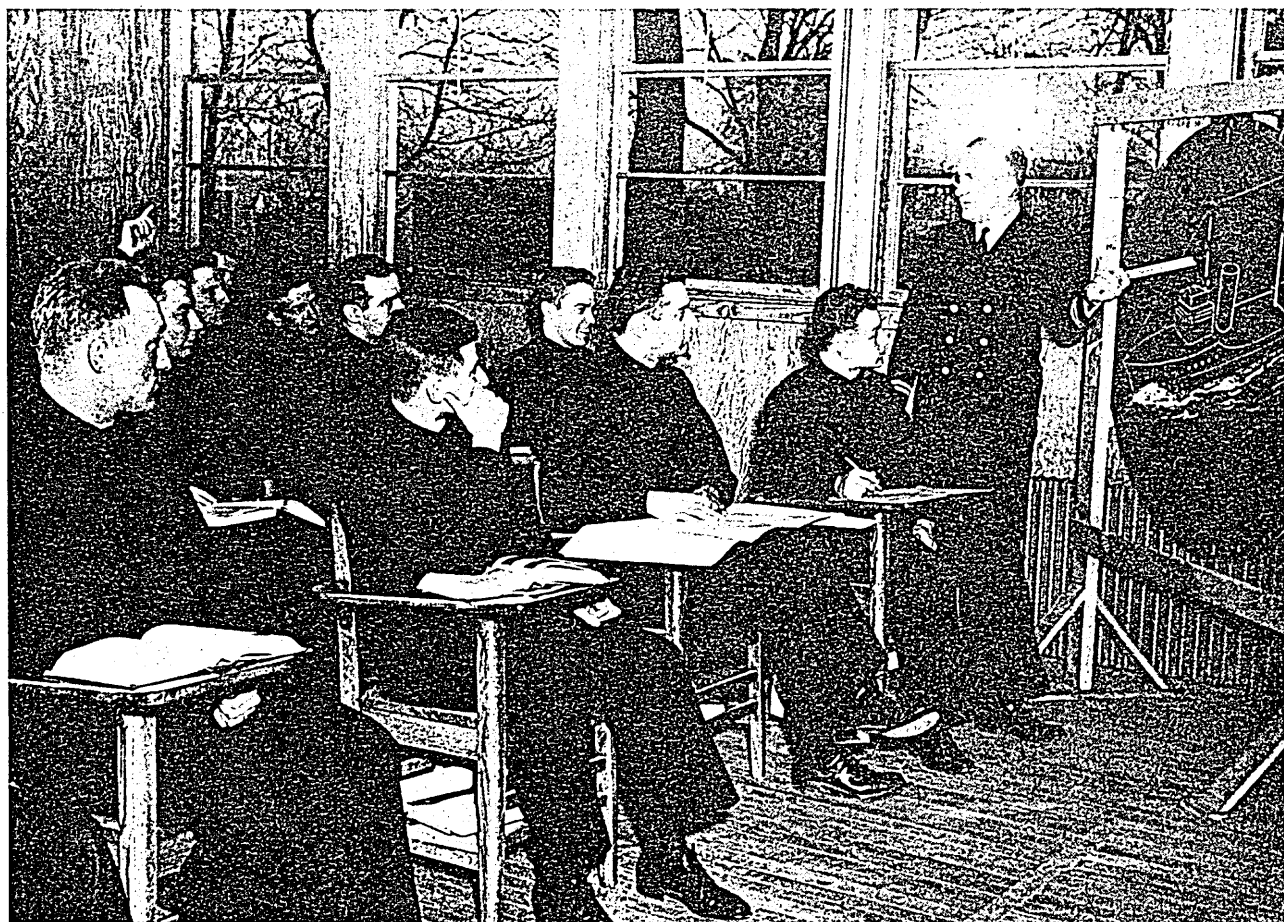
Assuming you are blessed with a just portion of common sense, flavored by attributes of forehand-ness and leadership, the technical knowledge is provided by lectures and drills, supplemented by

an indispensable copy of Knight's and a handy pocket-sized compendium explaining the life, loves, and obligations of a Watch Officer in every imaginable predicament. When you can prove satisfactorily that you know what they contain your commission wafts through in the form of a cirro-cumulus halo.

Seamanship also meant Morse Code, flag hoist and movies. The movies were held in somnolent Washington Hall and usually featured a deathless serial entitled "Ship Construction."

Here we watched, spellbound, movies depicting the birth and development of a vessel. Climax of each movie occurred when the workmen snapped a chalk line. It invariably happened and never failed to provide a thrill.

Well-heated Washington Hall often gave us cause to struggle with Morpheus. Even Lt. Lord, head of the Seamanship Department, once publicly admitted that he drifted off to sleep almost every time he sat in Washington Hall.



But these were the lighter moments. We knew that seamanship was vastly important. We recalled the letter to a member of the department from a friend with the Pacific Fleet. The letter read in part:

"Tell your boys to learn their Seamanship well."
"We have a young Reserve ensign, the First Lieutenant, aboard this destroyer and he has to anchor and handle boats and lines in a gale with a green crew and a brand new boatswain's mate."

The course is comprehensive in its scope and bound to be confusing at times, even to the most mechanical of men. Rather than confessing "I don't know," which they told us is a cardinal taboo, capable of doing devastating things to an instructor's spleen, the Midshipmen, in their moments of desperation, frequently resorted to improvised answers, rather than giving up without a fight and allowing an "unsat" grade to be recorded in the red book uncontested.

Representative of our not uncommon bewilderment was the response of a long, lean, Louisianan, when asked what he'd do with the side boys if an Admiral came aboard. The big fellow reflected confidence in himself and as he prepared to drawl his answer you could suspect that he knew what this was all about. "Sir," he said, "Ah'd just take 'em and toss 'em over the side."

There were other weird answers. Here's one gem:

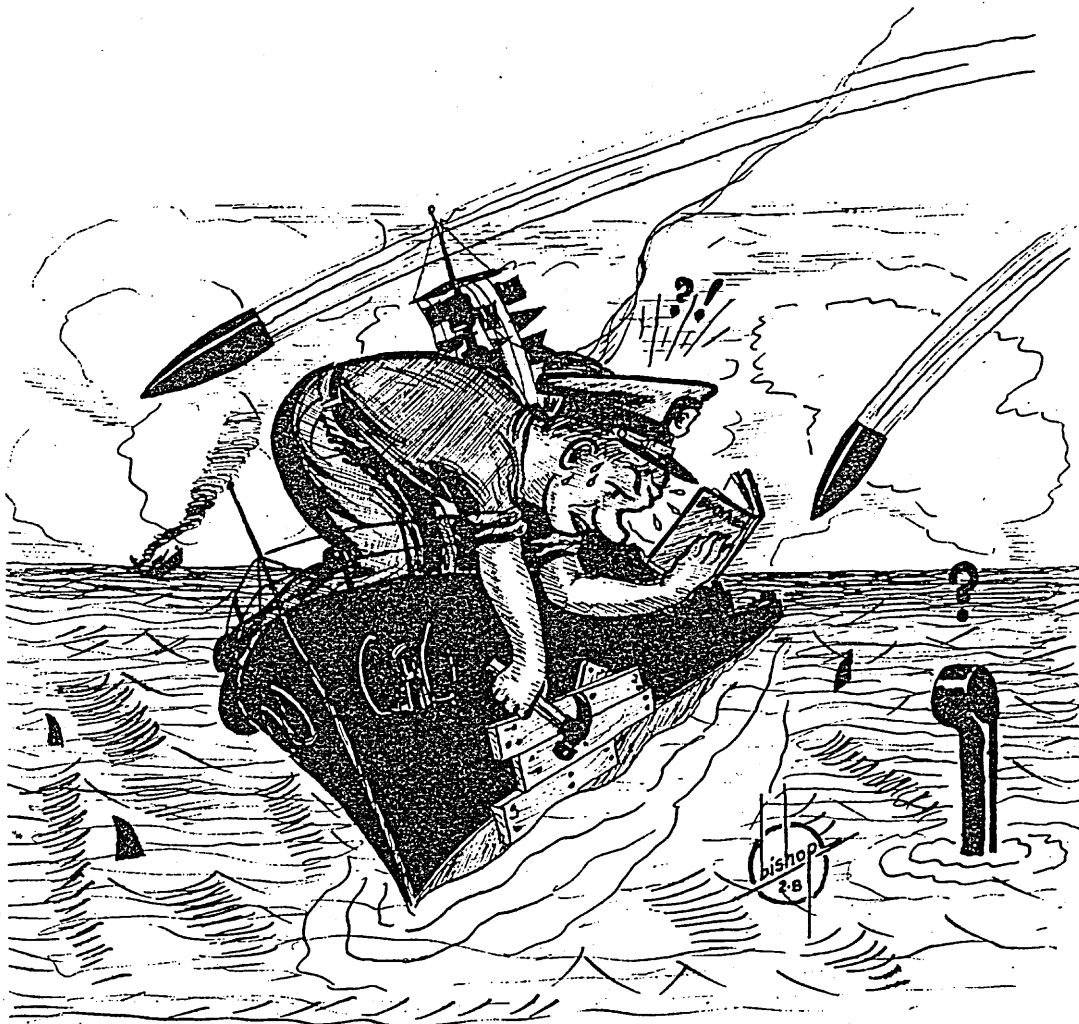
"When the relation of two vessels to each other is such as to involve risk of collision, the one required by the rules to keep clear is called the 'underprivileged' vessel."

And then there was the lad who noted that the most efficient way to go alongside a wharf with the current from astern was to "back engines slowly and turn in."

The instructor writhed and we all went to see "Patience" that night.







"Maybe I should have waited for the 'draft'."

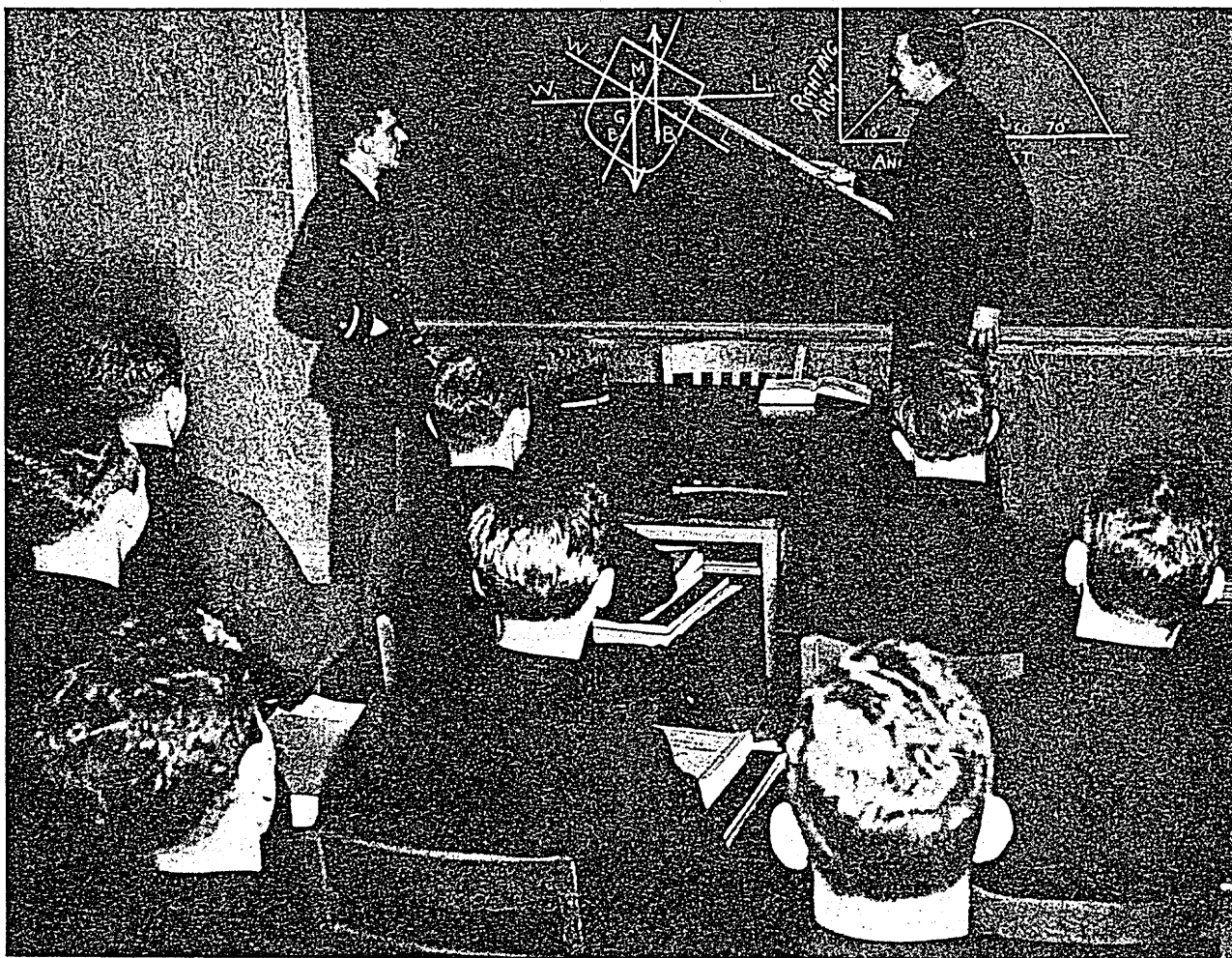
Damage Control

FOUR months ago few among us knew there was such a subject as Damage Control. We had seen pictures of the U.S.S. Shaw limping into a West Coast port with her bow shot away and we knew from the newspaper story that she had come from Pearl Harbor but it never occurred to us that hers was a story of Damage Control rather than good luck. We had heard engineers tell us that the U.S.S. Lafayette, once the proud Normandie, would be eventually raised from her muddy grave in New York's Hudson river but we visualized huge cranes and dozens of Navy tugs working to right her. We never imagined that there was a specific science called Damage Control which would be used to put her back into service. But before long we learned.

They taught us that we should never give up even though we were floundering and our ship was

shot full of gaping holes and defeat was near. "If you keep fighting, if you stay afloat, you can still do damage, and the enemy will never know your true condition unless you choose to show it to him."

First they taught us how a ship is built and we all spent hours in Washington Hall watching a series of moving pictures that portrayed through blueprints and chalk lines the steps that are followed between the time the keel of a ship is laid and she sails out to sea. We learned the fundamentals of steel construction work and we learned to distinguish between the various types of bulkheads, decks, and frames that are built into a modern man o' war. They all looked the same to us at first but as the weeks went by we learned better.



The ingenuity of modern naval architecture has devised means of keeping vessels on the surface despite the effects of collisions, torpedoes or shells. And these were the principles we were obliged to master before we were considered "sat" in Damage Control.

It was technical and intricate, difficult and baffling. But we recognized its ultimate worth and plugged along spiritedly, giving it just a bit more of our study time than we allocated for other subjects.

There were Engineering degrees amongst us who, like Mister Door, climbed that "tree" week after week and sat in it discontentedly. And then there were Fine Arts majors who flitted by unscathed, never faltering. That was Damage Control for you.

In the throes of examination hysteria, with his week-end plans hanging precariously from the

limb of the "tree", there was one fellow who resorted to philosophy and kept his fingers crossed as he wrote, giving his interpretation of the distinction between a nut and a bolt.

"A bolt," he explained, "is a doodad like a stick of hard metal such as iron with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other. A nut is similar to a bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a chunk of iron sawed off short with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

Now the instructor had a sense of humor and he laughed heartily when he read the answer. In fact, he even showed it to the rest of the department and they too laughed. But the mate of the deck will refer to his log and tell you that the unintentional comedian was in his nest that week-end observing study hour.





HE DITCHED the cigarette, flung the door open, and flew down the passageway to the spot where everyone in the battalion was congregated. The big fellow in front obscured his view. Then there was another with an elbow on his shoulder using him as a support. He pushed a little this way and a little that but made no progress. Two men who had been close up front, their curiosity satisfied, nudged backward indicating that they wanted to leave.

When he moved to the side a step, three others squeezed in ahead of him and now he was almost completely buried. "Gangway! Gangway! Make room for the Captain!" he yelled, and as the crowd jumped aside he thrust his body forward.

Only two files away now, his heart was thumping on the double and he heard it beating above the din of the many voices. The man ahead muttered an 'innocuous' curse, stamped his foot, and moaned, "Ah know ah'm not that dumb. Ah won't believe it!"

There he was at last right up front facing his doom or salvation. His eyes leaped from one column to another and his face was blank. "Jackson, Jensen, Johnson, Kent, King, . . ." And then his

stomach felt as though it had dropped down to his toes.

He tried to think of something funny to say for those who might be watching, but couldn't think of a thing. "Two point four in Nav! Can you tie that? And there I am again hanging from the branch they reserved for me. Gee, I knew I was close, but I kinda thought that maybe . . ." No one was paying attention so he broke off and began to head back, brushing through a group who were rejoicing because the axe had missed them.

Twenty or so paces from his room someone called out, "Big week end in Chicago, eh mate!" And then it all came to him . . . "She'll be waiting at the Palmer House. Come all the way from Joliet, too. But I can't get there now. What am I going to do? Don't want her to suspect that I'm dumb . . ."

He wondered and wondered and then he phoned Western Union. "Honey—Fate has made it impossible for me to keep the Chi date STOP Awfully sorry STOP One of those secret things between me and the Navy Department STOP This is war you know STOP War is hell STOP Know you'll understand STOP Love"

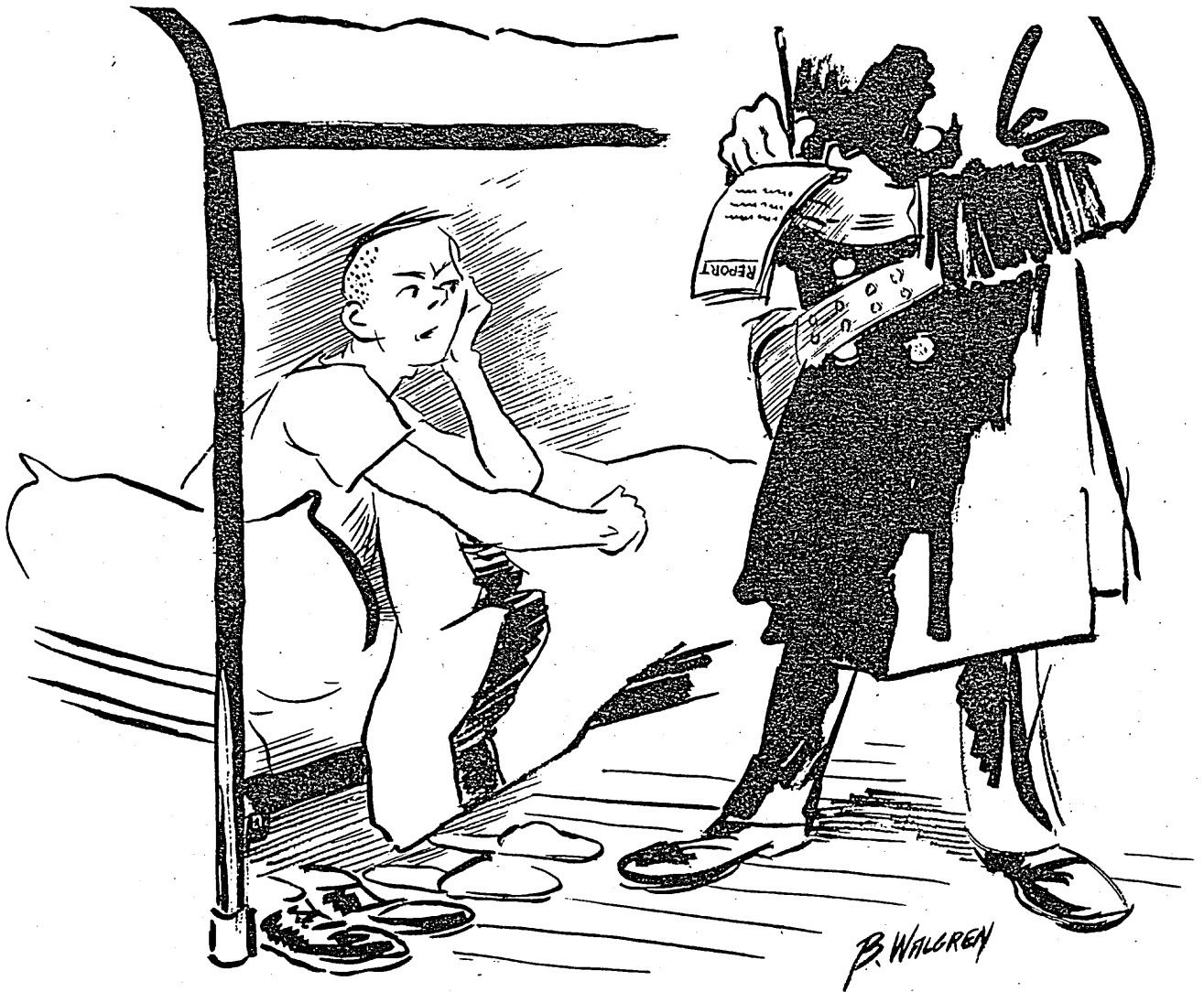


INTO sick bay we filed; into a room replete with doctors and pharmacist's mates. Quietly, quickly, efficiently they jabbed hypodermic needles into the limp arms of a hapless procession of midshipmen. Out of the other end of the room moved a line of grim faces, sore arms, headaches, cold sweats and fevers. But classes, athletics, drills and everything else went on as though nothing had happened.

Each Tuesday for an endless number of weeks our study hours . . . to say nothing of our morale . . . were shattered by the mate piping that horrible call, "More shots! Muster outside, more shots." But the day came at last when we were immune to almost everything but a smiling face in the Oliver lobby.

But maybe we're lucky we had them. What else is as fertile for conversation?





FROM far off, at first, a bell begins to clang. Like the rising tempo of a Wagner orchestration the sound increases until it fills your room with an infernal din.

Then come the shouts of the mates in the passageways.

"Reveille!"

"Hit the deck!"

"Come on, you guys, pile out of there!"

Rubbing sleep-sodden eyes, you hazily throw back the covers, step down to a deck so cold that it could be used for an ice-rink and then rush to close the windows and drape yourself over a radiator.

Such is reveille, a daily ordeal.

And then there is Captain's Inspection, that

Saturday ritual which involves a desperate struggle with dust motes, lint, and collar buttons.

A last hurried brush with the broom, a flick at the sink, a ginger finger test of locker tops, and a critical glance at the gleaming surface of desks perfectly aligned, a final prayerful glance at your roomie, quailing at parade rest, and you are ready for Captain's inspection.

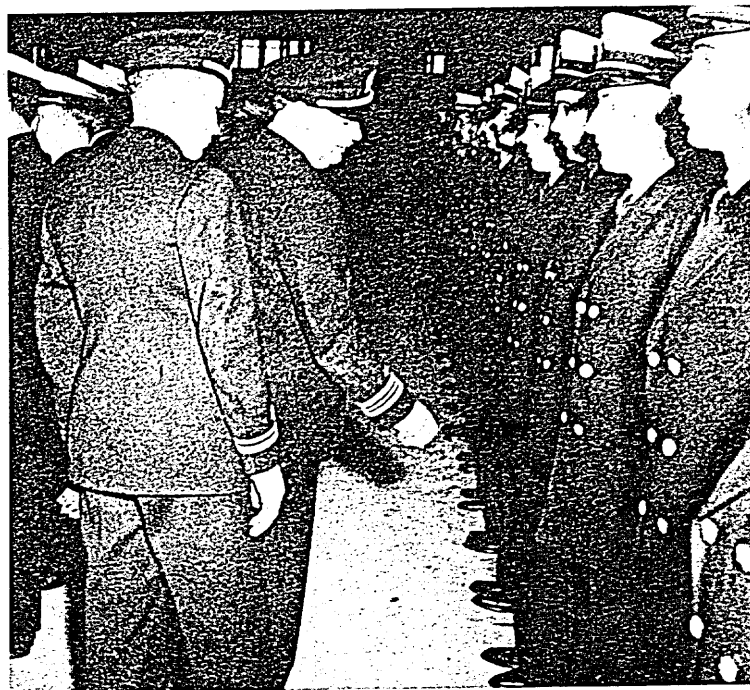
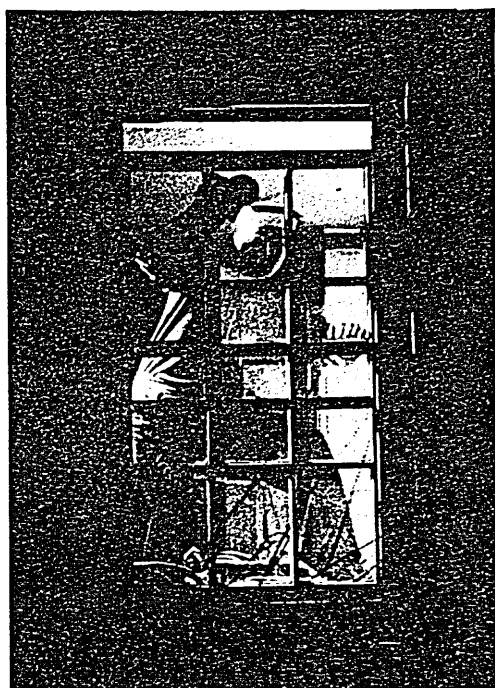
Yes, ready at last, you fondly suppose, because you have corrected, with infinite patience, the mistakes so generously indicated by your Chief in an uninterrupted series of room slips throughout the week.

You learned to know well a curious appliance, called a "swab," and you waited in a line just for a chance to use it. And there were other indis-

pensables—brooms and brushes, polish and rags, newspapers for windows, and the laundry bag for stray articles which could find no other hiding place. Inspections were a daily ritual and you always thought you were getting better at chasing dirt.

But you were living in a fool's paradise if you supposed your ingenuity superior to that of the inspector's. Toward the end of our tenure the officers became fantastically clever in ferreting out minute items for attack—a molecule and three quarters of dust on the molding at the most inaccessible corner of the quarters; a suspicious cluster of foreign matter on the under side of the bunks; a few grains of tobacco carelessly interred in a stack of tide and current tables on the starboard side of your roomie's desk.

It was always your roommate who was at fault. It was he who left the cap off your tube of toothpaste, or a hair conspicuously littering the glistening washstand, or a cigarette butt beneath the locker or a maverick button beside the radiator. And it couldn't have been you who left a telltale smudge on the mirror and the shoelaces adrift. These were the peccadilloes that kept you on board with the extra duty squad on Saturday afternoons because it was always you who was in charge of the room when things like this had to happen. . . .





ATHLETICS occupied a prominent place in the Midshipman's routine, with several hours each week set aside for calisthenics, tag football, nucom, track, softball, gymnastics, boxing, wrestling, handball and squash.

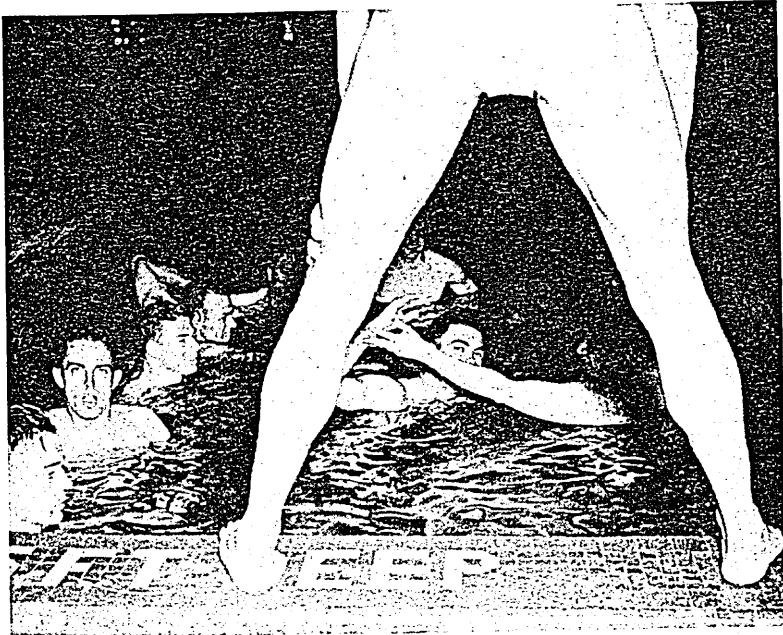
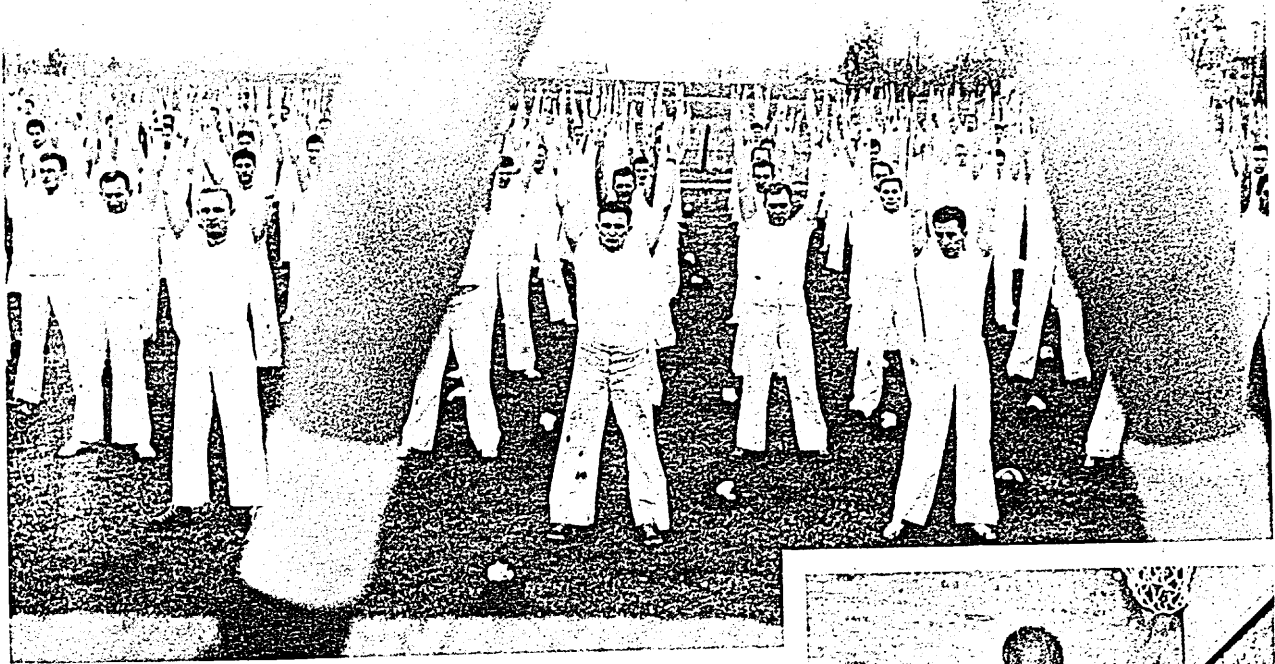
The calisthenics, led by Chief Degraalla, were held outside on the drill field, weather permitting, or in the Drill House. Middies who couldn't touch the ground with the palms of their hands when they first began the course were doing it easily before graduation.

Athletics were heavily emphasized during the Indoctrination period. A company competition in all sports was held and the regimental championship went to Company Nine.

A "Submarine Squad" was organized for those who couldn't swim and they were given instruction two and three times each week at the pool in Rockne Memorial Hall.

The first few calisthenic sessions brought the boys back to their rooms with aching muscles. It wasn't long, however, before all of us were going through the drills with great gusto.





WE WERE talking about little things that really didn't matter very much over the Friday noon chow of spaghetti and potato chips. "Keep this under your watch cap," the fellow across the table was saying to an entranced four-some, "it's direct from the feedbox."

The sodden strand was suspended momentarily between plate and mouth. It seemed perfectly human to overhear things if people insisted on discussing them in public. And anyway there was nothing secretive about his tone and he appeared delighted as each new face looked up to share the confidence.

"Well, it's this way, see? My roomie used to go to college with a man down the passageway who's in the Glee Club and knows a guy who's buddy was Executive Orderly the day before yesterday. Or was it three days ago? Well anyway, this mate was delivering messages all day long but in between times, when there was a slack, he was chatting with a Chief who seemed like a pretty good guy. The Chief was chummy with one of the yeomen who knows his way around. The yeoman told the Chief and the Chief came back and told my pal's pal's pal that . . ." The impatient listeners had been slipping potato chips into their mouths and others half-heartedly ate their spaghetti, but now they paused.

Five more minutes of precautionary preface and

then followed the most horrendous tale that was ever heard at a chow table. And it concerned the destiny of every man in the group.

Some just sat and stared, mouths agape, and some just blanched and carried on.

Now each one of the men who had heard the story returned to his room after chow and told his roomie, with the usual admonitions, increasing the line along which the tale travelled by one or two. And each man related the narrative with increasing vigor and dramatics.

Thus it spread. An Ensign picked it up while shooting baskets in the gym and he let it fall casually that evening while correcting papers in the Seamanship department.

Some Lieutenants wondered about it. The Battalion Chiefs began to be pestered by inquiries from wild-eyed Midshipmen. They could neither confirm nor deny so they called the Executive Aide who said he'd check on it.

By now it had taken on fantastic proportions and when the Exec heard it, he wet his lips, paused momentarily, and hastened in to see the Captain.

The Captain looked up from trying to decide whether "Don't Spread Rumors" or "Idle Chatter Sinks Ships" should be the proverb of the day and as the fantasy was unfolded he smiled and said, "Aw, Scuttlebutt!"





Russell
LOS ANGELES
TIMES



"It's a weather forecast, Adolph!"

As We Weigh Anchor

ON THE eve of graduation it becomes the duty and privilege of the editor to speak for his classmates; to interpret their feelings as they prepare to don the stripe and star of Ensigns in the United States Naval Reserve; to express their appreciation for the patience and kindness of the officers; and to offer their thanks to the officials of the University of Notre Dame and the people of South Bend who did so much to make our few free moments pleasant ones.

But the power to deeply and accurately probe the emotions of 1100 fellow men is, unfortunately, denied even to editors of class books. Therefore, we must rely on those opinions most often expressed and those feelings most often observed among our fellow midshipmen.

We Are Proud. . . .

Proud that we are the first class of Midshipmen to be graduated from the United States Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School at Notre Dame. This pride is only natural.

Only four months ago, we were neighbors—neighbors in the forty-eight states of the union—engaged in the usual civilian pursuits. We were salesmen, we were farmers, we were attorneys, we were engineers, we were newspapermen—we were the men of Main Street.

Then, suddenly, we became shipmates and our business became War, a business entirely foreign to our way of life.

We have survived the uprooting and transplanting; the rigors of training and the necessity of mastering the rudiments of our new business. We are about to receive our commissions, the first to be granted at this school, and we are proud.

More than that. We know that we have worked under the usual handicaps of the "guinea pigs" of a new project. But that very fact adds to our pride for we have had to dig harder, using in many cases makeshift tools and equipment, in preparing for this business of war. By this same token, however, our foundation for our new business is more solid than it might have been under other circumstances.

Then too, we have pride in the fact that we played a part in laying the groundwork for this, Our Midshipmen's School. Classes that follow will benefit by our mistakes; they will have more and better equipment than we had; they will have the honor of being graduated from the best Midshipmen's school in the country. We had a part in making it the best.

But, proud though we are of these things, we are

even prouder that soon we will have the letters D-V(G), U.S.N.R. following our names. To each man in the class these letters have a special meaning, but to all of us they have one common meaning.

First of all the V stands for Volunteer—this was our choice, something that we really wanted to do and not something that was forced upon us. G stands for General and means that we can be ordered to and fulfill any duty that will most benefit our country in its battle for survival. D stands for Deck and means that we have been given the well rounded training necessary to qualify us as deck officers.

U.S.N.R. stands for United States Naval Reserve. These letters mean that for the duration of the war we will have the privilege of serving as officers in the United States Navy, the branch of our country's armed forces which has done most of the "ball carrying" in this war.

Yes, we are proud of all these things.

We Owe A Debt Of Gratitude. . . .

A debt to the officers of "Our Midshipmen's School." It is a debt that we can repay in only one way—by justifying the confidence these men have shown in us as they taught us, guided us and finally accepted us as fellow officers.

We know full well that these officers would much prefer to be at sea fighting our ships but the task of preparing additional officers for our country's fast growing fleet had to fall on some shoulders and these officers did their duty well, and without complaint.

At times, they were tough. But this business of war requires toughness. We can't deny that we didn't care one bit for an afternoon of athletics and executive drill on the same day that our muscles were begging for a period of rest and relaxation to recuperate from the shock of typhoid, tetanus and smallpox inoculations. Nor did we relish the unceasing string of quizzes and exams which caused some among us to take up permanent abode in the tree.

But these same officers showed almost unbelievable patience and understanding as they guided us through the intricacies of Navigation and Ordnance; the ramifications of Seamanship and the brain-defying technicalities of Damage Control.

Their toughness, their patience and their understanding were mixed in the proper proportions to help us bridge the immense chasm which lies between civilian and military life; they also fitted us to better perform our duty in our new business of War.

We wish to thank these officers and promise that we will repay their efforts in the Navy way—by performing our duty well.

We Appreciate . . .

Appreciate more than we ever will be able to tell the things done by the Officials of the University of Notre Dame and the people of South Bend to fill our free moments and relieve the strain of our four months of training.

Notre Dame opened her doors to us. We were welcome at her football and basketball games. We were urged to use her facilities, to visit her art gallery, library and other buildings.

We will never forget the exciting moments of the Fighting Irish football games; the welcome that awaited us as we made our first trip to Rockne Memorial; the general feeling of "make yourselves at home, gentlemen" with which Notre Dame treated its strange new guests.

We thank you, Notre Dame.

To the people of South Bend we can only say that you will always live in our memories. Your dinner invitations, your parties, your dances did much to build our morale. Loneliness and homesickness were dissipated before your kindness and friendliness. You made us feel that you considered us your "sons"; and you filled the place of the parents, sweethearts and friends we left behind.

Your Service Men's Center can well be your pride and joy. The Center quickly became our weekend headquarters. There you provided refreshments, recreation and, perhaps more important, companionship . . . companionship that in many cases ripened into true friendships. Words cannot express our appreciation.

We are determined. . . .

Determined to do our utmost to succeed in this business of War that Freedom may soon ring from every mountainside.

The Captain Has a Word

The Navy is proud to number you among its officer personnel. The profession you have chosen is one rich in tradition; a tradition that will be perpetuated by your acts and your deeds.

It has been our distinct pleasure to guide you in these early days of your preparation and we know you have a foundation upon which you will build a very successful career as an officer in the United States Navy.

You will always have a special significance to us throughout your entire Naval career, for you are the first to take your departure from this Midshipmen's School; and we shall watch your progress, your successes and your victories with particular interest.

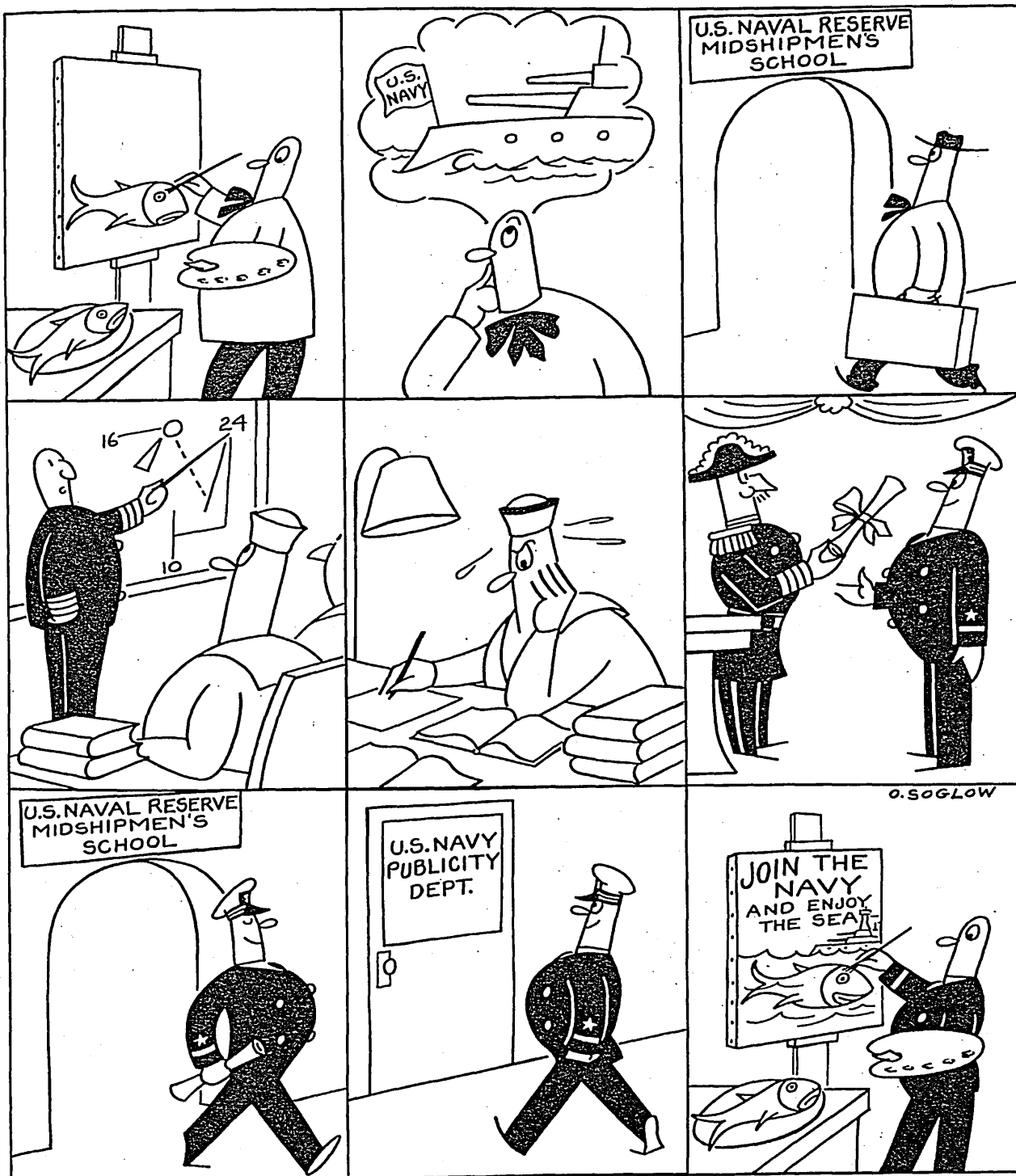
You have confirmed our conviction that the fate and destiny of our nation rests in strong, firm, and virile hands; hands that will not only crush our enemies, but hands that will forever symbolize the guarantee of peace and security to all free and freedom loving peoples.

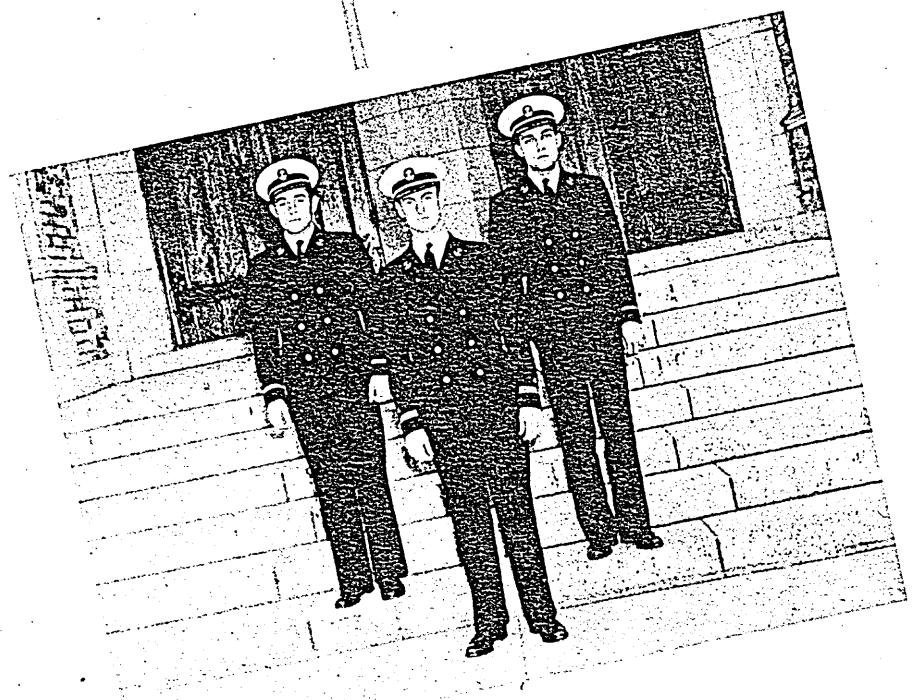
You have demonstrated your willingness and eagerness to accept your new duties. Our most fervent wish is that you will in every adversity and in every success always "Keep faith with yourself." In the words of the distinguished officer who addressed you on last Navy Day, "Come home with your shields of honor untarnished, or come home on them!"

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



regimental
staff





BATTAION



RAY H. ABEL
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Univ. of Iowa, '40



HAFIZ T. ABOOD
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Western Reserve, '36



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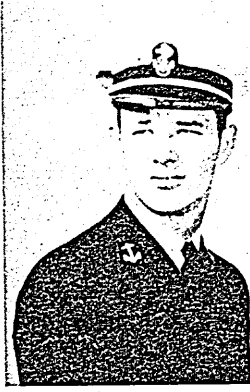
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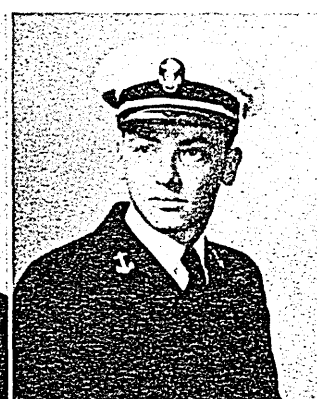
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WILLIAM E. BASS, JR.
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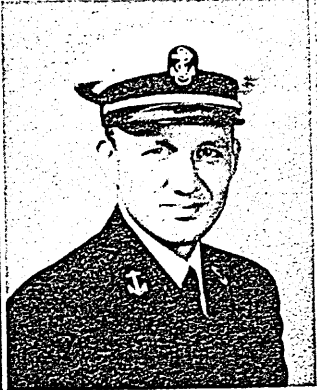
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Northern Michigan, '42



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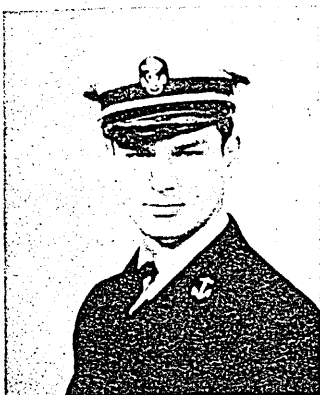
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Baylor, '42



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Schreiner Institute, '34



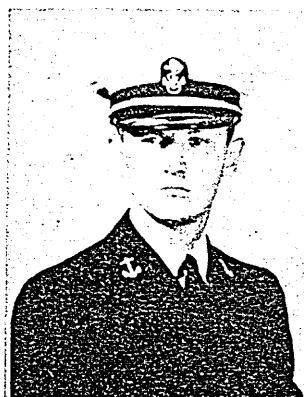
WILLIAM L. BLOCK
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Berea, '42



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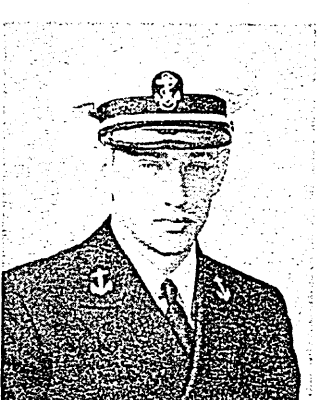
FRENCH H. CONWAY
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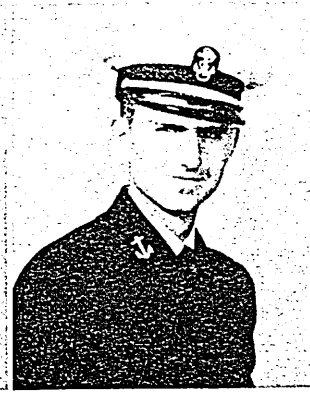
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Duke, '42



GEORGE B. DELOATCHE
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North Carolina State, '42



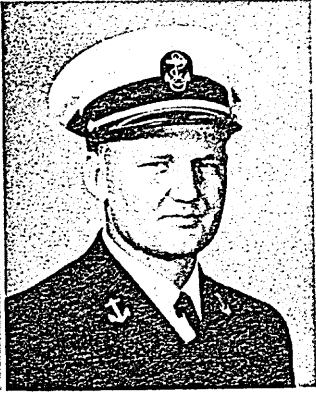
ROBERT W. DENT
Seattle, Wash.
Univ. of Oregon, '40



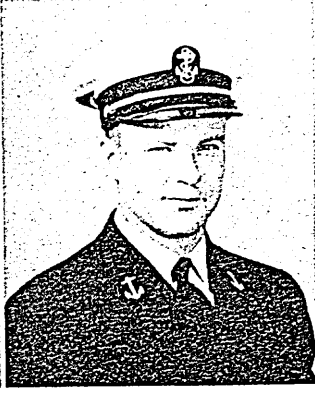
FREDERICK A. DEVOE
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Queens College, '42



THOMAS J. DEWEY, JR.
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Rapid City, S. D.
U. C. L. A., '40



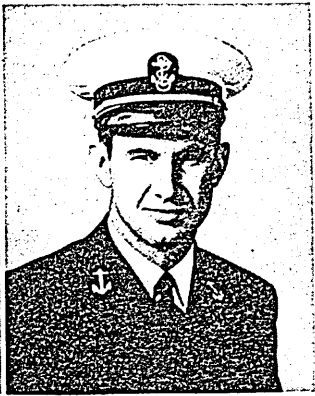
SYLVAN DUBINSKI
Houston, Tex.
Univ. of Houston, '41



CHARLES F. DuBOIS
Madison, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '41



RALPH J. DUFFIE
Washington, D. C.
Georgetown Foreign Serv. Sch, '42



JAMES E. DUKES
Atmore, Ala.
Auburn, '42



HAROLD O. DUNCAN
Atlanta, Ga.
Georgia Evening College, '41



JAMES V. DUNLAP, JR.
Fulton, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



JAMES B. DUNSMORE
Parksville, Ky.
Centre, '36



KENNETH G. DUNWELL
Spiritwood, N. D.
Jamestown College, '39



A. HUNTER DUPREE
Lubbock, Tex.
Oberlin, '42



PAUL S. DWYER
Toledo, Ohio
De Sales, '41



ROY A. DYE, JR.
Aliquippa, Penna.
Haverford, '42



JOHN MOISE EASTHAM
Beaumont, Tex.
Texas A. & M., '37



GEORGE A. EBENHACK
Chillicothe, Ohio
Northwestern, '42



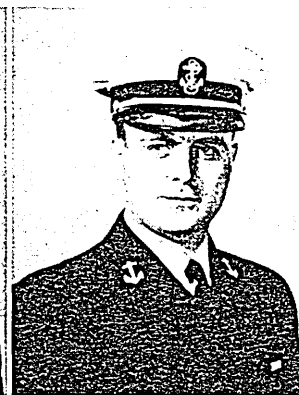
R. E. EBERHARDT
North Bergen, N. J.
New York Univ., '42



FRANK M. EBY
Lancaster, Penna.
Pennsylvania State, '40



ROBERT R. ECKART, JR.
Dallas, Tex.
Univ. of Oklahoma, '41



CHARLES D. EGINTON
Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. John's, '41



JAMES L. EHRINGER
Altoona, Penna.
Bucknell, '42



DALE W. EIKENBERRY
North Manchester, Ind.
Manchester College, '40



WILLIAM J. EISEMANN
Elmhurst, N. Y.
Queens College, '42



EBER W. ELDRIDGE
Terril, Iowa
Iowa State, '42



WILLIAM E. ELLIS
Upper Darby, Penna.
Catawba, '42



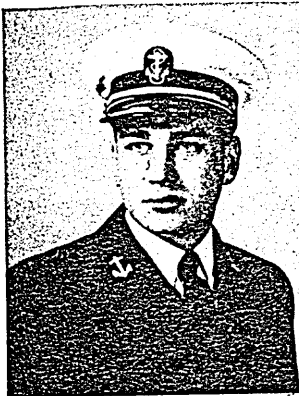
JOHN D. ELLIOT
Charlotte, N. C.
Univ. of North Carolina, '42



HERMAN D. ELLZEY, JR.
Shreveport, La.
Louisiana State, '41



JOSEPH E. ELSTNER, JR.
Kansas City, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



RAY A. ENDER
Eau Claire, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



ARTHUR R. ENGLISH
Kankakee, Ill.
Univ. of Illinois, '42



EDWIN K. ENTERLINE
Youngstown, Ohio
Youngstown College, '42



W. O. ERICKSON
Rugby, N. D.
Univ. of North Dakota, '42



HOWARD W. ESSIG
Elkhart, Ind.
North Central College, '42



H. W. ESSLINGER, JR.
Huntsville, Ala.
Alabama Poly. Inst., '41



CHARLES A. EVANS
Hale, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



CARNOT W. EVANS
Duluth, Minn.
Northwestern, '42



JOHN E. EVANS
Burlington, Iowa
Univ. of Iowa, '42



MAX A. EVANS
Detroit, Mich.
Western Michigan, '42



HAROLD C. EVARTS
Minneapolis, Minn.
Carleton College, '42



CHARLES W. EWING
Beaver, Penna.
Geneva College, '42



C. H. EYERMANN, JR.
St. Louis, Mo.
Vanderbilt, '42



ARTHUR L. FABRICK
Gainesville, Fla.
Univ. of Florida, '42



RALPH FALK II
Boise, Idaho
Dartmouth, '42



LOUIS K. FAQUIN, JR.
Memphis, Tenn.
Spring Hill College, '44



WILLIAM R. FARMER
Riverside, Calif.
Occidental College, '42



WILLIAM W. FARMER
Greentop, Mo.
Kirkville State, '40



WILLIAM A. FEDER
Scarsdale, N. Y.
Johns Hopkins, '41



VERNON L. FEILER
Elmwood, Wis.
Stout Institute, '42



BENJAMIN FERN
Flushing, N. Y.
Queens, '42



F. M. FERNANDEZ, JR.
Shell Beach, La.
Southwestern Louisiana Institute, '40



HARRY J. FIELDS
St. Louis, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



GORDON FIFER
Los Angeles, Calif.
U. C. L. A., '42



FOREST N. FISCH
Worthington, Minn.
Colorado State, '40



RALPH R. FISH
Eau Claire, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



CHARLES E. FISHER
St. Clair, Mich.
Western Michigan, '42



ROBERT G. FISHER
Monticello, Ind.
Wabash College, '42



RICHARD W. FISHER
Fish Creek, Wis.
Univ. of Chicago, '39



ROBERT E. FITZGERALD
Yanktown, S. D.
Creighton, '42



HUGH W. FLANAGAN
New York City
New York Univ., '42



SAMUEL I. FLANEL
Buffalo, N. Y.
Univ. of Buffalo, '41



PHILLIP D. FLETCHER
Appalachia, Va.
Georgia Tech., '41



EDWARD P. FLORES
San Francisco, Calif.
Univ. of San Francisco, '42



RUFUS G. FLYNT
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Univ. of North Carolina, '40



WALTER H. FOERTSCH
Rochester, N. Y.
Cornell, '39



EUGENE B. FONCANNON
Ashland, Kan.
Kansas State, '42



JAMES C. FORBES, JR.
East Chicago, Ind.
Wabash, '42



JOHN O. FOUST
Iola, Kan.
Kansas Univ., '42



DAVID C. FOWLER
Louisville, Ky.
Univ. of Florida, '42



RAY PAUL FOX
Oil City, Penna.
Pennsylvania State College, '42



SIDNEY E. FRANK
Madison, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



OSCAR K. FRANKLIN
Marshall, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



HARRY G. FRASER, JR.
Providence, R. I.
Amherst, '41



THOMAS R. FRAZELL
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Franklin, '42



HOWARD FREYENSEE
Sandusky, Ohio
De Pauw, '42



LEON S. FRIEDMAN
Columbus, Ohio
Ohio State, '42



EDMUND C. FROST
Elburn, Ill.
Univ. of Illinois, '42



LAWRENCE H. FROWICK
Des Moines, Iowa
Northwestern, '42



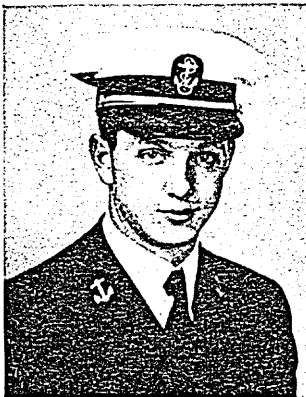
PETER L. FULVIO
New York City
N. Y. State Teacher's College, '42



WILLIAM K. FUNK
Athens, Mich.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



PHILIP M. FURBAY
Canton, Ohio
Heidelberg, '42



WARREN H. GABELMAN
Tilden, Neb.
Univ. of Nebraska, '42



GEORGE B. GANNETT, JR.
St. Louis, Mo.
Washington Univ., '40



EDMUND T. GARDINER
Des Moines, Iowa
Central College, '42



WYLIE GARDT
Haverhill, Mass.
Univ. of Alabama, '40



HARRY E. GAVEY
Chicago, Ill.
Beloit, '41



CLARENCE A. GARVIN
Clarksville, Tenn.
Univ. of Tennessee, '42



WILLIAM A. GEHRKE
Sheboygan, Wis.
Marquette, '42



JAMES G. L. GENIUS
Baton Rouge, La.
Louisiana State, '42



WILLIAM W. GIANNINI
Princeton, Ky.
Western Kentucky Teachers, '40



MAX W. GIBBS
Boston, Mass.
Boston College, '37



KEITH F. GILLETTE
Girard, Kan.
Kansas State, '41



JAMES W. GILLISPIE
Reserve, Kan.
Kansas Univ., '42



RUSSELL A. GILMORE, JR.
Michigan City, Ind.
Indiana Univ., '41



ELDIN H. GLANZ
Wauseon, Ohio
Valparaiso, '41



THOMAS J. GLENNON
Arlington, Mass.
Boston College, '40



WILLIAM J. GLENNON, JR.
New York City
Fordham, '39



MARVIN H. GOLDMAN
Detroit, Mich.
Univ. of Pennsylvania, '41



JOHN G. GOODALE
Richfield Springs, N. Y.
Geneseo State, '42



WILLIAM J. GOODHEART
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Purdue, '42



FRANK H. GORIS
Lafayette, Ind.
Purdue, '42



JAMES H. GORMSEN
Aurora, Ill.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



WILLIAM R. GOSCHE
Minneapolis, Minn.
N. Ill. College of Optometry, '42



VYRON GRACE
Millville, N. J.
New Jersey State, '42



JOE H. GRAHAM
Anderson, S. C.
Clemson College, '42



GAZEXER G. GREEN, JR.
State College, Penna.
Pennsylvania State, '42



JOHN GREEN, JR.
Winter Park, Fla.
Rollins College, '42



ROBERT S. GREENFIELD
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Univ. of South Carolina, '40



BEN Z. GREENWALD
Louisville, Ky.
Louisville College of Pharmacy, '42



C. RICHARD GRIESER
Springfield, Ohio
Ohio State, '42



BURT L. GRIFFIN
Glen Ellen, Calif.
Univ. of California, '42



HENRY P. GRIFFIN, JR.
McAllen, Tex.
Univ. of Texas, '36



RAY W. GRIFFIN
La Grange, N. C.
North Carolina State, '41



JOHN M. GRIMLAND, JR.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Texas Christian, '39

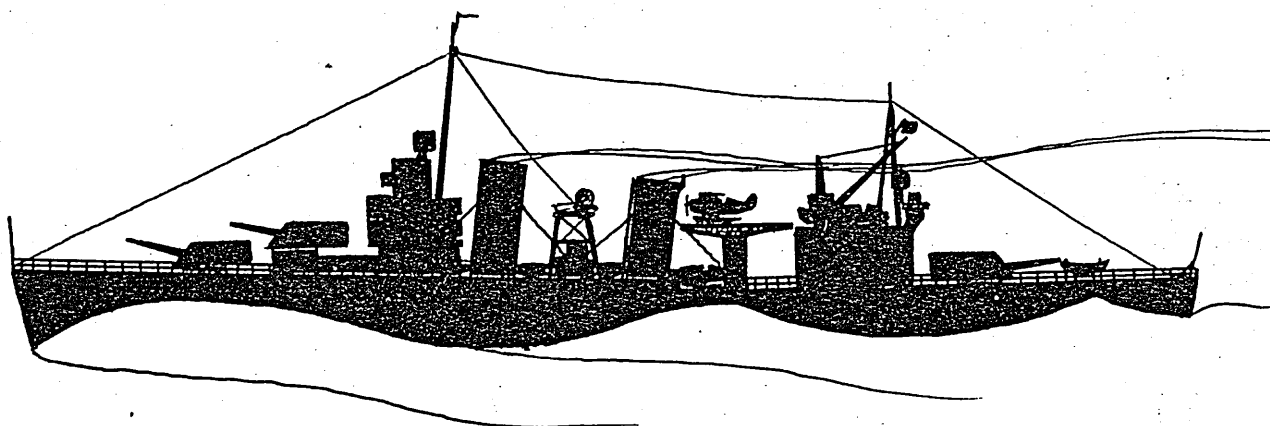
KURT A. GROSS
San Jose, Calif.
San Jose State, '39

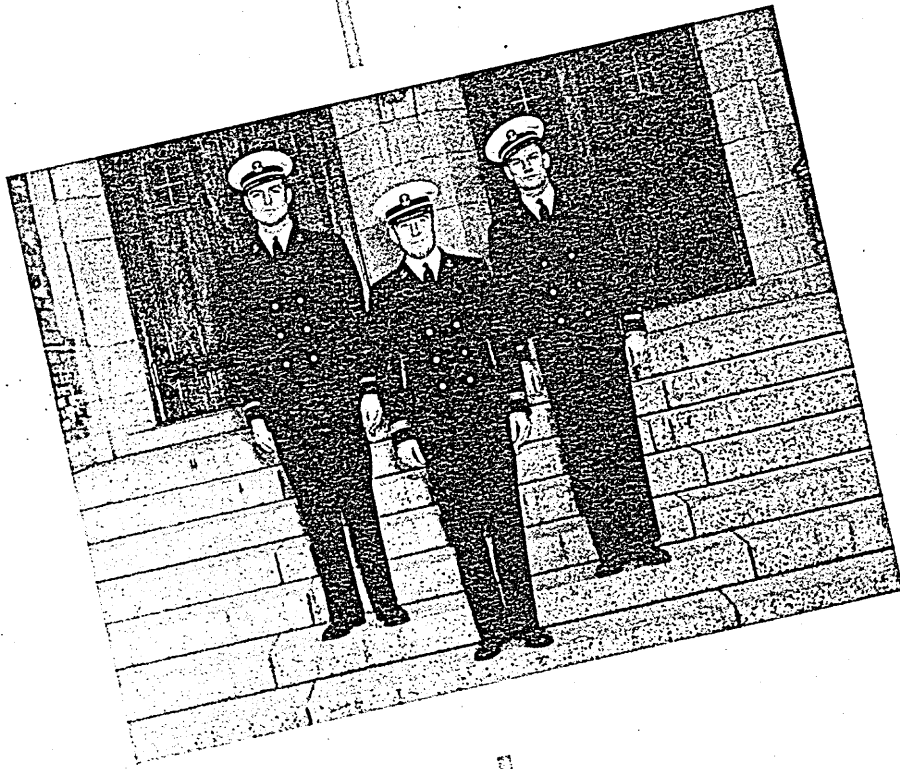
ORVILLE GROSS
Louisville, Ky.
Union, '42

SYDNEY L. GUNNER
Brooklyn, N. Y.
New York Univ., '42



WILLIAM L. GUY
Amenia, N. D.
North Dakota State, '41





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ROBERT HAAKENSON
Luverne, Minn.
Augustana, '42



DAVID HABEL
Teaneck, N. J.
Bowling Green, '43



LARS E. HALAMA
Belen, N. M.
Univ. of Colorado, '42



PAUL S. HALDEMAN
York, Penna.
Penn State, '40



RALPH J. HALK
Long Beach, Calif.
Univ. of California, '42



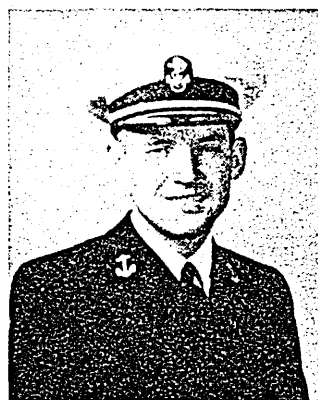
WILLIAM P. HALL
Bellbrook, Ohio
Wabash, '42



GENE E. HALLSTRAND
Milwaukee, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '40



ALEX C. HAM, JR.
St. Louis, Mo.
Washington Univ., '41



JAMES F. HAMILTON
Gary, Ind.
Univ. of Miami, '42



JAMES H. HAMM
Lakeland, Ga.
Young Harris, '39



LYMAN L. HANDY
Lynden, Wash.
Univ. of Washington, '42



ROBERT E. HANKS
Frisco City, Ala.
Alabama State Teachers, '42



JOHN F. HANS
New York City
City College of New York, '41



HALE E. HANSEN
Preston, Iowa
Iowa State, '41



JOSEPH R. HANSON
Elgin, Iowa
Iowa State, '37



ROBERT W. HARGRAVE
Evansville, Ind.
Notre Dame, '42



WM. A. HARGRAVE, JR.
Salina, Kan.
Kansas Wesleyan, '42



HAYNES L. HARKEY, JR.
Lake Providence, La.
Louisiana Polytechnic, '41



MAX HARLEY
Hollansburg, Ohio
Miami Univ., '42



JAMES T. HARPER
Kansas City, Mo.
Central College, '42



CHARLES W. HARRIS
Doniphan, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



JOHN K. HART
Box Springs, Ga.
Alabama Polytechnic, '41



SEWARD L. HART
Fedora, S. D.
Tankton College, '38



WILLIAM G. HART
Shelbyville, Tenn.
Tennessee Tech., '42



NORBERT G. HARTMAN
Ross, Calif.
Univ. of California, '41



WILLIAM M. HARVIN
Louisville, Ky.
Univ. of Louisville, '42



ROBERT M. HAWKES
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



JOHN H. HAYOB
Marshall, Mo.
Missouri Valley, '42



CHARLES HEANEY
New York City
Manhattan, '39



BERRY W. HEARN
Ward, Ala.
Univ. of Alabama, '42



JOSEPH J. HEINDEL
Fairview, N. J.
Saint Peter's College, '40



JACK P. HELLUM
Mt. Berry, Ga.
Stout Institute, '38



C. H. HENDRICKSON
Frederick, Md.
Reed College, '42



DAVID W. HENDRY
Berkeley, Calif.
San Francisco State, '41



LYLE HENSLEIGH
Jordan, Mont.
Montana State, '39



ROY J. HENSLEY
Central Point, Ore.
Univ. of Oregon, '42



CECIL E. HERREN
Lanett, Ala.
Georgia Tech, '42



MACK HIATT, JR.
Amarillo, Tex.
Univ. of Oklahoma, '42



JOHN C. HICKEY
Indianapolis, Ind.
Butler, '42



FLOYD W. HICKS
Detroit, Mich.
Michigan State, '42



SMITH HIGGINS, JR.
Nunda, N. Y.
Genesee State, '42



THOMAS P. HIGGINS
East Grand Rapids, Mich.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



WILFRED HIGHTOWER
Summerfield, La.
Louisiana Polytechnic, '42



DAVID W. HILDNER
Oberlin, Ohio
Oberlin, '42



DAILY F. HILL
Madison, Ind.
Hanover College, '42



ROBERT S. HILL
Ottawa, Kan.
Ottawa Univ., '42



FRANK E. HILTON
Hardin, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



HERMAN G. HIMES
Ladoga, Ind.
Purdue, '41



GEORGE A. HINES
Woonsocket, S. D.
Univ. of South Dakota, '42



ANDREW M. HINSON
Montgomery, Ala.
Troy State, '42



RICHARD L. HIRSHBERG
Cleveland, Ohio
Oberlin, '40



W. DEFORD HITE
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Butler, '42



ROBERT T. HOBBS
Raleigh, N. C.
Duke, '42



LLOYD C. HOENE
Sullivan, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



CHARLES HOFFMANN
Laurelton, N. Y.
Queens, '42



GEORGE A. HOFFMAN
Marfa, Tex.
Sul Ross State, '42



ROBERT M. HOFFMAN
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Indiana Univ., '42



ROBERT E. HOLCOMBE
Beloit, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '41



THOMAS B. HOLLIS
Philadelphia, Penna.
Phila. Col. of Pharmacy & Sc., '37



PAUL N. HOLMES
Missoula, Mont.
Montana State, '42



SAM F. HOLMES, JR.
Troup, Tex.
Univ. of Texas, '42



U. HAYES HOLMES
Louisville, Ky.
Univ. of Louisville, '42



NORMAN A. HOLSTEIN
Cleveland, Ohio
Western Reserve, '42



GAIL B. HOOD
Joplin, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



FRANCIS L. HOOVER
Davidson, N. C.
Appalachian, '40



HARWOOD HOOVER
Evanston, Ill.
Northwestern, '42



VICTOR O. HORNBOSTEL
Arkansas City, Kan.
Kansas State, '42



DONALD HORTON
West Allis, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



HARRY HORVITZ
Shaker Heights, Ohio
Univ. of Pennsylvania, '42



ALEXANDER HORWITZ
Elmira, N. Y.
Univ. of Pennsylvania, '38



WILLIAM J. HOTCHKISS
Meyersdale, Penna.
Bridgewater, '42



OSCAR E. HOUSE
Manchester, Ky.
Bowling Green, '42



STEPHEN R. HOVANETZ
North Olmsted, Ohio
Baldwin-Wallace, '38



MARLIN J. HOWARD
San Antonio, Tex.
St. Mary's of Texas, '41



WILLIAM G. HOWARD
McCormick, S. C.
Western Carolina Teachers, '42



DANIEL J. HOWE, JR.
Roanoke, Va.
Loyola of Chicago, '42



JAMES H. D. HOWE
Charleston, S. C.
Univ. of South Carolina, '41



ROBERT L. HOWEY
Bruno, Minn.
Univ. of Minnesota, '42



GORDON E. HOYT
Chapman, Kan.
Kansas State, '42



FRANK M. HRUBY, JR.
Cleveland, Ohio
Eastman School of Music, '40



JOHN L. HUFFMAN
Dunkirk, Ind.
Purdue, '42



GUSTAF P. HULTMAN
Cadillac, Mich.
Michigan State, '42



DAVID C. HUME
Schenectady, N. Y.
Univ. of Virginia, '42



LEO M. HUMPHREY
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Notre Dame, '42



RALPH W. HUNING
St. Charles, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



MARVIN M. HUNTER
Lubbock, Tex.
McMurry College, '41



DANIEL C. HURLEY
Hannibal, Mo.
St. Louis Univ., '41



ROBERT S. HUSTON
Pittsburgh, Penna.
Monmouth College, '42



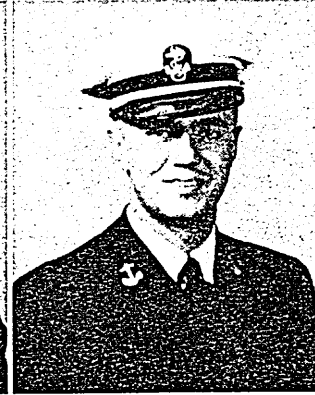
JOSEPH F. HYNES
Cleveland, Ohio
Harvard Law School, '39



WILLIAM IGLINSKY, JR.
Crowley, La.
Louisiana State, '41



EUGENE IMBROGNO
Smithers, W. Va.
W. Va. Institute of Tech, '42



ALEXANDER R. IMLAY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Princeton, '42



BURTON F. INGLIS
Shortsville, N. Y.
Cornell, '40



WESTON W. INGLIS
Stockton, Calif.
College of Pacific, '40



ANDREW M. INNES
Andover, Mass.
Boston Univ., '42



WARREN R. IRWIN
McKees Rocks, Penna.
Duke, '42



RAYMOND L. JABLONS
Brooklyn, N. Y.
New York Univ., '39



GRANT JACKSON
Waukegan, Ill.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



HAROLD E. JACKSON
Milton, W. Va.
Marshall, '39



WINFRED O. JACOBSEN
Tecumseh, Neb.
Univ. of Nebraska, '39



ROY JAECKEL
Cordele, Ga.
McKendree, '39



HAROLD H. JANSSEN
Golden, Ill.
Univ. of Illinois, '40



JACK L. JASPER
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Louis Univ., '42



ROBERT W. JEFFERIS
Kansas City, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



W. RUSSELL JENSCH
Milwaukee, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



WAYNE G. JENSEN
St. Ansgar, Iowa
St. Olaf, '42



JAMES S. JENSON
Oakley, Kan.
Kansas Univ., '42



ALMA H. JEWKES
Castle Dale, Utah
Utah State, '42



KENNETH A. JOANIS
Washburn, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



DONALD C. JOHNSON
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Michigan State, '42



LAWRENCE E. JOHNSON
Chicago, Ill.
Knox, '40



LEROY M. JOHNSON
Longmont, Colo.
Univ. of Colorado, '42



RALPH F. JOHNSON
Newburyport, Mass.
Northeastern, '42



VILEY JOHNSON
Madill, Okla.
Oklahoma A. & M., '38



WESLEY G. JOHNSON
Lockridge, Iowa
Univ. of Iowa, '40



R. H. JOHNSTON, JR.
Louisville, Ky.
Davidson College, '37



GOMER J. JONES, JR.
Youngstown, Ohio
Mount Union College, '40



JACK P. JONES
Memphis, Tenn.
Vanderbilt, '42



JOHN IRVIN JONES, JR.
Columbus, Ohio
Ohio State, '42



LEROY C. JONES
Labette, Kan.
Kansas Univ., '42



LOUIS B. JONES
Madison, Ark.
Univ. of Arkansas, '42



WILLIAM A. JONES
Cartersville, Ga.
Univ. of Georgia, '42



WILLIAM W. JONES
Detroit, Mich.
Univ. of Pennsylvania, '42



JUEL D. JORGENSEN
Trent, S. D.
Augustana, '41



CLIFFORD C. JOYCE
Logansport, Ind.
Ball State, '42



JAMES H. JOYNER
Atlanta, Ga.
Univ. of South Carolina, '38



RICHARD S. JUNG
Seguin, Tex.
Univ. of Texas, '42



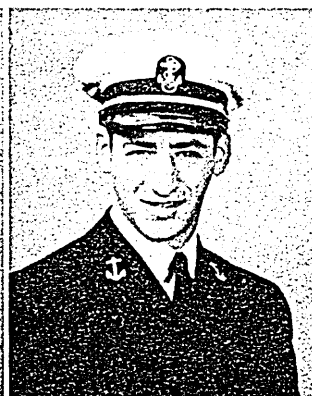
STEPHEN R. JUZWIK
Chicago, Ill.
Notre Dame, '42



H. E. KAERWER, JR.
Oshkosh, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



JOHN E. KAHELIN
Ashtabula, Ohio
Ohio Univ., '42



DAVID B. KAHN
Highland Park, Mich.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



JOSEPH KANTER
Portland, Ore.
Univ. of Oregon, '42



KARL W. KAPPUS
San Antonio, Tex.
St. Mary's, '42



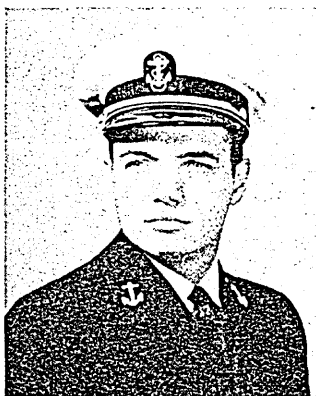
F. DALE KASER
Baring, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



HENRY D. KASPER
Dixon, Ill.
Illinois College, '42



LINCOLN R. KATZ
Cleveland Heights, Ohio
Johns Hopkins, '40



JOHN W. KAUTZ
Chicago, Ill.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



CHARLES M. KEARNEY
Dixon, Ill.
Notre Dame, '42



RICHARD G. KEDERSHA
Rutherford, N. J.
Rutgers, '41



LELAND B. KEE
Groveton, Tex.
North Texas State, '39



THURMAN H. KEE
Huntingdon, Tenn.
Bethel, '37



THOMAS J. KEEFE
Cincinnati, Ohio
Univ. of Cincinnati, '40



RAY A. KEEN
Manhattan, Kan.
Kansas State, '42



WILLIAM O. KELEHER
Kansas, Mo.
Rockhurst, '42



DAVID C. KELLER
Hemphill, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



ROGER F. KELLEY
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



EDWIN E. KELLOGG
Naperville, Ill.
North Central, '42



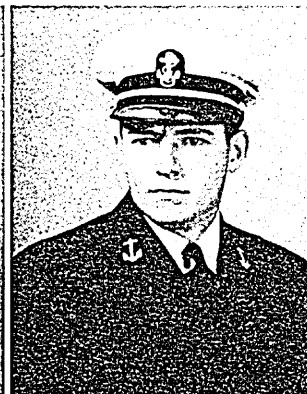
EDWARD J. KELLY
Middletown, N. Y.
Defiance College, '42



GEORGE L. A. KELLY II
Birmingham, Ala.
Duke, '42



JAMES L. KELLY
Bloomington, Ill.
Illinois State Normal, '42



MICHAEL D. KELLY
Piper City, Ill.
Notre Dame, '42



WILLIAM D. KENDALL
Strong City, Okla.
George Peabody College, '42



JOHN M. KENIMER
Franklin, Tenn.
Vanderbilt, '42



RAYMOND J. KENNEDY
Chicago, Ill.
Loyola of Chicago, '42



RUSSELL W. KENNEDY
Bloomington, Ind.
Indiana Univ., '42



WILLIAM E. KENNEDY
Indianapolis, Ind.
Notre Dame, '42



BYRON F. KENT
Oconto, Wis.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



LEONARD KENT
Statesboro, Ga.
Univ. of Chicago, '40



RALPH M. KENT
Streator, Ill.
Northwestern, '40



ROBERT L. KENT
Ravenna, Ohio
Western Reserve, '42



STANLEY A. KERKHOFF
Nickerson, Neb.
Univ. of Nebraska, '41



PAUL F. KIEFER
Hammond, Ind.
Northwestern, '42



JOHN G. KIMBALL
Syracuse, N. Y.
Syracuse, '42



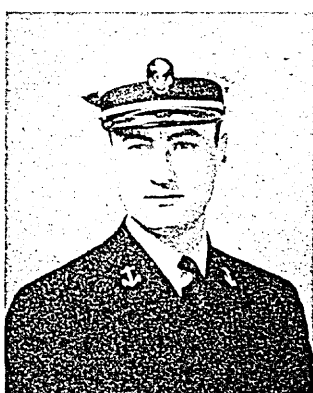
ERNEST J. KING
Chico, Calif.
Chico State, '41



FRANK S. KING
Waco, Tex.
Baylor, '42



ROBERT P. KING
Taylorville, Ill.
Millikin, '42



ROBERT O. KIPLINGER
Omaha, Neb.
Univ. of Nebraska, '42



WILLIAM G. KIRK
Gower, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



ALBERT A. KLATT
Chicago, Ill.
Central Y.M.C.A., '42



WILLIAM Y. KLETT
Charleston, W. Va.
West Virginia, '40



SPENCER H. KLEVENOW
Denver, Colo.
Colorado State, '40



RAYMOND V. KLIMEK
Cicero, Ill.
Morton Junior College, '40



MARVIN E. KLITSNER
Lancaster, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



FRÉDERICK D. KNOCHE
Naperville, Ill.
North Central, '42



DANIEL P. KNOWLTON
Milwaukee, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '40



HOWARD E. KNOX
South Milwaukee, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



LEONARD S. KOCZELA
Adams, Mass.
North Adams State, '42



MARVIN J. KOERNER
Birnamwood, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



RUSSELL V. KOHR
New Cumberland, Penna.
Northwestern, '42



GWIN J. KOLB
Durant, Miss.
Millsaps College, '41



JOHN F. KOLLER
Berwyn, Ill.
Univ. of Illinois, '42



JOHN O. KONOPAK
Toledo, Ohio
Kenyon, '42



JOHN KORF
Freeport, Ill.
Univ. of Chicago, '42



ABRAHAM KOZER
New York City
Marshall, '41



FREDERICK W. KRAMER
St. Petersburg, Fla.
Miami Univ., '38



ALFRED H. KREZDORN
Seguin, Tex.
Texas A. & M., '42



NORMAN C. KRIEGER
Cleveland, Ohio
Ohio Univ., '42



PALMER L. KREUTZ
Fargo, N. D.
North Dakota State, '38



JOHN S. KRUKOWSKI
Cleveland, Ohio
Western Reserve, '40



JOHN C. KRUM
Lawrence, Kan.
Kansas Univ., '42



WALTER G. KRUMWIEDE
Elkhart, Ind.
Indiana Univ., '42



WILLIAM A. KRUSE
Elmhurst, Ill.
Elmhurst, '42



WILLIAM G. KRUSE
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Butler, '42



WILLIAM M. KRUZAN
Danville, Ill.
Univ. of Illinois, '41



JACK B. KUBISH
Hannibal, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



JOSEPH F. KUFNER
Maza, N. D.
N. D. Agricultural College, '41



DONALD E. LAGLE
Franklin, Ind.
Franklin College, '42



ERNEST J. LAMBERTI
Orange, N. J.
La Salle College, '36



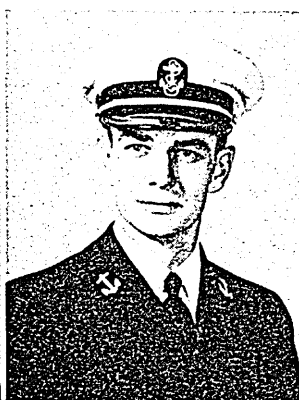
WILLIAM W. LANCASTER
Greer, S. C.
Furman, '41



CHARLES W. LANDIS
Logansport, Ind.
DePauw, '42



ROBERT L. LANNING, JR.
Pittsburgh, Penna.
Monmouth, '42



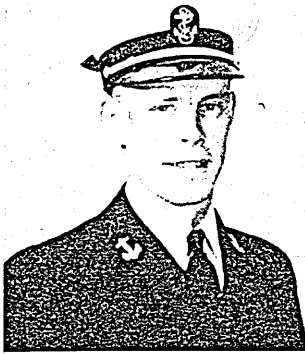
W. GRAYSON LAPPERT
Barnesville, Ohio
Mount Union, '42



JOHN R. LAREW
Beckley, W. Va.
West Virginia Inst. of Tech., '42



PAUL J. LARMER
Oak Park, Ill.
Notre Dame, '36



FREDERICK T. LARSEN
Wolsey, S. D.
North Dakota State, '42



E. LEROY LARSON
Laurens, Iowa
Coe College, '38



KENT A. LARSON
Minneapolis, Minn.
Univ. of Minnesota, '42



LYNN D. LASSWELL, JR.
Waxahachie, Tex.
Trinity, '36



JAMES O. LATIMER
Stow, Ohio
Western Reserve, '42



FRANCIS J. LAUBACHER
Oxnard, Calif.
Univ. of California, '38



OSCAR F. LAURIE
Chatham, N. J.
Lafayette College, '36



JAMES V. LAVELLE
Chicago, Ill.
St. Joseph's College, '42



JOHN L. LAVELLE
Clinton, Mass.
Massachusetts State Teacher's, '37



PAUL E. LAVIETES
Boone, N. C.
Washington and Lee, '38



MARK D. LAW
Clear Lake, S. D.
South Dakota State, '41



IVER G. LAWRENCE, JR.
Chicago, Ill.
Central College, '42



ROBERT A. LAWTON
Central City, Ky.
Washington and Lee, '42



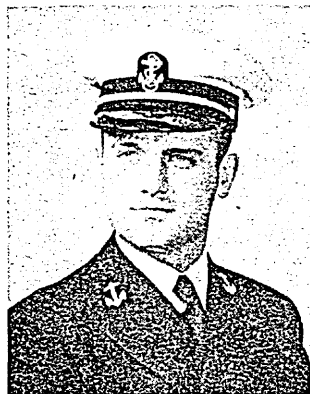
WARREN W. LEBECK
Westmont, Ill.
North Central, '42



CHESTER W. LEBACK
Otis, Kan.
Kansas Univ., '42



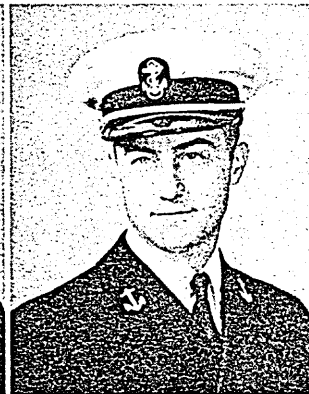
CHAUNCEY L. LEEPER
Memphis, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '39



JOHN W. LEGGETT
New York City
Yale, '42



JOHN W. LEHRER
Sandusky, Ohio
Kenyon, '37



FRANK W. LePAGE
Seymour, Ind.
Carnegie Tech., '42



EDWARD O. LEONARD
Pocatello, Idaho
Univ. of Idaho, '38



ARILD J. LERAGER
Lincoln, Neb.
Univ. of Nebraska, '42



JACKSON F. LEVARN
Dolgeville, N. Y.
New York State, '42



RICHARD T. LEVINS
Elizabeth, N. J.
Seton Hall, '42



HAROLD LEVKOVSKI
Brooklyn, N. Y.
City College of New York, '42



RICHARD H. LEWIN
Clayton, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '40



CLIFFORD R. LEWIS
Sacramento, Calif.
Univ. of California, '39



ELWYN C. LEWIS
Tomahawk, N. C.
Univ. of North Carolina, '42



STUART A. LEWIS
Whittier, Calif.
Univ. of California, '42



MORTON D. LIEBERMAN
Detroit, Mich.
Northwestern, '42



ALPHONSE L. LIQUORI
Whitehall, N. Y.
Cortland State, '42



GERALD T. LITTLEFIELD
Farmington, Me.
Rensselaer Polytechnic, '41



GLEN R. LOCKERY
Rosholt, Wis.
Lawrence, '42



EDWARD H. LOCKWOOD
Tulsa, Okla.
Yale, '42



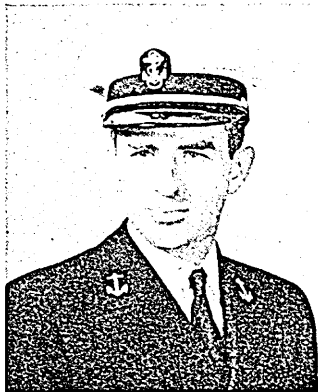
WILLIAM H. LOFTUS
Hoboken, N. J.
Seton Hall, '42



FRANK L. LOGAN
Portland, Ore.
Northwestern, '38



JOHN J. LOGAN
Lawrence, Miss.
Univ. of Mississippi, '41



JOSEPH D. LOIDOLD
Port Arthur, Tex.
Univ. of Texas, '42



EUGENE R. LOPEZ
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Manhattan College, '42



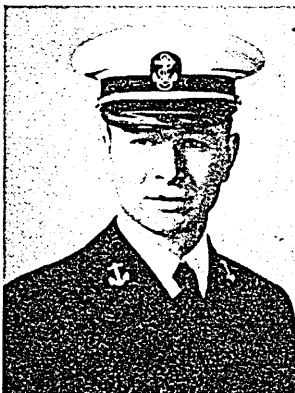
C. WAYNE LOREE
Mt. Morris, Mich.
Michigan State, '42



A. M. LORENTZSON, JR.
Brunswick, Ga.
Centre, '40



GEORGE E. LORIA
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Wayne, '42



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Fordham, '42



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Randolph-Macon, '42



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Mississippi Southern, '42



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Philipsburg, Penna.
Lock Haven State, '39



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Rutgers, '40



BLAIR W. LUKE
Salt Lake City, Utah
Queens College, '42



ROBERT S. LUKE
Joplin, Mo.
Kansas Univ., '40



RAY J. LUND
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Boston Univ., '42



WILBUR H. LUND
Lafayette, Minn.
Gustavus Adolphus, '38



HENRY H. LUNDGREN
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Univ. of Detroit, '42



ROY H. LUNDIN
Wilmette, Ill.
Carleton College, '42



KARL K. LUSK
Paris, Ky.
Georgetown College, '37



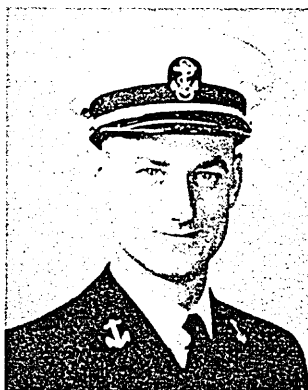
RICHARD W. LUTHER
Cleveland, Ohio
Western Reserve, '42



DONALD M. LYNCH
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Fordham, '42



ANDREW J. LYNDON III
Macon, Ga.
Univ. of Georgia, '39



WILLIAM F. LYTLE
The Bronx, N. Y.
New York Univ., '42



ANGUS J. MACAULAY
Duluth, Minn.
Duluth State Teachers' College, '39



DONALD S. MACLEOD
Buffalo, N. Y.
Univ. of Rochester, '42



ROBERT M. MACNAMARA
Philadelphia, Penna
Georgetown, '42



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New York City
St. John's Univ., '42



CHARLES L. MADISON
Kansas City, Mo.
Univ. of Kansas City, '42



WILLIAM MADISON
Evanston, Ill.
Northwestern, '42



S. P. MAGIELNICKI
Jersey City, N. J.
Seton Hall, '42



MARION E. MAGNUSON
Crofton, Neb.
Morningside College, '38



JOHN P. MAHER
Chicago, Ill.
St. Benedict's College, '38



W. T. MALCOLM, JR.
Nashville, Tenn.
Univ. of Tennessee, '42



BAYARD M. MALLERY
Philadelphia, Penna.
Yale, '42



JAMES R. MALONEY
Mechanicville, N. Y.
New York State, '42



DALE J. MANCHESTER
Buffalo, N. Y.
Univ. of Buffalo, '42



NORTON MANDELBAUM
Chicago, Ill.
College of Pacific, '42



ERWIN E. MANNS
Alton, Ill.
Univ. of Illinois, '42



PIETRO V. MARCHETTI
Richmond, Va.
Rutgers, '41



RAYMOND MARGOLIES
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Principia College, '42



ROBERT W. MARKS
Omaha, Neb.
Univ. of Omaha, '41



MALCOLM Y. MARSHALL
Henderson, Ky.
Univ. of Virginia, '42



BERNARD T. MARTIN
Chicago, Ill.
De Paul, '42



C. WALLACE MARTIN
Columbia, S. C.
Univ. of South Carolina, '36



FORNEY F. MARTIN
Webbers Falls, Okla.
Univ. of Oklahoma, '41



JAMES F. MARTIN
Odessa, Mo.
Missouri Valley College, '42



PHILIP G. MARTIN
Valparaiso, Ind.
Indiana Univ., '42



ROBERT A. MARTIN
Chicago, Ill.
St. Benedict's College, '42



G. B. MARTIN-VEGUE
Miami, Fla.
Univ. of Miami, '42



CHARLES C. MARVEL
Medford, Mass.
Harvard, '41



LEO MARX
New York, N. Y.
Harvard, '41



JOHN H. MASON II
Barrington, R. I.
Brown, '39



RICHARD N. MASON
Vinton, Iowa
Iowa State, '41



WILLIAM J. MASSEY
Rosa, La.
Louisiana State Normal, '36



MELVIN W. MATSON
Eveleth, Minn.
Univ. of Minnesota, '42



EDWARD W. MAUTHE
Hackensack, N. J.
Trenton State, '42



GALEN H. MAXFIELD
Minneapolis, Minn.
Univ. of Minnesota, '42



LESTER L. MAY
Dallas, Tex.
Southern Methodist, '41



WILLIAM R. MAYBRY
Memphis, Tenn.
Southwestern, '42



WILLIAM J. McAULIFFE
Oak Park, Ill.
Notre Dame, '42



GEORGE J. McCABE
Davenport, Iowa
St. Ambrose, '42



R. W. McCANDLISH, JR.
Chicago, Ill.
Northwestern, '42



R. E. McCARTHY, JR.
Detroit, Mich.
Denison, '42

RALPH T. McCLELLAND
Minneapolis, Minn.
Univ. of Minnesota, '42

GEORGE F. McCONNELL
Central City, Neb.
Nebraska Central, '42

ROBERT S. McCORMICK
Vincennes, Ind.
Indiana Univ., '42



JOHN E. McCOY
Ingram, Penna.
Penn State, '42

MYRLIN McCULLAR
Courtland, Ala.
Univ. of Virginia, '41

JOHN R. McCULLOUGH
Salem, Ore.
Willamette College of Law, '40

EDWARD E. McDONALD
Janesville, Wis.
De Pauw, '42



RICHARD W. McEWEN
Toledo, Ohio
Univ. of Toledo, '42

HOYT H. McFALL, JR.
Kansas City, Mo.
Univ. of Kansas City, '42

ROBERT F. McFALL
Cleveland, Ohio
Rollins, '42

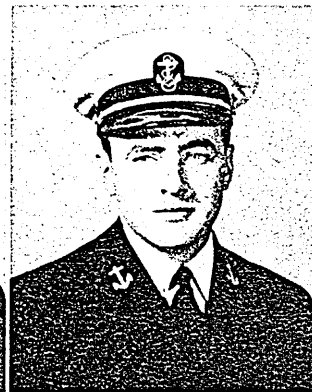
FRANK J. McGARR
Chicago, Ill.
Loyola, '42



PAUL R. McHAIL
Export, Penna.
Bucknell, '41



ROBERT J. McKEE
South Bend, Ind.
Notre Dame, '42



ROGER D. McKENNA
Madison, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



JOHN O. McKINNEY
Princeton, Ky.
St. Louis Univ., '42



ALPINE W. McLANE
Linesville, Penna.
Penn State, '41



PAUL C. McMAHON
Harrison, N. J.
Catholic Univ., '41



GEORGE J. McMANUS
New Rochelle, N. Y.
Fordham, '42



WILLIAM H. McMANUS
Bala-Cynwyd, Penna.
St. Joseph's, '40



JOHN F. McNALLY
New York City
St. John's, '42



EDWARD T. McNEELEY
Tazewell, Tenn.
Milligan, '41



DAVID D. McNEILL
New York City
Harvard, '42



EDWARD J. McNELLIS
Chicago, Ill.
De Paul, '42



HUGH W. McPHAUL
Red Springs, N. C.
North Carolina State, '40



WILLIAM T. McQUILKIN
Roanoka, Va.
Emory and Henry, '37



S. ARCHIE McRIMMON
Rowland, N. C.
Appalachian, '42



WILLIAM B. McVEIGH
Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. John's, '42



WILLIAM R. MEAD
Minneapolis, Minn.
Univ. of Minnesota, '42



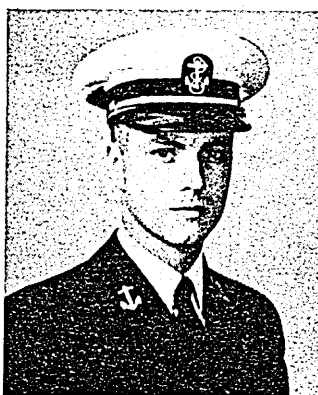
JACK P. MEINERS
Waitsburg, Wash.
Washington State, '42



JAMES R. MEISNER
Wittenberg, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



EDWARD L. MEISTER
Gates Mills, Ohio
Yale, '40



CHARLES B. MELBY, JR.
Whitehall, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



JOHN F. MELKO, JR.
Perth Amboy, N. J.
Duke, '42



WM. S. MERCER, JR.
Bowling Green, Ohio
Bowling Green, '42



ROBERT H. MERENESS
Lima, Ohio
Antioch, '42



PAUL R. MERRY
Kansas City, Mo.
Baker Univ., '42



JACK N. MERRYMAN
Lynchburg, Va.
Lynchburg, '40



ERNEST N. MEYERS
Washington, D. C.
Rutgers, '42



MERLIN J. MEYTHALER
Monroe, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '41



JAMES C. MICHAELSEN
Chicago, Ill.
Illinois Tech, '42



HARRY W. MIKESELL
Toledo, Ohio
Univ. of Toledo, '42



PETER T. MILLARAS
Waterford, Conn.
Boston Univ., '41



CHARLES B. MILLER, JR.
Allentown, Penna.
Lehigh, '38



EDWIN C. MILLER
Columbia, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



JOSEPH J. MILLER, JR.
South Bend, Ind.
Notre Dame, '42



MELVIN H. MILLER, JR.
Flushing, Mich.
Albion, '42



PAUL E. MILLER
Elmira, N. Y.
Alfred, '42



ROBERT A. MILLER
Chicago, Ill.
Univ. of Chicago, '42



JOHN L. MIRABILE
New York City
City College of New York, '42



JERRY W. MITCHELL
Horton, Ala.
Univ. of Alabama, '42



KENNETH D. MOLLOY
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Syracuse, '42



THEODORE G. MOLESKI
East Grand Forks, Minn.
Minnesota Teachers', '42



HANS S. MOLLER, JR.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Brooklyn College, '41



JOHN E. MONROE
Kahoka, Mo.
Central, '42



WILLIAM J. MOOD
Charleston, S. C.
Charleston, '41



KEITH C. MOON
Hillsboro, Wis.
Stout Institute, '41



N. HOWARD MOORE
Blytheville, Ark.
Univ. of Arkansas, '42



ROBERT D. MOORE
Bolton, Ga.
Univ. of Georgia, '42



A. Y. MORGAN
Warren, Ky.
Bowling Green, '39



GEORGE E. MORGAN
La Grange, Ill.
Northwestern, '42



WM. B. MORGAN
Detroit, Mich.
Wayne, '39



GEORGE M. MORLIER
New Orleans, La.
Tulane, '42



RALPH G. MORRIS, JR.
Bay Shore, N. Y.
Hobart College, '42



DAVID G. MORRISON
Dearborn, Mich.
Western Reserve, '42



WILLIAM J. MOWEN
Rosemont, Penna.
Villanova College, '42



ROBERT W. MUELLER
Elmhurst, Ill.
Marquette, '42



JOHN H. MULSKI
Salem, Mass.
Fitchburg State Teachers, '41



ASHFORD B. MURPHEY
Shamrock, Tex.
Texas Tech., '39



FRANK J. MURPHY, JR.
Kansas City, Mo.
Rockhurst, '42



GERALD M. MURPHY
Constable, N. Y.
Loyola, '41



STUART E. MURPHY
Chicopee, Mass.
Springfield, '42



MICHAEL J. MURRAY
Chicago, Ill.
St. Joseph's College, '42

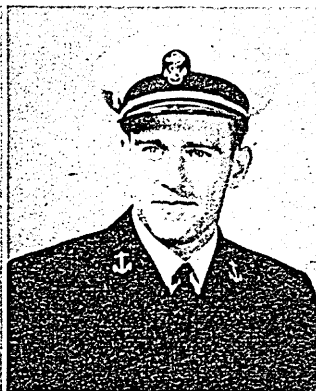




BATTALION



JACK K. NABER
Omaha, Neb.
Univ. of Nebraska, '42



HAROLD H. NEES
Poland, Ind.
Purdue, '42



JOHN R. NEIMAN
Keiser, Penna.
Dickinson, '42



ROGER W. NELSON
Milwaukee, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '37



THEODORE P. NELSON
Stromsberg, Neb.
Augustana, '42



HOWARD L. NESS
Toledo, Ohio
Univ. of Toledo, '42



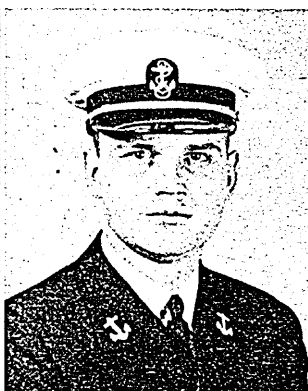
R. L. NETTERVILLE
Wilkinson, Miss.
Univ. of Mississippi, '42



THOMAS J. NEVILLE
New York City
Fordham, '41



GEORGE E. NEWBY, JR.
Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Teachers', '42



ARTHUR S. NEWCOMER
Bryan, Ohio
Ohio Northern, '41



HOWARD A. NEWMAN
Ridgefield, Conn.
Cornell, '42



GORDON W. NEWTON
Tatum, S. C.
Wofford College, '37



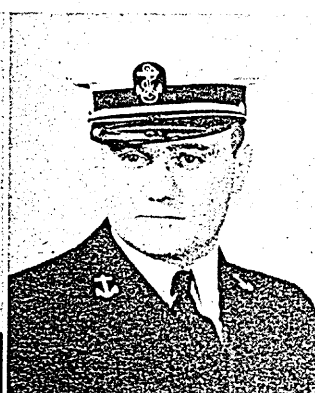
A. H. NEYENDORF, JR.
Chicago, Ill.
Northwestern, '42



RICHARD E. NEYHARD
Philadelphia, Penna.
Univ. of Pennsylvania, '36



CLYDE K. NICHOLS, JR.
Rehoboth, Mass.
Haverford, '42



MAX W. NIEBEL
Findlay, Ohio
Findlay College, '42



BERNHARD W. NIKEL
Brooklawn, N. J.
Univ. of Pennsylvania, '40



ROBERT M. NOELL
Atlanta, Ga.
Vanderbilt, '36



MARTIN J. NOLAN
Trenton, N. J.
Bucknell, '42



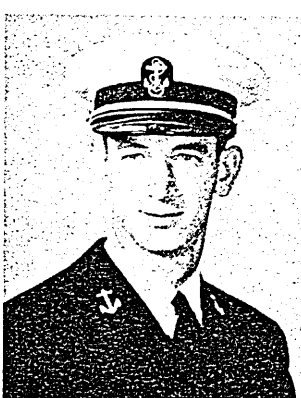
ROBERT O. NOLAN
Greensboro, N. C.
Guilford, '42



GUY G. NORRIS
Garden City, Kan.
Kansas Univ., '40



KENNETH M. NORRIS
Oakland, Calif.
Univ. of California, '42



JOHN C. NORTH, JR.
Corpus Christi, Tex.
Baylor, '42



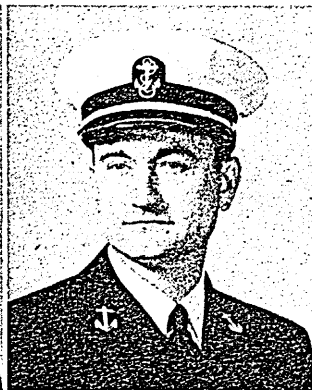
FAUSTINE C. NOWACEK
Plattsmouth, Neb.
St. Benedict's, '41



ALBERT J. NUGON, JR.
New Orleans, La.
Tulane, '42



EARL J. OBERMEYER
Buffalo, N. Y.
Buffalo State, '42



WILLIAM H. O'BRIAN
Oxford, N. C.
Univ. of North Carolina, '41



ROBERT J. O'BRIEN
Cleveland, Ohio
Western Reserve, '40



F. P. O'CONNELL
Boston, Mass.
Boston College, '36



JOHN J. O'DONNELL
Madison, N. J.
Manhattan, '42



JEROME J. O'DOWD
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Notre Dame, '42



JOHN E. O'LEARY
Sacramento, Calif.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



HAROLD B. OLSON
Boise, Idaho
Drexel Institute, '42



STANLEY OLSON
Mondovi, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '37



THEODORE R. OLSON
Scandinavia, Wis.
Whitewater State, '42



LLOYD E. ORMAND
Sentinel, Okla.
Southwestern Tech, '42



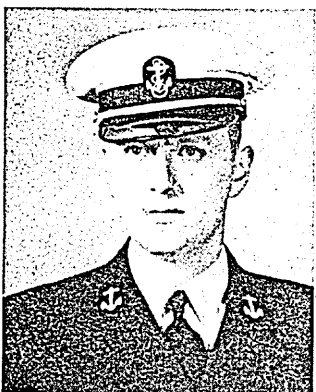
GEORGE A. ORR, JR.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Cornell, '42



CARL D. ORWICK
Alliance, Ohio
Mount Union, '42



JOHN F. ORWIG
Fostoria, Ohio
Denison, '42



WILLIAM U. OSBORN, JR.
White Plains, N. Y.
Syracuse, '42



JOHN A. OSBORNE
Indianapolis, Ind.
Purdue, '42



PARK H. OWEN, JR.
Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.
Sewanee, '42



WILLIAM A. PAPPAS
Indianapolis, Ind.
Butler, '41



STUART A. PARK
Chicago, Ill.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



JOHN H. PARKER
Clinton, N. C.
North Carolina State, '42



ROBERT B. PARKER
Little Rock, Ark.
Univ. of Missouri, '41



ROBERT H. PARKER, JR.
Natchez, Miss.
Mississippi State, '40



WILLIAM G. PARKER
Aulander, N. C.
Wake Forest, '38



JOHN J. PARLE
Omaha, Neb.
Creighton, '42



WILLIAM R. PARMETER
Minneapolis, Minn.
Univ. of Minnesota, '41



GERALD J. PARNIN
Cleveland Heights, Ohio
John Carroll, '42



EDGAR E. PARRY
Swanville, Minn.
St. Cloud Teacher's, '42



JAMES N. PARTHEMOS
Abbeville, S. C.
Erskine College, '42



JOHN D. PATERSON
East Craftsbury, Vt.
Boston Univ., '42



ROBERT G. PATT
Kansas City, Mo.
Kansas Univ., '35



ARTHUR R. PAULSEN
Tacoma, Wash.
Univ. of Washington, '40



JOHN R. PAULUS
Wauwatosa, Wis.
Marquette, '42



RICHARD J. PAYNE, JR.
St. Louis, Mo.
Washington Univ., '42



ROBERT S. PAVIS
Staten Island, N. Y.
Indiana Univ., '42



WARREN H. PAVLAT
Boise, Idaho
Univ. of Nebraska, '41



ALBERT A. PAYNE
Athens, Tex.
George Washington, '42



JOHN E. PEARSON
Mellen, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



R. VERNON PEARSON
Moline, Ill.
Augustana, '42



FRED R. PEASE
Thorp, Wash.
Washington State, '42



ELMER H. PELHAM
Kingston, N. Y.
New Paltz State, '42



ALBERT E. PENALOSA
Forest Hills, N. Y.
Princeton, '42



ALLAN F. PENNEY
Marengo, Ill.
Carroll, '42



MURRAY B. PEPPARD
Amherst, Mass.
Amherst College, '39



EDWARD R. PERKINS
Arab, Ala.
Univ. of Tennessee, '42



CARL W. PETERMAN, JR.
Centerville, Kan.
Pittsburg Teachers, '42



DENNIS V. PETERSON
Logan, Utah
Utah State, '39



EDWARD B. PETERSEN
South Pasadena, Calif.
Univ. of California, '40



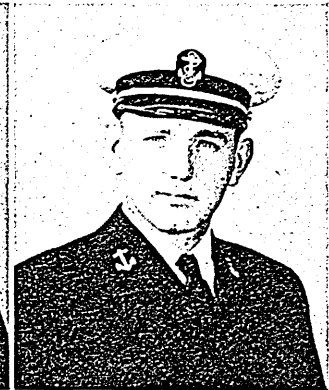
RAYMOND K. PETERSON
Cromwell, Conn.
Colgate, '40



BENJAMIN J. PETRUSEK
Wallis, Tex.
Univ. of Texas, '42



CHARLES N. PETTIT
Bloomfield, Iowa
Univ. of Iowa, '42



RALPH W. PFOUTS
Lawrence, Kan.
Kansas Univ., '42



JOSEPH J. PHELAN
Chinook, Mont.
George Washington, '42



HOWARD M. PHELPS
Brea, Calif.
Univ. of California, '39



WAIDE D. PHILIPS
Palatka, Fla.
Univ. of Georgia, '42



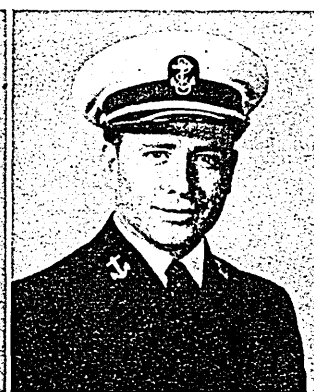
BENJAMIN PHILIPSON
Utica, N. Y.
St. Lawrence, '36



CARMON F. PIRRO
Solvay, N. Y.
Catholic Univ., '40



WM. DEGAU PITCAIRN
Orange, N. J.
Princeton, '42



TROY N. PITTS
Wesson, Miss.
Millsaps, '42



OTIS B. PLATT
North Platte, Neb.
Univ. of Nebraska, '42



WILLIAM PODOLOFF
New Haven, Conn.
Univ. of Connecticut, '37



GEORGE J. POELTLER
Cranford, N. J.
Stetson Hall, '42



JOHN B. POLANSKI
Buffalo, N. Y.
Wake Forest, '42



FLOYD G. POOLE
Salisbury, N. C.
North Carolina Univ., '41



ALBERT F. PORRETTO
New Orleans, La.
Louisiana State, '42



CHARLES R. PORTER
Mebane, N. C.
Hampden-Sydney, '41



RALPH I. POUCHER
Queens Village, N. Y.
Queens College, '41



DUANE D. POULTERER
Drexel Hill, Penna.
Franklin & Marshall, '42



WILLIAM H. POWELL
Wichita, Kan.
U. L. C. A., '36



CHARLES H. POWERS
Cary, Miss.
Mississippi State, '37



JOHN L. PRICE, JR.
Cleveland Heights, Ohio
Western Reserve, '42



LYNN W. PRICE
Ramsey, Ill.
Univ. of Oklahoma, '38



BRANTLY R. PRINGLE
Fort Worth, Tex.
Univ. of Texas, '42



ROBERT D. PRINGLE
Kansas City, Mo.
Northwestern, '39



SAMUEL T. PULLIAM
Richmond, Va.
Duke, '39



WILLIAM H. PURSLEY
Los Angeles, Calif.
Univ. of Texas, '40



THOMAS F. QUINLAN
Lake Bomoseen, Vt.
Notre Dame, '38



FRANCIS B. QUINN
Indianapolis, Ind.
Notre Dame, '42



JOHN T. QUINN
Camillus, N. Y.
Syracuse, '42



SEYMOUR RABINOWITZ
San Diego, Calif.
San Diego State, '41



BERNARD RADEMAN
Philadelphia, Penna.
Temple, '40



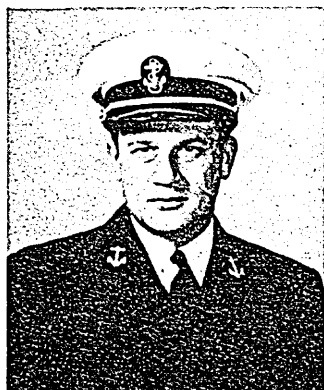
NORBERT L. RAEMER
Herkimer, Kan.
Kansas State, '42



BINOM J. RALEY
Pine Bluff, Ark.
Univ. of Arkansas, '42



JOHN L. RANEY
Lebanon Junction, Ky.
Western Kentucky State, '42



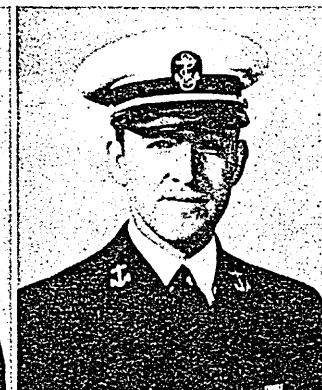
HAROLD J. RAPHAEL
Cliffside Park, N. J.
Michigan State, '42



STANLEY S. RAPPORT
Los Angeles, Calif.
New York Univ., '42



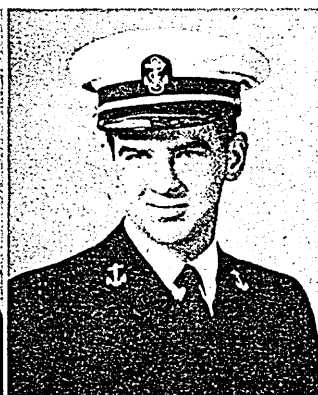
CHARLES A. READ
Washington, D. C.
Univ. of Virginia, '41



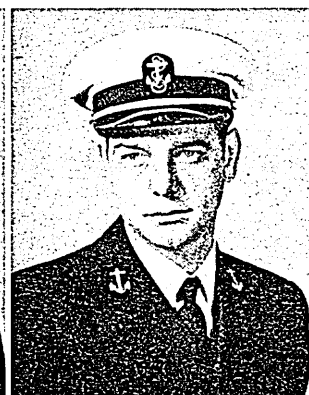
CHARLES S. REDLINE
Bethlehem, Penna.
Phila. Col. of Pharmacy & Sc., '40



LEE H. REED, JR.
Marlin, Tex.
Sam Houston State, '42



LOUIS J. REED
New York City
Queens, '42



RAYMOND M. REED
Smyrna, Ga.
Univ. of Tennessee, '42



WILLIAM F. REED
Eyanston, Ill.
Grinnell, '39



DONALD D. REICHERT
Grand Chain, Ill.
Univ. of Illinois, '42



JACK A. REID
Sioux City, Iowa
Univ. of Iowa, '42



RALPH L. REID
Quaker City, Ohio
Muskingum, '40



FRED D. REIK
Milwaukee, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



ARNOLD C. REINERS
New York City
New York Univ., '37



JOHN B. REYNOLDS
Toronto, Ont.
McGill Univ., '42



JOHN E. REYNOLDS
Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Teacher's, '42



RICHARD A. REYNOLDS
Joliet, Ill.
Beloit, '42



THOMAS E. REYNOLDS
Moselle, Miss.
Harrison-Stone-Jackson Col. '41



RICHARD P. RHOADS
Trenton, N. J.
Phila. Col. of Pharmacy, '41



JAMES S. RHODES
Atlanta, Ga.
Emory, '41



WILLIAM B. RHODES
West Palm Beach, Fla.
Univ. of Florida, '40



MILTON P. RICE
Jackson, Tenn.
Lambuth College, '42



EDWARD L. RICHTER, JR.
Chicago, Ill.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



JOHN T. RICKEY
Ravenna, Ohio
Kent State, '42



JOSEPH RIDOLFO
New Orleans, La.
Loyola of the South, '38



CHARLES S. RIGG
Higginsville, Mo.
Univ. of Missouri, '42



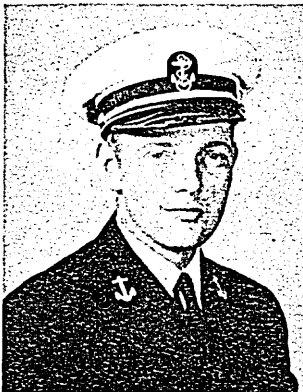
EUGENE P. RISTER
El Paso, Tex.
Texas College of Mines, '40



RALPH J. ROBECK
Annandale, Minn.
St. John's, '42



DALE M. ROBERTS
Medford, Ore.
Univ. of California, '41



DOUGLAS L. ROBERTS
Towaco, N. J.
Drew, '42



EVERETT T. ROBERTSON
Gilmer, Tex.
East Texas State, '42



CHARLES W. ROBINSON
Estherville, Iowa
Drake, '40



CLARENCE A. ROESSLER
Neillsville, Wis.
Univ. of Michigan, '41



SIMONS L. ROOF
Vale, N. C.
Univ. of North Carolina, '41



JOHN A. ROOKUS, JR.
Detroit, Mich.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



THOMAS B. ROOT
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Univ. of Michigan, '40



HERMAN ROSENFELD
Cincinnati, Ohio
Univ. of Cincinnati, '42



CHARLES T. ROSS, JR.
Beckley, W. Va.
Stetson, '41



JAMES McC. ROSS
Charlotte, N. C.
Univ. of North Carolina, '42



FRANK ROTELLO
Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Cornell, '41



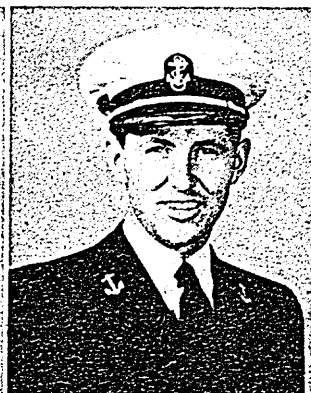
BENJAMIN B. ROTHBLITH
New York City
Rutgers, '42



BERNARD A. RUBIN
Chicago, Ill.
Northwestern, '42



HARRY T. RUBINO
Philadelphia, Penna.
Philadelphia Col. of Pharmacy, '40



LuVERN H. RUSCH
Raymond, S. D.
South Dakota State College, '38



GEORGE F. RUSSELL
Walthill, Neb.
Univ. of Nebraska, '42



JOHN K. RYAN
Dayton, Ohio
Miami Univ., '42



ROBERT H. SABIN
Vineland, N. J.
Rutgers, '42



MARVIN E. SABLOSKY
Indianapolis, Ind.
Indiana Univ., '42



MELVIN M. SACHS
New York City
City College of New York, '42



JEROME L. SALOMON
San Mateo, Calif.
Univ. of California, '41



ROBERT A. SANDERSON
Aurora, Ill.
Duke, '42



JAMES E. SATTERFIELD
Glenville, W. Va.
Glenville State, '41



HENRY Q. SAUCIER
Sumrall, Miss.
Mississippi State, '41



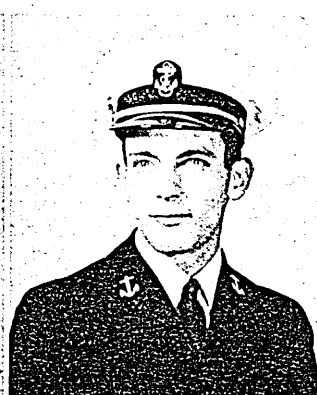
JAMES RALPH SCALES
Shawnee, Okla.
Univ. of Chicago, '42



JOHN F. SCANLON
Columbus, Ohio
Xavier, '42



F. H. SCHAEFER, JR.
Chicago, Ill.
Univ. of Chicago, '42



ARIEL L. SCHEIN
Madison, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



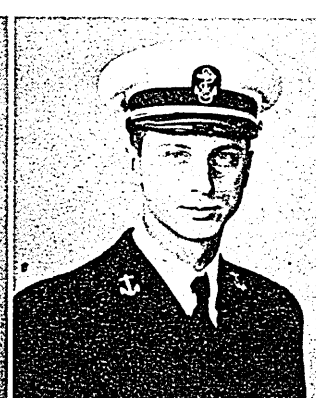
RICHARD M. SCHERER
Indianapolis, Ind.
Butler, '42



C. DeB. SCHIMMEL
Short Hills, N. J.
Rutgers, '37



ANTHONY P. SCHIRO, III
New Orleans, La.
Loyola of the South, '37



EARL F. SCHLICK
Lorraine, Kan.
Ottawa, '42



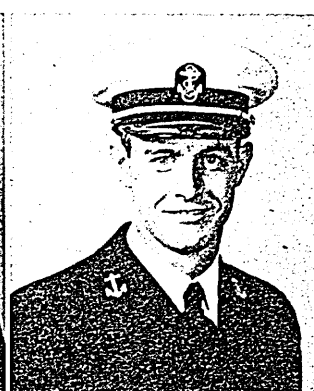
HENRY D. SCHLINGER
Dallas, Tex.
Southern Methodist, '42



CLIFFORD L. SCHMITT
Buffalo, N. Y.
Univ. of Buffalo, '41



ROBERT M. SCHNEIDER
Kankakee, Ill.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



STANFORD S. SCHNEIDER
Eureka, Ill.
Eureka College, '42



ROLF H. SCHOLDAGER
Aldie, Va.
Brussels, Belgium, '43



WILLIAM L. SCHOOF'S
Milwaukee, Wis.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



ROBERT SCHRANK
Stevens Point, Wis.
Stevens Point Teacher's, '42



EARLE A. SCHROEDER
Hinsdale, Ill.
Cornell College, '42



F. C. SCHRODER JR.
St. Paul, Minn.
Macalester, '42



CHARLES C. SCHULTZ
Chicago, Ill.
Univ. of Chicago, '42



ROSS E. SCHUMANN
Chicago, Ill.
Lawrence College, '42



EDWARD C. SCHWARTZ
Evansville, Ind.
DePauw, '42



JACK SCHWARTZ
New York City
New York Univ., '42



OTTO E. SCHWARZ
St. Louis, Mo.
Washington Univ., '42



CHARLES S. SCOTT JR.
Bellerose, N. Y.
Hobart College, '42



JOHN R. SCOTT
Mendenhall, Miss.
Copiah-Lincoln, '36



ROBERT SCOTT JR.
Sylvester, Tex.
Texas Tech., '42



JOHN J. SECCO
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Fordham, '42



MAX D. SEIBEL
Princeton, Ill.
Washington Univ., '42



WILLIAM D. SEIDLER
Montclair, N. J.
Yale, '42



WALTER C. SEKOWSKI
Schenectady, N. Y.
Univ. of Michigan, '42



HALBERT D. SELBY
Berkeley, Calif.
Univ. of California, '42



JEROME P. SELIK
Miami Beach, Fla.
Univ. of Florida, '39



MARK V. SELLIS
Canton, N. Y.
St. Lawrence, '42



GEORGE P. SELVIDGE JR.
Ardmore, Okla.
Univ. of Oklahoma, '42



GEORGE S. SEWALD
Kent, Ohio
Kent State, '42



CHARLES L. SHANK
Cincinnati, Ohio
Univ. of Cincinnati, '42



R. DONALD SHANK
Redwood City, Calif.
San Jose State, '40



LENARD M. SHAVICK
Paterson, N. J.
Lafayette, '42



ROBERT J. SHAW
Swarthmore, Penna.
Swarthmore, '41



NORMAN J. SHEEHAN
Arena, Wis.
Platteville, '42



VAL J. SHEFFIELD
Kaysville, Utah
Univ. of Utah, '42



FRANK D. SHEPPARD
Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Tennessee State, '42



LOREN B. SHERMAN
Southport, Conn.
Columbia, '42



JOHN L. SHEYKA
Bloomfield, N. J.
Fordham, '42



ROBERT L. SHOEMAKER
Detroit, Mich.
Capital, '42

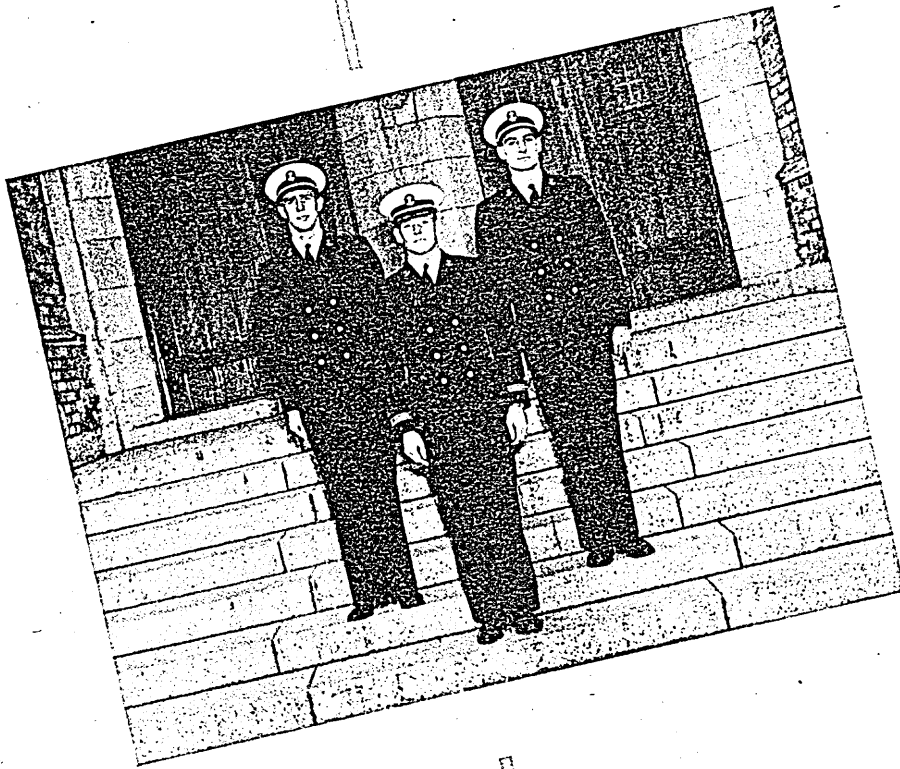


ORVILLE W. SHOFNER
Levelland, Tex.
Texas Tech., '42

ROBERT H. SHUTAN
Los Angeles, Calif.
U. L. C. A., '39



"Have you heard the latest scuttlebutt, pal?"



BATLON



JOHN L. SHUTT
Nashville, Tenn.
Peabody, '40



SIDNEY J. SILBERMAN
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Columbia, '42



JOHN M. SIMMERS
Detroit, Mich.
Univ. of Michigan, '41



WILL M. SIMMONS
Bruce, Fla.
Univ. of Florida, '42



JOHN D. SIMON
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Notre Dame, '38



MARION T. SIMON
Natchez, Miss.
Washington & Lee, '41



DANIEL W. SIMPSON
Atlanta, Ga.
Univ. of Georgia, '38



ANDREA SINATRA
Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Niagara, '42



MARSHALL F. SINBACK
Fairhope, Ala.
Livingston, '42



SIDNEY H. SISSELMAN
Pittsfield, Mass.
Univ. of Vermont, '42



WILLIAM A. SLAUGHTER
Richmond, Mo.
Central, '40



ALAN R. SLEEPER
Iola, Kan.
Kansas Univ., '42



WILLIAM A. SLEEPER, JR.
New Rochelle, N. Y.
Columbia, '42



JOHN E. SLY
Flushing, N. Y.
Cornell, '38



BERNARD J. SMITH
Los Angeles, Calif.
Univ. of Southern California, '41



HAROLD W. SMITH
Decatur, Ala.
Auburn, '41



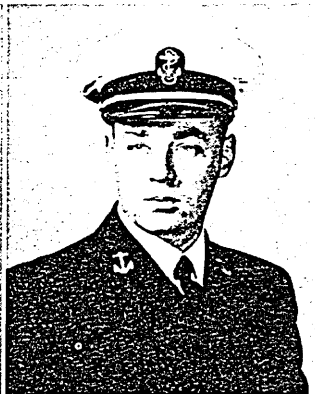
JAMES W. SMITH
Mapleton, Kan.
Ottawa, '42



JOHN ALDEN SMITH
Franklinton, La.
Southeastern Louisiana College, '41



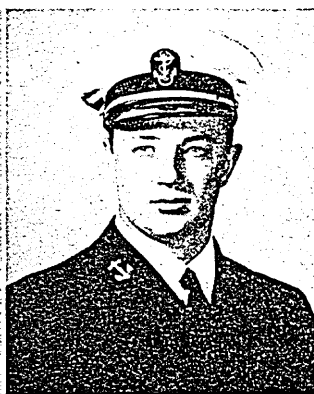
LOUIS E. SMITH
Yuba City, Calif.
Univ. of California, '40



MARTIN L. SMITH
Racine, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



RAY K. SMITH
Milwaukee, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



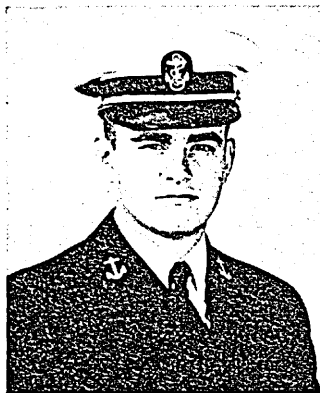
RAYMOND R. SMITH, JR.
Portland, Ore.
Univ. of Oregon, '40



ROBERT H. SMITH
Mentor-on-the-Lake, Ohio
Fenn, '42



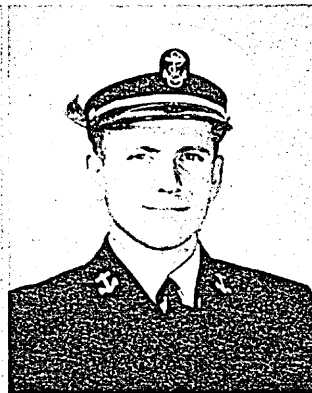
SAMUEL W. SMITH
Afton, Tenn.
Tusculum, '42



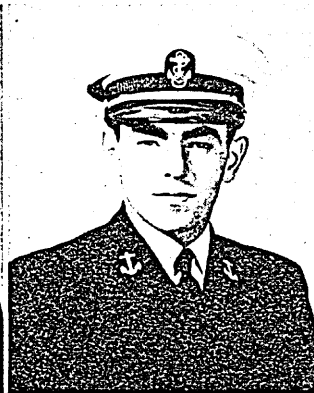
WILLIAM K. SMITH
Ashland, Ky.
Univ. of Kentucky, '42



WILLIS E. SNOWBARGER
Sylvia, Kan.
Bethany-Peniel, '42



WILLIAM E. SNYDER
Berkeley, Calif.
Univ. of California, '42



SEYMOUR D. SOLOMON
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '42



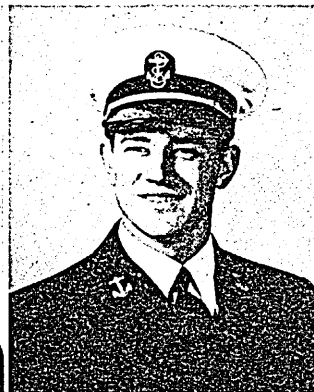
MAXIM P. SOULIER
Broussard, La.
Southwestern Louisiana Inst, '42



HENRY W. SPANBAUER
Pleasant Hill, Mo.
Missouri Valley, '42



DAVID L. SPAULDING
Olney, Tex.
Washington and Lee, '40



G. RALPH SPENCE
Austin, Tex.
Univ. of Texas, '42



HERBERT C. SPENCER
Indianapolis, Ind.
Butler, '42



EDWIN J. SPIEGEL, JR.
St. Louis, Mo.
Dartmouth, '42



HAROLD E. SPONBERG
New Richland, Minn.
Gustavus Adolphus, '40



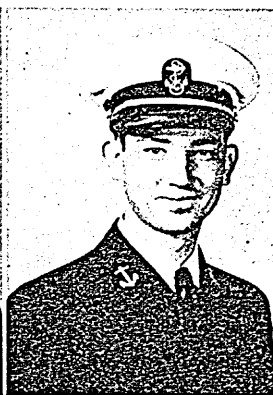
ROBERT B. SPURLOCK
Bucyrus, Ohio
Ohio Northern, '41



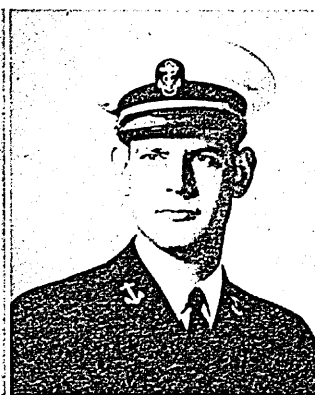
HARRY R. SROLE
Chicago, Ill.
Univ. of Chicago, '40



DONALD STALLINGS
New Bern, N. C.
Wake Forest, '38



FRANCIS C. St. AMANT
Baton Rouge, La.
Louisiana State, '42



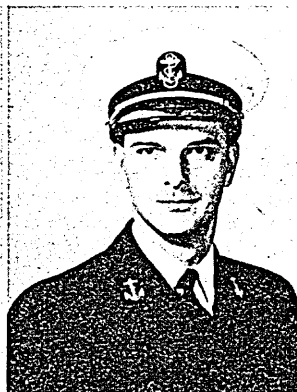
STEPHEN S. STANTON
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Harvard, '38



WHITNEY W. STARK
Ventnor City, N. J.
Univ. of Pennsylvania, '42



JOHN H. STAUBER
Marshfield, Wis.
Notre Dame, '42



MILDE G. STECK
Jackson, Mo.
Missouri State, '41



WILLIAM W. STEINER
Louisville, Ohio
Mount Union, '42



OTTO C. STEINMAYER
Westmount, Quebec
McGill, '42



JOHN A. STEINSON, JR.
St. Louis, Mo.
Washington Univ., '36



MELVIN E. STERN
New York City
New York Univ., '42



VIRGIL H. STEVENS, JR.
Denison, Tex.
Univ. of Texas, '41



HUGH F. STEVENSON
Scotland, S. D.
Iowa Univ., '39



DAVID STEWART
LaBelle, Fla.
Univ. of Florida, '41



WILLIAM M. STEWART
Maysville, Ky.
Eastern Kentucky State, '37



JOSEPH STILLPASS
Cincinnati, Ohio
Univ. of Cincinnati, '42



WILLIAM STINEHART
Los Angeles, Calif.
Univ. of Southern California, '42



ROBERT C. STITES
Bloomington, Ill.
Southwestern, '42



VIRGIL W. ST. JOHN
Charlotte Court House, Va.
Presbyterian, '39



GEORGE R. STONE
Chicago, Ill.
North Central, '42



DAVID G. STONER
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Wabash College, '42



E. A. STONESIFER, JR.
Baltimore, Md.
Duke, '42



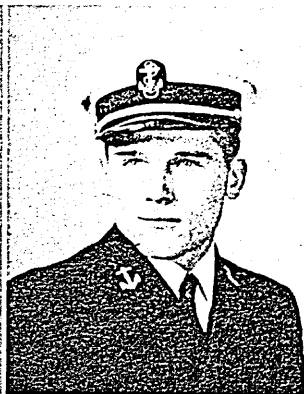
MATTHEW A. STRAM
Sturgeon Bay, Wis.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '40



JOHN W. STRATTON
Plain Dealing, La.
Louisiana Polytechnic Inst., '42



FREDERIC D. STRICKLER
Chicago, Ill.
Univ. of Illinois, '40



LUSK C. STUBBLEFIELD
McMinnville, Tenn.
Tennessee Tech., '42



DANIEL K. STUCKEY II
Exeter, N. H.
Princeton, '42



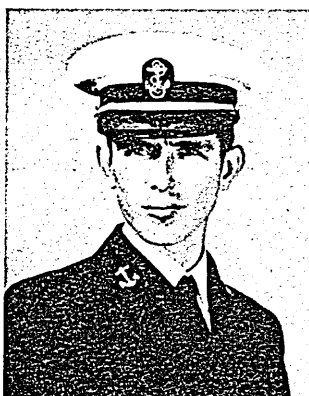
JOHN N. STULL
Moylan, Penna.
Univ. of Pennsylvania, '40



ROBERT STURCZ
Bayonne, N. J.
Univ. of Wisconsin, '41



EUGENE J. SULLIVAN
New York City
St. John's, '42



JAMES F. SUMMERS
Okemah, Okla.
Univ. of Oklahoma, '40



JOHN R. SUNDINE
Moline, Ill.
Northwestern, '42



NORMAN R. SWARTS
McCordsville, Ind.
Purdue, '41



JOHN M. SWEENEY
Olean, N. Y.
New York Univ., '42



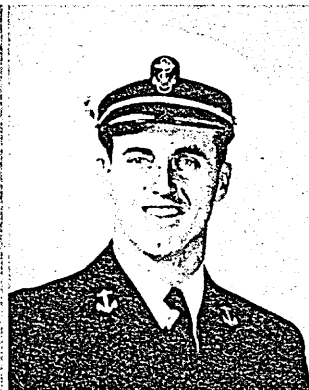
LOUIS SWERDLING
New York City
Brooklyn, '42



ROBERT J. SWETT
West Hempstead, N. Y.
Fordham, '42



ROBERT W. SWIGART
Canal Fulton, Ohio
Capital, '42



JOSEPH O. TALLY, JR.
Fayetteville, N. C.
Duke, '40



WADE T. TALTON
Smithfield, N. C.
Duke, '42



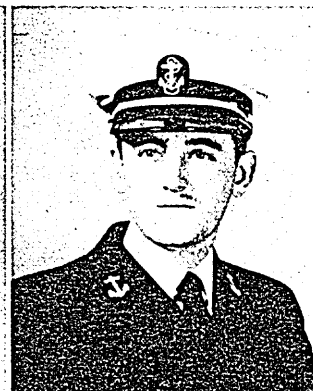
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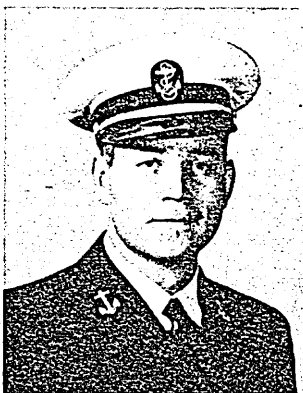
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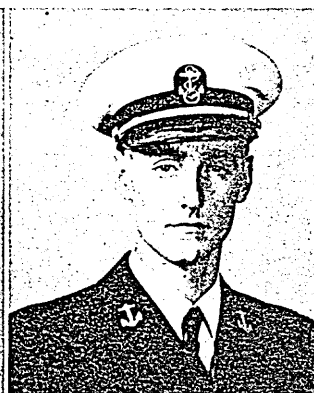
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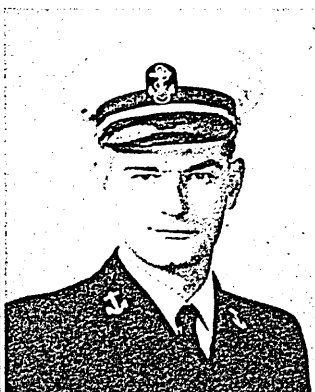
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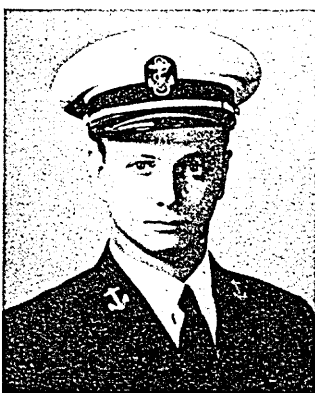
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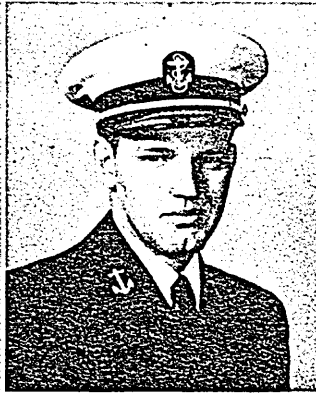
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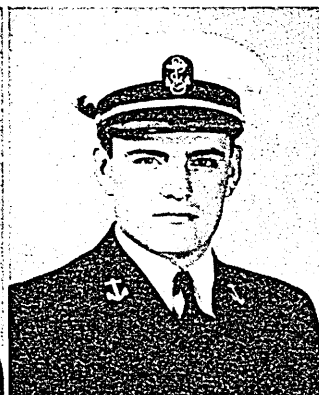
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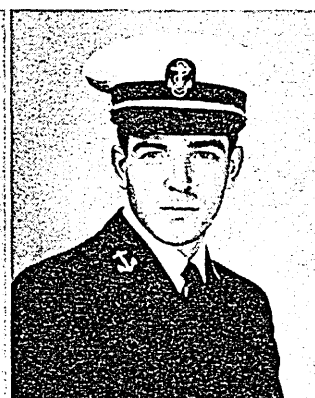
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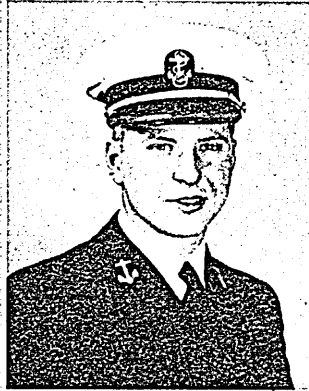
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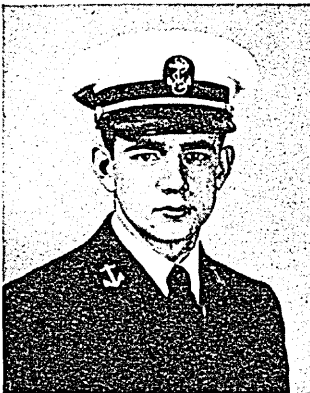
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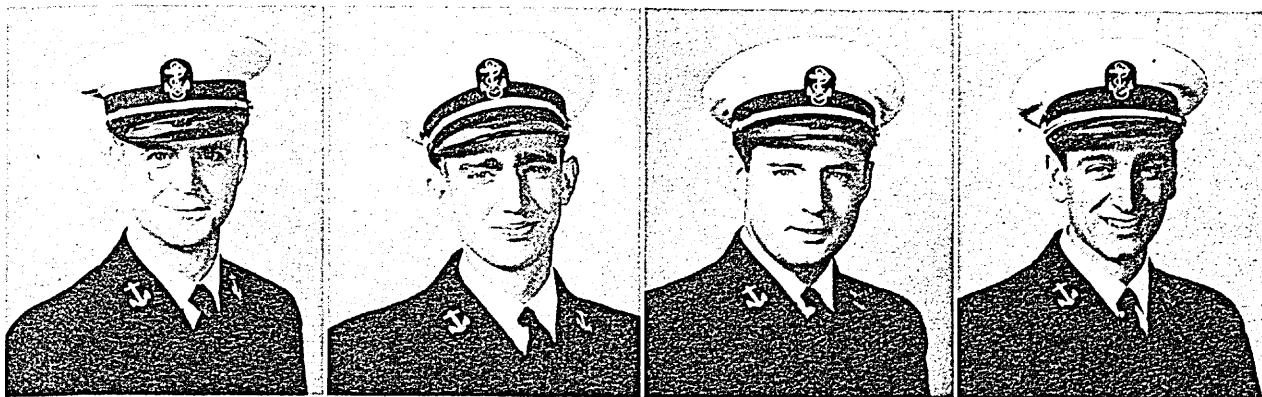
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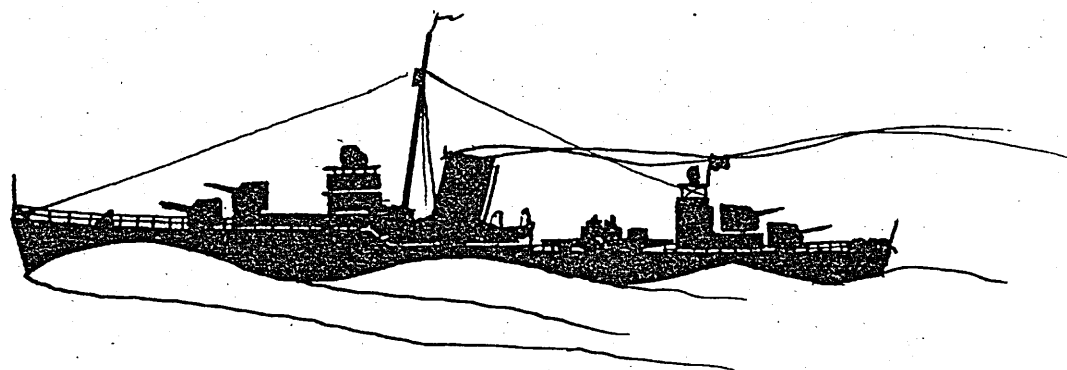
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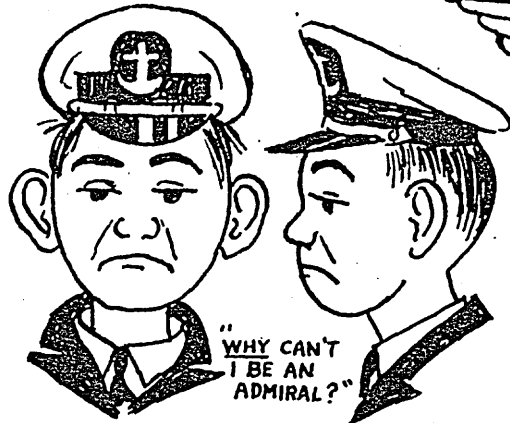


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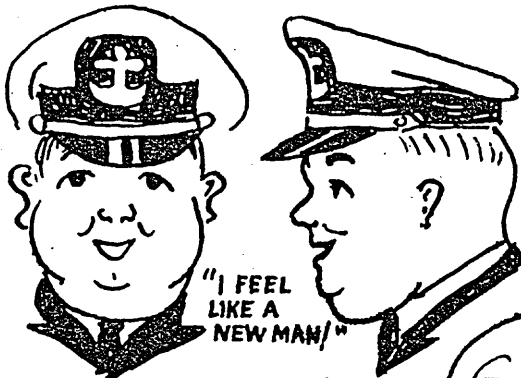
(-IT WAS A GOOD CAMERA ONCE)



"WHY CAN'T
I BE AN
ADMIRAL?"

NOTRE DAME 1,853,726

(- ANY SIMILARITY TO PERSONS
LIVING OR DEAD PURELY COINCIDENTAL)



"I FEEL
LIKE A
NEW MAN!"

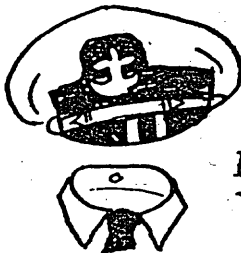
NOTRE DAME 3,121,567



"CAN I HELP
IT IF I WAS
BORN THIS WAY?"

(NAVAL SECRET)

SHHH!



JOE
BILGED
←



"HA HA -
I MADE IT!"

NOTRE DAME 2,347,815



"HELP!"

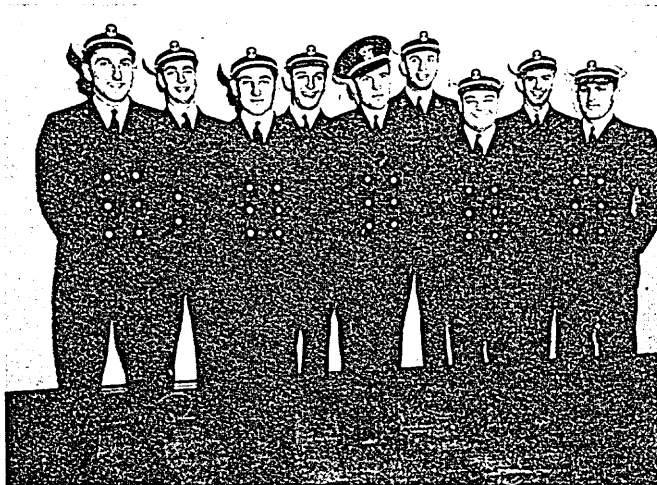
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- BUTLER
142



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Glee Club

A CALL for men interested in forming a Navy Glee Club was made during the first week of the indoctrination period. It was answered by forty-five men who, less than two weeks later, began a series of radio broadcasts. This amazing work continued during the time they were here and the Notre Dame Midshipmen's Glee Club became an organization of professional grade.

The conductor, R. H. Dezell, although just another Midshipman from a military viewpoint, is well recognized as a leader in musical circles. Before coming to Notre Dame he performed as a violinist with two symphonic groups on the West Coast and also as assistant conductor of the Tacoma Symphony Orchestra. Several of his own compositions have been broadcast nationally.

R. M. Kent and D. L. Driscoll moved to the fore of the group through frequent commendable solo performances. Both were professional vocalists and had earned degrees in music and musical theory. Kent had previously held a position as music teacher and supervisor in Louisiana. R. J. Taylor, a former mainstay of the St. Peter's College Choral Society, has also contributed occasional solos.

F. M. Hruby, accompanist for the group, holds a Masters degree from the Eastman School of Music, where he held a teaching fellowship until entering

V-7 training. Several major symphony orchestras have played his works and Carnegie Hall concert programs have often listed his name as soloist. W. A. Sleeper, former accompanist and assistant director of the Columbia University Glee Club, is another music major in the group.

Many of the members, beside their singing talents, have also earned reputations in other fields of music. C. H. Hendrickson, an outstanding example, plays both the piano and the concertina, upon which he has performed with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Their broadcast work has been the highlight of the choral group's activities. They staged a half-hour program over WSBT in South Bend every week and were so well received that they were contacted for a nation-wide hook-up audition. Lt. E. C. Dollard, former public relations officer, made most of the plans for the group's microphone work.

On the station, the Glee Club made a hit with the Midshipmen through their part in the "Happy Hour" variety show, staged at the end of the indoctrination period. In addition to all the other events on their calendar, the Glee Club also performed at several of the Midshipmen formals at the Indiana Club.



Happy Hour

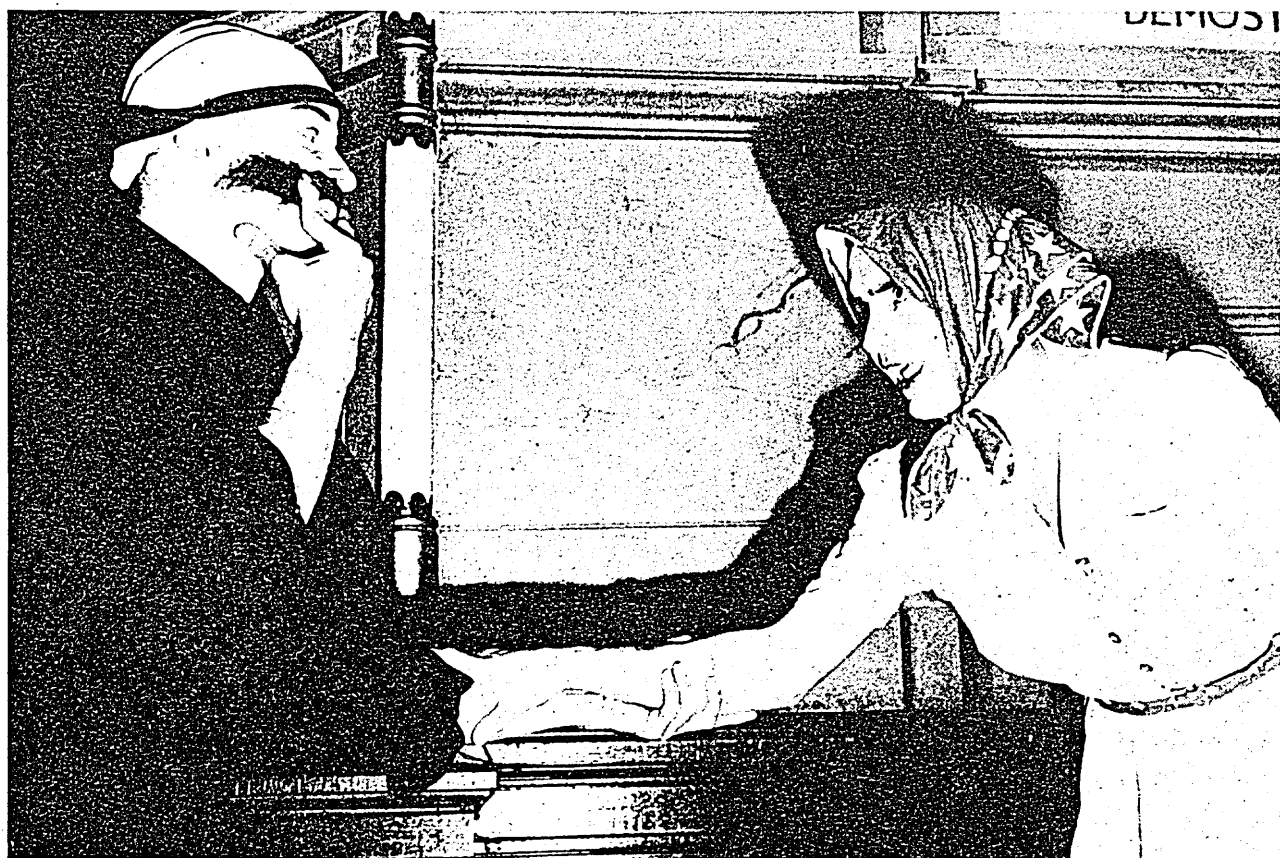
BOTH Brooks Atkinson and Burns Mantle completely ignored the Notre Dame Midshipmen's production, "Happy Hour", which was presented on October 30, in Notre Dame's historic Washington Hall. Neither Olsen nor Johnson, nor Gable nor LaMarr, nor even the Studebaker Chorus were principals in the show. There were no Hollywood contracts for the lovely female leads, but from the standpoint of the 1100 Midshipmen who were there, "Happy Hour" was excellently done, completely funny and presented in a very shipshape and seamanlike manner.

The writing was done by J. W. Leggett and A. F. Berliner was the show's general chairman and stage manager. Most of the humor was supplied by P. J. Larmer who had done gag writing for NBC, notably for the Fibber McGee and Red Skelton programs. The work of coordinating the acts into one show was done by A. E. Penelosa.

Outstanding individual acts included the "Girl Skit", starring a very fetching and voluptuous female who slightly resembled J. J. Cook, a Northwestern football star of last year. As directed by G. M. Critchell, it was one of the evening's highlights.



The music was written by R. H. Berkowitz. His song, "On The Double", especially appealed to those present.



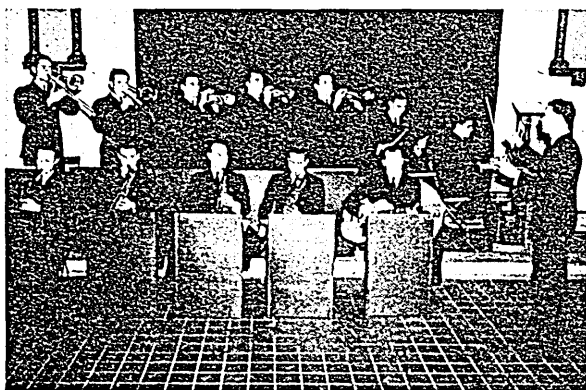


AS PROBABLY the most active organization during our Midshipman days at Notre Dame, the Drum and Bugle Corps was also probably the most essential. Wherever we went together it was they who set the pace for us. When the lone bugler from their ranks awakened us—always at the coldest time of the morning—we grumbled and swore revenge, but when he turned us in at taps we agreed that perhaps he would make a good sailor some day.

Organized by Chief Buglemaster Tainter during the first week of the indoctrination period, the Drum and Bugle Corps started with eight members. By the time we began Midshipman School there were forty, and led, by Drum Major Midshipman R. J. Duffie, they had ironed out the wrinkles that necessarily punctuated their first offerings.

Practice was limited to fifteen and twenty minutes a day but the Corps still found time to improvise new numbers and startling arrangements of the old ones. Few of us will forget the first time they sprung the three trumpet chorus of "Anchor's Aweigh" one night at evening chow formation. And but for the fear of Saturday work detail many of us would have danced, a la Harlem, when we heard the brisk syncopation of "Bombs at Bay".





APPRENTICE Seaman Sam Holmes mentioned to some of his friends last October that Lt. Palmer wanted to start a dance band at the Notre Dame Midshipman school and Seaman Holmes added that he would very much like to be in on the deal. No one heard much about the whole matter until one night a few weeks later. Midshipmen returning from chow heard the unmistakable strain of the "Anvil Chorus" sounding off from the 1st Deck classroom in Badin Hall.

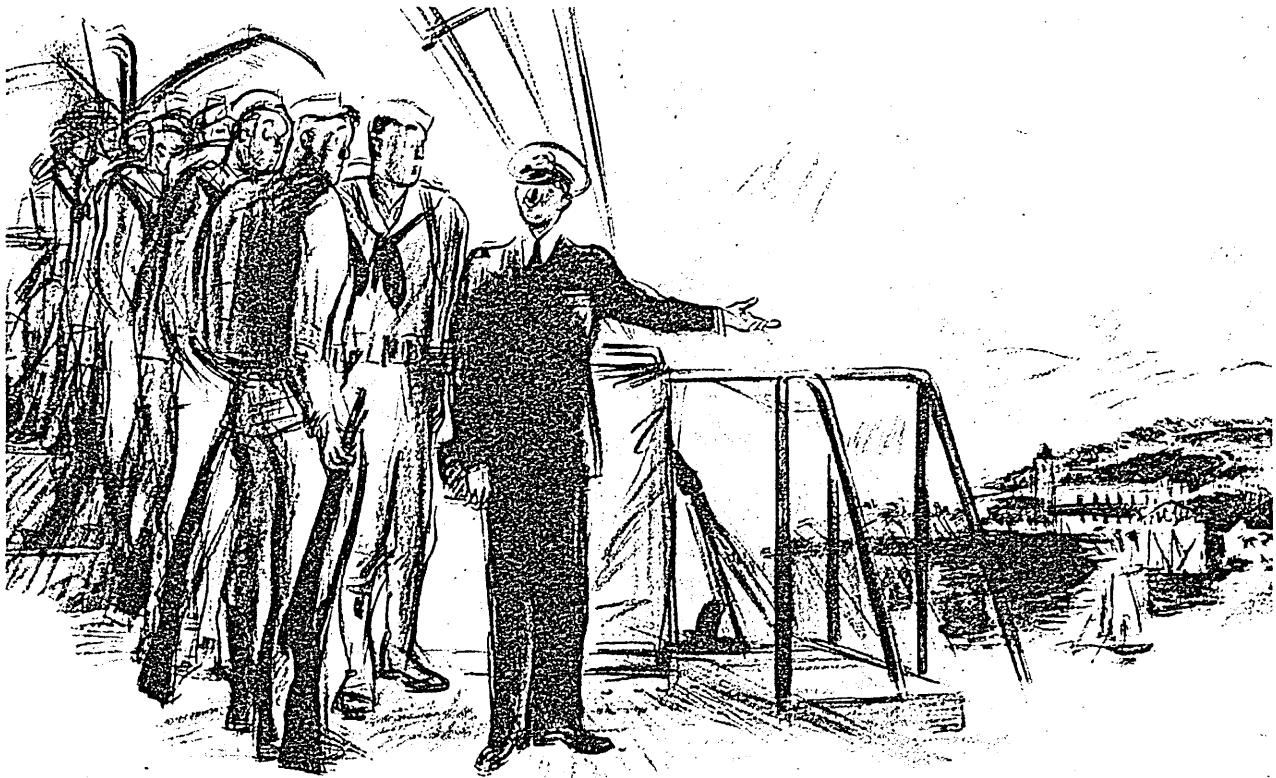
That was the first concert by the Midshipman Orchestra. It started out as a rehearsal but the word spread even faster than scuttlebutt and soon the chapel was filled with jumping, stomping, Midshipmen. While Verdi took one of the worst poundings of his career, the listeners cheered. More rehearsals followed, always in that short hour between 1800 and 1900. When the Lounge was opened in Morrissey Hall they played weekly concerts on Friday nights. They drew such crowds there that they wound up finally shooting the works in Washington Hall. It was the first time no one fell asleep in his seat. But then it was the first time no one snapped a chalk line at them.

Composed of thirteen men, including Midshipman Holmes, their leader, the band boasted of men who had played in college and professional dance bands throughout the country. Midshipmen John Evans and Marvin Decker formed the top sax men in the group with Midshipmen Harry Berchin and P. C. Hume close behind. Berchin is the man you saw so often leading the jam sessions with the best boogie woogie piano ever heard in these parts.

In the trumpet section the Midshipman school produced J. T. Harper, Charles DuBois and Howard Knox, the last named being the boy who did the comedy acts in between bars. The two trombonists whose solos made us forget the men we used to hear back in the old days were Midshipmen Stuart Park and Dave Fowler.

In the rhythm group we had first, Midshipman C. E. Davis who played hob with the drums every time we heard him. He doubled between the orchestra and marching us to class. He never missed a beat in either place. Midshipman Sylvan Dubinsky not only played the piano harmony parts but added many solos in the weekly concerts. The last polishing touch to make the band complete was added by Midshipman Orville Gross and his guitar.

These were the men, then, who made up the Notre Dame Midshipman School orchestra. When asked to play a number they didn't have, they improvised; when asked to swing, they swung. They were the most obliging band the world ever saw.



"The first thing you want to do is explore the splendid library they have here!"

Liberty!

FROM this book, you who are to follow this first Midshipman class will learn many things about our life at Notre Dame. You will learn about instructors and classes, drills and exercises, logs and watches. But the first question you will ask of a Mate is, "What is there to do on Liberty?" We answer by telling you some of the things that we have done during the past four months.

Before we had lost the last vestiges of civilian life in the strangeness of bell-bottom trousers and undress jumpers, we were already accepting invitations to Sunday dinner proffered by the residents of South Bend, who knew that loneliness reduces a man's efficiency and that loneliness can best be overcome by the knowledge that new friendships are to be formed for the asking. It must be said of these people that their names are too numerous to mention but that their kindness will be remembered by all of us. They dropped South Bend in our laps and we proceeded to look around and get acquainted.

Some of us looked first to the Service Men's Center. All of us knew where it was located—

across the street from the La Salle Hotel and the South Shore station. What service it performs can be measured best by the numbers who repeatedly went back for more of the Indiana hospitality, by the smiles on the faces of those who were spending an afternoon or evening in the informality of its atmosphere.

Under the direction of Mrs. William T. Riley and Mrs. Arthur J. Haley, the sixty-odd girls who have volunteered to take the place of a thousand girl friends from Seattle to Savannah were organized into military regiments. Each regiment was on duty at a particular time, so each mate was forewarned. If he intended to carry the torch for the raven-haired lovely with the sunbeam smile, he had to find out her regiment and her hours "on duty".

Since our only opportunity to get into town came on the weekends, we won't concern ourselves with the daily function that the Service Center carries out for the men in the army, the navy and the marine corps. On Saturday and Sunday, the Center became a Midshipmen's Club. There was the ever-present "juke-box" that required no



monetary encouragement and there were plenty of good dancing partners; there was the ping-pong table for the ambidextrous; writing tools and reminders for the forgetful; card tables for the bridge or gin-rummy addicts; plenty of good books and magazines to relieve the mind of Bowditch and Knight; and soft, comfortable chairs for those who cared only for ordinary relaxation. The moment we stepped inside the door, we were put at ease. It was surprising how many of us attempted to make a date with the girl in the black dress or the blond who danced so well.

And where did we go if we did date her? That was easy. We just followed the crowd to any of a dozen places. Those who were in the habit of "doing" the hotel ballrooms in their own home towns, liked the Hoffman for an evening of dancing. The music was good, the dancing enjoyable, and above all there were always twenty or more of their shipmates on hand to help make the evening enjoyable.

If one didn't want to cut any "rugs" but wanted some music to brighten up the evening's conversation, he stopped in the Blarney Room at the Oliver Hotel where the Irish motif and the brogue are all the style. Then when he felt he'd like to spend a few hours stag—with all due apologies to the girls—he dropped into the Brandywine Room in the La Salle. It was the type of place where men liked to congregate on a cold Saturday afternoon to rehash the events of the past week, and to map out a plan of action for the week-end.

There were, however, many of us who were strictly ballroom dancers, from Roseland to the Trianon. For us, the Palais Royale was the spot. There, dancing was the order of the evening, and it was there that the music was played by the bigger "name bands".

Now you question, "That was all very nice if one had a date, but where did a guy go to meet someone?" The answer to that is "Anywhere". People are so darned friendly in South Bend that

one can't go anywhere without striking up an acquaintanceship.

Granted that no one liked to go to the spots in town alone, there were still some "entrees" into the social life of South Bend that haven't yet been mentioned. At least once every day, and sometimes more, among the announcements at chow formation was a notice from Lt. Palmer's office inviting sixty or a hundred men to a sorority dance or party the following Saturday night. Few of us went wrong on that kind of a deal. All we had to do was to climb into our dress blues come Liberty and show up at the appointed place. There were also many cases where we only had to walk to the front gate and be furnished our transportation. And if the little party didn't pan out as well as expected there was nothing lost. Lt. Palmer would have a dozen more invitations for the next week.

Every other week the South Bend Y.W.C.A. sponsored a party and dance for the service men. There was always something different and always plenty of good food. Many other church organizations and private clubs made it common practice to throw periodical parties for the Notre Dame Midshipmen. And one didn't have to worry about his ability to have a good time. He found that these dances were attended religiously not only by the smooth "operators" who were born on the



dance floor, but also by many who had never done the Lindy Hop in their lives. He found the girls excellent dancers and always more than willing to polish up his stumbling attempts at the latest steps.

He never regretted finding out where the Indiana Club was located. He saw a lot of it in his four months. To begin with, there was the "Farewell to Indoctrination Dance." It seemed as if there were more Midshipmen there than at the swearing in ceremony the day before. Everyone went. Then bi-weekly followed the Midshipman formals where Midshipman Gish and his girl friend danced amid all the atmosphere of a military ball. He met and associated with men in other Battalions with whom he would never have come in contact through the ordinary daily routine. He learned that the fellows in Midshipman School were the same ones with whom he went to college—the same men with different names. But this time, however, he had only one college song and only one set of school colors—the ones raised every morning and lowered every night. Yes, Saturday night was very well taken care of.

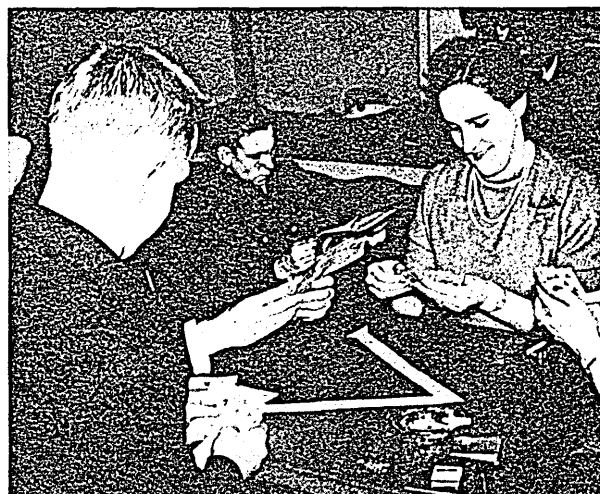
On Sunday, too, before rushing into another "terror" week of studies and exams, there was considerable opportunity for recreation. And here, in offering all the recreational facilities on the campus for the midshipman's leisure hours, is where Notre Dame stepped into the picture. During the fall

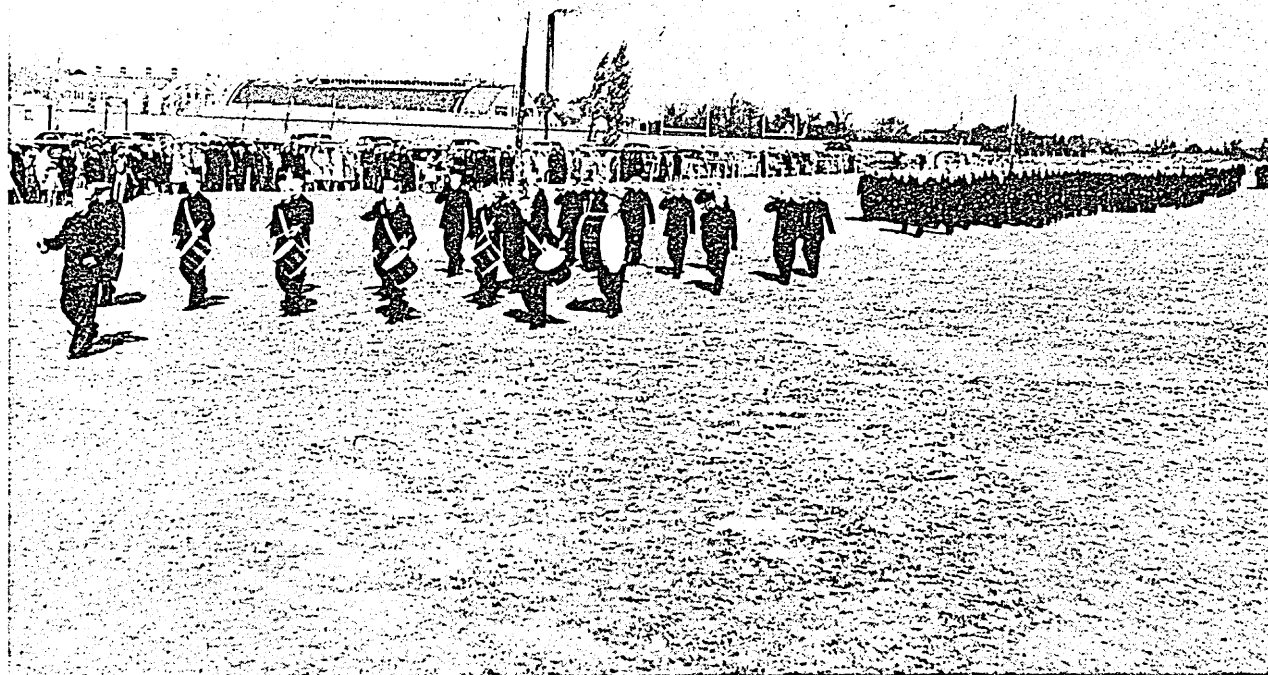
season the Saturday afternoon football games were just the right tonic to kick the kinks out of a work-laden brain. Then when winter came there was basketball. He participated both as spectator at the football field and field house and as player in the gym. Whether it was basketball, handball, swimming, gymnastics or nothing more strenuous than lounging under the sun lamps, Rockne Memorial facilities were always open to the Midshipman.

Sunday afternoon, short though it was, always was spent best at the Service Center Tea Dance held in various spots around town. It invariably shaped up as just the right prescription to round out a week-end before heading home for homework.

There is one more phase of "escape" which should not be overlooked. If you noticed a swarm of Midshipmen going in the general direction of the South Shore Station any Saturday afternoon, you should not have been alarmed. It wasn't a mass exodus from the Navy but just the first relay of the Chicago Commuters Club performing its weekly ritual. Those who lived in or near Chicago and those who preferred the brighter lights of the Loop to those of South Bend were religious in their devotion to the South Shore.

These, then, were some of the offerings that came our way during Liberty and Shore leave hours. We were glad to get home now and then and it was no reflection on the hospitality of South Bend that many of us wanted to get back more often. But while we were here, they did make us more comfortable. They did all they could and that was much more than they had to do. If you don't think we're grateful and if you don't think we enjoyed it, just walk up to one of the Midshipmen after he gets his commission and ask him. And don't forget to salute!





The Smooth Log

OCTOBER 5

1300 Apprentice Seamen began their month Indoctrination period at Notre Dame.

OCTOBER 6

The United States Naval Reserve Training School, formerly used only as an Indoctrination center was formally commissioned a U.S.N.R. Midshipman School. The Apprentice Seaman had their first meeting with the Commanding Officer, Captain Henry P. Burnett, and the Executive Officer, Lieutenant Commander Richard Wagner.

OCTOBER 27

Navy Day and the Regiment was reviewed by Rear Admiral John J. Brady, of the Navy Chaplain Corps, the Commanding Officer and the Faculty of Officers. Later in the day Admiral Brady addressed the regiment in the Notre Dame Field House.

OCTOBER 30

Over 1100 Apprentice Seaman, the survivors of the Indoctrination period, were sworn in as Midshipmen by Captain Burnett.

NOVEMBER 2

The New Navy Classroom building was formally opened and the first classes began.

NOVEMBER 12

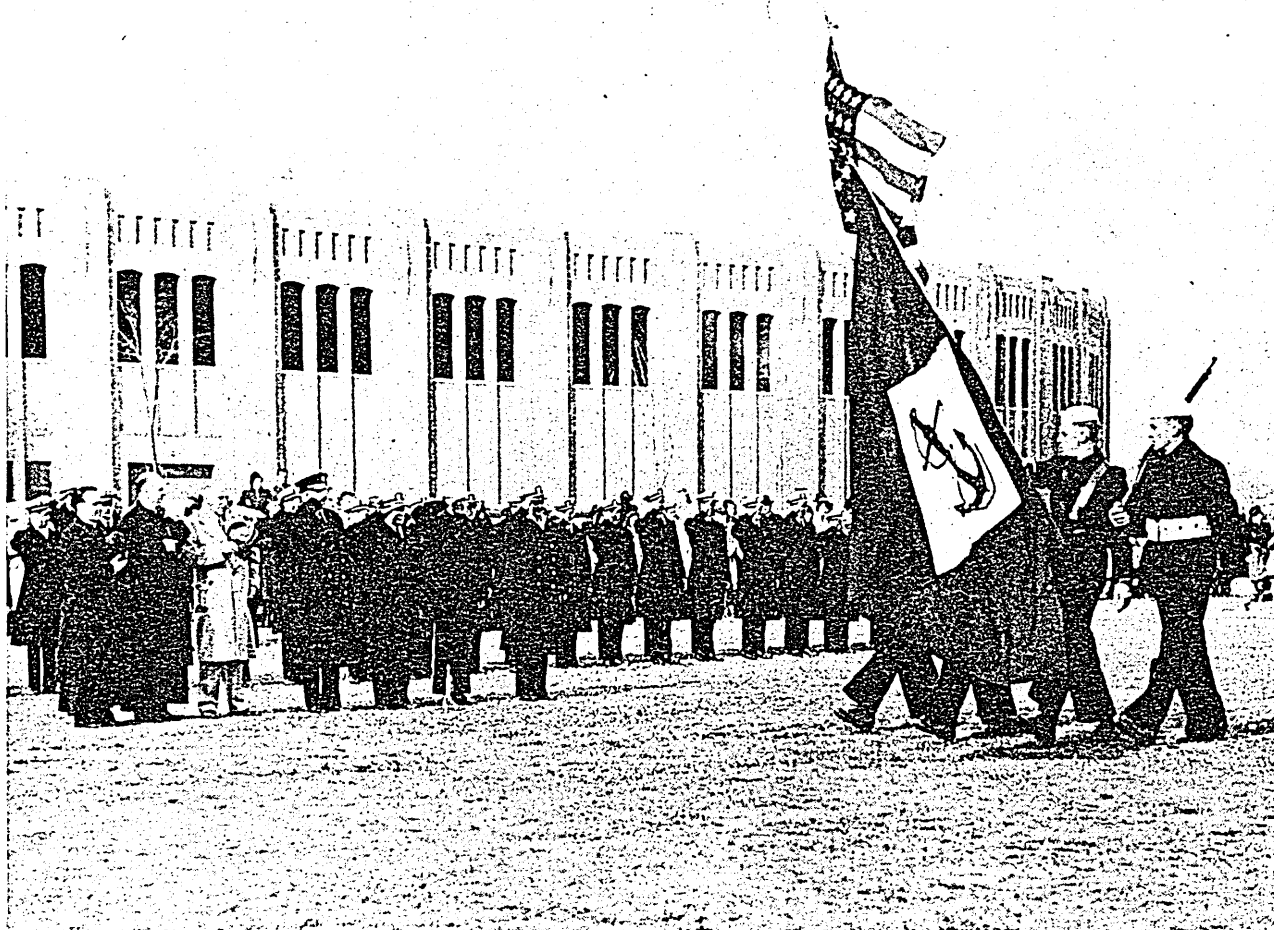
Captain W. A. Maguire of the Navy Chaplain Corps, distinguished for his heroic work at Pearl Harbor on December 7th, 1941, addressed the Regiment in the Field House.

JANUARY 27

Scores of Midshipmen attended the Graduation Hop at the Palais Royale, final social function of their stay at Notre Dame.

JANUARY 28

After 4 months training, 1100 Midshipmen received their Commissions as Ensigns in the United States Naval Reserve and became the first Midshipman class to graduate from the Notre Dame school.





"Watch" Squad



THERE are many vivid little memories of our hectic and happy days at Notre Dame that will live with us forever. Thus, whenever we chance to see a little black mutt, spangled with dirty white markings, we will always think of "Demerit," the true Yankee Doodle Dandy of the canine world.

Affectionate toward all, but cautiously true to no one, he had a bold mien defiant of authority, regardless of the number of stripes it carried on its sleeve. "Demerit," considering the miserable connotations of the word, was not the most flattering name to be given to anyone, but in this case, without a doubt, it was the most appropriate.

Always alert to muster signals, he cut classes but was in our midst at almost every other time. He attended lectures in the Field House, wandered over for his chow when he felt the urge, followed the color guard out of step, had his picture taken at the swearing-in exercises, slept in the aisle during Happy Hour, (despite the vitality of the humor) and could always be seen in a crowd of blue uniforms.

To him every Midshipman was a hero. But there were times when his Navy pride and patriotic zeal blotted out whatever inclinations he may have had to be courteous. His resentful barking and growling made many a civilian retrace his course and the khaki-clad Western Union boy can tell you about his predilection for blue.

Then one day he was missing from the scene. They said he was sick. "Who? 'Demerit' Sick!" It was as incredible as a menu substitute for potatoes.

But it was true. "Demerit" was ill and they carted him away to the hospital. The veterinarian discovered that "Demerit's" constitution needed some—ah—mending, and agreed, after hours of bargaining, to cure him for twelve dollars.

No greater monument to his popularity can be had than the spirit of the Midshipmen in donating toward the fee. In no time at all he was back on the quadrangle wrestling and frisking with any middy who could spare a few minutes.

During his absence there were countless substitutes, anxious to take over in the hearts of the Midshipmen, and there was one in particular, distinguished by his consistently outrageous behaviour who was called "Two-point-four." But there wasn't a Middie on the station who wouldn't say, "Yeh, he's good. But he ain't 'Demerit'."

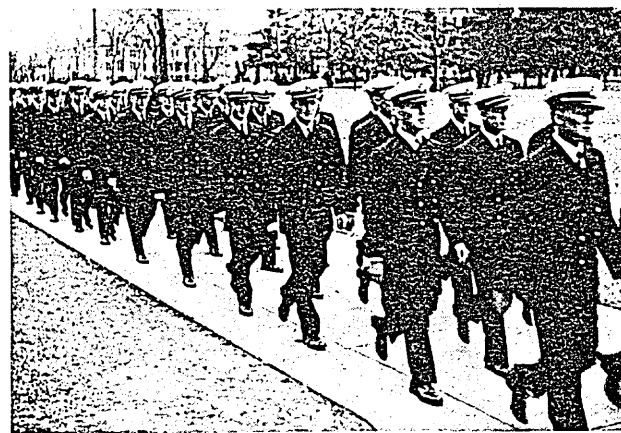
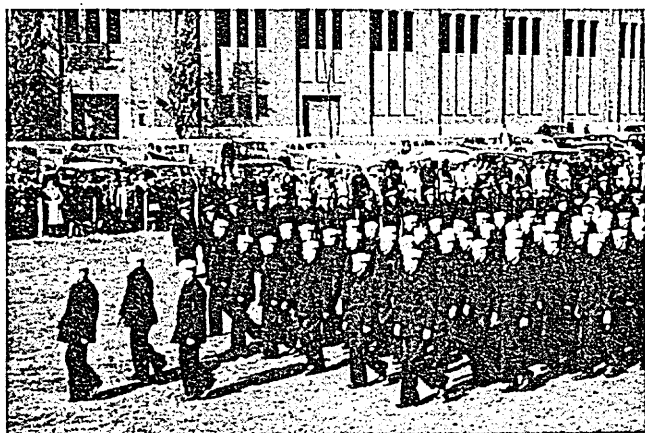


DESPITE the burdening weight of his academic program; aching, tired muscles; tremendous homework assignments due on the morrow and apprehensions about imminent watch duties, the Midshipman always reserved some time for the daily ritual of writing letters home.

He knew well that continued correspondence required mutual cooperation and, unless he had built a permanent nest in the "tree", he enjoyed these few minutes of relaxation from his rigid routine. Mail delivery was an anxiously anticipated morning feature and if that Mate of the Deck passed without leaving anything, the Middie's spirits dropped like a wallflower's heart at a Junior Prom.

Nostalgia crept around villainously and whenever the pace slackened enough, providing time to reminisce, it struck its deadening claw. Nothing transformed gloom into gayety quicker than a heartening word from home. . . .





SOMEHOW we never could keep in step with the fellow in front of us, or the platoon leader at our side with his "hup, two, three, four, hup—hup" Maybe it was because the man behind us was always stepping on the heels of our newly polished shoes or maybe it was because we were accustomed to asserting our individuality.

Then, one day, we got a drummer to assure a more even cadence. It was a swell idea—except each successive drummer had his own notions about the correct beat and several of them thought they were Gene Krupa at the skins and pounded out cannibalistic tempos.

Somehow we'd manage to hold an even pace for a few minutes but then we'd see the platoon ahead keeping a different one and the CPO would bark, "Get in step with the platoon ahead!" We hadn't varied one bit, but there we were, out of step again.

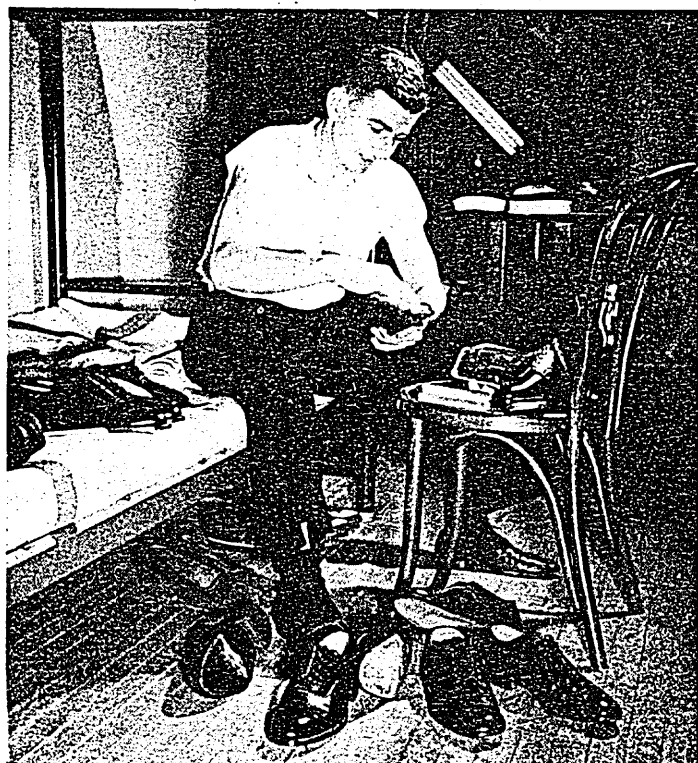
Someday someone will take time out to analyze this thing and ascertain how 25 men can get out of step as a unit, and proffer a remedy. But until then, we'll just have to keep changin' step or get 'stepped on . . .



RECORDS prove that a Naval Officer is the most marrying and "marriageable" officer of all the services. It may be the uniform or it may be some incomprehensible superiority of personality. But then again it may be because he is so completely domesticated and so very eligible for family life.

Trained intensively from the beginning of his Naval career, he stands head and shoulders above the field even when the most frivolous of women is making the decision. But in most cases, he is so besieged by clamoring females that he is free to satisfy all his whims in making a selection.

When they learn about the things Midshipmen are taught, they affect the expression of the beautiful maiden in magazine advertisements, yearning for a home and family. And then they chatter about the frailty of femininity and how frightfully unprotected women are against the cruelties of civilization.



We made our beds, swept and swabbed the decks, cleaned the windows, polished the brightwork, washed bulkheads, repaired electric lights and sewed buttons on mangled trousers. And then, when the laundry began to use fulminate of mercury as a cleaner, we washed socks and skivvies and darned during study hours.

But the midshipmen became quite proud of their domestic achievements. It was nothing unusual for one to pause during the morning room cleanup and confide to his roommate:

"You know, when I'm married I'm going to show my wife a thing or two about making beds."

And he probably will, too!

It was a versatility reminiscent of the Renaissance. But we shall never deprive the ladies of the pleasure they obtain from fastening stiffened collars to unconquerable buttons . . . and that's for sure.



"Did I ever tell you I was voted 'Most Likely to Succeed' at Lafayette in 1938?"

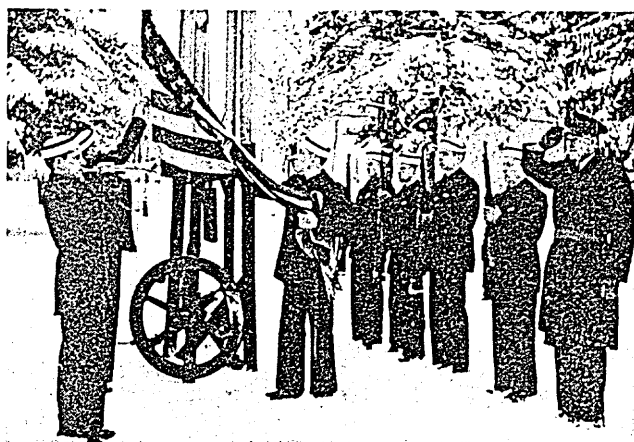
Humor

WHILE sitting in "Demerit's" office under the bench in Morrissey Hall one day, we decided that it might not be a bad idea to give those who are to follow us some idea of what they can expect at Notre Dame. After consulting some of the officers, the following report was submitted and approved. To the Apprentice Seaman of the 2nd Midshipman class, we offer it as conclusive evidence that the V-7 course is impossible. We know we couldn't get through it and we are sure that you won't be able to do it either.

The first lesson you will learn when you get off the train in South Bend, trying to look as military as you can in your gray tweeds, is that it is easy enough to get into the Navy. The Navy trucks will pick up you and your baggage at the depot and will take you out to the station. If you happen

to arrive there safely, the fight is half over. We should remind you that the ship's company who drive the trucks have been recruited from the Wild West shows and Coney Island roller coasters throughout the country, but don't let that bother you. They haven't got driver's licenses so at least the cops can't stop them.

The first Government Issue that you receive will be your bedding and there are a few things you ought to know about the blankets in the United States Navy. If you ever get the temptation to break regulation number 657 and lounge on your bunk, be sure you put newspapers, your towel or the letters from the girl friend betwixt you and those blankets. They are built to shed lint at the slightest provocation, and no matter what you tell the officer who notices it, there is still the tell-tale



evidence on your rear flank. And don't worry about the electricity that comes charging through you in the mornings when you make your bunk. It's just another part of the toughening-up program. But if your father was ever scared by an electric chair, you might as well quit now.

Soon after arriving you'll be assigned to your room. If you are lucky enough to arrive during the daytime it won't be so bad, but if you come in at night it may be days before you can find your way to the quarters. If you do get lost and have to sleep on the golf course all night, don't worry about it. "Demerit" and his cask of sulfanilimide will find you in the morning.

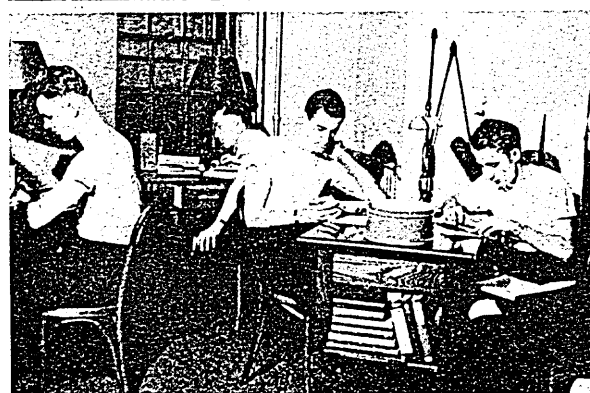
The first thing that will impress you will be the Mess Hall. They were very nice to us while we



were at Notre Dame. They gave us the same menu every morning so we wouldn't have to play guessing games while marching to chow. But we played guessing games after we were through. You'll meet up with the "mystery balls" and if you are able to guess what the ingredients are, you will receive your commission immediately plus the Navy Cross for bravery. After the first time, however, you'll agree with us that it isn't worth it.

Before long you will know what it means to muster "on-the-double". In running to morning chow formation, you will learn to be careful. During our first few weeks we lost quite a few men who, because of the darkness at that time of day, ran into trees thinking they were officers. As your eyes grow accustomed to the 0630 darkness, you will be better able to distinguish officers from the trees.





One of the first trips you will make as an Apprentice Seaman will be to the Sick Bay for your shots. And here we would like to ease your minds. We know that you will have read many fearful stories of the gruesome happenings that go on inside the Sick Bay door but it isn't nearly as bad as some writers have portrayed it. Most of it is nothing more than pure, untouched Scuttlebutt. And to prove that he means you no harm, the Pharmacist Mate gives you back your arm when you leave.

You will learn many interesting things in your classes but much of your education will come outside of class. Take for instance Athletics and Executive Drill (Navy for shin splints). Everything is on a competitive basis. You will run around the two-hundred acre drill field and those who don't collapse after 15 laps will have to carry the others back. That's to teach them it doesn't pay to be a show-off in the Navy. The Chief who directs your setting up exercises will situate himself on a platform high above you. You may think he's doing all the knee-bends with you but don't let him kid you. He just sits up there and does it all with mirrors. If you get tired and want to rest for a while, that's all right, too. The Navy doesn't want your shipmates to get ahead of you so you'll catch up later on when you run an extra fifty laps around the field.

You'll probably wonder and worry quite a bit about how your uniforms will fit but you may as well forget it. The Storekeepers at Notre Dame will do all the worrying for you. They are a well trained group who can look at the size of your head and fit you with hats, shirts, jumpers, pants, pea coats and socks. You won't believe it until you see it. And while you're picking up your clothing you will become acquainted with the two eternal axioms of the supply corps. "If it's too big—shrink it". "If it's too small—stretch it". But what do you care. After you get your Navy haircut, your mother wouldn't recognize you anyway.

You won't be an Apprentice Seaman for twenty-four hours before you discover of what the Watch Bill consists. It will take some time to master its more detailed refinements but when the Security Watch awakens you at midnight, when you have patrolled on a Roving Watch "beat" for two hours, and when you have finally been secured from your nightstick and flashlight, then you will know more

about it. And you will eventually look forward with a sort of fiendish expectation to the night when you can be the one who awakens everyone else.

Uppermost in many minds will be the question of pay. You will find that the Navy can think of more ways to spend your money than a Washington congressman. You will draw the cash from only one window and then pay it out again through three or four windows, which will be some comfort. You will be very lucky, though, that you will only get paid twice a month. Otherwise you couldn't afford it.

So you see, it's impossible to pass this course. Now that you are here however there is nothing you can do about it. But from now until the day you walk up and receive your commission from your Commanding Officer, as we did, you'll still be saying, as we did, that it's impossible to pass this course.

To prove the statement, we offer the following "gems", which were carefully gleaned from our examinations by chuckling officers and read back to us with the admonition, "you'll never pass the course this way."

There was the time the Midshipman answered, "St. Elmo's fire, sir, is an electrical phenomena that occurs in the masts of ships. It is audible but does not make any noise"

Probably thinking of the Gremlins.

* * *

Instructor: What would you do if forced to lower the national colors in surrender.

Midshipman: I would slap the Ensign, sir.

* * *

Extract from Seamanship P-22

Q. What is the name of the shellfish that sometimes attaches itself to the bottom of a vessel?

A. A Pantaloon.

Which reminds us, we saw the U.S.S. Erie being fitted for a zoot suit last month.

* * *

It couldn't be gouging for the answers all came from different sections.

"The cause of vertical parallax is the Jesus factor."

"Trunnion tilt is compensated by the Jesus factor."

"The dip strip corrects for the Jesus factor."

"Gun train order includes the Jesus factor, which automatically sends correct deflection to the gun."



Right out of the book:

The gun is fired at the director and when the director is put out of commission, the gun is fired at the gun.

One of those murder-suicide cases, Mr. Tracy.

* * *

Some reasons why instructors yearn for the sea.

Boat tailing is when the skirt fringes out at the ends.

The amount of erosion in a gun is measured by a star gazer.

When he has inspected the bore, the rammer-man says, "Clean as a whistle, sir".

Black powder is used during war time as a propellant for destroyers.

One of the military uses of TNT is in spearheads.

* * *

This one was born during an Ordnance quiz:

The device used to prevent the slam of the gun barrel against the slide when returning to the in-battery position during counter-recoil is called the jackpot.

Put a nickel in the Director, Lieutenant.

* * *

Another from Seamanship P- 22

Sideboys are things that are thrown over the side when an admiral comes aboard.

They were expendable.

* * *

Famous last words:

"But I was on the tree last week too."

"I'm sorry, sir, but the train was late."

"I don't need a haircut, there won't be any inspection this week".

"These shots don't effect me."

"Meet me at Sweeney's, Joe."

* * *

Prize for quick thinking goes to the Seaman who collapsed after an over enthusiastic Pharmacist Mate had injected him for Typhoid Fever. As a surprised doctor revived him, he exclaimed, "It didn't hurt when you jammed the needle into my arm but when you got through to my ribs and started to tickle my heart, I just couldn't stand it".

* * *

We heard this one at chow one night.

"My new uniform fits like a glove."

"Good tailoring job, huh?"

"Yeah, it covers my hands."

Uniforms

The Notre Dame Stadium has seen some phenomenal sights in its day but none stranger than the spectacle of 1300 young men making the transition from civilian to naval clothing.

It was a heterogeneous tribe that wended its way to this Hoosier reservation when the first Midshipmen class was mustered last October . . . a cross-section of typical American youth, characteristically clothing conscious, prepared to cover their native peculiarities with form-fitting sailor suits.

But they discovered in short time that this was not Brooks Brothers and if you lacked the proper anatomical bulges your suit fitted like a potato bag and there wasn't one thing you could do about it but eat more and hope that the bulgeless spots would fill out. If it was too tight, of course, the remedy was to eat less and exercise.

Former football tackles of significant tonnage poured their bulk into middies sizes too small; Southwestern beanpoles, hanging their trousers as low on skinny waists as modesty would permit, saw the bell bottoms dangling ludicrously midway below their knees. The only consolation for them was that the socks they wore were not white.

Repeated treks to the stadium were successful in rectifying some of the most horrible mistakes, but in the end, the inability of GI uniforms to hide zoot suit figures was all too evident.

It reached its pinnacle when a consensus of YWCA females revealed, with much giggling, that our dress was "oh, so funny."

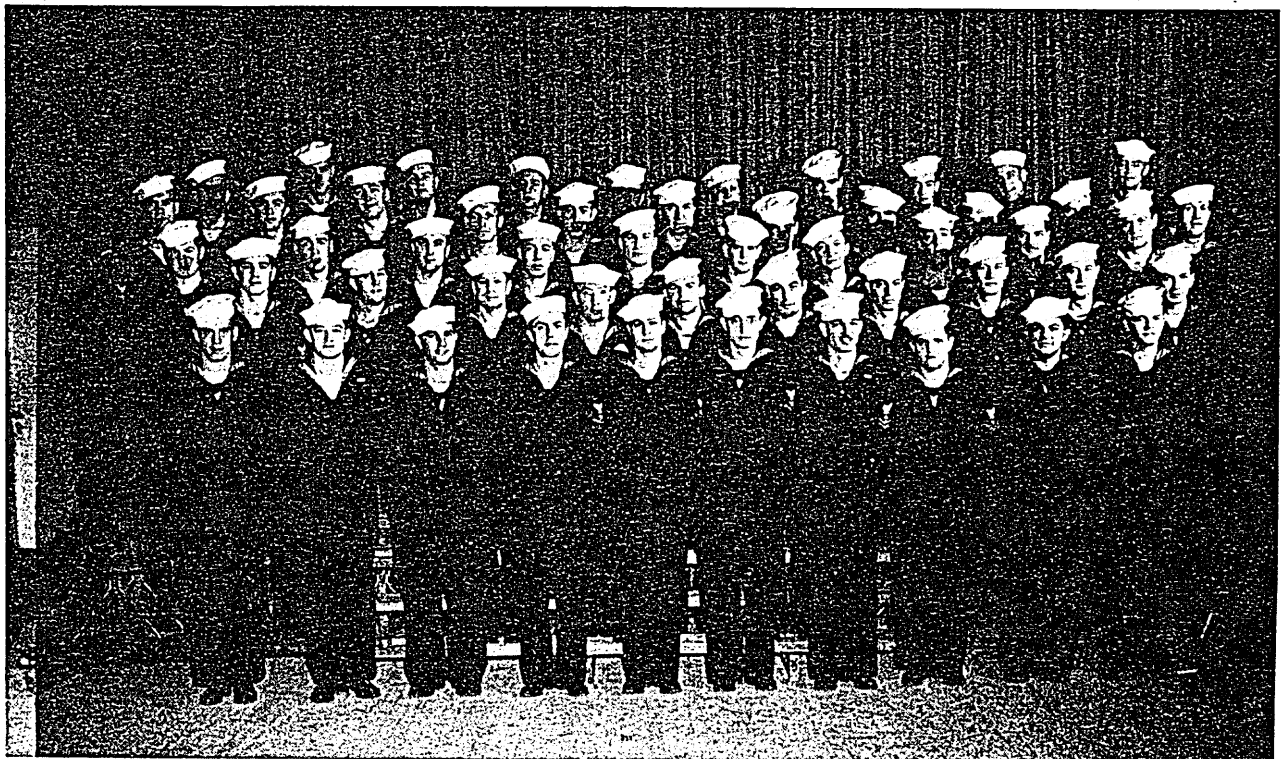
The crews on duty at the supply depots were as accommodating as crews can be with a surplus of 44's and a shortage of 36's and too few 6½'s and too many 7½'s and when the new sailors came up to the counter they would inquire solitously, "And what size do you want, Mac, too big or too small?"

"Six and seven eights, please, sir," we would reply with tyro timidity.

But when the hat was dropped on our head it veiled our ears and as we made a pretense of protestation we were assured that "it will shrink if you wash it long and hard enough."



The Chiefs



Ship's Company

In Appreciation

A CLASS BOOK such as *The Capstan* is the product of many minds, many imaginations . . . and a lot of hard work.

This memento of midshipman days would not have been possible had it not been for the untiring efforts of a great number of persons. Therefore, it is only fitting that we express our appreciation for work well done.

We wish to thank the following celebrated artists and cartoonists for their sparkling contributions: Arthur Szyk, Alban B. Butler, Jr., Ralph Lee, Walt Disney, Charles H. Kuhn, Otto Soglow, S. J. Woolf, Rube Goldberg and Bruce Russell.

We thank Mr. Stanley Sascha Sessler, head of the Notre Dame University Art Department, who drew the official seal of the Midshipman School. Mr. Sessler, a talented artist, displayed great ingenuity in constructing a truly nautical and appropriate seal.

And orchids to Lt. Haralson F. Smith and Lt. (j.g.) Kenneth G. Pearce, the *Capstan* advisors, for their complete co-operation and wise counsel.

We particularly wish to thank the magazines *Esquire* and *New Yorker* and their cartoonists for allowing us the use of many of their drawings.

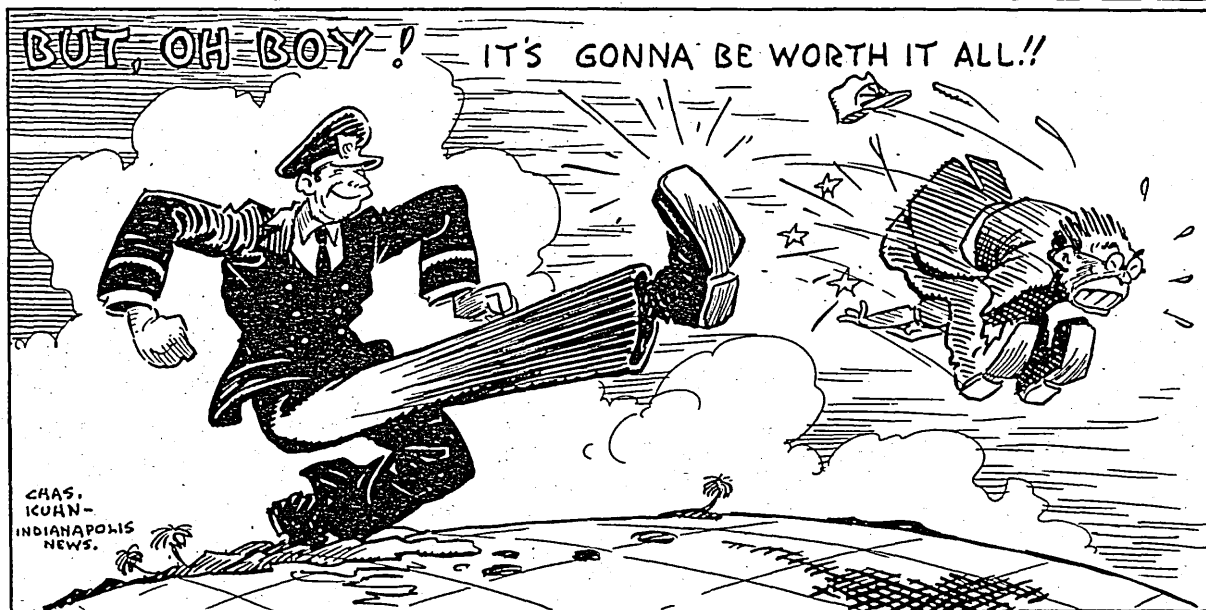
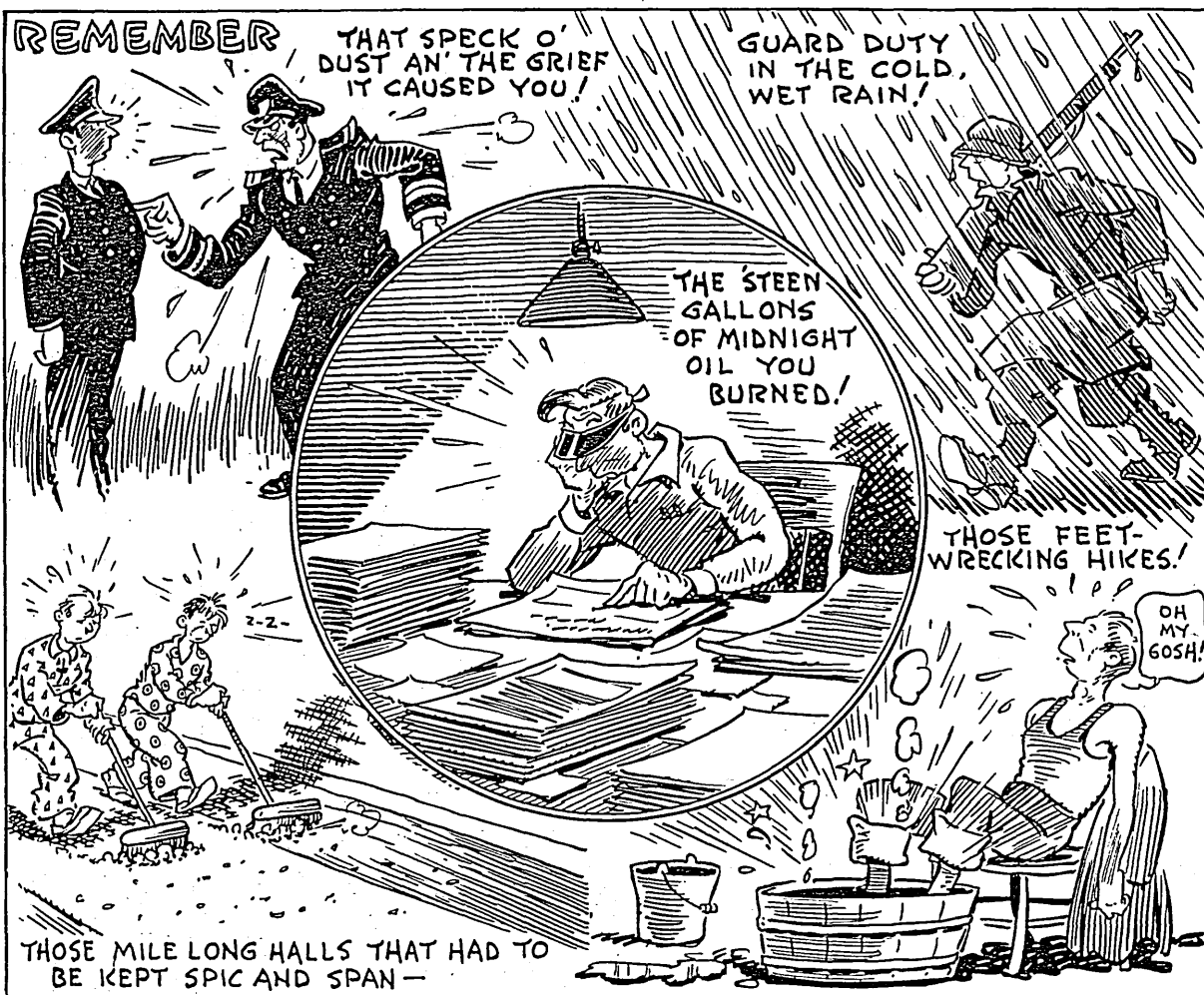
Ray Moran, of the *Peerless Press*, who had the difficult task of printing the *Capstan*, is another on whose brow laurels should be placed.

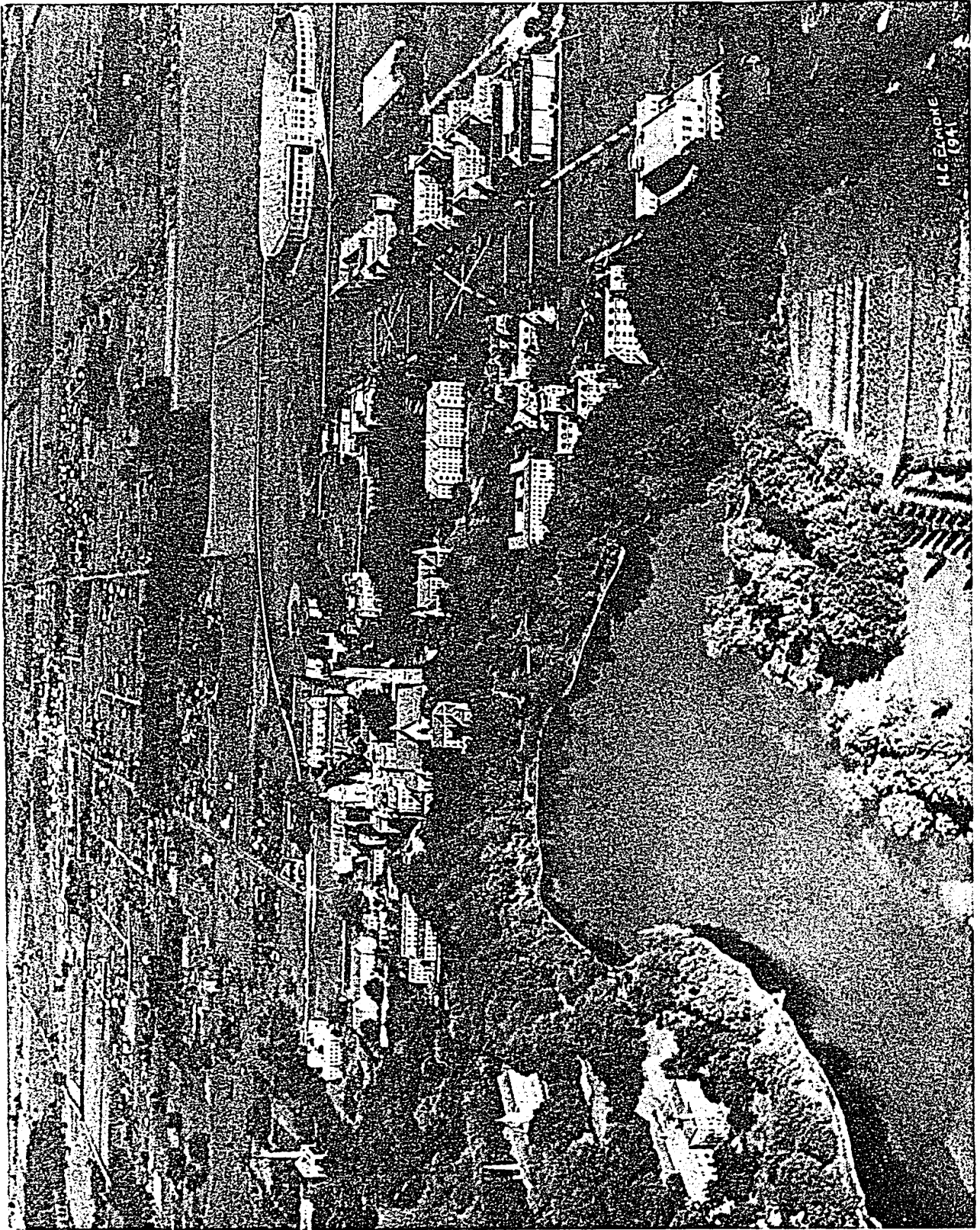
We also wish to thank McDonald's Studio of South Bend for the picture from which artist S. J. Woolf drew the sketch of Captain Burnett. Many other fine pictures which appear in this book were loaned by the publicity office of Notre Dame University.



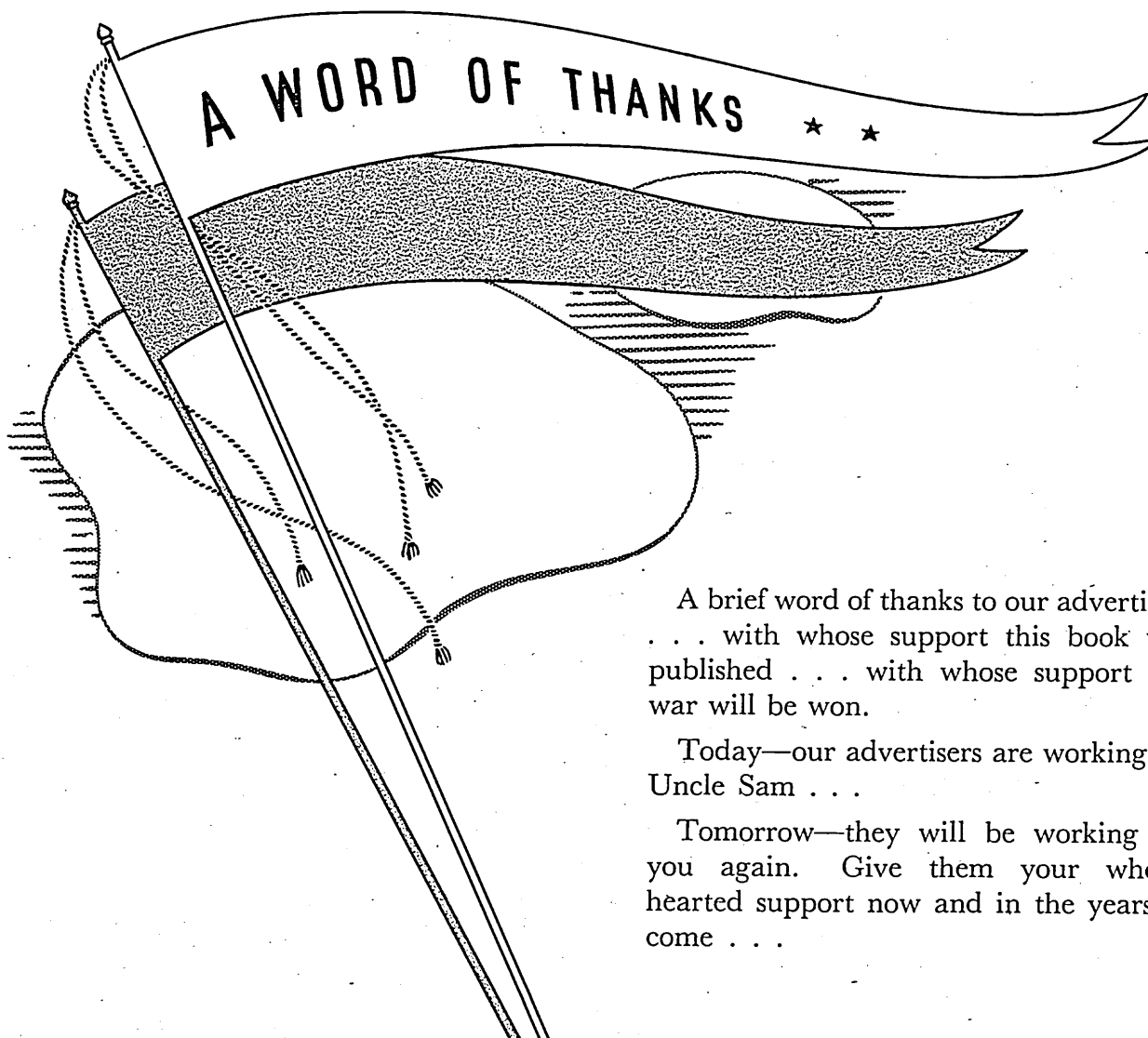
And lastly, we wish to thank all those midshipman members of the *Capstan* editorial and business staffs, artists, writers, photographers and advertising solicitors, who gave generously of their valuable time and risked an entire forest of "trees" to make this book possible.







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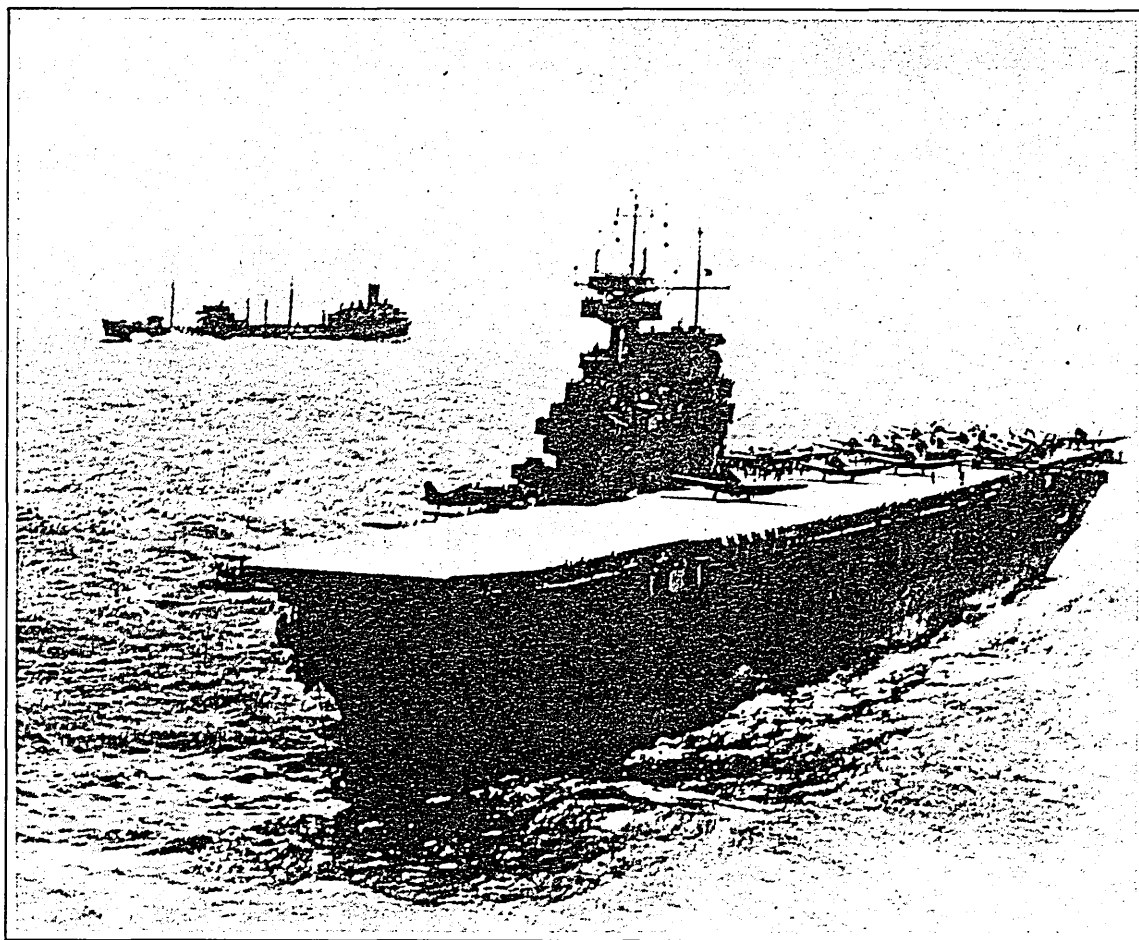
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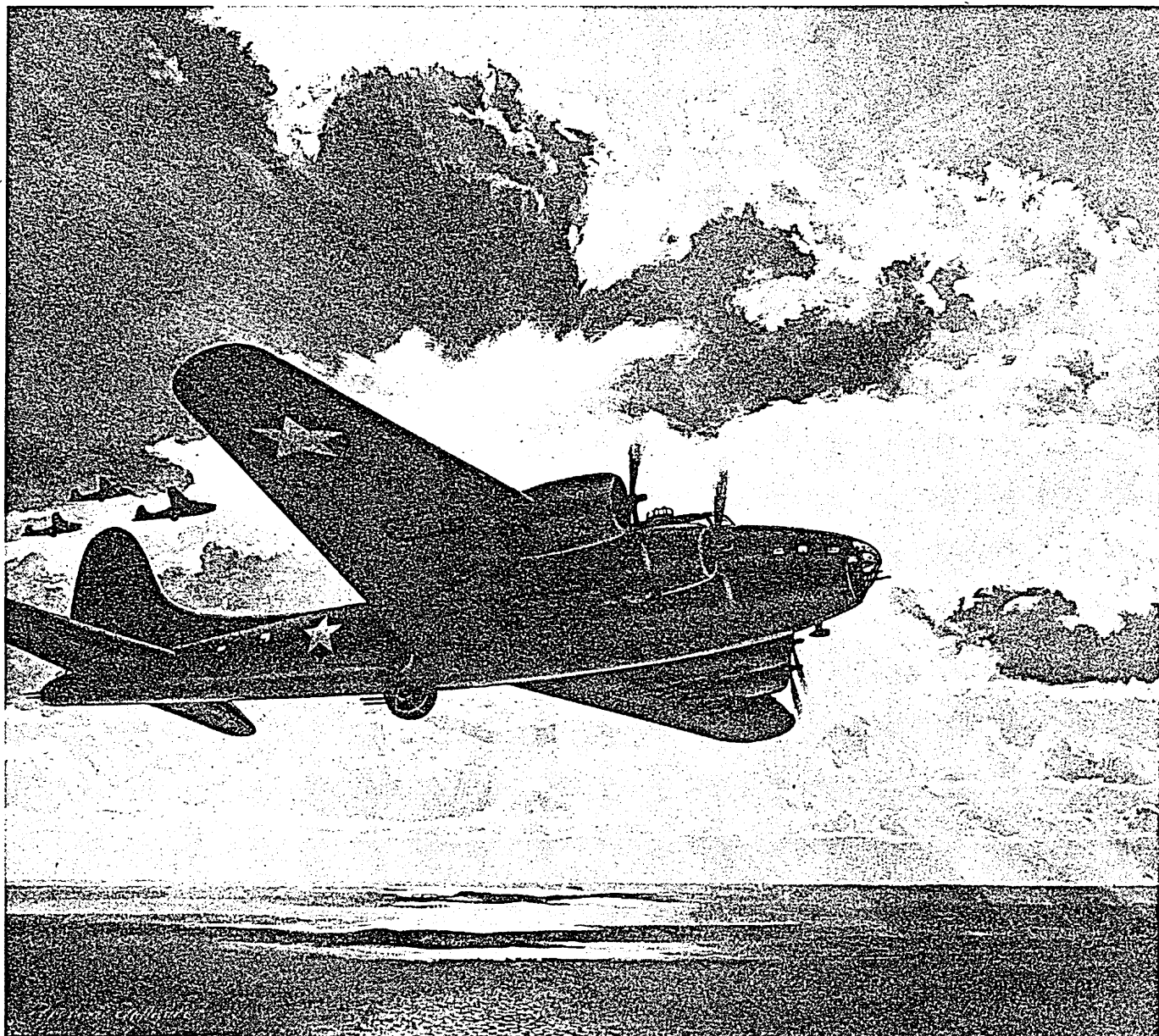


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"ON THE CORNER"

Michigan at Washington



The proudest assignment in
our 90-year history

Studebaker BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE Flying Fortress

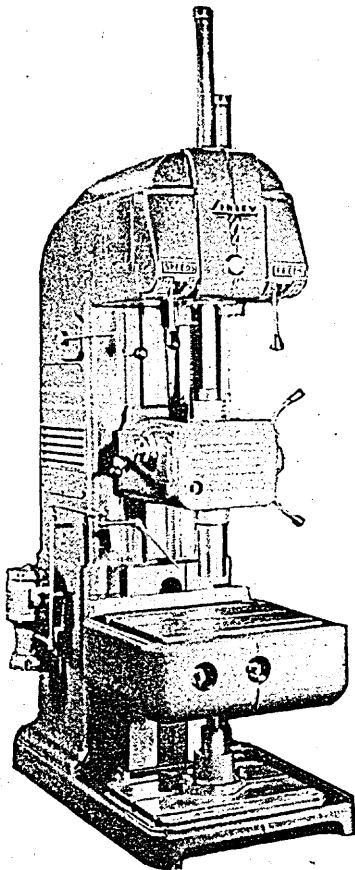
★ At flying fields throughout the world, air-
men speak with unqualified admiration of
the Flying Fortress, designed by Boeing
and powered with mighty Cyclone engines.
Studebaker, America's oldest manufacturer
of highway transportation, welcomes the
opportunity to work for victory with Wright,

America's oldest builder of airplane en-
gines. The same skill, the same Studebaker
plus, that have gone into every Studebaker
passenger car and truck, are today going
into all implements of war produced by Stude-
baker. We're proud of our assignments in
the arming of our Nation and its Allies. ★

STUDEBAKER'S 90TH ANNIVERSARY



ACCURACY AND POWER FOR MODERN DRILLING JOBS



Today's tough drilling on war work doesn't bother users of the Sibley 25" Geared Drill. The tremendous power and extreme accuracy built into this machine make it well suited for armor plate and various alloy steels. Will maintain accurately feeds and speeds as selected under the most exacting conditions. Straight production work is held to the closest tolerances, and the Sibley Drill's ease of control makes it adaptable to frequent changeover on small quantities.

HERE'S WHY ACCURACY AND POWER ARE ASSURED IN THE SIBLEY DRILL

- ★ Geared drive with alloy steel, heat-treated gears in oil bath. Horizontal shafts mounted on anti-friction bearings.
- ★ Controls centered in front. Instant change of feeds and speeds.
- ★ 12 spindle speeds from 75 to 1500 RPM. 9 feeds from .005 to .045.
- ★ Tapping by electrical reversing switches.
- ★ 10 splined spindle operated by power and hand feed.

SIBLEY MACHINE AND
FOUNDRY CORP.
8 EAST TUTT ST., SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Browning King



BROWNING & KING
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

NAVAL OFFICERS' UNIFORMS

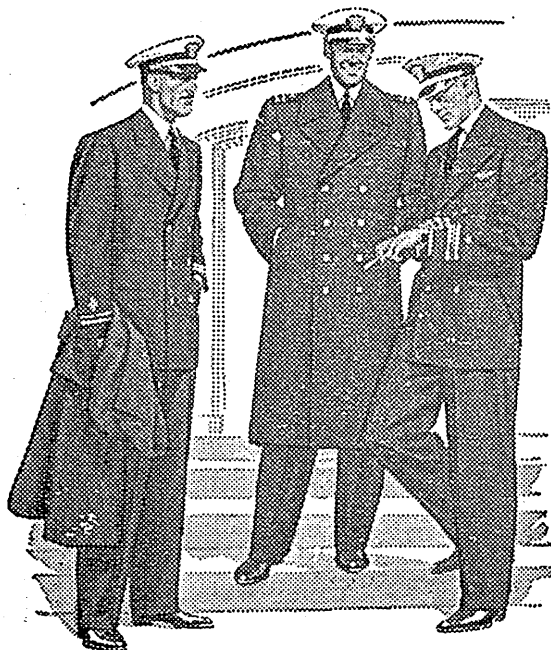
MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

For 120 years, Browning King has adhered to unusually high standards of quality—coupled with sensible, down-to-earth prices. Now, we are happy to offer this same rare combination to Naval Officers.



BROWNING & KING
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

V I S I T O U R B R A N C H O F F I C E R S ' A P P A



There is a difference
in uniforms!

OFFICERS of the Navy insist, and rightly so, upon fine uniforms. Not only do they want style, fit and serviceability, but individuality as well. Many officers already know that these qualities are found in the uniforms

tailored *for* the Modern Gilbert's

**Call Us —
We'll Deliver.**

**In South Bend —
Any Taxi Free
to Gilbert's.**

By
HICKEY-FREEMAN

\$60
upwards

You *see* the difference, you *feel* the difference the moment you try on a uniform at the Modern Gilbert's.

APPOINTED BY U. S. NAVY—UNIFORMS \$40.00

THE MODERN
GILBERT'S
"One Man Tells Another"

813-817 S. Michigan St.

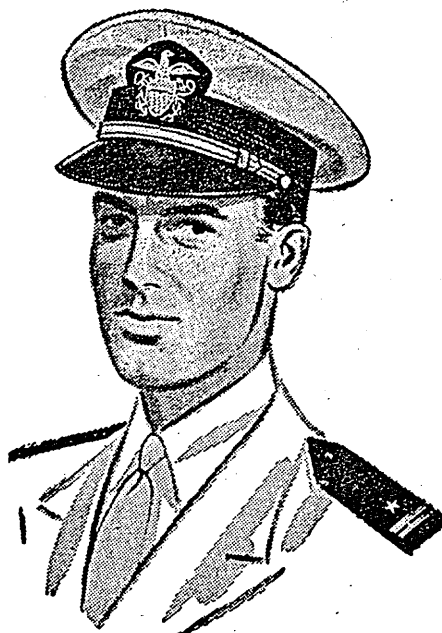
South Bend's Largest Store For Men!

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Dobbs Officers' Caps

— the finest!

PRODUCED by famous Dobbs craftsmen, these are the finest officers' caps made. You can have complete confidence in your Dobbs. Officially correct in style—with an extra measure of smartness and distinction—



exclusively — the Modern Gilbert's

By DOBBS

\$18⁵⁰

including 3 covers

They come by their dashing good looks naturally—because of the wide experience of Dobbs experts in headwear craftsmanship.

Call Us —

We'll Deliver.

In South Bend —

Any Taxi Free

to Gilbert's.

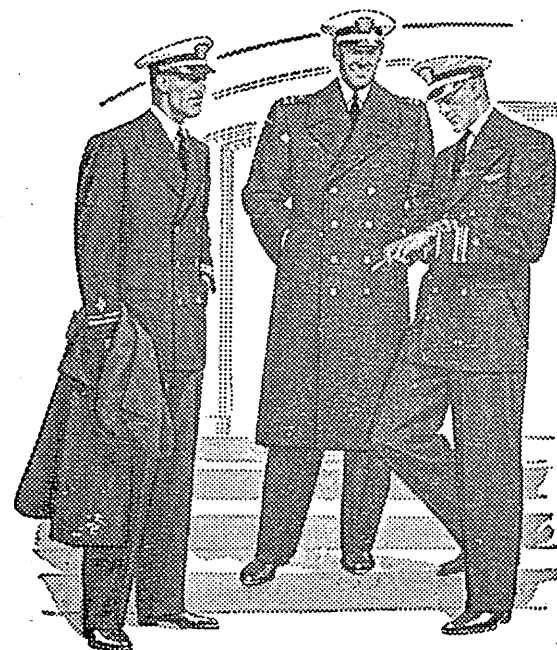
OPEN EVERY EVENING UNTIL 9:00

THE MODERN
GILBERT'S
"One Man Tells Another"

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VISIT OUR BRANCH OFFICERS' APPAREL STORE—DRAKE HOTEL, CHICAGO



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"One Man Tells Another"

813-817 S. Michigan St.

South Bend's Largest Store For Men!



NAVAL UNIFORMS *of Character*



*Individually Hand
to Individual Measures*

J. B. Simpson offers a complete and efficient service that literally reaches from shore to shore . . . an advantage of great value to men on the move. For instance, an order placed at Notre Dame may be delivered and fitted at Corpus Christi . . . or New York . . . or St. Louis . . . or Jacksonville . . . or at any one of a score of Simpson Naval shops in all parts of the country. Wherever you find a Simpson Naval Shop you find trained, courteous, efficient personnel to serve you.

The long experience of J. B. Simpson assures naval officers the standard of quality, design and tailoring that will give complete satisfaction. All Simpson uniforms are skillfully designed for best appearance and durability and are sturdily constructed for more days of wear.

*Cut and Tailored
by J. B. Simpson, Inc.*

MANY DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OFFERED IN J. B. SIMPSON NAVAL UNIFORMS

YOUR NAME IN YOUR GARMENT: In addition to a smart monogram label bearing your initials on the inside pocket of your jacket or blouse, every Simpson garment contains a linen label with your name and date and number of order. Printed in fade-proof ink, quick and positive identification can always be made.



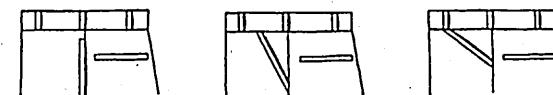
BODKIN BUTTONS with the attached slide that can't be lost and which are so easy to remove are a feature of Simpson garments. This permits easy removal when garments are to be cleaned and pressed and eliminates loss of buttons.

SECRET MONEY POCKET IN TROUSER WAISTBAND: Many officers find this neat and convenient pocket is mighty handy. It is right on the waistband of the trouser (inside); is easily accessible and does not interfere with your comfort.

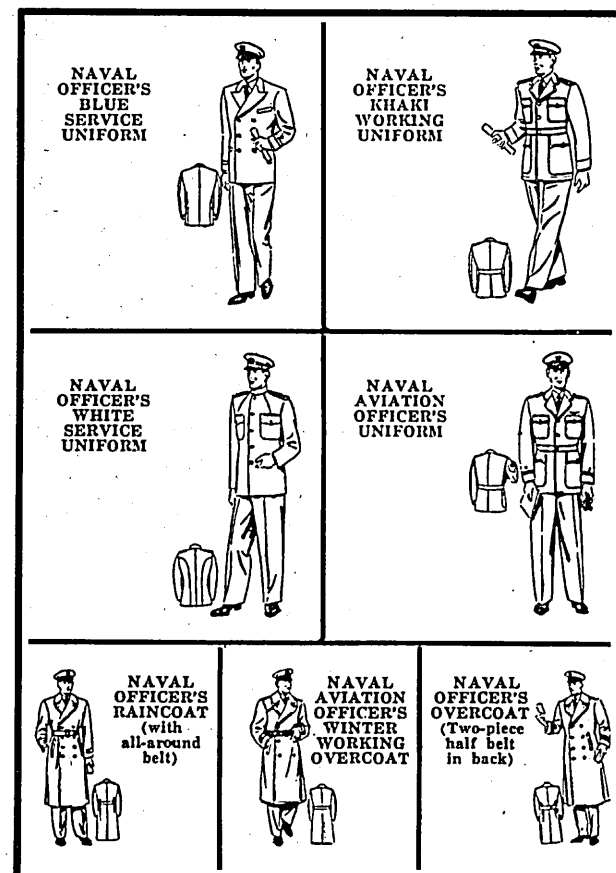


**TALON SLIDE CLOSURE AND GRIP-
PER FASTENER STANDARD ON ALL
TROUSERS:** We have set aside a large supply of metal grippers and Talon zipper fasteners to use on military uniforms. (At present, it seems we will be restricted in our use of these items for civilian purposes.)

**POCKET OPENING IN FACING OF COAT FOR QUICK
REMOVAL OF BUTTONS:** Buttons are easily removed in just a minute's time through the little pocket opening in the facing. This opening will not gap or fold over, as is the case with the old-fashioned method of leaving the facing open.



CHOICE OF POCKETS: You may have regular side pockets or quarter top or half top pockets in trousers. Individual preferences, as allowed within regulations, are followed on all personal details.



J. B. SIMPSON, Inc.

NAVAL TAILORS

IN SOUTH BEND --- 205 NORTH MAIN STREET
or Zero Deck Canteen on the Campus

CHICAGO LOOP, CHICAGO W. S., CHICAGO N. S., WAU
BOSTON, PITTSBURGH, DETROIT, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CI
WAYNE, SAN FRANCISCO, SAN DIEGO, MEMPHIS, HOUS

KEGAN, PHILADELPHIA, NEW HAVEN, NEWARK, NEW YORK,
TY, CLEVELAND, TOLEDO, INDIANAPOLIS, YOUNGSTOWN, FT.
TON, CORPUS CHRISTI, PENSACOLA, JACKSONVILLE, SO. BEND.



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FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED
NAVAL UNIFORM CATALOG**

*with price list and actual samples of
uniform materials.*

J. B. SIMPSON, INC., 205 N. Main St., South Bend, Ind.

Gentlemen:

Please send me your Free Illustrated Catalog of
Naval Uniforms with price list and samples of ma-
terials.

Name

Address

City State

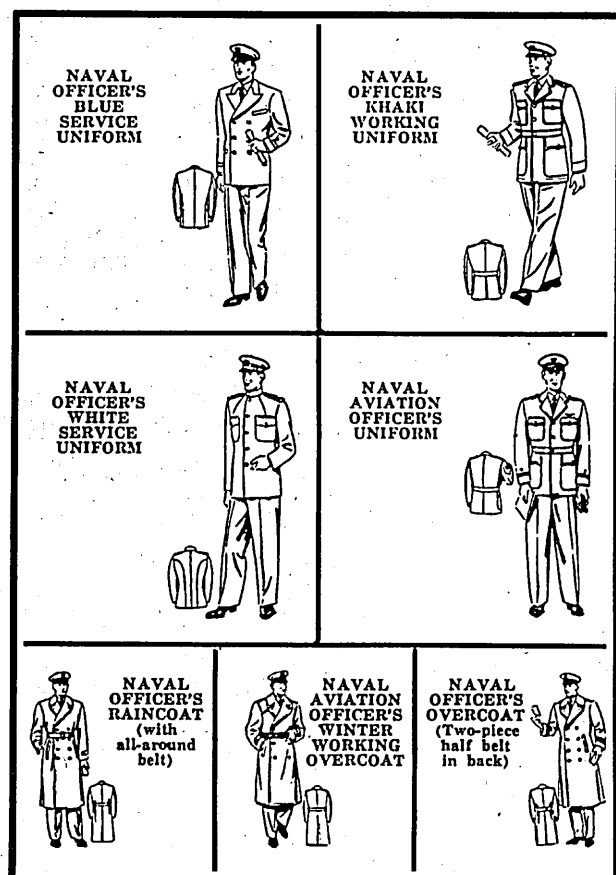
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*Individually Hand
to Individual Measures*



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NAVAL

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or Zero Deck C

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BOSTON, PITTSBURGH, DETROIT, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CI
WAYNE, SAN FRANCISCO, SAN DIEGO, MEMPHIS, HOUS

ORMS

of Character

**Cut and Tailored
by J. B. Simpson, Inc.**

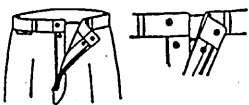
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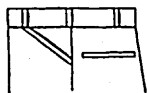
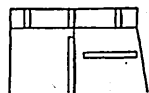
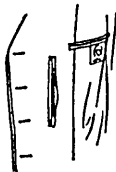
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PERSON, Inc.

TAILORS

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antenn on the Campus

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TY, CLEVELAND, TOLEDO, INDIANAPOLIS, YOUNGSTOWN, FT.
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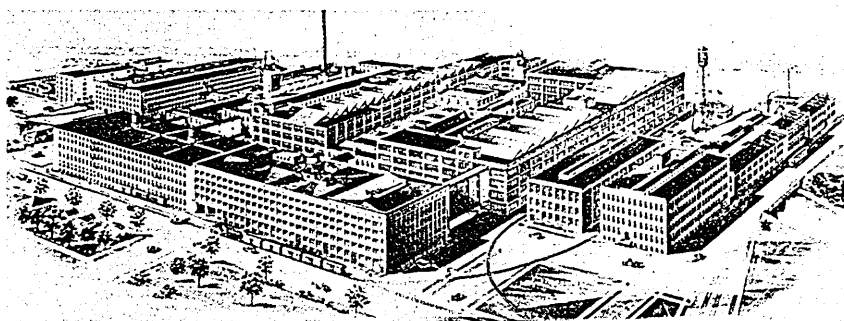
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AAA PRIORITY ON *Victory*

Toy manufacturing is our business in normal times. But today we are glad to be working for Uncle Sam . . . producing war items that he needs in Africa, Australia, and Alaska . . . devoting our time and effort to an **AAA Priority on Victory.**

And when priorities become mere memories, we will be making toys again . . . perhaps for **your** children.

SOUTH BEND TOY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA



Congratulations from
The **BALL-BAND** Plant, Mishawaka, Indiana

For the Services

Diving Suits, Life Saving Suits, Fire Suits • Wool
Socks, Felt Insoles, Knit Bootees • Pilot Boots, Shoe
Pacs, Mukluks • Arctics, Rubbers, Boots • Rain-
coats, Rainhats, Coated Fabrics • O. D. Suiting
and Overcoating • Aviation Fuel Cells •
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BALL-BAND

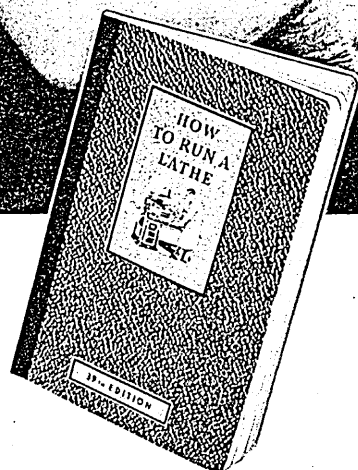
Gaiters, Rubbers, Arctics, Boots
Hunting and Fishing Footwear
Leather Work Shoes
Tennis Shoes and Play Shoes
Knitted and Felt Footwear

Known by the **RED BALL** Trade-Mark



TOOLING FOR WAR PRODUCTION

Back of the plane and tank and gun—back of our entire war program—stands the man behind the machine. In the toolroom of a large aeronautical plant this craftsman at a South Bend Lathe is doing his part in defending America.



"HOW TO RUN A LATHE"

In English, Spanish, Portuguese and French

A complete book on the operation and care of metal working lathes. Contains 128 pages, 5½ in. x 8 in.—360 illustrations. Used by machinists, lathe operators, apprentices, engineering and vocational students. Sent to any address, postpaid, upon receipt of 25 cents of your country in postage stamps. State language desired.

The Man Behind — the Man Behind the Gun!

IN TIME OF WAR, the man behind the machine is just as important as the man behind the gun. Back of the production lines of every war industry is their *first line of defense*—the toolroom. Here, where precision is of utmost importance—where tolerances are reckoned in split-thousandths—you will find South Bend Lathes.

Modern in design, built with extreme precision, South Bend Lathes are fast and accurate on the most

exacting classes of toolroom work. Their wide range of spindle speeds permits machining with maximum cutting tool efficiency. Their versatility facilitates quick change-over through a minimum of set-up time.

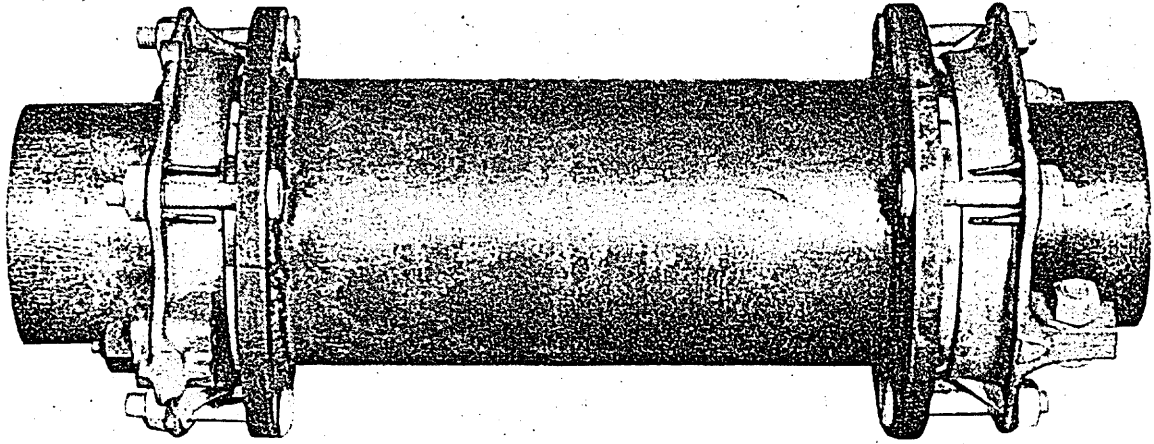
South Bend Lathes are made in five sizes: 9" to 16" swing, in toolroom and manufacturing types. Also, turret lathes for multiple-tool production operations. Write for a copy of our catalog and the name of the nearest dealer.

SOUTH BEND LATHE WORKS

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

LATHE BUILDERS FOR 36 YEARS





JUST IN CASE — THIS NEW SKINNER-SEAL CLAMP

SKINNER-SEAL BOMB CRATER CLAMPS are serving a useful purpose in preparing municipalities for the emergency of air raid damage to gas and water mains.

In the event of air raids, the speedy restoration of gas and water service is imperative, and these clamps make it possible to repair quickly mains where a gap has been blown out by the explosion.

M. B. SKINNER COMPANY



SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

For a Complete Line of

BUILDING MATERIALS

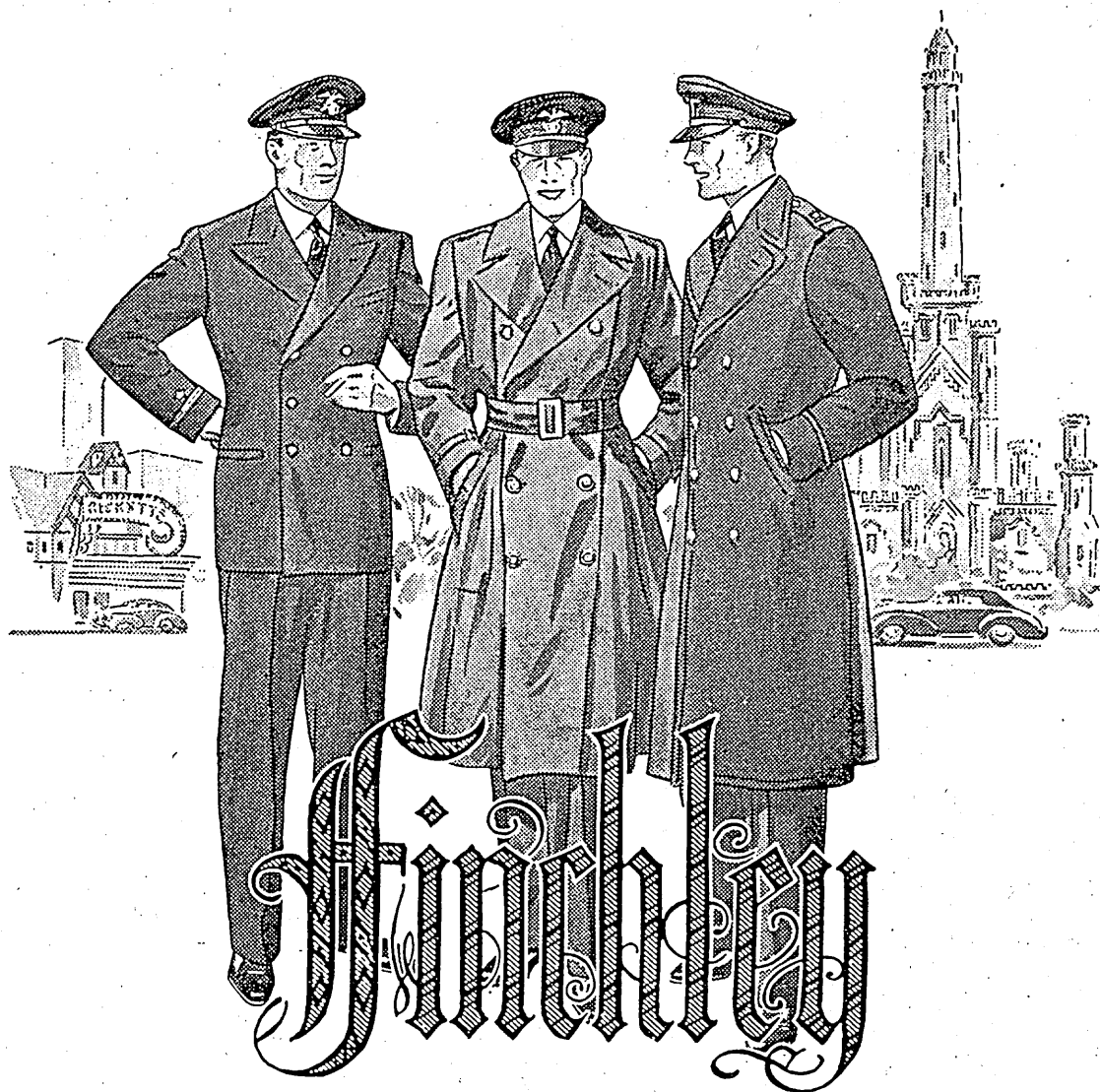
See the

SOUTH BEND LUMBER CO.

"Where the greatest number buy their lumber"

Main at Indiana

South Bend, Indiana



OFFICERS' UNIFORMS

Naval officers uniforms by Finchley may be worn with pride and confidence. They are regulation to the core and their fine fabrics, precise fitting qualities and engaging appearance effectively complement the highest traditions of the naval service. Prices are very modest and the service rendered is in keeping with the highest Finchley standards. Inquiries welcome. Please call.

NAVAL UNIFORMS • TOPCOATS

\$39⁵⁰
AND MORE

Also WHITES • KHAKIS • OVERCOATS • CAPS • SHOES • INSIGNIAS
SHIRTS • TIES • HOSIERY • JEWELRY • SLACKS • REEFERS • ARMY BLOUSES

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A Safe Investment for a Safe America—Buy War Savings Bonds

*Ye Jolly Little Tailor
and His Entire Organization*



THANK OFFICERS *and* MIDSHIPMEN
of
THE UNITED STATES NAVAL RESERVE
MIDSHIPMEN'S SCHOOL
of the
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
for your patronage and cooperation.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*We also wish to offer our
congratulations and best wishes
for your future success.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When this nation and the world are again blessed
with peace, and we are all happily at work in our
legitimate occupations, remember—that Ed. V.
Price & Co. are nationally known as

“The largest tailors in the world
of GOOD made-to-order clothes.”

Your measurements are on file and reorders of
uniforms will be shipped to any part of the world!

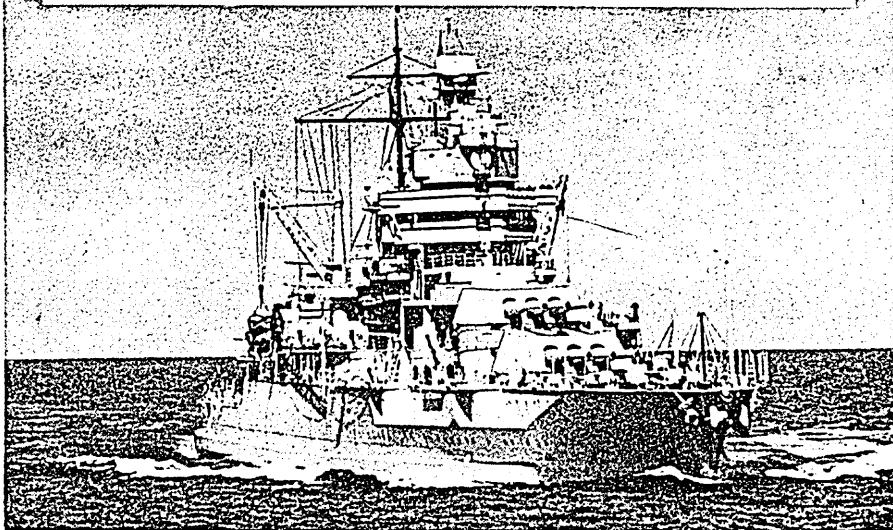


Ed. V. Price & Co.

327 West Van Buren Street, Chicago
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DEALERS EVERYWHERE

IN THE NEWS

WITH BANTAM BEARINGS

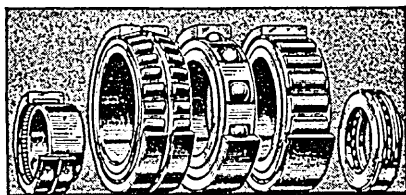


HUNDREDS OF ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS—from tiny, jewel-like parts for delicate instruments to bearings of huge dimensions which support revolving gun turrets weighing many tons—are needed to complete a modern ship of our growing battle fleet. Speeding production of the country's wartime shipping program is Bantam's delivery of many of these bearings *months ahead of schedule*. For Bantam is tooled-up to meet the new and unusual in bearing design. Whether you need a special bearing or one of many standard types, **TURN TO BANTAM.**

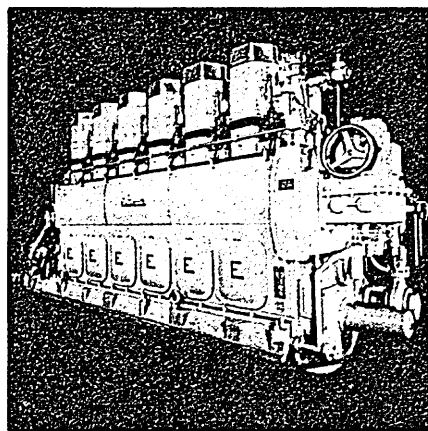


ULTRA-PRECISION IN LARGE BEARINGS is assured by special machining and grinding methods that result in the extreme accuracy necessary to long, uninterrupted service life. Hardening techniques developed by Bantam engineers produce unusual toughness and strength and contribute to successful bearing performance.

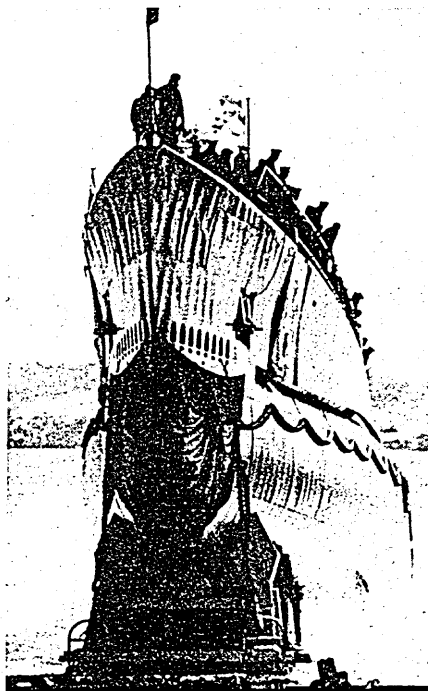
PROUDLY WE FLY OUR ARMY-NAVY "E" with its Two Stars—awarded for recognition of the outstanding production record made possible by the cooperation of every man and woman in the Bantam organization. We're proud too, that Bantam Bearings are in there fighting on nearly every type of ship in the U. S. Navy.



EVERY MAJOR TYPE OF ANTI-FRICTION BEARING is included in Bantam's line—straight roller, tapered roller, needle and ball. For any bearing need **TURN TO BANTAM.**



GIANT DIESELS—16" x 20" bore and stroke marine engines—supply the motive power for our growing wartime merchant marine—and constant, reliable service is a must. In the tappet roller assemblies of these huge giants of power, built by Enterprise Engine & Foundry Co., hundreds of precision Bantam needle rollers serve to reduce friction and wear—another example of Bantam's service in supplying bearings for specialized applications.



LAUNCHING OF A NEW UNDERSEA CRAFT adds another fighting unit to the Nation's expanding fleet. Many of America's submarines are equipped with special bearings built by Bantam for this exacting service—bearings of K-Monel metal, for example, that resist the corrosive action of salt air and water—a typical instance of Bantam's skill in the design and manufacture of anti-friction bearings for special tasks.

BANTAM BEARINGS

STRAIGHT ROLLER • TAPERED ROLLER • NEEDLE • BALL

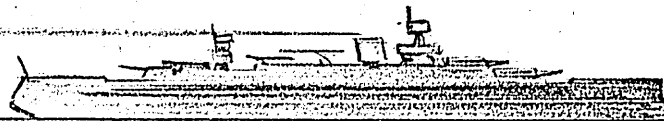
BANTAM BEARINGS CORPORATION • SOUTH BEND • INDIANA

SOUTH BEND is doubly proud of you
men who have won your commis-
sions as officers in the United States
Navy here at Notre Dame. Our highest
esteem and best wishes go with you.

C. W. Veach,
131 N. Michigan St.



INDIANA'S
ACCEPTED ICE CREAM



Smooth Sailing

★ ★ TO YOU ALL

In upholding the Proud and Gallant
Traditions of the Fighten'est Navy on the Seven Seas.
Good Luck and God-Speed to Every One of You.

★ ★
★ 100% ★
★ ON WAR ★
★ PRODUCTION ★
★ ★



MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

Manufacturers of AIRLESS ABRASIVE BLAST CLEANING
EQUIPMENT AND DUST COLLECTING EQUIPMENT.

TO THE FIRST GRADUATING CLASS
OF THE MIDSHIPMEN'S SCHOOL AT NOTRE DAME

SOUTH BEND WOOD PARTS, INC. adds its congratulations and best wishes to all those you have already so justly received upon the occasion of your graduation as commissioned officers into the great service of the United States Navy.

SOUTH BEND WOOD PARTS, Inc. SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Manufacturer of precision wood parts

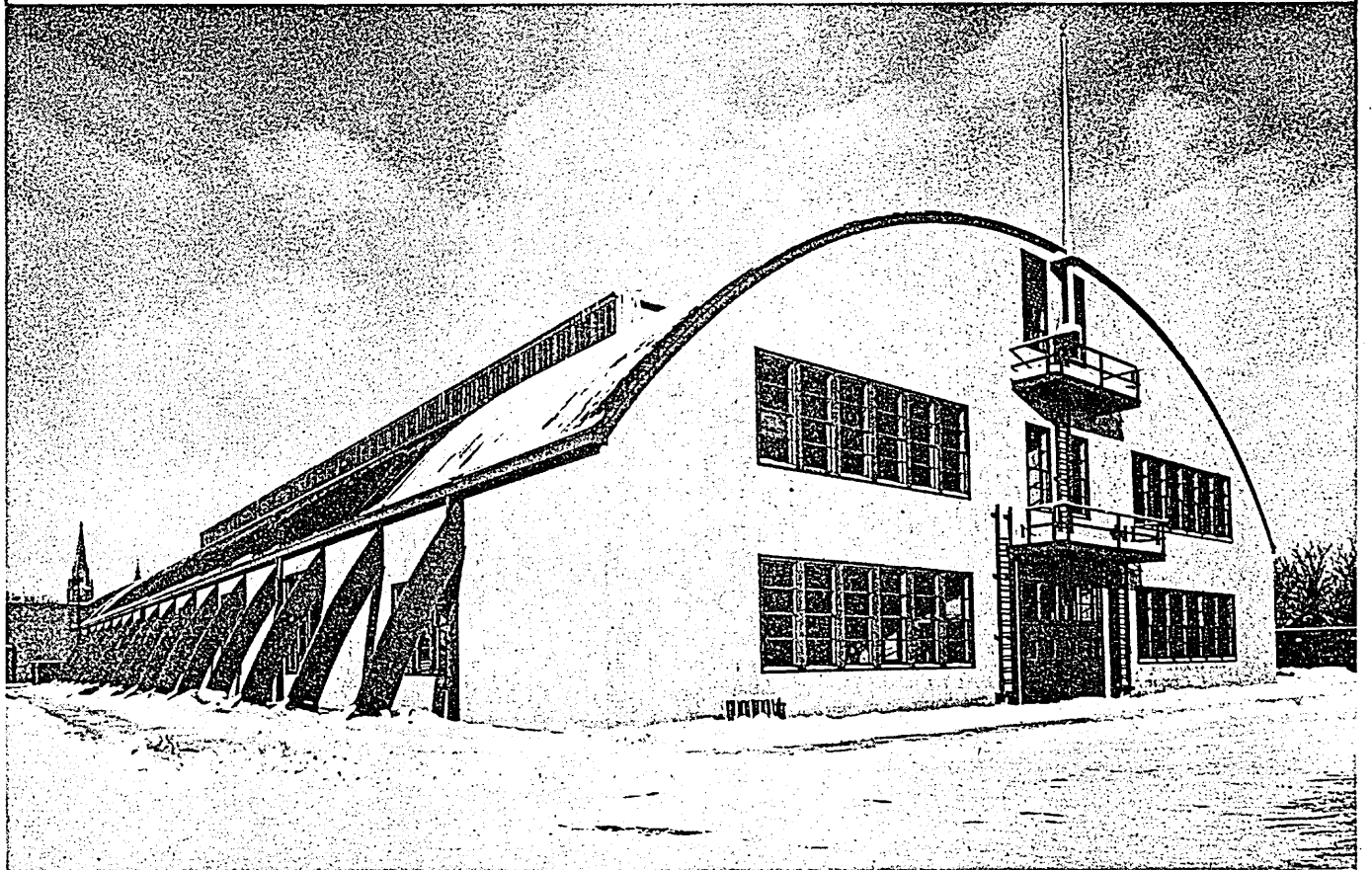
from simple individual pieces to complex, finished assemblies

Serving the NAVY
and SOUTH BEND

Northern Indiana Transit Company



SOLLITT CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA



Best Wishes

WE EXTEND OUR CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES TO
THE U. S. N. R. MIDSHIPMEN OF NOTRE DAME.

South Bend Hotel Association

OLIVER HOTEL

MORNINGSIDE HOTEL

HOTEL HOFFMAN

HOTEL LA SALLE

JEFFERSON HOTEL

CONGRATULATIONS . . .

a friend



"The Invisible Crew" of Our Bullet Belching Monsters

From Libya to the Solomons, in every battle, America's mechanized monsters roar into combat like steel-clad dragons. In many tanks and combat cars, there are two crews: a crew of courageous American fighting men, and with them, sharing in every action, *The Invisible Crew*—precision equipment built by Bendix.

The Invisible Crew gives breath to the engines of these monsters. It carries their brawn to wheels and treads. *The Invisible Crew* steadies and con-

trols the weight and momentum that otherwise would make them blundering, senseless giants.

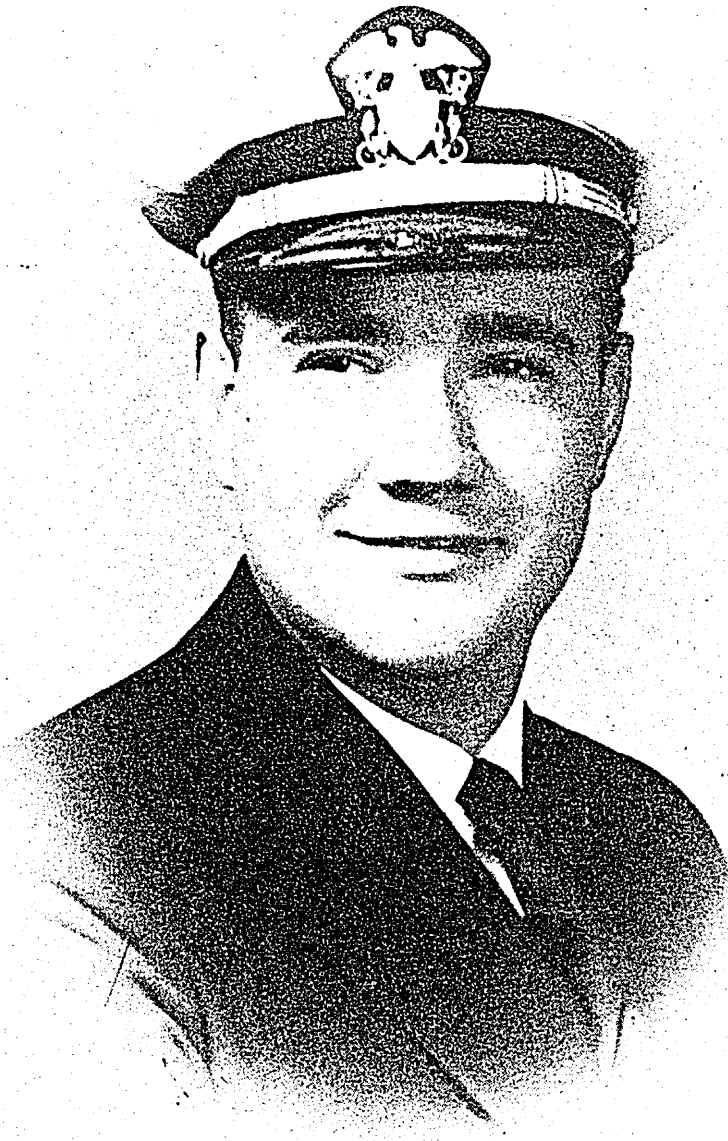
On every front—land, sea and air—thousands of other Bendix members of *The Invisible Crew* perform vital war tasks of control and instrumentation for the invincible crew, America's fighting men. And as this war for peace and freedom reaches 'round the globe—the heart and skill of thousands of Bendix workers are poured into the fighting perfection of America's war machines.

BENDIX PRODUCTS DIVISION

Back America's Invincible crew
...our fighters on every front.
Buy War Bonds and Stamps.



From Coast to Coast, 25 Bendix Plants Are Speeding Members of "The Invisible Crew" to World Battle Fronts



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If you did not have an opportunity to purchase your pictures before leaving South Bend . . . or if you want additional copies . . . send us the number on the back of the proof with a brief description of the pose. Better yet, send us the proof. We'll send the pictures, postpaid, within two weeks.

The DENIS STUDIO

119 N. MAIN STREET, SOUTH BEND, IND.

