



THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, West Point, NY
Class of 1960 - Company D-2

In the Spring of the year 1906, Theodore Roosevelt was the President of the United States, the Panama Canal wasn't yet open, Vesuvius erupted and caused widespread damage to the city of Naples, Italy, and San Francisco experienced the great earthquake and fire which is still remembered as one of the greatest calamities to hit the United States. The slide rule was already almost 300 years old. Does this sound like ancient history? Well, really, in our way of mortal thinking, it is. To the young men entering the Military Academy in 1956, listening to an old geezer relate what it was like when he first strode onto the Plain in 1906 would probably have been, at the least, an interesting footnote in history, and, more probably, a boring session of polite listening for a few minutes. For crying out loud, man, my daddy wasn't even born in 1906! This time

lapse is the same that we, members of the Class of 1960, Company D-2, face in relating our story to the modern generation, the Class of 2010. But we want to do this. It isn't ancient to us, for it seems not all that long ago that we were all young, all alive, and all full of the urine and acetic acid (that's piss and vinegar in the modern lexicon) that has passed to the members of the Class of 2010.

In order for our story - and, here, I'd like to coin our first new word, *ourstory* - we need a guide, a tour guide, a director, and the task has fallen to me, Dick Sutton. I was, I still am, a member of the USMA Class of 1960, and, more importantly, I was among the favored few young men, for Cadets were all male in those days, who ultimately wound up in Company D of the Second Regiment of the United States Corps of Cadets. I feel certain that just about any, and every, member of our class in D-2 could write this story, and write it well, but, for whatever reason, and by whatever circumstance, I have been given the privilege of telling ourstory. My task, as I see it, is to tell the story as we all, D-2, '60, lived it. There will be gaps in the coverage, no one person can cover it all, but, with the information provided by my classmates, my company mates, and augmented by my swiftly dimming memories, here is ourstory. (I have to add a personal insertion here;- when I was a senior at South Side High School in Memphis, Tennessee, which was in the spring of 1956, oddly enough, I was the Sports Editor of the Triple S, our school newspaper, and I wrote a column entitled, *As I See It*, so this phrase may appear without warning throughout this treatise. Now you know where it came from.) So, with the preliminaries and disclaimers aside, this is ourstory as we, the proud members of Company D-2, Class of 1960, related it. If there are inaccurate facts, please try to slide over them, in other words, cut us some slack. I didn't make this all up, this is how we see it now, and how we thought it was then. Buckle on your steel pots - yes, we wore steel pots in those days, with helmet liners - lets get on with ourstory.

Colonel Jim Perlmutter, assigned to the US Army Review Boards Agency, my last assignment from which I retired in September, 2009, has provided me with a copy of the *Official Register of Officers and Cadets, United States Military Academy, West Point, New York, for the Academic Year ending June 8, 1960*, and I would like to insert the history of the USMA as taken from the first few pages of that document. This was the Military Academy that we entered on 03 July 1956.

*Excerpt: Official Register of the Officers and Cadets, United States Military Academy, West Point, New York *For the Academic year ending 8 June 1960**

Section 1- The Military Academy

1. History of West Point, 1802- 1960

The United States Military Academy was established officially on 16 March 1802 at West Point, a key Hudson River military fortress during the revolution, and was opened on 4 July 1802.

Two compelling reasons made the formation of an American military academy at that time both logical and necessary: the experience of the Revolutionary War; and the public demand for a more energetic national government and better trained armed forces.

The experience of the Revolutionary War, during which America had to rely in large part on foreign drillmasters, artillerists, and trained engineers, made the military and political leaders of the day energetic backers of a military academy. The earliest person proposal was in 1776 by Col. Henry Knox who recommended, "An Academy established on a liberal plan...where the whole theory and practice of fortification and gunnery should be taught." The papers of General Benjamin Lincoln, General Jedediah Huntington, Secretary of War Timothy Pickering, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, and George Washington mention time and again the need for an academy. In his annual messages to Congress, Washington always included a plea that the Congress provides facilities for the study of military art. In 1797 in his eighth annual address, for example, he said:

"The institution of a military academy is also recommended by cogent reasons. However pacific the general policy of a nation may be, it ought never to be without a stock of military knowledge for emergencies. ...(The Art of War) demands much previous study, and . . . (knowledge of that art) . . . in its most improved and perfect state is always of great moment to the security of a nation . . . For this purpose an academy where a regular course of instruction is given is an

expedient which different nations have successfully employed”.

The military academies that “different nations” had “successfully” and that Washington likely had in mind were England’s Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, founded in 1741, and France’s Ecole Polytechnique, founded in 1794. The Royal Military College at Sandhurst in England was founded the same year as our own academy, 1802. And Washington quite obviously realized that complete independence for America called not only for the formation of political ties from England and the formation of an independent political state, but also independence in every facet of national life and culture: in law, religion, agriculture, ship-building, trading, manufacturing, and in military science.

How deeply he continued to feel about the need for and Academy appears in a letter written 2 days before his death and addressed to Alexander Hamilton:

“The establishment of an Institution of this kind, upon a respectable and extensive basis, has ever been considered by me as an object of primary importance to this country; and while I was in the Chair of Government, I omitted no opportunity of recommending it, in my public speeches and other ways, to the attention of the Legislature”.

The second compelling reason for an American military academy was the growth of public opinion, which favored a stronger national government. The weak and ineffectual Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union, trouble with the Barbary pirates, Shays’ rebellion, boundary disputes, frontier battles, currency quarrels; these had plagued the young nation, and now it was threatened by the danger of involvement in the complexities that were coming as an aftermath of the French Revolution of 1789. Many Americans were moved by the tradition of hostility toward a standing army as a result of colonial experience under British rule. They felt that a Military Academy established as a basic element of American military policy would obviate the need for a large army and would furnish a cadre upon which an Army could be built very quickly in time of need. So it was that Congress by its Act of 16 March 1802 authorized a Corps

of Engineers, set its strength at 5 officers and 10 cadets, and provided that it be stationed at West Point in the state of New York, and should constitute a Military Academy.

The garrison site of West Point, consisting of 1,705 acres purchased from Stephen More in 1790, had been occupied by the Army since 1778. Hence barracks and other buildings, while inadequate, were available for housing and instruction; and Major Jonathan Williams, grandnephew of Benjamin Franklin and Chief of the Corps of engineers, who had been appointed as the first Superintendent, was able to open the Academy on 4 July 1802 with 10 cadets present.

*The initial purpose of the Academy was to train military technicians for all branches of the military service, to encourage the study of military art nationally and thus raise the level of training of the militia, and to encourage the practical study of every science. This last, it should be noted, at a time that many other American academic institutions looked at the sciences with suspicion and hostility. How well the Academy succeeded in its purpose for the first 10 years of its existence was summarized by the most authoritative historian of that period of American life, Henry Adams. In his *History of the United States* (9 vols., 1889-91), covering the Jefferson and Madison administrations, Adams offers the tribute that American scientific engineering “. . . owed its efficiency and almost its existence to the military school at West Point established in 1802.*

*Early in the year 1812 the growing threat of war with England impelled Congress to pass the act of 29 April 1812 by which the strength of the Corps of Cadets was increased to 250, the academic staff enlarged, and the cadets placed under the discipline of published regulations. A chaplain was authorized who in addition to his religious duties was “to officiate as Professor of Geography, Ethics, and History.” The act required also that the cadets be taught “all the duties of a private, a noncommissioned officer, and an officer. This requirement, says Emory Upton in the *Military Policy of the United States* (1904), was the “Key to the character for efficiency and discipline which the graduates have since maintained.”*

The record of the War of 1812 shows that the Academy graduates served their country well. A quarter of the more than 100- all under 30 years of age- who saw action were killed or wounded; and not one of the fortifications constructed under their

direction was captured. Henry Adams was appreciative of their technical skill. "During the critical campaign of 1812," he wrote, "the West Point Engineers doubled the capacity of the little American army for resistance."

The experience of the War of 1812, that gave the Nation new self-assurance, affected the Academy's educational aims in the period of peace which followed. No longer was the enemy an immediate threat on our borders; American nationality had been firmly established. National interest called now for canals, roads, railroads, and the exploration of the soil and its mineral wealth. The accurate mapping of rivers, the deepening of their channels, the constructing of lighthouses and beacons lights; these were needed to make communication easier. And the preliminary work of prospecting and surveying had to be done.

That the Academy graduates of this era were men who through force of character and training could assume leadership in the performance of these tasks was due largely to the genius of Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, Superintendent from 1817 to 1833. The "Father of the Military Academy: had one ideal before him: to produce men who would be trained and worthy leaders. He demanded of the cadets excellence of character and excellence of knowledge, the two integrating qualities of such leadership. But he knew that to achieve his ideal he must master and guide the day-to-day routine of the Academy, and so it was that he let no detail of character training or discipline, of curriculum content, of textbooks, of teaching methods, of extracurricular activities, of physical plant escape his attention.

Thayer grasped at once the need of the country for engineers, and therefore made courses in civil engineering the core of the curriculum. Under his direction, instruction in that subject eventually included the properties, preparation and use of materials for construction; the art of construction generally, including decorative architecture; the manner of laying and constructing roads; the construction of bridges; the principles regulating the removal of obstructions impeding river navigation; the survey, locations, and construction of canals and railroads; and the formation of artificial and the improvement of natural harbors.

A list of the Academy's achievements in the field of civil engineering that can be attributed to the farseeing genius of Thayer would include trigonometrical and

topographical surveying; methods of triangulation; magnetic declination; and the systems used in locating, surveying, and dividing the public lands of the United States. Francis Wayland Brown, the scholarly president of Brown University from 1827 to 1855, said in 1850 in a report to the corporation of Brown University that the academy graduates did “more to build up the system of internal improvement in the United States than (the graduates of) all other colleges combined.”

To help him by outside criticism of his work, Thayer had the aid of a Board of Visitors. A regulation for the Government of the Military Academy, approved by Secretary of War William H. Crawford on 1 July 1815, provided for the appointment of such a Board to consist of five “competent gentlemen”, with the Superintendent as President, who should attend at each of the annual and semiannual examinations and report thereon to the Secretary. This excellent custom of having a Board of Visitors has lasted to the present day. From the beginning their criticism was pertinent and helpful: nor is this supervising when the long list of those who have been members is scanned, for thereon the names of men like Edward Everett, George Bancroft, George Ticknor, Horace Mann, and Daniel Coit Gilman appear. Thayer knew the value of the intelligent lay point of view and welcomed the Boards comments on his curricular shift to civil engineering, his innovations in educational methods, and his system in general.

His innovations in educational methods ensured that the cadet not only learned but retained their subjects. Basically, he demanded that the cadets develop habits of mental discipline and maintain standards of scholarship that have grown in importance the more they have been tested through the years. He emphasized habits of regular study, he laid down the rule that every cadet had to pass every course – any deficiency had to be made up within a specified time or the cadet would be dropped. To carry out these rigorous standards he limited the classroom sections to from 10 to 14 members; he rated these sections from high to low and directed that cadets be transferred from one to the other as their averages rose or fell.

These methods and standards of Thayer's system are still used at the Academy, and Thayer's insistence on leadership integrated by excellence of knowledge has been the cornerstone of the Academy's training since his day. Emerson, visiting West point in 1863, spoke of the “air of probity, of veracity, and of loyalty” the cadets had; and

when in 1898 the present coat of arms was adopted, the motto thereon of “Duty, Honor, Country” was but a later generation’s attempt to put Thayer’s ideal into words.

To the casual student it might seem that until about 1860 West Point was filling the almost dual roles of national military academy and of national school of civil engineering. But despite the curricular emphasis on civil engineering and the renown of her graduates in that field the Academy never forgot her deepest and most abiding obligation to the nation: to send forth graduates trained in the art and science of war. That the obligation was fulfilled is attested for those early years by the record of the Mexican and Civil Wars. The record of the Mexican War is told best in the words of General Winfield Scott:

“I give it as my fixed opinion, that but for our graduated cadets, the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than two campaigns, we conquered a great country and a peace, without the loss of a single battle or skirmish”.

The record of the Civil War shows that the Confederacy used graduates whenever and wherever possible; the Union, in the beginning, used “political” generals. Defeat after defeat proved the need for the professionally trained officers, and in the last year of the war, all senior commanders of the Union armies were Academy graduates. Grant, Lee, Sheridan, Jackson, to name but a few on both sides, were all from West Point.

After the Civil War, changing conditions necessitated a shift in the Academy’s curriculum away from the emphasis on civil engineering. The first Morrill Land-Grant Act of 1862, granting Federal land to each state “for the endowment, support, and maintenance of at least one college where . . . military tactics . . .(and) . . . such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts (shall be taught),” enabled American education to be enormously expanded. New technical and engineering schools, supplementing those that had been founded in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, made it possible for the Academy to drop its strong emphasis on engineering subjects. But even had these new schools not come into being, the Academy would have found it impossible to keep on producing both adequately trained

officers and adequately engineers. The tremendous expansion of the body of scientific knowledge during these years – the last half of the nineteenth century – was enforcing specialization in all technical fields. And since the science of war likewise expanded greatly it became obvious that the Army officer would need specialization in his particular branch of service.

The Academy met these changed conditions by severing its direct relationship with the Corps of engineers; from 1866 on it was no longer mandatory that the Superintendent be a member of that Corps. To take care of officer-specialization demand, several Army postgraduate schools were set up, and West Point gradually came to be looked on as only the initial step in the Army officer's education. As the Academy approached its centennial, the military objective of the curriculum came to be the giving of general instruction in the elements of each military branch.

After its centennial, in 1902, the Academy underwent a thoroughgoing structural renovation and became known as the New West Point. Coincident with this reconstruction, General Albert L. Mills, the Superintendent, had the entire curriculum, military and academic, reassessed. As a result, military instruction was transformed from a series of mechanical drills to practice training in minor tactics and fieldwork. Complete correlation was developed between instruction and actual field conditions. One of Mills' special hobbies was English; he believed that the Army officer should be able to express himself clearly in speech and writing. A gradual liberalization of the curriculum went on until the outbreak of World War I.

World War I tested and proved as never before the soundness of the Academy's curriculum and training. Although in order to meet the sudden and great demand for trained officers the course was shortened and a number of classes graduated early, the qualities and abilities of the graduates remained high.

After the close of the war the Academy's further development was placed in the hands of General Douglas MacArthur, who became Superintendent on 12 June 1919. Gen. MacArthur's primary concern was an adaptation of the curriculum in terms of the recent war. It was known, for instance, that the concept of total war, new in military history, required cadets to have a knowledge of national production, transportation, and social problems; that something of the new developments in weapons and tactics had to be

incorporated into cadet instruction; and that shortcomings in the officers' physical development, seen clearly in the stress of battle, made a longer and more vigorous physical training program necessary. But at the same time it was realized that the tremendous advances in the art and science of war, made under the pressure of actual conflict, presaged further development of Army post graduate schools, and hence a growing emphasis upon a more broadly conceived basic curriculum at West Point. The belief was reached that the Academy would serve best by giving the cadets a combination of general and technical education, in this way providing a solid foundation for a professional military career.

The part of the curriculum General MacArthur changed with the greatest vigor was that relating to physical education. He believed firmly that physical fitness was a basic requirement of an officer; and he planned a strenuous program of compulsory gymnastic instruction complemented by an intramural program of 14 sports in which every cadet had to take part. The wisdom of his foresight has been reflected ever since in the excellent physical condition of all cadets at all times.

Soon after General MacArthur's incumbency, the policy of a liberal as well as a technical education got renewed emphasis by the introduction of a course in economics and government under the professor of English and history. In 1926 the Department of English and History was reorganized into the Department of Economics, Government, and History; and a separate Department of English established. In succeeding years curricular reforms took place in modern languages, natural philosophy, and mathematics.

All phases of training were greatly intensified during the rearmament years, 1939-41; and the part played by its graduates in World War II seemed to justify the teaching and the courses at the Academy. Eisenhower, MacArthur, Bradley, Patton, Spaatz, Arnold, Collins, Clark, McNair, Devers, Wainwright, McNarney, Stillwell, Eichelberger, Vandenberg, Simpson; the list of West Point graduates who led our armies is a long and honored one. But much was learned from World War II; there were revised concepts of what professional military education should mean. In 1945 a special Board of Consultants, civilian and military, made a study of the curriculum and as a result of their recommendations a number of changes were made. Among these were the expansion

of the work in English and in international relations; and the introduction of courses in electronics, economic and industrial geography, and military psychology and leadership. At the present time the humanities comprise about 40 percent of the curriculum; the sciences about 60 percent.

A program of studies in National Security was set up in 1949 with the object of orienting all courses, both military and academic, to the problems of National Security today.

The most recent curricular changes have resulted in validation for advanced placement, accelerations within and across academic departments and the introduction of elective courses which provide opportunities for each cadet to develop his potential to the maximum. Increased coverage in the subjects of English, History, Chemistry, astronomy and Astronautics is being achieved by the shift in part, of military and vocational subjects from the academic year to the summer Training Schedule.

The United States Military Academy is neither a university, a liberal arts college, nor an engineering school. It is a unique institution with a specific mission. Generally speaking, its admission standards are based on the level of achievement of the secondary school graduates of the country. Objective evidence indicates that its graduates receive a general education in the arts and sciences, which compares favorably with that available in other institutions. However, it is apparent that the academic curriculum and the course of training differ from conventional college programs in its objective of preparing the cadets for a single profession.

And yet while modifying its academic or military training whenever the need arises, the Academy builds always on the cornerstones of the Thayer system: leadership integrated by excellence of character and excellence of knowledge.

2. MISSION

The mission of the United States Military Academy is to instruct and train the Corps of cadets so that each graduate will have the qualities and attributes essential to his progressive and continued development throughout a lifetime career as an officer of the Regular Army.

(We need to get something straight, and the sooner, the better. I am Computer Illiterate. Totally. I can't type except by hunting and pecking. Macintosh and Microsoft mean

different brands, that's all. I don't know a pdf from a jpeg. So, Jim Perlmutter sent the above as a pdf and I couldn't copy it. Enter my son-in-law, Kris Baker, who speaks computer, and he couldn't copy it, either, so he typed the entire thing as a Word document so it could be inserted here. Kudos, and many thanks, to Kris Baker!)

How, and, more importantly, why, would young men desire to enter this institution in 1956? As to the how, there were several ways to obtain an appointment to West Point. The most common was to seek an appointment from a Congressman, either a Senator or a Representative. Each member of Congress was allotted four appointments to the USMA. It was up to the discretion of the individual Congressman as to how these appointments were apportioned, whether four in one year and then no more for three years, or one per year for four years, or any combination of the above. There were other ways to enter West Point, but I won't get into those because I am not really familiar with them. As to the why, well our stories varied. Below are some of our stories, as related by ourselves.

John Gulla's uncle, who was in the service, bought him a uniform, the old Pinks and Greens, and a train set. I guess, at that point, John had to choose between becoming an Engineer trained at West Point, or a locomotive engineer, and he chose the former. We, his classmates in D-2, are glad that he chose the former. He became aware that his parents could not afford to fund his college education, so he entered Muhlenberg College, in Allentown, PA, at his own expense while his application for an appointment to the USMA was reviewed by a Committee. Unfortunately, John wasn't selected as a Primary and he had to wait for another year to gain an appointment. John had a friend, his Postmaster, who had lost an arm in the attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941, and this friend was influential in John gaining a Primary candidate appointment the following year. But there were still the qualifying examinations and Physical Aptitude tests to pass. To this end, John visited New York City for the first time in his life, riding a bus from Palmerton, PA, to the City, then taking the ferry to Governor's Island. Aboard (that's a nautical term, meaning 'being on') the ferry, John met a fellow examinee, Joel Bernstein, who had left his home in the Bronx, or wherever he lived (John's words) and

the two took their tests together. While on the Island, they enjoyed listening to Count Basie at the Officers' Club. Actually, John provided me with two different versions of this story, the one about hearing Count Basie. In the other version, it was Duke Ellington that they listened to in the Officers' Club. I'll have to get John and Joel to clarify this for me at the 50th Reunion in May. John passed his exams and was notified that he had been appointed to the United States Military Academy, beginning on 03 July 1956.

As luck would have it, Joel Bernstein also became a member of our privileged ranks in D-2, but I am getting ahead of myself. Joel lived in Brooklyn, not the Bronx, but to all except those from the City, I would guess that this confusion is understandable. Joel became acquainted with his Congresswoman, an accomplished lady, Edna Kelly, who served in the US House for almost twenty years.



Since Joel worked on several of her reelection campaigns and got to know her, as he neared graduation from high school, she asked him one day what his particular plans were. None, actually, Joel had no particular plans, so Ms Kelly asked if he would be interested in an appointment to West Point? Since it sounded like an exciting challenge and coincided with what his folks were able to pay for college, Joel accepted the offer, hence his presence on the ferry when John Gulla took the boat ride (notice, I said nothing about being 'aboard').

Bob Castleman's story was a bit different. He had been obsessed with football, a common malady in the Mid-South, and that included Jackson, Tennessee, since the age of 6 or 7. Every Sunday morning during the fall, Bob dug out the Sports Section of the Memphis Commercial Appeal newspaper to check the results of the previous day's college football games. He became especially aware that a team called, " Army", had a couple of All-Americans named Blanchard and Davis who seemed to regularly kick everyone around. It didn't take too long for Bob to associate the Army football team with West Point, so by the end of his 7th year here on earth, he had decided that West Point

was a special place and one with which he would like to be associated. When Bob reached high school and played football, his play was stellar enough that he felt it helped immeasurably in his quest for an appointment to West Point. The brother of his local Congressman was a big, big high school football fan who played for the same high school team as Bob, and he relates that when his parents approached the local Congressman about an appointment, it was through their association with the Congressman's brother, David. Going to West Point was Plan 'A' for Bob, and there was no Plan 'B'.

Harry Calvin was one of those 'others', about which I admitted my lack of knowledge, one who took a different tack (another nautical term, DAMN!) to gain admission. Harry worked his way through a year of college at Texas Western College in El Paso - now known as UTEP, the University of Texas at El Paso - making sandwiches for \$0.70 an hour. Tuition for the year cost \$936, so he worked during the summer of 1954 trying to save enough money to get back into school the following fall. Despite his efforts, he didn't come up with the money for that year. The next summer he landed a well-paying job digging ditches for the railroad for \$1.86 an hour, which, coupled with overtime from working 58 hour weeks, he had enough to re-enter school in February 1955. However, Harry read in the paper that the GI Bill was expiring if not in the Service by 31 January of 1955, so he joined the Army on 31 January to reap the benefits of the GI Bill. While in Basic Training, Harry found AR 360-90 which said that 90 Cadets at West Point could come from the Regular Army, so he applied for this program and was sent to the USMA Prep School. In Harry's words, he really didn't think he was smart enough or could see well enough to go (to West Point) but he was going to bust his tail given the opportunity. There were 197 men in the school and after testing every three weeks, the bottom 10% of the class was cut. By March they were down to 95 men competing for 33 openings. Calvin got one. His roommate at the Prep School was Larry Geist, another future member of the Class of '60, though not in D-2, and Harry couldn't have had a better comrade. They worked hard, got up before reveille to study and spent his weekends studying, as well. By this time, Calvin was 'in the money', making \$86.00 per month. While in school their ranks were frozen, so there was no promotion to PFC, which paid

the astounding sum of \$99.00 per month. Harry called his mother occasionally from Prep School, about the extent of his social life, and a three minute phone call cost \$3.25. But Harry Calvin did get into the Class of 1960, assigned to enter on that fateful 03 July 1956.

Ted Crowley had a different motivation for seeking an appointment to West Point, two motivations, as a matter of fact. He wanted to play ice hockey and get a free education.

For Hank Drewfs, it was because his dad was his hero, and his dad was an Army Officer during World War II. His dad had taken ROTC at Oregon State and had entered the Army as a lieutenant at the beginning of the war, finishing as a combat engineer Battalion Commander. Though Hank didn't see his dad for three and one half years, he was still Hank's hero. Once the war ended, Hank's family lived at Ft Lewis, WA, for eighteen months before returning to civilian life. Hank liked what he saw of the military and informed his dad that he wanted to be a soldier like him. His dad admired some West Pointers he'd served with and encouraged young Drewfs to work hard and prepare to compete for an appointment. From grade school on, West Point was Hank's goal. He was fortunate enough to receive a principal appointment from Senator Neuberger of Oregon and assigned to enter the Military Academy right out of high school.

Jim Ramos took a circuitous route in deciding to attend the Military Academy. During his senior year in high school, he and several of his buddies in Long Beach, CA, joined the Naval Reserve, basically to avoid the Korean War Draft (Ed. Note: - for all you youngsters reading this who are unfamiliar with the draft, you can find out about it on Wikipedia). After graduating from high school, Ramos entered the local community college to try college life and explore his options. He investigated the NROTC Scholarship Program and applied to his local Congressman and US Senator from California for appointments to the Service Academies (denomination unspecified). Ramos' older brother, Steve, was a graduate of the Naval Academy and encouraged Jim to apply for an appointment at one of the academies. "If you want a real education

you will get it at one of the service academies but you will have to work for it,” advised Steve. Jim said that he leaned toward the Naval Academy since his brother went there, Long Beach was a navy town (Ed. Note: - I can’t keep capitalizing the word, “navy”), and Ramos already belonged to the aquatic reserve. Nevertheless, although he secured appointments to one, or both, Academies, Jim turned down the appointments and entered a work-learn scholarship with Douglas Aircraft Company in the aerospace industry. While these pursuits were amusing and profitable, it became clear to the young Ramos that he needed academic discipline. He had to wait three years, but he finally accepted an appointment to the USMA, entering in July 1956. When his acceptance letter came, Jim decided to see some of the country on the way to the Academy, so he flew to Chicago, took a train to his sister’s home in upstate New York, and then drove down to West Point with his sister from there. The plan was excellent, but the execution didn’t exactly go like clock-work. His first view of West Point , entering through the north gate, was the sun setting in all its glory behind the Cadet Chapel, such a spectacular vista that it literally took the lad’s breath away.

Joe Fortier’s father attended Texas A&M, was commissioned a Captain at the beginning of WWII, so Joe was raised an Army Brat. His uncle was DivArty Commander for the 94th Division in Europe, and, for awhile, was Acting Division Commander. The uncle’s son, Ren, graduated from West Point, Class of ’45. Therefore, from age 8, Joe wanted to follow in his forebears’ footsteps.



He earned a Congressional appointment. Even though he had received other scholarship offers, including one to Yale, Joe wanted to serve his country.

Gulla, Bernstein, Castleman, Calvin, Crowley, Fortier, and Drewfs, from Pennsylvania, New York, Tennessee, Texas, Massachusetts, everywhere - but Joe claimed Muncie, Indiana as home, and Oregon. Already, we’re seeing the nationwide appeal that West

Point exuded to young men back in the middle of the previous century, but there were more reasons, more explanations some of these men have been willing to share.

Chris Gigicos was from Ohio, as I recall, and he related that he saw a catalogue for West Point with a picture of the color guard on the cover. He thought they looked pretty neat and decided at that time that he would like to be a cadet. Chris persisted in this pursuit through the years, applied to his Congressman, took all the exams, passed, and ended up as a first alternate. Then, the Primary Candidate decided to go to the Air Force Academy, instead, and Chris had the opportunity to attend the Military Academy.

Editorial Privilege evoked again, as I'd like to say that it is surprising how you can live for four years in as close a proximity as we did and then, fifty years later, find out there was so much you didn't know about your classmates. More on this as we go along. I haven't told my story of why I wanted to attend the Academy yet, I shall, I promise, but I also want to tip my hat, which, right now, is a baseball cap from Alaska advertising Moosenugget Cigars, to all those who contributed to this essay with their personal memories. From my own experience, I can vouch for the fact that it can be frightening. In case you may not know, I have had a book published, and a fine one it is, too, so say I, and I remember the day it was released and I held a hardback copy of my personal endeavor in my hands. It was frightening! What before had been nebulous thoughts rattling around in my head were now words printed on a page for anyone to read. It was a window into my soul that had been thrown open. Those sending in their thoughts and memoirs may experience the same thing, for, once published, it is undeniably attributed to you, the author of said thoughts. So, thank you, classmates, for sharing with me, and us, what many of us did not know before. And one of the things I did not know was how many of our D-2 group were Army Brats! I knew a couple were, maybe three, or four, but I didn't, for instance, know that Joe Fortier was and I roomed with Joe during Plebe year. You have read Joe's story, and Hank Drewfs', but what about Spence Marcy?

Spence claimed Walla Walla, Washington, as his home, but his story is much more intriguing than even



Walla Wall, Washington. (Many years later, in 2005, as a matter of fact, Bob Castleman and I drove the Lewis and Clark trail all the way from Philadelphia to Ft Clatsop, Oregon, and back, and we just had to spend the night in Walla Walla, Washington, in honor of Spencer Marcy).

Spence began his story on VE Day, the day when Germany surrendered to end WWII in Europe, and his Aunt Lenora loaded Spence, his sister, Vicki, his Mom, and Grandma Marcy in a car and they drove down town to become part of an impromptu parade of honking car horns in bumper-to-bumper traffic as it seemed everyone turned out in celebration. Three months later, they did it again after the nuclear bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Now Spence's Dad could come home. It was a date in September that Marcy couldn't exactly recall, but he does remember that he was enrolled in the third grade and Mrs Shaw was his teacher. It had been almost four years with one brief furlough where Spence's parents had purchased a home before the elder Marcy returned to join MacArthur and prepare for the return to the Philippines. Now, here he was, a seasoned Combat Commander, the Commander of a Battalion of Infantry, as Spencer and the rest of the family welcomed Dad home. They had to sell the house in Walla Walla quickly because before Christmas they had moved twice. Also, Spence's father had been given the opportunity to accept a Regular Army commission, which he did without a moment's hesitation. Spencer's story of their odyssey across the United States to Ft Devens is fascinating reading, but perhaps can be covered in more detail later in our story. After playing pool for awhile with the German POW's at Ft Devens, the Marcy's were transferred to West Point as his Dad became a member of the Tactical Department. As you can imagine, the opportunities for activities available for a dependent at West Point were virtually unlimited, especially for a pubertal boy. (ED note, again: I inserted the pubertal bit. ever since I became a physician, I have a tendency to describe youngsters in these kinds of terms.) The highlights, tongue in cheek, for Spence were the riding classes. Here is how he described it: *West Point still had a "horse cavalry tradition" or maybe it was the "New England gentry tradition". In*

any event, West Point had a lot of horses and a cadre of riding instructors who apparently had nothing better to do during the non-academic months but torture small (pubertal. I'm sorry, I couldn't resist it.) boys. We were hoisted into the saddle and before I knew it we were walking in large circles of nine or ten horses with kids on board. Each horse had a handler assigned to it. So far so good. Then the horses began to trot!!! And we are being given instructions for Eastern Style Riding not Western Style Riding!! The term is "Posting". Posting was inherited from the English. It looks Nerdy and it is Nerdy and most of all it is painful! I would come home with the inside of my thighs rubbed raw. One day I passed out and fell off the horse. I didn't have any more lessons after that. We should have a reading of Spencer's adventures to the class at the 50th! Whatever, watching the Corps on parade, the uniforms, the precision marching, the USMA Band, the flags and the cannon, and despite the "nerdy posting", but with his Dad as his role model, Spence decided he wanted to attend the United States Military Academy and become a career Army officer. Some day, Spencer, I'd like to see the heritage gun collection.

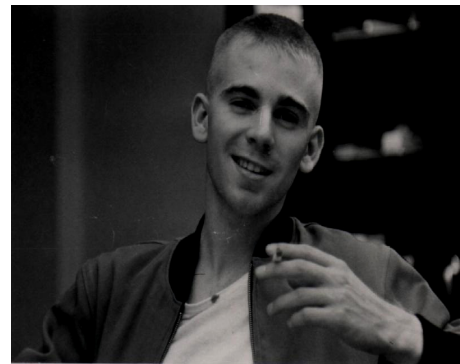
Willy McNamara is, was, also an Army Brat. Willy wanted to follow in the footsteps of his father, Andrew T. McNamara, Class of 1928, but young Willy had an erroneous impression from somewhere. He thought all you had to do was pay your tuition and show up at the Academy to begin your career. He did NOT know how competitive it was, or would be. During his junior year in high school, the guidance counselor said he would never meet the qualifications or make it in. With the help of Braden's Prep school and his Mom and Dad paying the tuition, Willy joined Craig Hagan, Butch Nobles and a host of other now-classmates and passed the entrance exam. He was 1st Alternate from the 9th Congressional District of Illinois. The Primary never showed for the exam, or failed, Willy's memory is weak on this subject, and Willy McNamara was afforded the opportunity to actually follow in his father's footsteps.

The Butch Nobles mentioned in Willy's memories was an Army Brat, too, but I already knew this. Butch's father served 30 years, including four plus years in the Pacific in WWII and 2 years in Korea. It was in his blood!! Butch's mom wanted a Navy man (it

hurt me to write that) so Butch pursued Annapolis and West Point appointments. He was accepted at both, but, upon discovering that he was color blind while in Prep School, he turned down the Annapolis appointment and accepted the one from West Point. Butch took the College Boards for West Point at Governor's Island, NY and the different Annapolis Exam in the Post Office in Newburg, NY. And that, states Butch was the whole story.

Some of us had classic replies to my query as to why you decided to go to West Point. The answers didn't have to be long to be classic, for instance, Geneo McLaughlin said, "It's difficult to recall what went through my mind over 50 years ago... ." Great, and truthful, response. Geneo went on to say that he did want to complete his college studies and he could get the discipline at WP. And another reason - and here my email broke off, but I very strongly suspect that the continuation mentioned the phrase "ice hockey" somewhere.

Sam Powers didn't want to travel very far from home. By the way, did any of you know that this guy's real name was Jimmy? In his letter to me, Sam said that were it not for me, he would still be known as Jimmy. Why, Sam, whatever do you mean? I cannot conscientiously accept the credit for your name change once you passed adolescence (there's my tendency again!) for, as I see it through fifty years older lenses, Bob Castleman is at least as guilty as I, if not more so.



Anyway, Sam was born and raised in Highland Falls, New York, hadn't traveled beyond the boundaries of the Hudson Highlands, and, after all those wonderful years at Highland Falls High School, he had only two choices for college, the USMA or Ladycliff. He wasn't sure he could pass the Ladycliff physical, so he applied to West Point, hoping for "Day Hop" status. For some reason, he was accepted at the Academy, but denied

the request to commute from Highland Falls on a daily basis. Does anyone believe this story? Remember pyrene? Just who do you think wrote pyrene?

I have no idea what allure being a Forest Ranger has, or had, for young men back in the middle of the 20th century, but one of those feeling this calling was Stew Godwin. Self-described as ambition-less in high school, making mediocre grades, but with a great girl friend and a HOT car, Stew had known West Point all his life, as his father was a member of the Class of '32 and an uncle, the Class of January 1943. But Stew didn't know what he wanted while in high school. Maybe, being a forest Ranger, since maybe they didn't have to type and Stew got a "social 'D'" in typing both times he took it. He had jobs delivering equipment and stocking merchandise at a ramshackle furniture store in Arlington, VA, making enough money to keep a dollar's worth of gas in the Great Car - which was, for the uninitiated, ten (10) gallons at that time. Great Car, also known as HOT Car - Stew says cars were hot and girls were not in the memories of yesteryear - was a 1948 Ford sedan, flathead V-8, Stew did all the engine and body work himself, saving enough to have it hotly painted a metallicized lavender. With a speedo knob steering wheel, rolled-up sleeves, cigarette dangling from his lips, Stew proclaimed himself to be one cool dude. So Stew, driving his HOT car, asked Great Girl Friend for a dance date over Christmas Holidays of 1954, only to find Great Girl Friend had been asked to visit some Plebe in the Class of '58 at West Point. Quoting - "That pissed me off." Turning to Dad, Stew said, "I want to go to West Point." Looking at his stellar high school performance, the elder Godwin nearly choked, regained his composure, and set about plotting a course for son Stew. Stew's parents scraped up enough money for attendance at Sullivans Prep School in the District, got to get those grades up, advised him to join the DC National Guard, which Stew did. Along with several others seeking admission to the Class of '60 at West Point, Godwin mucked his way through Sullies, took the entrance exam, and placed well. He was given an At-Large appointment from the reserves. Stew learned of this result during summer camp with the DC Guard, firing 120mm Air Defense cannons out over the Atlantic from Bethany Beach, DE. He sold the Great Car, said goodbye to the Great Girl Friend, and headed toward the Plain to join his future classmates. "And that's how it came to pass."

For Jim O'Connell, Okie, West Point was the fulfillment of a lifetime dream. Following his father's service in WWII, the O'Connell family settled in Upper Montclair, NJ, about an hour from West Point. Both Okie's father and uncle had grown up in Highland Falls where his grandmother was a single parent and schoolteacher. Okie went to high school in New York City, Xavier HS, which had a Junior ROTC program and admission to West Point was not unusual. Okie played tennis against the West Point plebes for three years while attending Xavier. Being a Qualified Alternate for the Class of '59 meant that all Okie had to do was pass the physical when he got an appointment for the Class of 1960, and he did.

Economics certainly was a consideration in applying for an appointment to the Military Academy. Ted Crowley mentioned it, Joel Bernstein, Harry Calvin, John Gulla, - there's no denying, a "full all-expense paid scholarship", in Jack Misura's words, was not to be turned down. Therefore, when Jack received his acceptance letter to the USMA in late May 1956, he couldn't turn it down. He was within a day, Jack relates, of choosing one of the other colleges to which he had applied. He began seriously considering competing for an appointment to West Point during his junior year in high school when a member of an earlier class came to address the student body. That man was Dave Coury, a member of the Class of 1958, and his talk tickled Jack's fancy. When the time came for the examinations on Governor's Island, Jack remembers blizzard conditions raging and a ferry ride in a howling wind and nearly horizontal snow. It was a "witch" of a ride.

Bud Robocker was from Georgia, Gainesville, Georgia, as I remember it, and as he remembers it, his primary reason for going to the USMA was economic. His parents were already paying for his older brother at the University of Georgia, the big hairy bulldogs, and he knew they could not afford to send both boys to a *real* college. Bud had a job at a local feed mill making chicken feed, both literally and figuratively. One day the local Congressman called Bud's parents to say he couldn't fill his Military Academy appointments, and to ask if Bud would like an appointment. Both parents

immediately said yes. Call it Divine Intervention, call it Karma, or call it Stupid Buzzard's Luck, Bud was the lucky recipient. The fact that he had most recently been dismissed (Bud actually said, "thrown out", but I thought 'dismissed' sounded less, well, final) from North Georgia College may have played a wee role in all this. Ever heard of North Georgia College? It's at Dahlonega, Georgia. Ring a bell? You know, mountain phase, Ranger School - but that was years away. With Bud's sudden good fortune continuing, he said that he was vertically challenged enough to land on the steps of D-2, the best fraternity/company in the Corps. But that was months away.

Dick Sutton, that's me, and his quest for an appointment to the USMA was partly economic. My sister was graduating from Baylor, my parents were faced with four more years of college tuition for me, and then there was brother Bill four years behind me. Reverend and Mrs Sutton couldn't afford that, so I was looking for some place that would fund my education. I didn't play football well enough to get an athletic scholarship (but, as it turned out, Bill did), nor baseball, nor wrestling, but I did have good grades throughout my school career. I was voted Most Versatile Boy in my senior class at South Side, a fact that will come back to haunt me later in this story, and was selected as one of the representatives to Volunteer Boys State in the summer of 1955. A featured speaker at Boys State was a rising Yearling from the Military Academy, and I thought his appearance in his starched white uniform, spit-shined shoes, mandarin collar - it is a Mandarin collar, isn't it? - and the crisp, confident way he strode down the aisle was magnificent. I don't remember his name, I don't remember a thing he said, but I do remember that I wanted a white suit like that one. Cliff Davis, Representative from the 9th District of Tennessee, told my Dad and me that he could offer me an appointment to Annapolis, but he didn't think he had one available for West Point. I had no military history, no legacy of the battlefield, and no reason to favor West Point over the Naval Academy, but I did. I was always for Army against Navy, I don't know why, I just was. I regretfully declined the offer to compete for Annapolis, figuring that Rice, Vanderbilt, or Georgia Tech would be my next address after high school. When the letter came in January 1956 naming me as the Primary Candidate for West Point, I was very much surprised, but pleased. If I passed the exams, then I'd have a good

engineering degree and only have to pay back three years to the Army before re-entering civilian life, where I belonged. (Ed note: I retired on 15 September 2009, 49 years after graduating - but only 37 years of Active Duty. Had a 13 1/2 year interlude after 1976.) Bob Castleman didn't mention this story, so I shall. There were several of us from West Tennessee with instructions to report to Ft Knox in March for the examinations. One was a kid we'll designate as BJ, for purposes of privacy. He had attended Central High School, in Memphis, because it was "best suited to prepare him for West Point". His mother was going to drive him to Ft Knox, and she invited me, and Bob Castleman, from Jackson, Tennessee, and, I think, Joe Wylie, also from Jackson, to ride with them. This was too good an offer to pass up, so we accepted, all of us. I didn't know Bob then, or Joe Wylie, or BJ, either, at that point. It was an uneventful trip, we all took the tests, and then we all rode home together. BJ announced to all within hearing at every fuel stop that we had just taken the tests and would be going to West Point in the summer. Joe went, graduated with the Class of '60, we all know Bob, our class and company mate, and I finished the course, as well. BJ? Well, you know, for whatever reason, BJ was not one of those receiving an appointment. I never did like Central, anyway. During the baseball season in May, BJ struck me out three times when we played Central.

These were our stories, our stated reasons for wanting to go to West Point. It isn't all our stories, but it's all I know. The time between accepting our appointments and the end of June passed, and, before you know it, July had arrived, and then the second of July, and then, one bright and shining morning, it was 03 July 1956, and we walked through the sallyport into Central Area. It was a walk you made by yourself, the walk that constituted entrance into New Cadet Barracks. That's the official name. In reality, it was the beginning of Beast Barracks.

NEW CADET BARRACKS (BEAST BARRACKS)

Times have changed, and, yes, even These Grey Walls have changed. I can't speak to what it is like now, nor can I tell you what it has been like in the interim, but I'm going to

try and tell what it was like then. Remember the class that entered in 1906? That was as foreign to us as this will be to the modern Corps, but let your mind wander, bear with this old geezer, and try to relate to our story as we remember it. The date that will live in infamy was 03 July 1956.

It was hot, even as early as 0800 that July morning. Some of us had come a long way just to get there, there being the east sallyport of Central Area. (ED. note: I only know the names of things at West Point as they were called when we were there. Central Area was Central Area, there was North Area, the Lost Fifties, South Area, and I think they were talking about, or maybe even had built, New South Area, but since I never went there, I don't now if it existed or not. The clock was in the middle of Central Area, the one where we walked when serving punishment tours. And, Stew, there were 92.2 million gallons in Lusk Reservoir when the water was flowing over the spillway.) Bob Castleman's Beast Barracks actually started on a hot summer night in Corinth, MS, when he got on a Southern Railroad train headed for New York City. He was excited to embark on what he viewed as a great adventure. He had long wanted to go to West Point and was determined not to be bounced out once he got there. No way was he returning to Tennessee that way - unless he returned "feet first." He sat up all night and all the next day looking out the window at whatever might be out there, and most of what he saw was new and exciting to that small town kid. He arrived at Pennsylvania Station the following afternoon, caught a cab to Port Authority bus station, giving the cabbie a 5 cent tip, a full nickel - and hopped a Short Line bus to the Thayer Hotel. The following morning, Bob walked through the sallyport into a different world.

Dick Sutton was attending his first Major League baseball game at Yankee Stadium with his brother, Bill. Actually, it was a doubleheader versus the Washington Senators, and the Yankees won both ends of the twin bill. He saw Whitey Ford pitch, and Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris, and Bill Skowron all homered in the course of the afternoon. Dick's folks had taken their vacation and driven up north with their two sons, but they remained in the hotel, or went sightseeing during the ballgames. It was, after all, our first visit to New York. They went on up 9W to West Point Monday morning and also

checked into the Thayer. I don't remember whether I walked up to Central Area, or if my folks drove me, but i do remember that I made the journey through the east sallyport alone.

Hank Drewfs flew from Portland, Oregon, along with Bill Burnell and Bill Helbock, to New York City and spent the evening of 02 July 1956 at the Piccadilly Hotel in Manhattan. They rode the bus up to West Point the following morning. He, also, remembers going through the east sallyport into Central Area.

Jack Misura lived in Torrington, Connecticut, so it was just a two-hour drive for his parents to deliver him to the Academy grounds. Once a man entered the sallyport, all contact with 262626the outside world was truncated for no one knew how long. Misura's folks stayed around for the remainder of the day, nevertheless, to witness the swearing-in ceremony in the late afternoon of 03 July down by Trophy Point.

On the website, Guardian.co.uk, the question was posed, "Is it possible to remember being born?" One respondent, simply identified as, mark, said, "I remember being born. I tried for a moment to tell the people who were around me that WE FORGET! This is because the moment I was born, I watched the memory of where I had been before birth leave me."

I have no knowledge of whether mark ever entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, NY, but I believe his thoughts were 'right on'. Walking through the birth canal of the east sallyport into Central Area on 03 July 1956, I watched the memory of where I had been before leave me.



“Drop that bag!” Forcefully, with emotion, enough volume to ensure that you had no doubt about to whom he was speaking, a Cadet in a grey, buttonless and form-fitting jacket with a Latin collar (it was a Latin collar, wasn’t it?), black stripes on the sleeve down by the cuff, outsized chevrons on the upper sleeve, grey military-style hat squarely sitting on his head, white gloves covering his hands which were curled next to the seams of his starched white trousers, he was almost as impressive as that guy who spoke to us back at Volunteer Boys State last summer. Our packet of acceptance contained some tips for entering Cadets, and one of them was to arrive with as few personal possessions as possible. It also advised a canvas gym bag, and I had taken that advice. So, not wanting to cause ill will in my first day as a Cadet, I gently set the bag down on the stoops next to my side. Impressive Cadet didn’t move, but said, just as forcefully, just as much emotion, and with just as much volume, “Pick up that bag!” I picked up said bag, wondering if this guy was indecisive, or confused, or what? “Drop that bag!” I set the bag down again. Was this a game? “Pick up that bag!” Uh-oh, emotion was a little greater, volume turned up, still forceful. I picked up the bag, and, as I stood there, Impressive Cadet related to me how one of the first traits that a New Cadet learns at West Point is instant and unquestioned obedience. Did I understand this? “Yes, Sir!” I replied. After all, I had taken a year of Junior ROTC at South Side and I knew how to say, “Yes, Sir!” Of course, my Mom and Dad had me saying the same thing all my life, so it came easy to me. “Alright,” said Impressive Cadet, “Now drop that bag!” I set the bag down gently. Now Impressive Cadet was agitated. He moved closer to me, definitely invading what I came to know in later years was ‘my space’, and he spoke as though he was really, really upset. “Mister, when I say, ‘Drop that bag,’ I expect instant and unquestioned obedience. Do you understand this?” “Yes, Sir!” says I, again. “Pick up that bag!” I picked up the bag. “Drop that bag!” I set the bag down gently. Impressive Cadet was now obviously frustrated, and I could see that things were not going well for me in my birthing process. “Sir,” I said, hesitantly. “May I tell you something?” Impressive Cadet was curious, I think. I thought. I have learned over the years that I was wrong, but that’s what I thought at the time. “What do you wish to tell me, Mister?” “Sir, I have a picture of my girlfriend in my bag, and if I drop it too hard on the concrete, the glass will break.” He didn’t laugh, didn’t Impressive Cadet, he didn’t

even smile, but I'll bet he wanted to. Instead, he said, quietly, "Take the picture out of the bag and hold it in your hand." I did so. "Pick up that bag!" I did so. "Drop that bag!" I did so. I could tell two things from this first encounter with a real, live, West Point Cadet: first, this could be a long day, and second, I watched the memory of where I had been before leave me.

Jack Misura remembers the haircut. He'd had one just a week before, but they gave him another one in one of the Cadet Barber Shops that first Tuesday after the first Monday in July 1956. They cut everyone's hair that day. The hot, sticky day, coupled with the hot, sticky woolen shirt, and the failure to adequately remove the cut hairs by the barber meant that another discomfort was added to an already uncomfortable experience. There was a laundry bag, which you carried around with you, and everywhere you went, it seemed, they were stuffing things into the bag. We were issued gym shorts, and tennis shoes, and athletic shirts, and we had little manila cardboard tags hooked, or tied, onto our waistbands that people kept checking off, then telling us where to go next. "What in hell did I get myself into?" mused Jack, but he mused in silence.

We stood on the asphalt paving in North Area. For many of us, it was the first time we'd ever seen the Military Academy, and there was a natural tendency to look around. There were Impressive Cadets everywhere, and when they noticed one looking around, they descended into that one's vicinity with words, not at all comforting, about "screwing that neck in," "Get those slimy eyeballs straight ahead!" and, the most puzzling, "Do you want to buy this place, Mister?" No, not actually, but I would like to see it. However, wise man that I was, I held my peace and didn't answer the Impressive Cadets. Jack thought he had a good excuse for not 'screwing his neck in.' The darn hair left over from the barbershop experience made it difficult to screw anything in. Uh- as it turned out, this was not considered a good excuse, and we learned, forcefully, with emotion, in volume enough so there was no doubt to whom they were speaking, that there were three acceptable answers, none of which involved barbershops or girlfriend pictures;- Yes, Sir; No, Sir; and No excuse, Sir. We were instructed in some rudiments of close order drill on that hot asphalt. "Dig those heels in! Listen to the drum! Take a 30 inch step!"

You'd get your card checked off, and then dispatched to the next location. I was sent up to a room on the third floor of the 43rd Division, at one point, and apparently forgotten about. I sat in a chair for almost two hours listening to the cacophony of sounds coming from downstairs in the area, and wondering what's to become of me? Maybe I've already failed and they're going to send me home. One of the Impressive Cadets happened by the room and asked what I was doing in there? I wasn't stupid. "No excuse, Sir!" The day continued to go downhill.

Harry Calvin knew that the day you entered West Point, you were supposed to give them a \$300 deposit for uniforms. He had the money, but gave it to his Mother. He figured that she needed it more than the USMA and he knew they'd let him in without the deposit. One of the NCO's at the Prep School told them they would do so. His Mother only earned \$325 a month, so this was a significant gift. He gave the remaining \$2.15 to the USMA and they said, "Thanks."

Jim Ramos spent the night before entering at the Hotel Thayer along with some other civilians, new cadets all, but he does not remember getting up the next morning and hurrying off to check into his new home. It was all a blur to him, many, many stations, posture pictures, fitting uniforms, assignment of equipment, haircut, introduction to the New Cadet Cadre, marching, marching, reporting, reporting, reporting, marching on the Plain, the swearing-in ceremony and the realization that he had just joined the US Army! He met his Beast roommates, Jim Powers, Stew Godwin, and another fellow who left at the end of the summer. *Oh, I remember our immaculately dressed Squad Leader, Mister Rodney McConnell, who taught us all the important things, bracing with our chins well-in, marching in ranks, spit shining shoes, posture correction, reporting,, folding clothes (underwear with paper sharp creases and proper alignment), care and cleaning of the M-1 rifle, plebe poop, minute calling the days, and etc.* Jim also remembered the shower formations, and sweat, sweat, sweat. Dancing with other guys in Cullum Hall – years later when stationed in Turkey a Turkish officer invited him to dance (like Zorba the Greek) this came in handy so that he didn't feel "culturally awkward".

One item on the check-off list was to report to the First Sergeant of Fifth New Cadet Company for the first time as ordered, Sir. The whole spiel was to report, "Sir, New Cadet (state your name) reports to the First Sergeant of Fifth New Cadet Company for the first time, as ordered, Sir!" We were all gagged into Fifth New Cadet Company because the Corps was grouped according to height at that time, including the incoming Class of 1960. We would be the last class so grouped, and more's the pity. You had to salute when you reported to the First Sergeant, and you had to get the spiel perfectly, just exactly right. You'd be surprised how many New Cadets reported to the Fifth Sergeant of First New Cadet Company for the fifth time as ordered, Sir! Even one small error caused you to be dispatched to the end of the line outside, where many Impressive Cadets waited just to ask you questions and provide personalized, individualized instruction in the reporting process. Forcefully. With emotion. When once you did clear this reporting hurdle, the First Sergeant would oftentimes ask the New Cadet a question, remembers New Cadet Drewfs. "Are you a tiger?" queried First Sergeant Oliveras. Whatever Hank Drewfs' response was, it wasn't good enough and he got to try again, and again, and again. Jack Misura said it was all a kaleidoscope of sound, noise, and colors: Gray buildings, blue sky, green grass and trees - but we weren't allowed to look at all these for fear of offers to buy. For Bud Robocker it was a day of survival, no chuckles, no fond memories, and so much to remember. One of the items they placed in our bags at some stop somewhere was a neat little grey book called, "Bugle Notes." It was chock full of all kinds of interesting facts about our new home away from home. I had the opportunity to look through it while I was forgotten for those two hours, but I really wanted more time to be able to read every page.

The day wore on, we wore our sweat outlined shapes onto the walls, we were introduced to roommates in our newly assigned rooms - yes, i was assigned to that room where I had been dispatched and forgotten earlier. Late in the afternoon we were sent to our rooms and told to change into grey shirts, wool trousers - not pants, Mister! Only Middies and girls wear pants! - black low quarter shoes and black socks, one of those military-style hats like the Impressive Cadets wore, and then we were instructed in "dressing off". To many of us former civilians, this was something new, learning to

fold the sides of your shirt back and tighten it against your waist. We learned to dress off our roommates, and to ensure that we were 'dressed off' properly prior to reporting downstairs into the area. The gaggle of newbies who had passed through the birthcanal of the east sallyport of Central Area only hours before now marched, we thought, smartly - but I think the Impressive Cadets thought otherwise - around the Plain to the vicinity of Trophy Point for the Swearing In ceremony. By the way, Impressive Cadets were, in those days, all First Classmen, seniors, entering their final year at the USMA, and, as Joe Fortier recalls, they were impressive with their maturity and the compassion of some and the Napoleon complex of others. I wish I had been observant enough to form such valued judgments on 03 July 1956. I, like Bud, and Bob, and Hank, and so many others, was desperately trying to keep my head above water. Is that nautical? I apologize.

So, there we were assembled by Trophy Point, six New Cadet Companies, plus the cadre of First Classmen, and the Officers, and visitors, whom we learned to refer to as the G.A.P., the Great, or Gaping, American Public, but we loved them, nearly 1000 men striving to enter the ranks of the Long Gray Line. We weren't allowed, maybe 'permitted' would be a better choice of words, to look around, but had we done so, we would have seen the Hudson River winding it's way around Constitution Island to our right, flowing down from the north, and Newburgh; Storm King Mountain to our distal (medical term) front, majestic, unmoving, rocky and foreboding; the Plain to our left, brilliantly green in midsummer form, and, beyond the Plain, the buildings of the United States Military Academy. To paraphrase, 'breathes there a man with soul so dead who can look upon such a scene and not feel his heart bursting with pride at becoming a member of this fraternity of Graduates, Cadets, and New Cadets?' The answer is, "Yes, Sir!" forcefully, with emotion, but with no volume at all. Everyone who responded to this call for memories remembers the Swearing In ceremony as a special time. Some of us were sworn in before we were old enough to register for the draft. I know you yonkers, as John Wayne referred to youngsters, don't now about the draft, but we did. What? Who was John Wayne? Excuse me for a few minutes whilst I de-compensate. Myself, I was old enough to register by three days. It was a moment in time. Each and every single

one of us has memories of that moment when we raised our right hands and swore to defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, What thoughts raced through our heads? I could try to describe mine, but they would be mine, and mine alone. Ask any of us old geezers;- we'll tell you, at length, what we were thinking on that day, standing in Company Mass formation, framed by Trophy Point, the statue of George Washington on his horse, the line of cannons captured in battles of bygone eras, and the Hudson River. What an idyllic scene! Did I mention the cannons? I did? I'll bet Joel Bernstein can say more about them than I can. More about the cannons later. The Retreat cannon sounded, the Star-Spangled Banner was lowered as the band played our National Anthem, and the New Cadets of 1956 at the United States Military Academy marched back to their respective areas.

When I was in medical school in the mid-sixties, we had our didactic classes in psychiatry in our senior year, and, other than learning how to correctly pronounce, 'id', 'ego' (pronounced as though it was, 'eggo'), and 'superego' (again, 'supereggo'), we didn't learn a whole lot, frankly. One thing I learned that has stuck with me, however, is that the mind tends to forget unpleasant events. There are several mechanisms for effecting this memory lapse, blocking being one of the most commonly used. I do not know which mechanism my mind has used to blot out the memory of that first night of Beast Barracks, but I remember absolutely nothing, nada, zero, about night one as a New Cadet. Ergo, I judge that it was unpleasant in its entirety. Jack Misura has come to my rescue, however, for he recalls that we had our first shower formation that night. No one said a single word about eating, either dinner or supper. Before anyone has the audacity to correct my naming of the meals, even at this embryonic stage of our cadethood, we were governed ultimately by the "Blue Book", Regulations, United States Corps of Cadets, and it plainly stated in said tome that there were three meals in the day and they were, Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper. Anyway, after whatever became of meals and such-like, us New Cadets were escorted to the sinks wearing our light blue cotton beach robes, I think they were called. I know we didn't get the official, cherished bathrobes, B-robes, until much later, maybe not even until Yearling year. I simply don't remember. Besides bracing, left hands held an open soap dish, the official soap dish, all

the same color, style, size, and shape, with a bar of soap in it. Left elbow was flexed 90 degrees, and draped over the left forearm was the official bath towel, folded and draped the official way. Right upper extremity carried nothing, as there was going to be some saluting involved. Bare feet were shod with the official white and blue plastic shower clogs. New Cadets were dispatched into the showers in groups of however many shower heads there were, and I think there were six or eight. First Classmen called out the order, "Hot water on!" and we were authorized to turn on both hot and cold water to whatever temperature suited your fancy. Your fancy better not be too discriminating, however, for immediately after you got into the shower, the cadre called out, "Two minutes!" You had two minutes to wet yourself down, soap yourself all over, and stand under the delicious hot water. Next command was, "Hot water off, cold water on!" This wasn't a suggestion, it was an order, and the hot water was to be turned completely off so that you stood under a stream of ice-cold water. You couldn't get out of the shower for one minute, you couldn't temper the cold water, and you couldn't turn it off until the order came, "Cold water off!" You turned off the water immediately, stepped out of the shower and dried yourself off, re-donning your beach robe. Special attention was paid to your feet, they had to be dried thoroughly, then powdered with official authorized Army foot powder. It was actually pretty good stuff, and following this regimen faithfully, which you had no choice but to do, and doing it correctly, which, maybe, you did most of the time, it almost universally prevented the development of athlete's foot. It did nothing to guard against blister formation, however. Next, you had to have an upperclassman inspect your feet, then you resumed your towel over left forearm-open soap dish in open left palm, plastic shower clogs on feet, and you reported to the designated First Classman, "Sir, New Cadet (State Your Name) reports that he has properly showered and shaved, brushed his teeth, had his feet powdered and inspected, had a bowel movement in the past (increments of 24 hours. Daily bowel movements meant you'd had one in the past 24 hours), and am now ready for bed, Sir!" Geneo McLaughlin remembers telling about this requirement to someone at home named, "Charley", and Charley could not believe that Geneo had to tell another student whether or not he took a shit each day! Sorry, Charley, I guess you just had to be there, cause that's the way it was.

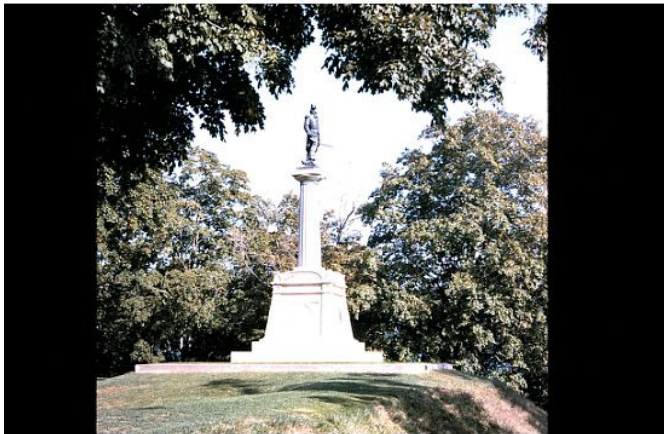
We weren't done yet. They had official West Point pajamas, tops and bottoms, and each New Cadet was required to wear his official West Point pajamas while sleeping. I'm getting a bit ahead of myself, but it wasn't unknown for an Officer Of the Day, an OOD, to slip his hand under the cover to make sure a Cadet was properly attired for sleeping. After Beast, I think we had the option of sleeping naked, but you were NOT allowed to sleep in your underwear or other unauthorized PJ's. Just little things, I don't even remember if we'd been issued the official pajamas that first day or not.

At last, it was time for Taps. I want to tell you, there was nothing to make a feller feel any more pensive than a lone bugler playing Taps at the end of the day. I have heard this wistful melody at locations all over the world, and in many different venues, but nowhere is it any more beautiful than listening to the warbling notes of the bugler calling down the curtain on a day at West Point. Hey, I should be allowed to wax eloquent at some point in this story.

Day Two of Beast Barracks, 1956, was the Fourth of July, a National Holiday, recognized and celebrated at West Point, as well as all over the rest of the American world. They even have a Fourth of July in England! (snicker, snicker! There is a Fourth of July everywhere, but some folks don't celebrate it as Independence Day). We didn't have to get up until 0700 hours! Why, asked Misura, did they get us here the day before, only to give us a holiday on the 4th? Why not just wait until the 5th? Was there something magic about beginning New Cadet Barracks the day before the Fourth of July Holiday? I don't know, and I don't remember a lot of specifics, but I do remember that we were given guided tours of West Point by, of all people, our cadre of first Classmen! We didn't have to brace while doing these tours, and I had the opportunity to look around and see some of the things I had heard about all my life, some of the buildings that were pictured in Chris Gigicos' catalog, tour the Cadet Chapel, rising in impressive majesty from the foreboding heights above the Plain, visit the Catholic Chapel, and even see Lusk reservoir. I didn't know, didn't think it mattered, how many gallons were in this body of water when it was flowing over the spillway. It did

matter, I vaguely recalled some mention of it in that book I had scanned the day before, Bugle Notes. Maybe when I had time to read that little handbook more thoroughly I would gain an appreciation for the volume of Lusk Reservoir.

Our tour led us to Michie Stadium, that hallowed ground where those stars Bob Castleman and I, and, I'm sure, many more of our classmates who just didn't mention it, had read about when following Army football. I was a bit disappointed in the size, for it wasn't too much bigger than E.H. Crump Stadium in Memphis, where we played most of our high school football games. I didn't say we filled Crump Stadium up every time we played, but whenever we played Central, we did, especially in the Thanksgiving Day game. But that wasn't part of our tour. We visited Cullum Hall, the (unnamed) Library, and the Academic Building.



I saw the Kosciuszko Monument standing in all its isolation looking out over the bend of the Hudson, and viewed the links of the great chain that stretched from the west point of the Hudson over to Constitution Island, blocking the river as a passageway for ships of the Royal Navy during the

Revolution. Did I want to buy this place?

No, I still had no interest in that, but as we were permitted to eat dinner “at ease”, falling out, not bracing, not sitting on the front six inches of the chair, and not taking bites no larger than our thumbnail, and we could walk instead of run everywhere we went, and we could talk, could actually converse with classmates, who were, as we were repeatedly warned, the only friends we had in the world, I was beginning to take some pride in my school. Oh, yes, the Cadre taught us how to spit-shine our shoes, and shine our brass, after first removing the lacquer applied by the manufacturer so that it didn't have to be shined, and fold our clothes, and make our beds so a quarter could bounce off them, but those

lessons weren't so bad. I was sure that lots of places made their students do that, and I was surely glad the worst of Beast was behind us, that first day. Yes, sir, we might have six weeks of New Cadet Barracks left, and the First Classmen may have been pretty strict on us that first day, but I thought I could live with this situation. Some cannons from the Army contingent assigned to West Point fired a forty-eight gun salute at noon, one round for each State, in celebration of the Fourth of July. (Alaska didn't enter the Union as a State until 1959 and Hawai'i followed a year later). Almost time to get ready for supper. What is that suffocating silence I hear? From whence cometh that feeling, that dread, of impending doom? Am I missing something?

The use of profanity, they say, the ubiquitous 'they', is the mark of a poor vocabulary. Perhaps I have a poor vocabulary, but the only exclamation I can come up with to adequately explain what happened next is, "HO-OO-LEE, (insert four letter word for 'feces'). (There are several possibilities, beginning with the letters 's', 'c', 'd', 'p', and several more). If all the valkyries from hell descended (ascended?) simultaneously upon the Fifth New Cadet Company, it would pale in comparison with the reception the First New Cadet Detail had for us as we formed up for dinner on the afternoon of 04 July 1956. The Holiday, it seemed, had officially ended at the initial note of first call, and our mini-vacation was over. I was wrong about yesterday being the worst day. I was wrong about the cadre being human, I was wrong about any number of things, but I remember absolutely none of them. Blockage, you know. I remember absolutely nothing from first call onward on the 4th of July 1956. I'm sure it was the worst night of my life since I have blocked on it so completely. On the other hand, I remember every minute detail of what I now call the worst night of my life that evening in 1962 when the Operations Sergeant of my Special Forces team, FTT-19, and I were separated from the other team members, surrounded by the enemy, and being hunted by the best Trackers I've ever encountered, in Laos. Either my

psychiatry instructors were wrong, and I did remember the most unpleasant of things, or else that night in Laos wasn't really as bad as the 04 July 1956 when the Holiday ended and we lined up for supper. At any rate, this is the end of my daily rendition of Beast Barracks 1956. From now on, we paint it with a broad brush.

I was watching the latest 'Star Trek' movie this March evening in 2010, and in the opening vignette, the Starfleet Captain of one of their Starships gets himself into a real bind. He is 'invited' to board his shuttle and visit the command suite of this dastardly Nero fellow. "To refuse", gloats the villainous Nero, "would be unwise." Captain of the Starship then hastens through the innards of his vessel to the shuttle station. I couldn't help but notice that as the Captain strode purposefully through the ship, everyone he passed slammed themselves up against the wall, the railing, or whatever else constituted the boundary of the passageway. Certainly, it reminded me of another time, another place,...

The main pain associated with Beast can't be limited to just one thing. Years later, there was a saying that we repeated when we spoke to high school assemblies, or other formally informal gatherings, that the Military Academy takes away all your God-given rights and then gives them back one at a time and calls them privileges. It was during Beast that your total personality was stripped of its rights. As low as a plebeian stood in the Roman hierarchy, and that's the etymology of the word, "plebe", we weren't even plebes. We had to survive and successfully complete Beast Barracks to even qualify as plebes. There were nasty rumors, and I mean REALLY nasty rumors floating around the stoops and sinks, that even if you completed Beast and were assigned to a company in the Corps during Reorganization Week, the members of that company might reject you and you'd be sent home. I don't know where that rumor came from, but, more importantly, I didn't know if it were true or not, and I didn't even know if it

was a rumor. I had bigger fish to fry, like, as Bud Robocker termed it, just trying to survive. I never did find the time during Beast to leisurely peruse the Bugle Notes, as I wished, but it was forcefully impressed upon me that I might as well memorize the whole damned book, cause most of it was required Plebe Poop, and the parts that weren't were what we called supplemental Plebe Poop. I learned the value of good oral hygiene. There were cadre screaming at you all day and far into the night, and on more occasions than I can count, they were jutting their jaws into what I came to revere as 'my space' for many, many minutes on end. To the best of my memory, I never had an upperclassman spraying fomites all over me with bad breath. Not once. Was it just because I was in such a state of shell-shock (oh, the term was 'battle fatigue', officially, but we referred to it as 'battle-rattle'. If I had only waited a few decades, I could have claimed it on my Retirement papers as being afflicted with PTSD. Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. I'm sure it would have been worth an easy 80% retirement.) - that my olfactory senses were so dulled that I couldn't notice halitosis when it was sprayed all over me? All my other sense were dulled, I can tell you, except, maybe, for pain. No, wait, my olfactory senses still worked. In Jack Misura's letter, he reminded me of New Cadet Dancing Classes. Remember those? Someone from one of the Arthur Murray Dance Studios in New York City would come up to the Academy, we would be marched over to Cullum Hall fresh from running the daily never-ending marathon, and paired up with a classmate as a dance partner. Both of us were sweating, it was unavoidable, we had to decide who was to lead and who was to follow, and then we had to (gingerly) put our arms around each other and proceed to become proficient in the 'left, right, side together' movements. When your classmate, remember, now, he's the only friend you have in the world, lifted his arm to place it around your neck, there wasn't any deodorant in the world that would provide protection from the dreaded 'B.O.' Yes, my olfactory nerve was intact, so more's the merit of Cadet oral hygiene.

Beast Barracks was physically demanding, too. Nearly everyone lost weight, and significant amounts thereof. We didn't get enough to eat because of all the goings-on at the meal tables. We learned the roles of gunner, water corporal, and coffee corporal, and we learned the correct way to announce the arrival of whatever the waiters brought to the table for First Class consumption. Nearly every noon meal, dinner, we had some sort of fruit juice as the main liquid for the meal. These juices came in two colors, red and yellow, and the red varieties were called 'pan - THER - pis' while their yellow counterparts were known as 'alliga - TOR - piss'. I was too numbed to understand until nearly the end of Beast that we were actually announcing 'panther piss' and 'alligator piss'. Bob Castleman related that he learned to survive by keeping his mouth shut and his shoes shined. He was issued a pair of black low quarters that took a spit shine very well, and his proficiency at keeping his shoes shined caused many a cadre member to walk right past him when 'walking to and fro upon the earth, seeking whom he may devour.' That last statement is not original to me, folks, it's actually a Biblical quotation describing, you guessed it, Satan himself. Satan, First Classman, in the words of the Laotians I encountered later in life, 'same-same'. I had been told to keep my mouth shut and my hands at my sides, by someone far wiser than his years, and, to my credit, I did so. Speak only when spoken to. Keep those eyeballs straight ahead. Double-time everywhere you go. Never close your eyes and mimic sleep during a class or lecture. Buck up those shoes. Never shine your belt buckle with peanut butter. And then there was the King of Beasts, Cadet Bill Huckabee, the most impressive human being on the planet, as Hank Drewfs and many of the rest of us recalled. Hank's first squad leader said, "Perfection is the standard here, Mr. Drewfs. You are so far from that standard that I, personally, am going to run you out before Christmas." I think we all heard the same thing in one form or another. Fortunately for Hank, and the rest of us, that squad leader was a member of C-2, and Hank was destined not to be. There were band concerts on the Plain, and Sunday Chapel services at Trophy Point,

welcome respites from the rigors of daily living. Drewfs' memories of Beast Barracks remain vivid, more so than the rest of us, I think. He remembers watching passenger jets flying overhead, and wondering what it would feel like to be going west in one of them come next June, if he lasted that long. He remembers Chaplain Bean delivering sermons, although he doesn't remember any of the subjects of these sermons, but there were Southern boys who contributed 'Amens' at the proper time and place. I was, am, a Southern boy, and I never contributed an 'Amen' in any of Chaplain Bean's sermons. I remember that much. Drewfs recalls that Jim Ramos and Jim Powers -he wasn't Sam yet - you know, the one who was from Highland Falls and was denied commuter status when he entered the east sallyport, who had friends who worked in the Weapons Room, and one night these pals of Sam's, excuse me, Jim's, delivered some unauthorized pizza to a back window. This was pretty risky business, but the pizza tasted fine. The Beast Detail changed the end of July, and we had a whole new set of Satans 'roaming to and fro upon the earth, seeking whom they may devour.' I shan't forget the etiquette classes on using the correct silverware, 'eat from the outside in,' recalls Misura, and 'eat from your left and drink from your right.' Sometime, and somewhere, in all this maelstrom of activity, the upper classmen began talking about the Plebe Hike. Ah, the Plebe Hike, all hail to the Plebe Hike.

For the last week of Beast Barracks, we went a' hiking, marching, to be sure, but mostly at route step, and mostly with plenty of opportunity to even talk, believe it or not, to the guy marching alongside you. That's not all the good news, for we marched, let's say, 'hiked', for the sake of clarity, for only half the day, the mornings. Then we were dispersed to a large field, we always arrived at a large field by noon, by companies, further subdivided into two man teams, each member of which had a shelter half. With just a minimum of cooperation between classmates, friends, by definition, we set up rows of two-man pup tents, all the

stakes and ropes perfectly aligned, of course, and our gear stowed inside. Those were probably the neatest camps any military had exhibited since the Romans built their daily camps with the ten-foot moats around them. At least, we didn't have to dig moats. For the rest of the afternoon, you could do mostly what pleased you, including buying boodle - that's poge-bait to the Marine Corps, I think, but we weren't Marines - which included, but was not limited to, pints of delicious ice cream, candy bars, potato chips, all kinds of stuff. If the truth be known, I don't remember much about the Plebe Hike, and I got scant help from my classmates, who remember not much also, but we all remember that it was the antithesis of what had gone on for nearly two months before. Hot meals were delivered, there were guard details, and, I'm sure, other details, there were always details, but even the details were relief for us New Cadets. I don't remember, for instance, whether we had access to topo maps or not of where all we were going, or if the maps came during the Academic year when we studied Military Topography and Graphics, but I do recall names, like, Long Pond, and - well, and, hmmm, Long Pond, and other points of interest. We wore regular fighting soldier uniforms, fatigues, with white nametapes and our last names in black above the right breast pocket, U.S.Army in Gold on a black background above the left breast pocket - oh, you don't remember wearing fatigues? Fatigues followed the HBT's, herringbone twill, work uniforms, and preceded the jungle fatigues, that preceded the BDU's, Battle Dress Uniforms, that preceded the DCU, Desert Combat Uniforms, in chocolate chip pattern, that preceded the DCU's in baby (mess) pattern, that preceded the ACU's, Army Combat Uniforms, that only a few of us, the Class of '60, ever wore. Do you feel old now, Classmates? You should. I do, and I wore the ACU's for several years. Back in our fatigues, the patches were brilliantly colored, ranks and branch were also either gold or white, as appropriate, and, of course, we wore steel pots, or sometimes just the helmet liners, and sometimes just the fatigue cap. Did we wear Louisville Spring-ups or Old Ironsides, Fidel Castro, caps in those days? I'm

pretty sure it was before the baseball caps that I, and most of the rest of the Army, abhorred. Ah, it was a grand time, the Plebe Hike. We struck tents upon command early in the morning, packed all our gear in regulation fashion, then, on most mornings, loaded our heavy packs with the rolled up shelter halves attached to the tops, just like the Marines on Iwo Jima, onto deuce-and-a-half trucks, and we 'got' to hike Hollywood style, packing not much more than our M-1 rifles. If it was different than what I remember, don't tell me cause I don't want to know. I like remembering it just the way I do. For the final day, of course, they had to throw in a 'speed march', extra fast and difficult. I vaguely recall climbing some mountain, maybe it was Storm King, maybe not, but it was hot and fast and hard, but it was still fun. The culmination was the descent and then march onto the grounds of the Military Academy. The band was playing, banners were flaunting in the breeze, crowds of people welcomed the conquering heroes, and a slave followed behind the victor's chariot, whispering constantly in his ear, either, "Fame is Fleeting". or, "You are only a Man" depending upon which version of Caesar's Gallic Wars you read. That's not the way it was? No one told me any different in response to the pleas I sent out by e-mail, and this is the way I would like to think it was. I felt like a conquering hero, for I had survived Beast Barracks. We had all survived Beast Barracks. Time causes my memory to fade, and I don't know whether we spent the night as New Cadets, or even a couple of nights, but we did receive our notices that we were being assigned to companies in the Corps of Cadets. Reorganization Week began after Beast Barracks, the Cows returned from a month's leave, the Firsties returned from wherever they'd been, and the Yearlings were transported in from Camp Buckner. The Corps reassembled, the New Cadet Companies disbanded, and we dropped the moniker, New Cadet, and assumed the lofty title of, "Plebe". Do you remember where plebes ranked in the hierarchy? Lower than whale feces, and that's at the bottom of the sea, but at least it was above New Cadets (of which there were none). And Middies, of course. There was a new Academy out in Colorado, they

said, but no one paid them much heed. I don't know whether the companies voted on whether to admit us to their ranks or not, I do know that in subsequent years we did not vote on the new plebes, but it doesn't matter, because I was one of the more fortunate members of the Corps, I was assigned to Company D, 2d Regiment. D-2! We had heard undertones about some of the companies, avoid C-2, if at all possible, I-1 was okay, K-1 was iffy. All four of the possible company assignments placed us into the Runt Battalions, the shortest members in the Corps, but, at least, we were the tallest of the short guys. However, D-2, that was the place to go. They had a good Tac, the Company Commander was Bill Ray, from Jackson, Tennessee, and friend of Bob Castleman, and I knew Bob Castleman, and he was assigned to D-2, also. So was Hank Drewfs, and Spencer Marcy, Joe Fortier, Joel Bernstein, Jon Gulla, Bud Robocker, Harry Calvin, Ted Crowley and Geneo McLaughlin, from Massachusetts, Jim, soon-to-become Sam, Powers, Chris Gigicos, Stew Godwin, Willy McNamara, Jack Misura, Butch Nobles, Jim Ramos, and Jim O'Connell, all the men mentioned in this story thus far, and some others not yet identified, for this is our story, the story of the Class of 1960 in Company D-2.

FOURTH CLASS YEAR (PLEBE YEAR)

Before I get too far into Plebe year, perhaps I need to explain a couple of things that may not be in effect anymore, but they were very important, yea, vital, to us in the Class of 1960. I am referring specifically to the Honor Code and the Honor System. The Honor Code itself was simple, "A Cadet does not lie, cheat, nor steal," and, at some point in our career, the phrase, "nor tolerate those who do," was added. A violation of this Code, and you were a civilian. Simple. One of the aspects of the Honor System was what were known as the, "All Rights". I think there were ten of them, the All Rights, and I don't propose that I remember all of them, or even most of them. You know, and if you don't know, I'm telling you, if I

were writing a real Research Paper, or Master's Thesis, or such like, I would obtain somehow, by hook or crook, original copies of the primary sources for a lot of the things to which I have referred, like the Blue Book, but I'm not doing a Master's thesis, I'm trying to write some memoirs as we remembered them. On the subject of the All Rights, there was a corollary, which was the 'Card', the ubiquitous card, found in every Cadet room of every class with the name tag and a picture of every Cadet assigned to that room on the card. The card had three markers, one for each occupant, which could be moved to any of several spaces denoting where, exactly, that Cadet was. There was one space marked, "Unmarked", and when the Cadet was in the room and engaged in honorable endeavors, such as studying, that's where the card was marked by his name. If you went to the library during Call to Quarters, CQ, then your card was marked, "library", because that was an honorable, and permissible endeavor. The point is, that when you were authorized to be where you were, doing what you were authorized to do, then the card was so marked. (Ed. privilege: - I don't know if the cards, or their L.E.D. equivalent exist anymore, and I don't know if there are still the All Rights. In my opinion, there have been three times in the past 50 years or so when I would not have wanted to be the Superintendent of the USMA. The first would have been when they admitted females to the institution. I am not arguing the merits of having female cadets, and, eventually, graduates [the first class with females is retiring this year with 30 years' service!], for it was no doubt inevitable, the right thing to do, and morally just, but I'm glad I wasn't the one who did it. Too many ghosts roaming around the environs of the Plain for that to be on my conscience. The second time would be when the All Rights were discontinued, and the card/equivalent, if they have been. And the third? When Cadets are authorized umbrellas. Nothing makes more sense, but issuing the order authorizing umbrellas is gonna' take some intestinal fortitude! I was talking with Bernard Rogers, famous General, one day, and he explained to me that every COS since who knows when has agreed that umbrellas for Soldiers

wearing Dress, Class A, or Mess Dress uniforms is a grand idea whose time has come, but no General wants to be remembered as the one who gave umbrellas to the troops).

Time to start our Plebe Year now. Bob Castleman wrote a history of Company D-2, 1960, a couple of years ago and I have access to an abbreviated summary of his story. I think it's worth repeating what he said: *The story of D2/1960 began late August or early September 1956 when 27 of us reported in to the 26th Division of Barracks directly from 9 weeks of Beast Barracks. A "turnback" from the Class of 1959 joined us a week later. By Christmas of that year one of our original members had been transferred to cadet Company C2 and a second member had left the Academy leaving D2/1960 with 26 members. All 26 of those members remained with us up to graduation day. (Ed. note: - dim as my memory is, I still think we had two members make the Dean's other list and join the Class of '61. I can provide names upon request - today. By tomorrow, Halfzeimers may have deleted them from my memory bank). In February 2008 there were 23 surviving members. Our losses include Richard K. (Dick) Boyd who was KIA in Vietnam. Dick Boyd was from a family of several West Point graduates and a great friend to all of us.*

Hank Drewfs had a somewhat inauspicious introduction into D-2. The morning we returned from the Plebe Hike, the New Cadets were given about two minutes (by Hank's memory watch) to clean up before breakfast, and his then-squad leader gave Hank two demerits for dirty fingernails. This put Hanks over in demerits for the month, so the first time the new D-2 Plebes had a formation, it was for those reporting for Punishment Tours, walking the area, holdovers from New Cadet Barracks. He noticed one of his friends (classmates) in the D-2 formation who was bouncing along out of step the entire journey in the rain over

to Central Area where the walking took place. It was Willy McNamara, and Hank wondered, in his email, if Willy remembered that day, too? I'll ask him come May.

I'm not quoting exactly from Castleman's write-up anymore, so I'm discontinuing the italics, but a lot of this material came from my internuncial pool, excited by reading Bob's report, refreshing my memories. We lived in the 25th, 26th, and 27th Division of Barracks in Old North Barracks, across the macadam area from New North Barracks and facing the Lost Fifties. Very innovative, huh? The 26th Division was all ours, while we shared the 25th with C-2 and the 27th with E-2. Each Division had four floors of Cadet rooms, plus the sinks (basement, to you civilians). On each of the three upper floors, there were four Cadet rooms, plus a latrine/lavatories, shower. The first floor of the 26th Division had the Orderly Room and no plumbing amenities. None of the first floors of Old North had latrines, but they were close to the sinks, where lots of water closets were installed. All Plebes were assigned rooms that looked out over the Area, asphalt and New North, while Firsties and Cows overlooked the Plain and the Drag Rails. At the head of the stairs was the First Class room, across the hall from it was the Second Class (Cow) room, down the hall on the same side, and next to the latrine, lived the Yearlings, and we, the Plebes, also lived next to the latrine and across from the Yearlings. For some reason, I think we weren't allowed to shower in the latrines, but we could avail ourselves of the toilet in there. My memory is faint, someone help me out. I lived in Room 2634, 26th Division, 3d floor, 4th room. Innovative, huh? Bob Castleman and Joe Fortier were my roommates. Inside each room there was a wall dividing one half of the room into two alcoves. In one of the alcoves was a single bed, and in the other was a pair of bunk beds. I think I had the single bed, but I'm not even sure of that. One member of the room was the Room Corporal for the week, and at the Saturday Morning Inspections, SAMI (Saturday Ante Meridian Inspection), this Corporal was responsible for the common areas of the room, like, the lavatory, the floor

around the desks, the shelf whereupon the Tar Buckets resided. We had our M-1 rifles in unsecured racks, there were no locks on the doors, and my rifle number was 3506971. You think that's good, to remember my rifle serial number 54 years later? Get this;- my M-1 rifle serial number as a sophomore ROTC cadet at South Side High School was 1818575. Why do I remember these needless, but nice to know, items? I don't know. George Washington's Birthday was the square root of 3, 1.732. If you remember that number, you remember TWO important facts! Bob Castleman told me that tidbit one time, and I never forgot it.

As Plebes, we charged up and down the stairs delivering morning newspapers, the New York Times, the New York Herald-Tribune, or both, to all Cadet rooms, we delivered the laundry when it came in once a week, but only to the upperclass rooms, every Plebe was responsible for picking up his own laundry. In truth, one from each room usually picked it up for all three, but a lonesome bundle left in the Orderly Room was the responsibility of the titled Plebe. We called the minutes, forty-five second minutes, beginning five full minutes before formations, and the added fifteen seconds on the first four minutes enabled the minute caller to have one full minute to make the formation on time. We had to square all the corners, slam our bodies against the wall to make room for passing upperclassmen, just like the Star Trek crew did in my opening vignette. We braced for our meals, unless granted permission to eat the meal at ease, "fall-out", by the head of the table, usually, almost always, a Firstie. Meals were scheduled for thirty minutes, breakfast and dinner, but I think supper was forty minutes. There were a couple of banks of four lights each in the mess hall - Dining Hall, or Dining Facility, in more modern jargon. Ten minutes before the end of the meal, after the Publication of Orders, "Attention to Orders!", the number 1 light was turned on, meaning that any First Classman so desiring could leave the mess hall. Five minutes later, the number 2 light was illuminated, and any Cow so inclined could leave. Yearlings and Plebes remained for the entire

meal, but, on occasion, rare occasion, indeed, the numbers 3 and 4 lights were illuminated and we could all leave. At some meals, when the Firsties left, the Cows would allow us Plebes to 'fall out'. I loved hearing them say, "You Plebes fall out." Talk about gobbling! This didn't happen every meal, not even most meals, but it did happen a lot. It depended upon the personalities of the Cows and Yearlings, once the Cows left. Joe Fortier recalls being impressed by the Napoleonic, sadistic, nature of some upperclassmen and the kindness of others. The Corps Squad tables, Varsity athletic team tables, didn't require Plebes to brace, and Jim O'Connell played Corps Squad tennis and squash both, so he rarely had to brace during a meal. I didn't engage in Corps Squad athletics, but I did play intramural softball in the Spring. A word here, all Cadets were required to play something Spring, Winter, and Fall, either Corps Squad or intramurals. Anyway, I was the catcher on the softball team, and came the day we played M-2 in softball, and Bill Huckabee, remember, the King of Beast, and now the First Captain, played for M-2. In the course of the game, he rounded third and sped for home, where I waited with the ball. Naturally, I blocked the plate and collided with Cadet Huckabee, 'upsetting' both of us, but I held onto the ball and tagged him out. That evening, at supper, as I sat rigidly on the front six inches of my chair and stared at my plate, First Captain Huckabee rose from his table, made his way over to mine, and announced, in a stage whisper, "Mister, I'd think that someone who tagged me out at home would be allowed to eat his meal at ease." Naturally, the head of my table announced, "You Plebes fall out!" That was a moment of pride that I shan't forget.

There were other ways to earn a fallout. You could request that the Fourth Classmen be allowed to eat the remainder of the meal at ease, to which the head of the table would respond, "Why should you have a fallout?", and you could recite an original poem, or announce a memorable date, such as a birthday, or that you had received a Dear John letter, which you then read. If your submission

tickled the fancy of the head of the table, he'd allow the Plebes to fallout. Believe it or not, I wrote a lot in those days, but when I read my Dear John, I wasn't the author.

A word about the Dear John letters, if I may. When a Cadet received a Dear John, it wasn't unusual for the young lady to ask for the return of her picture, usually an 8"x 10" that the Cadet kept in his locker. Remember my first day, and how I didn't want to break said picture? The Cadet would ask everyone in the Company for a girl's picture, and nearly everyone would oblige. Then the Cadet would send these hundred pictures, more or less, to the young lady, request that she select her picture from the others, and return the ones not of her. Original? No, but at least it caused more than one forsaken Cadet to smile.

We had to go on call, ten minutes before the supper formation, either to the room of your squad leader, a Firstie, or your Assistant Squad Leader, a Cow. Why? Any number of reasons, or no reason at all, at the whim of the Firstie or Cow. Once 'On Call', as it was dubbed, you were usually harassed by being required to recite Plebe poop, or give 'the days', or recite the menus for the week, or whatever asked to 'spout out'. Think back, I was voted Most Versatile Boy in my senior class at South Side, remember? The Cows spent one weekend a year on Exchange Weekend, at the Naval Academy, and we had middies take their place at West Point. My Assistant Squad Leader was from New York City, to the best of my knowledge had never been to Memphis, Tennessee, and on the Sunday evening that he returned from Annapolis, Joe Fortier, Bob Castleman, and I were studiously engaged during Call to Quarters, CQ, as we should be, and a voice, heavily tinged with a New York accent, called, for all to hear, "Mister Versatile!" Oh, fecal matter. I ignored the summons, as Bob and Joe looked up over their books at me. "He can't know that," I erroneously mumbled. The call was repeated, with emotion, more volume, "Mister Versatile!" Again, I ignored the call.

“Mister Sutton, hang your head out!” I rose, went to the door, opened it, and stuck my head out, bracing, looking up the stairs at the location of the Second Class room. “Yes, Sir!” “Weren’t you Mister Versatile?” “Yes, Sir.” “Drive around to my room on call at Tattoo!” It seems, by a cruel stroke of fate, that he had roomed with a middie at Annapolis who was dating a girl from my high school, the one voted Most Beautiful Girl, and he had shown the yearbook from South Side to his guest, my Assistant Squad Leader, AST. My AST perused the pictures of the popularity poll at South Side, and there I was, in all my glory, Most Versatile Boy. I’ll never forgive Most Beautiful Girl for that.

Plebes marched in formation to class, by sections, and sections were determined by order of merit in that particular subject. You sat in order of merit, too, so that, say, the first man in the first section was the number one ranked Plebe in that subject for that hour and day schedule. Every Cadet was graded every day in every subject, and new section rosters were posted monthly. It was possible to change sections by large increments, depending upon your progress for the month. Number fifteen man in the twelfth section was one seat away from becoming a civilian, for academics were like the NCAA basketball tournament, one (failure) and you’re done.

They did have ‘turnout’ exams, kind of a last ditch effort to pass a course, a comprehensive test administered and graded as pass/fail if you wound up with an average below 2.0, out of 3.0, not 4.0, in any subject at the end of a semester. (And in the true Spirit of D-2, when the results of turnouts



were published and two of our number were selected to join the Class of '61, we had a party! Only Ginger Ale, folks, only Ginger Ale).

The First and Second Regiments had different schedules, so we members of D-2 had almost no contact with our friends (classmates) in our sister company, I-1. The only elective we had was which foreign language we would study for the first two years. Options included, and were limited to, German, Russian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. Before the academic year began, we were afforded the opportunity to list the languages in our order of preference, 1-5, and some of us actually got to study our first choice language. For math classes, and that was six days a week, and any chemistry, or physics, fluids or solids, or ordnance, or juice, none of which we took the Plebe year, except for the math, we used slide rules. Keuffel and Esser log/log duplex decitrig (I also remember the serial number of my rifle, recuerde?) slide rules, or linear calculators, in orange leather cases, were used by every single member of the Corps of Cadets, to the best of my knowledge. In every Plebe formation marching from Central Area to the West



Academic Building for math class, every single person was equipped with an orange leather case containing their K&E slide rule. These slide rules were not inherently accurate beyond about three significant numbers, I'm kinda fuzzy on their accuracy, but, anyway, at the end of a problem, it was customary to write, "slide rule accuracy". One member of the Class of '60, and it wasn't me, wrote, "calculated with a sly drool." I was always envious of that statement, wished I had thought of it. Of course, this unnamed member was just number one man in the class, I think. Whatever, my point is, that we were current with the latest gadgetry. I know gadgetry has progressed beyond the slide rule, the

calculator, even computers, and now cell phones that are computers and televisions, and cameras, and mind-boggling advances, but I was dealt a most unkindest cut of all (said Julius Caesar to Brutus) when I visited the Smithsonian Museum of American History a couple of years ago. One of the current exhibits of American culture featured devices used in times past for aiding the work force, and in the glassed-in case, on display, was an orange leather case with a K&E log/log duplex decitrig slide rule partially exposed. In a museum! A Museum of American History! The Smithsonian Museum of American History! Talk about the most unkindest cut of all! I think I left the Museum, blew out the candle, mounted my mustang, and rode off into the night after that.

I need to explain the Cadet, or the USMA, grading system, because it was somewhat unique. As mentioned elsewhere, a Cadet was graded every day in every subject. These were daily grades, gleaned from your problem solving at the board, or discussion etc, and a maximum daily grade was 3.0. A minimum passing daily grade was 2.0. Anything below 2.0 was failing, or deficient. Thus, if you scored a 2.9, 2.7, 2.8, 2.5, 1.9, and 2.0 in a week's worth of math grades, you were 28 tenths above passing. Oh, they published your grade as 2.466 at the end of the week, but, for the Cadets, you knew that you were 28 tenths ahead of the game. Every six weeks, or so, and infrequently in English or some other non-slide rule class, you had a Written Partial Review, a WPR, commonly called a "Wooper." Woopers were worth a maximum of 6.0, with 4.0 being the minimum passing grade. You could hurt yourself by boling a Wooper, but not nearly as badly as if you bolloed a "Wooger", WGR, Written General Review. Woogers were worth 9.0 max with 6.0 minimum passing grade. In math, for instance, you might have Woogers every day for the last week of the semester, so a lot of good work during the semester could go down the drain in a hurry. Some daring Cadets liked to end the semesters with no tenths to burn, that is, a

straight 2.0 average in every subject. That is guts ball, for one slip and you discover the joys of civilian-hood.

Someone, several someones, have mentioned the cannon moving escapade, and I think it bears repeating. There was an upperclassman, a Cow, as a matter of fact, from Front Royal, Virginia, if my memory serves me correctly, whose last name was similar to the name of the company that made the blades for the quickest, slickest shave of all, and he felt that some of the cannon displayed on Trophy Point needed to be displayed on the steps of Washington Hall. Whether or not he approached the administration about this change in venue, I know not, but he did mention to me and a bunch of other Plebes that if we wished to participate in a project of world-changing importance, we should meet in the sinks of the 26th Division after Taps that evening. And, oh, yeah, wear fatigues. I can't remember how many of us assembled there after Taps, but enough so that our fearless leader was satisfied that the force could accomplish the mission. We silently hustled out of the area and onto the Plain, making a beeline toward Trophy Point. There was virtually no automobile traffic on the road around the Plain, so we weren't worried too much about being discovered. The MP's patrolled the entire Academy grounds, and one of their vehicles could happen along, but it didn't, and we arrived on Trophy Point where the line-up of cannons awaited the picking. I didn't choose which one to move - actually, I think we moved more than one, two, possible three, but these were old cannons mounted on heavy carriages with big wooden wheels bound in steel tyres (British spelling). Mules, or trucks, pulled these field pieces during their war days, but Cadets pulled them tonight. It wasn't easy, but once we muscled them around so that their trails were head-first, and got them moving, the main concern was to keep them moving, the faster the better. I wasn't with Joel Bernstein, who probably has the most vivid memory of this evening, and he should be writing this part of the story, but I was helping to move one of the pieces as we approached the

circumferential road. It had a name back then, probably has the same name now, but I'm drawing a blank. We decided, on the run, to hit the curb on the near side as fast as possible, bounce onto the roadway, cross the road, hit the far curb fast and hard and bounce the cannon onto the Plain where we could then continue our mule-work toward Washington Hall. So we did, the piece careened into the air when it struck the near curb, the wheels hit the roadway rolling, and then it slammed into the far curb. Except, it was cushioned when it hit the far curb by Joel Bernstein's foot. You know that had to hurt, man, a several hundred pound cannon bouncing off your foot, and I guess it did, cause Joel went down and there was a lot of blood coming out of his tennis shoe. I wasn't an Orthopaedic Surgeon yet, I was just a junior Plebe, but even I knew something bad was wrong. While some of the members of our band tended to Joel, we still had some loose cannons that needed to be delivered to the steps of the mess hall, so the rest of us pulled, pushed, tugged, and cursed those field pieces into battery on the steps of Washington Hall. When we returned to the 26th Division, Joel had been helped to the stoops on the Plain side, the steps we Plebes weren't allowed to use, and someone used the phone in the Orderly Room to call the Emergency Room at the hospital. By the way, the hospital didn't have a name in those days. An ambulance was dispatched and Joel was transported to the hospital where he remained as a patient for six months, I think. Ask Joel, I'm sure he remembers. The damage to his foot was severe, and, if my memory is any good at all, he was introduced to Carvin' Parvin, a physician it was my pleasure to never meet. At Breakfast formation the next morning, lo, and behold, cannon were displayed parked on the steps of Washington Hall. I cannot say what all went into the investigation of this incident, but I'm sure there was one. I was never implicated as a conspirator. In a lesser known escapade, later in the year, the same Cadet Name rhymes with Schick, but the other company, decided that the mess hall needed a sailboat from down on the river to take up residence on Washington Hall steps before Breakfast Formation, and we - yes, me, too - accomplished that

project without loss of life or limb. I guess that's why no one talks about it. To this day, if you examine the cannon displayed at Trophy Point, you will note that they are secured to their moorings (naval term) with steel bands and bolts into the concrete, a direct result of Bernstein's Raid. As for the sailboats, I have no idea what measures were enacted to protect them.

Do they still have rallies after Taps before football games? They did fifty years ago. Someone in some company would holler out a window, "Rally, rally, rally!" and the cry would be repeated from window after window, and then the area would fill with cadets in outlandish outfits all yelling and cheering until all the areas were full of Cadets. We'd sing, and the entire Corps would move as a mass from area to area, eventually gathering in front of the mess hall sans cannons or sailboats, and the cheerleaders, miraculously decked out in their uniforms, would lead cheers for a time. We'd sing the fight song, On Brave Old Army Team, and Sons of Slum and Gravy, and sometimes we'd have a short rally speech by a favorite Tactical Officer, before he dismissed us all to return to our barracks. Then the Academy went to bed - except for the D-2 contingent. Quietly, we gathered on the steps of D-2 for a songfest. I have, in the intervening half century, heard many choral groups sing, but never was there a more melodious sound than the D-2 company singers softly singing some favorite songs. Not loudly, kind of quietly, but it was beautiful. All of North Area listened to our lullabies. After several harmonious refrains, we'd end with our trademark song, On the Steps of D-2. I remember the words to this day. "*On the steps of D-2, crying like hell, lies a new-born baby, listen to that son-of-a-bitching bastard yell. Who could be its father? Maybe it's you! It's just another bastard son of old D-2!* We, the Class of 1960, Plebes though we were, had officially joined the ranks of old D-2. And that's how it was a half century ago.

Stew Godwin recalls another aspect of Plebe life that we'd like to forget, the Clothing formations. Stew Godwin remembers enduring two or three of them, vividly. For some infraction, real or imagined, some upperclassman would select one of our number for a clothing formation. First, you'd report to the upperclass room in the standard study (class) uniform, they'd chew you out for awhile, then dispatch you to your room to return in five minutes in, say, Full Dress Gray over White under Arms, and don't be late. You'd



hustle to your room, your roommates, if they weren't also involved in the exercise, would assist you in changing uniforms, you'd report in said dress, get chewed out, then dispatched to return in, say, Dress Gray with rain gear. Hustle, dress, return, get chewed out, then be dispatched to return in, say, PT uniform, and so on, until the upperclassmen tired of the game. We sweated in many, many ways during Plebe year, psychologically as well as physically, but never more than when engaged in a Clothing Formation. We sweated on the Obstacle Course twice a year, too. I don't have to remind anyone of the Obstacle Course, for everyone remembers the heaving, dry and wet, that took place after four minutes or less of that onerous requirement.

Plebes get to go home for Christmas now, but we weren't allowed that 'privilege' then. We got to watch the entire rest of the Corps leave on Christmas break, whether we beat Navy or not, and then we fell out big time. The entire facilities of the Military Academy were at our disposal, and it was as grand a time as you can have if you couldn't be at home. Skis, snowshoes, ice skates, dances, visitors, including family and, if you had one, girlfriends were welcome, and the place really outdid itself in providing a memorable vacation (of sorts). I didn't have a

girlfriend, remember, I'd already read my Dear John at the supper table. If there was a pleasant memory of Plebe year, it was Plebe Christmas. Pity they don't do it anymore. I did ski, for the first time, and I continued to ski some after the Corps returned. One Cadet who was an accomplished skier was my AST, Mr Versatile himself, from New York, and I saw him several times on the slopes. He was, almost, civil. We drank hot chocolate and ate cookies in the ski lodge which was available to all Cadets, free of charge. Everything was free of charge. More about Mr Versatile later, but the year progressed and so must this story.

There are some gloomy places on this planet, but I don't know if any others compare with the entire entity of the US Military Academy during the period beginning with the return from Christmas Leave, and terminating, by design, one hundred days before Graduation (The BIG Flush, as the three lower classes call it, Plebes included). The weather is miserably cold, the skies are gray, the snow covering everything has turned gray, the buildings are gray, the streets and sidewalks are gray, the uniforms are gray, overcoats are gray, bandbox reviews inside the area are gray, what have I missed? If it isn't gray, it's in a bad mood.



The upperclassmen are all in bad moods, the P's (instructors) are in bad moods, no one wants to visit you during this time, so it is easy to see why the period is known as Gloom Period. It truly is a gloomy world for Plebes. Academics dominate the days, boxing and wrestling and swimming and gymnastics occupy all a Plebe's PT class time, football season is over, - Army didn't go to bowls then, even when they won the National Championship, neither did navy, nor notre dame. Some folks capitalize those school names, but this is my writing and I don't. I can't. It just cramps up my fingers when I try. Even when I talk about those schools and their teams, I talk in lower case. - and I can't recall Army doing well in basketball until Bobby Knight took over, and that was a long time after us. If I'm wrong, don't chastise me. Like Jack Misura, I joined the Sports Information detail, also the Pointer staff. Is the Pointer still published? If not, go to the archives, and read some of the issues, especially the issues when we were First

Classmen. Read pyrenes column. If you think I forgot to capitalize and punctuate pyrene, wait until you read those articles. I was assigned to cover the basketball team during Gloom, which, I think, was much preferable to Jack Misura's assignment of covering hockey. It had nothing to do with the sport, or the records, but they played basketball in the heated Field House - it didn't have a name, either - whereas they played hockey in the freezer known as Smith Rink. As a matter of fact, I'd never seen a hockey game until our Plebe year, and then I braved the elements only because two of our number were on the team, Ted Crowley and Geneo McLaughlin. I liked watching the game, and I never suspected Geneo was as mean as he occasionally was during the game. Actually, i think all hockey players were mean, and they still are, but that's a Mid-South opinion being voiced. At any rate, Gloom ended with the Hundredth Night and the Hundredth Night Show. I wasn't, am not, a Thespian, but I did enjoy the Hundredth Night activities in Company D-2. For one glorious night, Plebes were the upperclassmen, and the upperclassmen had to play like Plebes, sorta. We could make upperclassmen drive around to our rooms on call, and you can bet your bottom dollar that I had Mr. Versatile from New York drive around to mine. I had him bracing with a silly smirk on his face, which I commanded, in no uncertain terms, that he wipe that silly smirk off his face. Then I ordered, "Inspection, fingernails!" He brought his forearms to the horizontal position with his palms extended and his fingernails exposed for inspection. He had me do this many, many times when i was on call to him. I remember that his fingernails were clean, but then I said, "Turn them over!". He did, now palms up. I reached up for his right hand, grasping it in a handshake, which constituted Recognition between an upperclassman and a Plebe. "Hello, Jim, call me Dick." Talk about mad! Mr New York Versatile was mad! "That doesn't count!" he exploded. "Aw, come on, Jim, you know it does." He was furious, and refused to recognize that we had shaken hands, but I had already decided that I wasn't going to back down on this. The furor that ensued resulted in the Company Commander being

summoned to make a ruling on this, and he decided in my favor. I never had to go on call to Mr. New York Versatile again. Small victories are remembered with relish from Plebe year. Many years later, I encountered MAJ Versatile in a PX somewhere, and he was still pissed. Oh, well.



I was somewhat surprised that none of the submissions I received from classmates mentioned Poop Sheet Day, but, as I see it, it was one of the most clever things that were done to the Plebes during our year of, what, total submission, total subjugation? At the time, I don't think I fully appreciate the endeavor. Anyway, it

seems the yearlings spent several weeks tearing up newspapers and other scraps of foolscap into tiny little pieces. We didn't have shredders then, maybe the Pentagon did, but we didn't, and I'm sure they would have been unauthorized if they did exist, so the yearlings used their manual dexterity to accomplish the same task. We knew nothing about this, haven't even heard a rumor about it. Came the day, I don't remember which day it was, but it was in the Spring, and we went to class, as usual. While we were absent attending to our education, the yearlings entered our rooms and stuffed these tiny scraps of paper into every nook, cranny, pocket, and space in every uniform, every rifle, every bed, everywhere. They flooded our rooms with shredded papers. When we returned from class to prepare for the lunch formation, the sights of our rooms was absolutely stunning! It was enough to take your breath away, and it did. My, land, what in the world happened to our rooms? The laughing and giggling from the rooms across the hall left no doubt about who the responsible parties were, but they were compassionate. We didn't have to have it all cleaned up until that

evening, when our rooms were required to be in Inspection Order again. Years later, I would stick my hand into a pocket and encounter tiny little scraps of paper. You couldn't help but laugh, and I did.

Speaking of Inspection Order, one of our rooms in the 26th Division had been Dwight David Eisenhower's room when he was a cadet. He was then, as you may recall, the President of the United States, so this room was frequented by visiting dignitaries of all walks of life, they often arrived unannounced, as Bob Castleman mentioned in his summary of our time at West Point, so this room had to be in first class order at all times. It was not, however, spared on Poop Sheet Day. Did I mention that this room was always assigned to plebes? I can vouch for that fact, personally.

There were a couple of other facets of Plebe year that deserve recognition - yes, Mr. Versatile from New York, you did recognize him - by mention. Jack Misura was from Torrington, Connecticut, about a two hour drive from West Point, and Jack fondly recalls the visits his parents made up there while he was a Cadet. In all, his folks made over one hundred trips to the USMA during his four years. One such visit, during Plebe year, resulted in his having dinner at the Thayer Hotel with his parents and Bob (Bill) Burnell, one of our number from the Fifth New Cadet Company who was also originally assigned to D-2, but through a cruel stroke of fate, was switched to C-2 before Christmas. That must have been traumatic. Jack and Bill had the same birthday, 21 October 1938 (which also happens to be my Wedding Anniversary, though not in 1938, if anyone is interested. Dianne and I are interested, have been for nigh onto 48 years), which made them among the youngest members of the Class of '60. Jack's folks treated them to dinner (supper, officially) at the Thayer in recognition thereof.

Misura's memories are actually rather extensive. He recalls another time when he was in formation and a couple of yearlings were doing their thing as "plebe chasers", assigned to harass the Plebes before the upperclassmen joined the formation, and they instructed Jack to "make a nasty motion." As nearly everyone knows, this meant for the Plebe to tuck his butt in, to do a pelvic tilt, in Orthopaedic lingo. I said, 'nearly,' everyone, for it caught Jack by surprise. He responded by smartly performing a single digit salute. "WOW!" exclaims Jack, now. "I saved you guys from upperclass eyes and attention for the next 24 hours." Jack and his roommates found a plumbing access panel behind one of their wall lockers which made a great place to store non-perishable items, such as crackers, jelly, and cookies - maybe the cookies were perishable - and he proudly reports that they were never found out on that violation of the regulations. He also stored some jelly for his crackers, but he stored the jelly in his typewriter case. In the course of this storage, the lid came off the jelly and distributed its contents all over the keyboard, the jelly then solidifying, rendering the typewriter inoperable. It took multiple cans of lighter fluid and elbow grease by the hour to clean all that sticky stuff off.

I'd like to tell a story of Plebe Year that did not involve D-2, directly, but the episode took place in one of our brother companies of the First Battalion, Second Regiment. There was an inviolable rule that an Officer could not enter a Cadet room without first knocking on the door. This was the rule, the interpretation thereof often took innovative features. Some officers would knock with one hand while twisting the doorknob with the other and throwing the door open, so the knock and the opening took place simultaneously. Plebes could not have record players (what in the world is a CD, or an iPod?) or radios playing during Call to Quarters, when they were to be studying. There was one electronic whizz, today, I guess we'd call him a geek, who played his radio during CQ. One particular Officer, while serving as the Officer of the Day, who visited Cadet rooms, seeking

whom he may devour, heard a radio playing whilst he was walking in the area. They say he removed one of his shoes so that when he ascended the stairs, he was able to take two steps for every one that was heard as his shoe contacted the granite steps, but I can't vouch for this portion of the story, and he hurriedly climbed the stairs until he was outside the room from whence came the sound of music. Knocking on the door as he flung it open, the Officer was surprised to find the three Plebes jumping to attention and no radio sounds at all coming from the room. Knowing that his stealthy skills were such that he had opened the door so quickly that no human could possibly have turned a radio off, he was befuddled. After a perfunctory perusal of the room, said officer exited, closed the door, and the radio resumed playing. He knocked and threw the door open again. No sound, no radio. Now frustrated, but prevented from "using Honor against them," the Officer couldn't ask the Plebes if they had a radio playing, but his search of the room revealed a radio, which was authorized, but it wasn't playing and none of the Plebes were sitting close enough to it to touch the device. He exited, the radio played. No quill (demerits), nothing to do but leave. Seems the whizz had formed an hidden electrical contact between the door and the doorjamb which, when disrupted, interrupted the circuit and turned off the radio. This didn't happen in D-2, but I wish it had, and, furthermore, I wish I had done it. This, and the comment about the 'sly drool'.

I've spent about enough time writing about Plebe year. In reading it over, and in our daughter, Jennifer, listening to me talk about it, Plebe year sounds like it was a lot of fun. It wasn't, not at all. It was a grind, interspersed with episodes of incredibly difficult situations that taxed your mental, and physical, capacities to the maximum. That's what it was designed to be, and the design worked. Plebe year was no fun, I think that opinion is shared by all of us, but, we were, after all, members of Company D of the 2d Regiment of Cadets, and we had the reputation of D-2 to uphold. We were bastard sons of old D-2, through and

through. Bud Robocker says it is the only instance he can come up with where you called your friends, 'bastards', and your friendship is cemented, rather than ended. Yet one thing remained for us to take our places on the steps of D-2. Recognition. Recognition meant that the upperclassman shakes hands with the Plebe, recognizes him, and assumes a new and different relationship with the



Plebe. The two become humans in each other's presence. There are no, "Sirs!", there are no, "Misters", it's just Tom, and Dick, and Harry - or you fill in the names.

No bracing when you visit their rooms, and you are authorized to visit their rooms. This recognition had already taken

place in a few isolated instances - YES! Jim, call me, Dick! - but during June Week, and there was a June Week back in those days, and it took place in, believe it or not, June, there was a formal parade - P'rade - on the Plain of the entire Corps of Cadets, which was followed by the Plebes being marched to assigned positions inside the various areas. This ceremony did not take place out in public view, for it was a private, personal, and, if I may be so sentimental, a very moving ceremony. The Plebes were called to attention, bracing, of course, and then the First Class Cadets of their company, who would be attending their Graduation Parade the next day, led by the Company Commander, approached the first Plebe in line.

Removing his Tar Bucket and gloves, the First Classman would extend his right hand to the Plebe, who would then remove his Tar Bucket and glove, and the two would shake hands. "Welcome to the Corps, Jonathan," said the Firstie. (All the upperclassmen knew all the Plebes' first names by now, and all the Plebes had known the upperclassmen's first names for months and months). "Thank you, Bill," said the Plebe, forsaking the position of the brace forever.

The Company Commander continued on down the line of Plebes, followed by every single member of the Company, by class. Plebe Year was over. We had survived. Hank Drewfs could look forward to that flight across the country with a smile on his face. Joel Bernstein was out of the hospital. No more shower formations, no eating square meals, no reading Dear John letters, no more made up poems, or First Captains visiting the table to compliment you on an intramural game, no more squaring corners, no more marching to class in formation, but we still had the orange leather holsters for the museum quality K&E slide rules. We took our seats in well-earned glory on the steps of D-2.

THIRD CLASS YEAR (YEARLING YEAR)

Maybe it's time to take a break, to step back and try to absorb all that has happened since about a year ago. Are you tired of reading? Want a break? No? Okay, I'm game if you are. First off, following Graduation for the Firsties, we, the Class of 1960, who used to be Plebes, but woe unto any forlorn soul who should so refer to any of us now as such, were now authorized to wear the gold-backed Cadet crest on the collars of our starched khaki uniforms. Officially, the colors for the years were, absolutely nothing for Plebes, gold crests for Yearlings (note the capitalization of the word, 'Yearling'. It wasn't capitalized in last year's story, and it won't be in next year's, either. No explanation should be needed.), grey for Cows, and black for First Classmen. In actuality, the gold was really more of an orange-tinted yellow, but we didn't care then and we don't care now. Most of us departed the Academy grounds on one of the buses running to LaGuardia Airport, or Newark, or Idlewild - or was it Idlewyld? I don't remember, but it certainly wasn't JFK. I, myself, went to Newark for a flight on Capital Airlines to Washington, DC, thence to Atlanta on Eastern, and finally to Memphis, also on Eastern. What all of us, and any of us did for the next month falls under the heading of, "What you see here, what you hear here, what you say here, when

you leave here, let it stay here,” and, being the law-abiding citizen that I am, that is the course I shall follow. Yearling Year is as close to fun as it gets at the Military Academy, and it began with Yearling Summer out at Camp Buckner. Buckner was fun. We were trained in Army tactics, including the USMA version of the Ranger slide-for-life, and our Opforce, they call it now; we called them the Aggressors from Pineland, members of the Circle-Trigon Army, were members of the 82d Airborne Division. I was designated as a Squad Leader for the first month, and my assistant was Nick Rowe, who became the Squad Leader for the second month. You may have heard of him, and if you haven't, shame, shame on you. The squad was called the Dick and Nick Squad. I forget which company we were in, I'd guess the Fifth, but I do remember that Willy McNamara was also in the company and we became the Mickey Mouse Company. Willy even procured a pair of Mickey Mouse ears, and often wore them as we marched to the mess hall singing the Mousketeers song. Do I remember the words? How could you ask, since I remember my 10th grade rifle serial number? *M-I-C-K-E-Y, M-O-U-S-E. Mickey Mouse, Mickey Mouse, forever let us hold our banner high. Hey, there, hi, there, ho, there, we're as happy as can be. M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.* That was the refrain, there were other verses, and we made up a couple that were not, perhaps, complimentary to our Company Commander (a Firstie). It was grand, and when we had guests on the weekend, they would line the route of march and cheer on the Mickey Mouse Company. We fired weapons, learned tactics, and we played water sports, canoeing, sailing, swimming, and eating pints and pints of ice cream (\$0.25 per pint). Hops, that's 'Dances' to civilians, lots of free time, and a most relaxed atmosphere. Stew Godwin distinguished himself, and D-2 along with him, by winning the Buckner Stakes. I forget what all was involved in the Stakes competition, but you can be sure that if competition was involved, D-2 did well. A tip of my baseball cap to Stew Godwin. Tonight, as I write, my baseball cap is a black one with a big Gold "A" embroidered on the front. I have a lot of baseball caps and I rotate them every day. I have to mention one particular

incident from Camp Buckner because it involved me. Toward the end of the summer, when we were preparing to return to Reorganization Week, where we would meet the new Plebes of the Class of 1961, whose motto was, "Second to None, Sixty-one," (lest I forget to mention it, our motto was, "Go like Sixty"), I was standing on the docks after supper and some of the Firsties on the detail were horsing around on the deck above the docks and one of them dropped his saber into the water of Lake Popolopen. It was in water that wasn't too deep, but it was out of reach from the shore, so I, ever the helpful one, untied a canoe from its mooring (a naval term, but it was a boat, after all), got in it and paddled over to the location of the sunken treasure. I retrieved same, and returned it to its keeper. All the horsing around Firsties thanked me, but the Cadet Officer of the Day, also a Firstie, didn't see the humor, nor the necessity of my actions, and he wrote me up for being out in a canoe at an unauthorized time, in an unauthorized uniform, without a life jacket. "What an ass!" thought I, but the Company Tactical Officer saw things the same way the Cadet Officer of the Day did, and he requested, that's a mild term, that I write an Explanation of Report, otherwise known as a B-ache. I applied all my journalistic talent, such as it was, and is, I'm afraid, to this B-ache, explaining that the situation demanded immediate action, and the Good Samaritan, and sometimes a situation arises that requires a violation of the regulations, and so on, and so on. All to no avail, for the @&\$%^#* Tac awarded me a slug, 8+8, which, translated, is eight demerits and eight punishment tours. Camp Buckner ended before the punishment took effect, so I began Yearling year as Hank Drewfs began Plebe year, walking the area. I think the Tac must have been someone without a known father, but not one of the Bastard Sons of Old D-2.

The New Cadet Detail played games with their charges, just as our new Cadet Detail played games with us, by telling them that they didn't know what harassment was until they entered their Cadet Companies and ran into the new

Yearlings. New Cadets were led to believe that the new Yearlings had spent the entire summer just salivating in their desire to jump on the new Plebes. This wasn't so, universally, and I like to think that I was a relaxed Yearling. However, I remember the first day we were back in the Company Area, and everyone from all classes was moving into their assigned rooms, and there was a lot of lugging trunks around, and sweating, and the halls were jammed, and the new Plebes were continually jamming themselves up against the walls, just as we had done. I had misplaced the key to my authorized, uniform, footlocker, so I stepped out into the hall to ask help from the first person I encountered. As luck would have it, it was a Plebe, and when he saw me, he nearly broke his neck bracing and his back, slamming up against the wall. "Mister," I began, and I noticed that the Plebe was actually quivering. I was embarrassed, believe it or not, so I said to the Plebe, "Relax, Mister. I want to know if you have a 1932 foot locker key?" The Plebe, who shall remain nameless, even though I remember his name well, stuck his hand into the pocket of his khakis and withdrew his key, holding it out to me. His hand was quivering, but in that quivering hand was a 1932 foot locker key. "May I borrow your key for a minute?" "Yes, Sir!" he responded, but he wasn't relaxed when he did so. This made a lasting impression on me that stayed with me to this day. We did get moved in and began our Yearling Year. I tried to solicit responses from my classmates about Yearling Year, but responses were few. Few, as in, none, although a couple did mention Yearling Year as part of a longer response.



Geneo McLaughlin wrote about an experience with Marty Maher, and, even though the response is undated, and may not have actually happened during Yearling Year, I am going to take the Writer's Prerogative of assuming that it

did. Geneo was that mean hockey player, remember, and he had occasion, as nearly all hockey players do, of being a patient in the hospital, recovering from some injury or other.

While there, he met Marty Maher, and I'll let Geneo tell it from there. *"Marty Maher was an institution at West Point; cadets thought so highly of him that the cadets in the classes of 1912, 1926 and 1928 made him an honorary member of their classes. He spent 50 years serving West Point while in the military and as a civilian. His rise in the military to Master Sergeant was set back a number of times because of demotions to lower grades. He was a friend of graduates who are considered great generals, such as Pershing, Bradley, Eisenhower, Van Fleet and Patton, and also a friend of graduates who have not received such acclaim. When at West Point, Marty served most of his time as an instructor in the Department of Physical Training. One of his former swimming students, Dwight D. Eisenhower wrote 'I cannot put too high an estimate on the help (Maher) gave my morale. Marty with his Irish wit and his talent for understanding did the same for many others.'* The popular 1955 movie 'The Long Gray Line' chronicles his career at West Point, portraying him as being a kind-hearted person but something of a maverick.

Marty was a resident of the West Point hospital near the end of his life when his health had deteriorated. During my stay at the hospital due to athletic injuries, I would sit and talk with Marty. After my dismissal from the hospital my roommate, Willy McNamara, and I visited Marty in the hospital. I remember him as being very gracious and kind. He talked a great deal about many of his former students. Most of the names I did not recognize, but there were other names that were familiar from my history books. Marty was concerned about the welfare and success of his former students. He kept himself informed about their careers and lives from the early 1900s up until the 1950s, long after they had graduated. He was excited about their many achievements and saddened by the deaths of those who sacrificed their lives for our country.

In the early 1900s and up until the late 1930s equestrianism was an important part of the cadet curriculum. There were regular riding classes year round and the more skilled cadet riders who were also adept at wielding polo mallets represented West Point on the polo team. Marty had a fondness for equestrianism and the horse cavalry. He liked to talk about the proper maintenance of the equipment used with horses. He often spoke of the need to apply neats foot oil to the saddles, bridles and harnesses. Without the proper use of neats foot oil and saddle soap, he said, the equipment would never pass inspection. He talked about the need to always check horses carefully and to tend to any problems they might have. Now I understand that I should have tried to recall our conversations earlier and to refresh my memory so more of his conversations could be passed on.”

We changed Tactical Officers in D-2 for our Yearling Year. Gone was Captain Smilin’ Jack Martin, the Air Force Tac we had as Plebes, who was known throughout the Second regiment as a “loose” Tac, that is, as an easy-going, loosely interpreting the Regulations, Tac, and a pleasure to have in charge of our Company. I think everyone in D-2 liked CPT Martin, even the Plebes, so when we learned that we’d lost him, and a new Tac was in store for us, we were all a bit leery. What if we wound up with a “chicken” Tac, like, say, C-2 had? We didn’t, we wound up with MAJ Friendly Fred Alderson, and we kept Friendly Fred for both our Yearling and Cow years. He was a thoroughly good guy, and an example for all the Bastards of D-2. Wonder why he hasn’t been made an Honorary Bastard and awarded a seat on the steps of D-2? Jack Misura recalls that he, Dick Boyd, and Jim O’Connell started the year as roommates. However, it seemed that they had difficulty maintaining a proficiency in academics, so Friendly Fred thought it would be wise to break up that trio. Jack then moved in with Bob Schiemann and Ron Smith. Bob was invaluable in getting Jack through his German classes, and Ron re-taught him the importance of good study habits.

Jack also remembers that President Eisenhower was at West Point on November 2, 1957 to dedicate his fountain. One month later, the King of Morocco was there to dispense amnesty for those who screwed up and couldn't take one step forward prior to boarding the buses for the return trip to West Point after the Army-navy game. Some were identified as being 'under the influence', while others were saved by standing rigidly at attention while the men on either side of them jammed up against them and literally carried them forward when the one step command was given. Butch Nobles met Jack's parents Yearling Year, and after that, Jack's dad enjoyed playing golf with Butch and Jack when they visited the Academy. I told you Yearling Year was fun. Butch and his parents, Craig Hagan, and Willy McNamara joined Jack and his folks for dinner at the Hotel Thayer once in early April. Willy was on his best behavior, so I'm told. Many years later, Stew Godwin recalls playing golf with his son, a member of the Class of 1984 at that other Academy, the one in Colorado, on the Fort Belvoir Golf Course and a singleton walked up and asked to join their group. The singleton introduced himself as Fred Alderson, whereupon Stew told his son a story of taking his One and Only (AOA) to chapel where she talked throughout the service. When Stew returned to his room, he found a quill (demerit) slip on his desk for, "Too much chatter in Chapel". It was a gift from Friendly Fred. The quill cost Stew a weekend leave. Fred stated, "Aw, I wouldn't do that," but he had.

As for me, and, remember, I'm writing this story with my memories for lack of input from so many others, I roomed with Bob Castleman and Sam Powers. How did Sam become Sam, when he had been Jim all his previous life? As I remember it, one day, Bob was talking and he said that Jim Powers didn't look like a Jim, he looked like a Sam. Bob and I were from Tennessee, as I've mentioned, and Sam was from Highland Falls, so when I agreed with Bob, the vote was 2-1, and we called him Sam after that. Others in the Company found it a fitting moniker, too, so Sam it became and Sam it is. At least they had a quote

in a movie, "Play it again, Sam", commemorating his new name. I developed a strong interest in firearms, especially, pistols. I visited the Pistol Range a couple of times and met MSG Brenner, a World Class pistol shot, and, if I'm not mistaken, an Olympic Champion Pistol Shot. MSG Brenner told me that I could order a .45 ACP Government Model pistol from a certain firm in Virginia for \$40, and I had \$40 saved up from the \$5/week my Dad sent me for spending money. You could ship firearms through the mail in those days. Ergo, I ordered the weapon, it came right into the Orderly Room in the mail, no questions asked, and I had a toy to play with in our Cadet room. I loved disassembling and reassembling that pistol during CQ, much to the consternation of Bob and Sam. I didn't keep any ammunition in the room, didn't even shoot the weapon during the year, but I did play with it a lot. In fact, I played with it so much that my grades in math, in particular, dropped to the out-of-sight range, and one day I found myself assigned for the new month to the 12th, of 12 sections, and I was the 12th man in the 12th section. Seats 13, 14, and 15 in the 12th section were vacant. In other words, I was three seats away from Memphis, Tennessee, and those seats were empty. Had to put the weapon up for awhile and open the book, seriously. The pistol would probably have been safe in the trunk room, in a suitcase, or something, but then I wouldn't have it to tempt me, so I kept it in the room. During the daytime, I stowed it beneath the stack of neatly folded trousers in my locker. One day I happened to be somewhere else when MAJ Friendly Fred Alderson chanced to inspect our room, but Bob and Sam were present. MAJ Alderson stuck his hand under my stack of trousers and encountered something cold and hard. Withdrawing his hand, he extracted a Government Model 1911A1 .45ACP semi-automatic pistol. "What is this?" exclaimed a thoroughly surprised Tactical Officer. Bob Castleman, ever the ready Cadet, replied, "Sir, that's a forty-five." You know, Friendly Fred could have hurt me badly in my Cadet career for this caper. There are just no telling how many punishment tours I could have walked on the area, or how many demerits I could have been awarded, but I told you

MAJ Alderson should be an Honorary Bastard Son of Old D-2. He left word for me to report to his office, confiscated the piece, and, when I did report, he severely chastised me, told me to take the &%^\$#@* gun down to the Pistol Range and lock it up, and not to have it in the room anymore. That's cutting a break, folks. Remember what I got for being a Good Samaritan in a canoe? I hereby nominate Friendly Fred Alderson for full membership in the fraternity of the Bastard Sons of old D-2.

Yearlings got to perfect the technique of "padding out", enjoying "pad time", or, simply, catching some "pad". This meant napping under the brownboy, the Official Cadet (quilted) Comforter, and I can vouch for the fact that there has never been a more comforting comforter than the brownboy. As Plebes, we weren't allowed to nap during the daytime, even if we had free time, but Yearlings had no such inhibitions and no such restrictions. When there is a cold, snowy, dark afternoon a' blowing across the Plain in the late afternoon, there is no comfort so refreshing, so warming, so COMFORTING, as catching a little pad time before supper. I miss my brownboy till yet.

Back in 1958, which began the winter of this Yearling year, the Russians, Soviets, to you perfectionists, had orbited a satellite, Sputnik, about the size of a softball, or basketball, some kind of ball. It orbited the Earth going, "beep, beep, beep,... ." A couple of months later, they orbited a second satellite, this one with a dog in it, not especially a willing passenger, but he was there anyway. The US hadn't orbited anything yet. As a matter of fact, the US Navy (note how I capitalized the name) was in charge of our Space program, and they had a beautiful missile called the "Vanguard" that was going to put our first satellite into orbit. The payload was a ball-sized satellite even smaller than a basketball, but it would put us back into the Space Race. The only trouble was that when they finally fired up the Vanguard in front of national TV and thousands of observers, it

rose three feet, or maybe it was three yards, something hardly discernible, before it leaned gracefully to the side and blew up. The Navy's explanation was that while the launch itself was not a success, they "learned something". Sam Powers and I decided to do something to help the National Space Effort along, so one Friday in February, we spent the entire afternoon scraping the heads off of matches with razor blades. Our efforts interested the middle spending Exchange Week with the Cows across the hall, and he came over to join us. In those days, "Strike Anywhere" matches were the norm. With three of us scraping, we soon garnered enough 'rocket fuel', matchheads, that, when mixed with hexamine and Wilson's Cleaner, we had enough volatile mixture to fill five cylindrically rolled sheets of paper. We pinched off one end of each cylinder, leaving the other end open as the rocket exhaust. For our launching pad, we used one of the sand-filled fire buckets that hanged around the barracks. One by one we launched our creations and one by one they spectacularly flamed out in brilliant fashion - in the fire bucket. Maybe, just maybe, one of them achieved lift-off very briefly before leaning gracefully to the side and flaming out. The launches may not have been successes, but we learned something.

Like Christmas Leave, Plebes were not allowed to leave the Academy for Spring Break - but Yearlings were! You betcha, Yearlings were. I had made arrangements to stay at the New Yorker Hotel for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights with Al Rushton, a Cow from Memphis in Company C-2, I think it was, that I had gotten to know. Though it may seem mundane, I played the part of a tourist for Spring Leave, going on a tour of the United Nations Building complex, visiting the Battery, and on out to the Statue of Liberty, going up to the Observation Deck of the Empire State Building to view the City. Then, as now, there were no Twin Towers of the World Trade Center. I attended a Broadway show at the St James Theater, the musical, "Li'l Abner", thoroughly enjoying it and priming my pump for seeing many more Broadway shows over these last

fifty years. Dianne and I still try to go up to the City every couple of years and see two or three shows. I went through Macy's, a big deal then. Ate at an Automat, visited the Ziegfeld Theater to see the Perry Como Show, starring, Perry Como. Went to a Baptist Church in New York City Sunday morning. I needed some Baptist after the services we had to endure at the Cadet Chapel. Finally, Sunday afternoon, I rode the bus back to West Point, walked to the Company Area and discovered that Herbie Minton, a D-2 Cow, had been killed in a car wreck on the previous Friday night. Herbie was one of the yearlings living across the hall from Bob, Joe, and I last year, one of the poop-sheeters of room 2634. This news of his demise was devastating, not just to me, or us, but to the whole Company. Mortality is a reality but it is a silent, unrecognized reality, especially to the 'immortal' Cadets of the Military Academy. Death happens after you Graduate, and always on the fields of Honor. Not quite. Herbie's death made Gloom seem bright to the despair that settled over D-2. On Thursday of that same week, I received word from both my brother and Ms Dear John, who had temporarily returned to the picture for a very brief appearance, that a classmate, and football teammate, of mine from South Side had been killed in a car wreck on Saturday night, the night after Herb Minton died. Speechless, I was and I am.

Youth is resilient, and so was I, and about a week later I was fulfilling my duties as the CCQ, Cadet in Charge of Quarters. This was a soiree the Yearlings pulled, kinda like the Plebes pulled Guard Duty. It involved manning the Orderly Room, among other things, and, since phone calls back then were all by 'land lines', and Cadet rooms didn't have land lines, when someone called a Cadet, it was the duty of the CCQ to chase down the Cadet and inform him that he was wanted on the phone. On one such foray, I passed the BP, the Barracks Policeman, a civilian employee, basically the janitor, in the hallway who was waxing the floors with a buffer. He had a big can of wax with the words, "Highly Volatile", printed on it. I scooped a handful of the goop from the can - with his

permission - and took it to the Orderly Room. I said that in the episode of the rocket launching with Sam and the middle that we learned something, but i didn't say that we learned not to try again. The Navy tried again with Vanguard, and eventually even put some grapefruit into orbit, three times in eleven tries, I think. There was a nice round ash tray on the CCQ desk, I don't, didn't, smoke, so I carefully packed the ash tray with the highly volatile mixture, placed an Eberhard Faber wooden yellow pencil in the middle, and ignited the mixture. Volatile, it is. Rocket fuel, it was not. There was a brilliant flash of flame, smoke, noise, and the launching pad (ash tray) exploded, sending fragments throughout the room. The launch may not have been a success, but I learned something. Yearling year wasn't really too bad, was it?



The West Point Military Reservation is truly a beautiful place. You can't appreciate it from just the grounds of the Academy, and not just from Camp Buckner, though you begin to get the picture during Buckner.

There are fabulous hunting, fishing, and camping opportunities available to Cadets on the Reservation. You can request, and receive, really top-notch food from the mess hall, you can check out everything you need from Cadet Supply, like tents, cooking gear, - I'm telling you, the supply point was a literal cornucopia of camping gear. So, Bob Ammerman, Craig Hagan and I decided to go camping. It was the 19th of April, a Saturday, and we had classes in the morning, followed by a P'rade and Inspection in the afternoon, before we loaded our checked-out half-ton pick-up with our camping gear, picked up our goodies from the mess hall, and drove

west, young man, drive west. We discovered a spot on Popolopen Creek atop a cliff next to a waterfall; the water was clear and cold, clean enough to drink right from the creek. And the vista, it was astounding! Of course, we were hungry, I was the main cook, and we ate steak. We had brought three steaks apiece, for we were going to be out there all night, a pound of bacon, six eggs, two pounds of potatoes, and some other condiments. The evening was gorgeous and the night sky was like something from the recesses of your imagination, - clear, sparkling, brilliantly alive with thousands and thousands of stars. It was a great time to be alive, memorable, and we were all stuffed and sleepy, so we went to bed early. At exactly 0400 - I know, because I looked at my watch, I felt the first raindrops hitting my face. It was so beautiful that we'd chosen to sleep in just our sleeping bags without any tent cover. Didn't take long for us to drag our bags into the back of the pick-up, which was covered by a tarp. We stayed out until noon, eating our steaks and potatoes and eggs and bacon until there were no consumables remaining, then returned to the Academy and went to a movie. Yearling year wasn't too bad.

Experienced another Poop Sheet Day, but this time from the perspective of the Yearlings. It was great fun, and we stuffed tiny little bits of paper everywhere we could imagine. The Plebes were just as surprised as we had been, so mark it up as a success. In my heart of hearts, though, I have always felt like we didn't do as good a job with our poop-sheeting as last year's yearlings did to us. Guess we'll never know. Anyway, how many guys who were Cadets in 1958 even remember Poop Sheet Day in 2010?

May, June Week fast approaching, and the San Francisco Giants came up to West Point to play the Cadets in an exhibition baseball game. However, Mutual Radio Network, the world's largest at the time, contracted to carry the game live, and their broadcast team, featuring Hall of Fame pitcher, Bob Feller, came to

announce the game. I had advanced in the Sports Information Office to the point that I was the assigned spotter for Army, working with Bob Feller. Got to meet him, shake hands, he had the largest hands of any one man I ever met, easy to see how he earned the name of "Rapid Robert" for his 100 mph fastballs, and have my name announced over the world's largest radio network. Announcers always slipped their spotters an envelope about the eighth inning, and Feller slipped me one. Twenty dollars was a fortune then, but that's what I was tipped for working with the Hall of Fame pitcher and watching Willy Mays and friends play ball.

Stew also recalled the alidade and surveying chain exercise in graphics where we had to manufacture a terrain map of Lusk Reservoir, which, by the way, no longer holds 92.2 million gallons of water when the water is flowing over the spillway. It was hot, we were in Class Uniform, gray shirts, black ties, gray trousers, and we sweated like - well, we sweated a lot. Stew's father was one of the Professors at the Academy, they had quarters on post, and Stew's mother put a container of lemonade on a rock in their front yard to provide, actually, this episode was back in Plebe Year, the Plebes with some refreshment. Still, Yearling year wasn't too bad, and, with June Week upon us, it ended. The last day of Woogers, I was returning to my room, walking alongside an unknown Cow from another company, and he smiled his broadest smile, looked up at the sky, and announced that the sun was shining for the first time all year. Everyone said Cow year was a literal bitch for Academics, and that's the year that awaited the Class of 1960 - after the summertime. I said I didn't smoke, that I don't smoke, but I was referring to cigarettes. I do smoke a cigar a day now, 2010, and have for years. It's time to go smoke that daily cigar right now. See you next year.

Just as the new Plebes are psyched up and terrified of the new Yearlings during Reorganization Week, I think the new Cows used to be psyched by tales from

previous classes when the third Academic year begins, Second Class year. By the way, do you know how the name, "Cows," became attached to Second Class Cadets at the Military Academy? If you think I'm gonna tell you, then you are wrong. I know that I dreaded Cow year because of Academics. I watched two prior classes go through that ordeal, and I can say that it wasn't pleasant. I think the best piece of advice I received with regards to Second Classmen, back when I was a Plebe, was, "Leave them alone. They have problems enough without having Plebes with which to contend." Now, in what seems like hardly any time at all, here we were, the D-2 Class of 1960, beginning Second Class Academic year. I didn't even know which courses we were to take, but I knew they were all tough. I'd heard the terms, 'juice,' 'solids,' 'fluids,' and such-like and so on, but I couldn't have told you what the courses were right up until the time we started classes. Remember that unnamed Cow from another company last year, who made the statement that the sun was shining for the first time on the last day of school? Was I scared? Damn right, I was scared! I fully expected that on the first day of classes we would be sent to the boards for problems in juice, which was actually Electrical Engineering, but it was known universally as juice, and solids, officially, the Mechanics of Solids, fluids, likewise, the Mechanics of Fluids, and that we'd have 6.0 papers due in History and Geography. I do not remember what kind of History it was, and I'm embarrassed and ashamed that I don't. You see, late in life, after I'd already garnered a Bachelor of Science in Engineering and a Doctorate in Medicine, an MD, and become a Board Certified Orthopaedic Surgeon, I became interested in American History, so at the age of 62 I applied to, and was accepted into, the Masters Program in American History at George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia. One of the questions the Admission Committee asked me was what background I had in history, to which I replied that I did not know. Shame on me. I did earn the Masters Degree, but it took me five years of part-time study because I was still on Active Duty, you see. Back to Cow year, we didn't have writs the first attendance, I know that, but that's about

all I can tell you about Cow year. It was brutal. How many semester hours did we take that year? I don't now, but it was a lot. Brutal is an overworked word but it applied to Cow year, big time. It came as no shock to me that my classmates remembered little of Cow year, either, and what they did remember concerned attempts to "beat the system" in whatever manner they could to add a little levity to a bad situation. Butch Nobles remembered that he roomed with Dick Boyd and Jim O'Connell, and they lasted the entire year. The one event he remembered was that they received some demerits for "improperly displaying Playboy Party Napkins" on the desk bookshelf. Dick Boyd was Room Orderly that week and was getting close on demerits for the month. Therefore, the three of them decided to write a B-Ache and save Dick from getting the demerits. Their explanation was straightforward. The box of party napkins was not properly displayed since it was the smallest "book" on the shelf and should have been at the end of the row since all books were to be displayed in descending order of height. Friendly Fred Alderson bought the explanation and Dick avoided the demerits. He did have a sense of humor. How could we say he wasn't a Bastard Son of Old D-2?

Geneo McLaughlin had a couple of memories, three, as a matter of fact. I'll let Geneo tell the story: - *Two of my classmates and I - after checking the Honor Code and the "Blue Book," a tome of more regulations maintained in each cadet room and regularly updated - found no prohibition against gambling (Ed. Note - I think they didn't check thoroughly enough.), so we decided to buck the system in our own way. My classmates (both of whom went on to important positions after successful military careers) and I decided to make book (take bets) on professional and major college football teams during the fall season of yearling year (second year). (Additional Ed. Note: I became confused. I thought this happened during Cow year. My bad.) We ran the "WIN A MULE FOOTBALL POOL". If we had been caught by the Tactical Department (administration) there*

would have been hell to pay. We did not examine our motives at the time, but in hindsight I think we did it to maintain some semblance of individualism - any money we made as bookies was incidental. We probably should have thought of the New York State penal code before embarking on our escapade. We closed the bookmaking enterprise before the end of the football season and before we were caught.

Memory number Two (which may have been during Yearling year, as well, but it's been a long time and we're going to relate it as though it were during Cow year.):- *My roommate Willy McNamara gave us reason to laugh in spite of the demands placed upon us. ... I (McLaughlin) returned to my room one morning after the 0600 reveille formation and opened my wall locker to get my toiletries. Each cadet had a large freestanding metal cabinet called a wall locker that was used for storing clothing and toiletries. When I jerked open the door of my locker I stopped dead in my tracks. There were two large, yellowish eyes with dark, almond-shaped slits in them glaring at me eyeball to eyeball, just ten inches away. There was a cat crouched on the top shelf of the locker and we just stared (at) each other for a long while. I was trying to figure out what a cat was doing there, and the cat was probably equally perplexed. Meanwhile, Willy and Buddy Robocker, who were in the room feigning busyness, burst into a fit of hysterics. They had installed the cat in the locker as soon as I left the room at 0555 to go to the reveille formation. I didn't want to encourage any more cats in wall lockers, so I took out what I needed, closed the door, and without saying anything left the room. This was the only cat that I ever saw at West Point in my four years, and to the best of my knowledge the only one Willy and Buddy saw. Perhaps they just wanted to share their unusual discovery with their roommate.*

The above description of the cat incident is the official version, since I have the power of the pen. When Bud and Willy reviewed the story recently, fifty years

after the incident, they said, “When you opened the locker door there was one PO’d cat on the top shelf - back arched, hair standing straight out, and hissing like crazy. I would never believe those bow legs could have jumped so high.” The legs mentioned must have been the cat’s, since mine are straight.

This next episode definitely, absolutely, positively, occurred during Cow year. I stake my (oft-stained) reputation as a journalist on it! Geneo is again using the pen:- *Willy and I enjoyed each other’s company, but, unfortunately for us, much of the time we spent together was in the last academic sections. In our cow year (third year) (Ed, Note:- see there, I told you it was Cow year!) we both failed to pass the Mechanics of Fluids midyear exam, called the written general review (WGR), and we had to take a second WGR. If we failed the second WGR we would be dismissed from the Academy. The U. S. taxpayers already had paid thousands of dollars for our West Point education up to this time, and the Tactical Department was concerned that if we failed all that money would be wasted. In some cadet companies the Tactical Department would assign a dean’s list cadet or a cadet especially knowledgeable in certain subjects to room with another cadet who was struggling academically in the subjects. The cadet who was struggling would receive academic coaching from his roommate. This was not the case with Willy and me; fortunately though Joel Bernstein volunteered to coach us. However Willy and I would also try to coach each other, and much of the time we didn’t know what we were talking about.*

Colonel Richardson, the 2d regimental tactical officer, was visiting all cadets who had failed their WGRs. A visit from Colonel Richardson was an auspicious event for a cadet; usually he summoned cadets to his office if he wanted to talk with them. The colonel knocked on our door, came smartly into our room, and started giving Willy a “Pep Talk” and told him to be sure to give me all the help needed to pass the WGR. Then he turned to me and encouraged me to study hard.

A light went on in Willy's head - the Colonel thinks I'm a real legitimate coach. But then again, maybe I am; after all, haven't we been coaching each other? Willy started a lengthy dissertation on the Mechanics of Fluids. It seemed that he began at the end of the textbook and was working towards the front; he went on and on, talking about a subject he was failing! He also discussed areas in which I was strong, where I was a little weak and needed help, how he was coaching me, how he felt I was coming along, and his confidence that I would do well in the retake exam. At this point I accepted the fact that there would be serious repercussions from the Tactical Department. Finally the colonel had to excuse himself to visit other cadets.

A few seconds passed. I imagine that while outside our room, the colonel looked at the next page of the list of cadets he was to visit, and at the very top saw CADET WILLIAM T. MCNAMARA! We heard a very loud string of expletives in the barracks hallway, our door flew open, and the colonel shouted something like "Mr. McNamara, you're also turned out!" (You also failed!) "What are you two doing rooming together? I'll have to change this." He never did, we passed the retake exam, and we heard nothing more from the Tactical Department.

I can picture the colonel at the bar in the officers' club talking with his buddies. "You can't believe what happened to me. I ran into a cadet who suffers from extraordinarily serious delusions of intellectual grandeur, or I was taken in hook line and sinker; my leg was pulled until it hurt. I think the SOB pulled off the latter!" If the truth be known, and I've taken the pen from Geneo, it wasn't a SOB that pulled his leg at all, it was one of the Bastard Sons of Old D-2!

Stew Godwin became the company guidon bearer our 2d and 1st Class years. When first told about the job, he had to go down to the sinks at night and hold a bucket of



sand with his horizontal right arm so that he could get the strength to hold the guidon at Present Arms long enough. More than once, though during two National Anthems (ours and a visiting dignitary's) he had to wrangle it over to Bob Castleman's (our Company Commander) shoulder.



Cow year had its Gloom Period, too. Oh, we visited the Naval Academy on Exchange weekends, but, isn't that just a manifestation of Gloom in a different locale? Gloom, when the world is gray, the skies are gray, the snow is gray, the uniforms are gray, the buildings are gray, and a Cow's mood is deeper than ever gray. Late one afternoon I left the library and started back to the barracks. Instead of walking straight down the road in front of Thayer's Monument, I decided to walk past Cullum Hall and the Officers' Club, ablaze with lights, toward Doubleday Field and the football practice field, around the statue of Kosciusko gazing steadfastly out over the Hudson River, which was frozen over and also gray, and soak in some extra Gloom. As I approached the statue, I saw there was someone else standing out there in the snow, also looking out over the river. Something was funny about the way he was dressed. For one thing, he had on what appeared to be a tricorne hat! For another, his outer garment looked for all the world like a cape, and the wind was whipping it around his legs. I thought this was conversation worthy, so I made my way over toward the gentleman, for it was obvious that it was a man. While i was still some distance away, the fellow turned to look at me. His face showed no expression, no smile, no frown, no grimacing against the cold. With a start, he turned and walked straight ahead across the snow and into the woods covering the steep hillside above Flirtation Walk. I followed his progress, and continued walking toward where he had been standing. When I got there, I found no footprints in the snow, no trampled down area, nothing. There were no tracks denoting the path he had followed toward

the woods. There was no physical sign of his presence at all. I won't say that I was scared; I won't even say that I was frightened, nor startled, nor surprised. What I will say is that I made record time returning to the Old North Barracks, and that in an absolutely terrified state. It was like I had seen a ghost! They're there, you know, they're all over the place. From these gray walls, a thousand heroes sprung have trod the field of Mars. McArthur would phrase it more eloquently, something about the war tocsin, and the plaintive calls of the battlefield, but, for me, I saw what I felt was there all along, keeping watch over the embryonic members of the long Gray Line.

I had a P for one of my Mechanics of Fluids classes, an Air Force Captain named Frank Borman. Some years later he became a household name when he orbited the moon in an Apollo spacecraft. Sam and I, and a middie, couldn't even get some matchheads to take off.

What it seemed would never end, ended. One day, the sun came out for the first time. A great load was lifted off our shoulders, the Big Flush (Graduation, of a preceding class) occurred, and we were done with Cow year. The Class of 1960 now had the controls, and we were First Classmen. Prior classes had been Firsties;- we were First Classmen. *GO LIKE SIXTY!*

As I begin to relate the story of our First Class year, I want to take a moment and personally thank each member of the Class, my Brothers, Bastards, every one, of Company D-2. Thank you, Joel Bernstein, Bob Castleman, Harry Calvin, Ted Crowley, Hank Drewfs, Joe Fortier, Chris Gigicos, Jim Ramos, Stew Godwin, John Gulla, Spence Marcy, Geneo McLaughlin, Willy McNamara, Jack Misura, Butch Nobles, Jim O'Connell, Sam Powers, and Bud Robocker for responding to one or more of my requests for your memoirs. As with any writing project, the author would have liked more, and there was more, so very much more, as we all

know, but I could not have compiled this history alone. I want to also say, to the other members of our Class, all of whom were involved in the antics at some time or other, "thanks for the memories." It has been a pleasure, and a distinct privilege, for me to write ourstory. Now, let's all wipe away our tears and see what we can recall of our final year as Cadets on the Plain above the Hudson.

Who remembers anything of First Class year? It was busy, busy than I ever imagined it would be. I thought things would become less and less complicated as the years passed behind us, but the senior year had so many decisions that had to be made. Leading off the year, as I assume it does every year, - but you know what assume does, it makes an ass out of u and me - was the Ring Hop, in Washington Hall, when we received our Class rings and initiated marriages with them that have withstood the ravages of time better than most of us have. Mine is almost smooth now, like the ones on display in the museum from classes of yore, but that night they were all precisely chiseled masses of brass and glass, some with expensive precious stones, some with spinels (mine), and, I heard a rumor that one man even had his stone made from a beer bottle. I didn't say this was fact, I said I heard a rumor. Our ladies were resplendent in their gowns, we were so impressive in our stiffly starched Whites, and each of us was recorded for posterity with their Drag (what an awful name for a date on that memorial event!) standing in the replica of the Class Ring by the Official West Point Photographer. I'll bet nearly all of us have kept those photographs somewhere, though we may have rid ourselves of many other mementos of our time in the Gray World. I had a date with a very nice young lady, I believe it was the only date I had with said lady, who drove a little MG-TD sports car. I loved that sports car! I have wanted one of those ever since I first sat in it. As you may recall, we could ride in cars on post, it's just that we couldn't drive cars on post. So I never drove that car, but I still wanted one. Forty-six years later, I got one, a replicar, to

be sure, but it looks and acts for all the world like a genuine MG-TD, and on nice sunny days, this old man and his Lady can be seen tooling around the environs of Boerne, Texas, in this vehicle. She won't let me take it into town, San Antonio, nor can I drive on the Interstate, and I don't take it out on rainy, or super-hot days, but it is every bit as fun to drive as I thought it would be. In our stories of how we came to seek appointments to the USMA, I mentioned the Cadet in his Whites who spoke at the Volunteer Boys State in 1955, and how impressive he looked. We were all so impressive at the Ring Hop.

Cadet Company D, 2d Regiment, moved from our cozy corner of the Old North Barracks, to a much more exposed end of New North Barracks our First Class year. It was the 43d and 44th Divisions that were our new home. I-2 used to live there, but we were there now. In our First Class year casual picture in the Howitzer, we were sitting and standing on the new Steps of D-2. A poor substitute, if you ask me. The Steps of D-2 were, and always shall be, in the recesses of my mind, the well-worn limestone stairs leading up to the stoops of the 26th Division. Most of our roommates changed, because of positions of Rank, more than anything else. Bob Castleman was our Company Commander, Ron Smith was the First Sergeant, and, I think, Buddy Robocker was the XO. Butch Nobles was a Lieutenant, a Platoon Leader, and Butch and I roomed together since I was a Sergeant Without Portfolio. Jack Misura roomed with Bob Ammerman, and they got along rather well. On one occasion, they had a wrestling match (a for-real rasslin' fight) that resulted in Bob breaking one of his big toes. (Ed. Note: - I'm sorry, but my Orthopaedic experiences won't let me call it simply a "big toe." It was his hallux, one of the phalanges.) The upshot was that Bob didn't have to march for a couple of weeks. There was a limestone - we called it 'granite', and maybe it was - cliff almost abutting the rear of the barracks, separated only by a road that ran behind the mess hall. I think, and Jack does, too, that every waiter in the mess hall had a car with straight pipes, glaspaks, or

blown gaskets that raced along that road at all hours of the evening. Upon opening the windows, which we were required to do, even in the dead of winter, but not all the way, we were treated to a stereo rendition of the “Sounds of Sebring”, up close and personal. Besides a new, for us, set of barracks, we had a new Tactical Officer, a new Tac. We lost Major Friendly Fred Alderson. Oh, he didn’t die, or anything like that, but he moved on to the Regimental Staff, I think, to something important. In his position, but by no means in his place, was Major Maurice Roush. You needed a sense of humor to be the Tac of D-2, a finely-honed sense of humor, or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say that you needed a finely-honed sense of humor to be MY Tac, and our, my, new Tac had none. Not as far as I was concerned. Stay tuned for more details.

It wasn’t against the law to eat popcorn in the barracks, but it was against the law to have a popcorn popper active in the barracks, especially during CQ. Naturally, I had a popcorn popper, and the cliff-road interface behind the barracks, plus the open window policy, made for a perfect place to conceal the popper while it was still hot from popping corn. We, Butch was involved in this, too, as were all the Plebes, who brought butter from the mess hall, rigged up a coat-hanger that we could suspend from the window sill with the popper dangling in the breeze, dissipating heat and aroma whilst we munched the product. Once, Friendly Fred, who may have even been a LTC by this time, was the Senior Officer of the Day, and he decided to inspect our division. It happened to be one of the times when we were munching corn. Some Tacs, the Chicken Tacs, would have immediately begun seeking the source of the popping, and been glad to quill or slug the responsible Cadet(s). Not Fred. He came into the room, told us to be At Ease and sit down, then he sat down, put his feet up on a desk and discussed Branch Choices with us while he partook of the popcorn.

Branch choices were momentous decisions, and they caused a great deal of gastric distress. (Okay, that isn't Orthopaedic, but it is Medical, and it means both a pain in the anal orifice and pre-ulcerogenic conditions in the stomach). We had our choice, dependent upon our Class standing, of which of the five Combat Branches we wished to enter upon Graduation. You could also go to the Air Force, maybe even the Marine Corps, or the navy, I forget, but I know we did have one middle who came into the Army. The branches were Infantry, Armor, Artillery, Signal Corps, and Engineers. That's it, no Medical, no Medical Service Corps, no Quartermaster, no Chemical, no Adjutant General - you get the picture. And, complicating the decision was your Class standing. You see, all the smart guys couldn't go Engineers, as had been done in times past, and all the Goats were not destined to join Audie Murphy in the Infantry. I think there were so many per third of the class per Branch. Sound complicated? It was. Class standing was not static, every Cadet graded every day in every subject, remember? Standings changed every month, not drastically, as in Plebe year, but even a one or two file change could affect your Branch selection. There's more:- we had two options of additional skills we could acquire before joining our units in the Regular Army, and there were three possibilities for these two choices. Ranger training, Airborne training, and Army Air.



Bob Ammerman of the broken toe (fractured hallucis phalanx) was an Air Force file yearning to be a pilot. However, the relative Class standing and your position within a certain quarter, or third, of the Class, and the number of slots available, and all that mess kicked in, and when selection time came, the Air Force pilot training quota was exhausted two men before Bob announced his selection. We were all surprised to hear him say, "Infantry, Airborne, Ranger."

Now, it's time. There have been several stories written about some skilled hamsters assigned to Company D-2, and I have sat in silence as these tales were related. I want to hereby set the record straight since I now have, as Geneo McLaughlin so aptly termed it, the Power of the Pen, and I doubt there'll be a Hundredth History of the D-2 Class of 1960 written. There were two hamsters that joined our Brotherhood midway through our First Class Year. They entered as First Classmen, not Plebes, quite a feat never before nor since duplicated. Butch, with the collaboration of Jack Misura, brought the rodents back from Connecticut where they had been declared *persona non grata* for escaping from confinement. Butch named them, "Hammy I" and "Hammy II". Jim Powers' name was changed when he encountered Bob and me, and the Hammies were changed as soon as I saw them, at least as far as I was concerned. They became, "Ham Steer I", and "Ham Steer II." Ham Steer I's story is short, and tragic. When we went away for either Christmas Leave or Spring Leave, we left the new First Classmen in charge of the Plebes on the floor, with strict instructions to feed, water, and exercise the honored members every day. For exercise, we had no exercise wheel, no maze, no tunnels, but we did have relatively large, for hamsters, rooms with intriguing floors. The Plebes let the little fellers run around on the floor during the evenings, thus fulfilling their requirement for exercise. I'm sure that Ham Steer I had been the ringleader in their escape from confinement in Connecticut and he saw an opportunity to visit other divisions of barracks when the Plebes left their door open. Ham Steer I scurried toward the open door and freedom. One of the Plebes, nameless, by design, recognized the movement for what it was, and he rushed to the open door and slammed it shut. The contest for freedom ended in a tie, with half of Ham Steer I outside the door and half of Ham Steer I inside the door. Both halves died instantly. We returned to find only Ham Steer II alive and kicking. No use crying over squished hamsters.

Everyone remembers that Ham Steer II became airborne, I'm coming to that, but few remember that Ham Steer II made his Branch selection as Armor. Someone in the Company had, or procured, it wasn't me, I'm innocent as the day is long in the winter at West Point, a battery-



operated tank. It was a good sized vehicle, presented problems with cover and concealment, but it had possibilities. We had acetate sheets cut to cover our desk blotters then, we obtained them at the C-Store, and I obtained one from which I manufactured a little cupola, secured to the turret of our mechanical tank with paperclips, rubber-bands, and scotch tape. Now, the Tank Commander could ride on his tank with a 360 degree view of his surroundings whenever we operated the vehicle. Ham Steer II volunteered to be said Commander and made many sorties into enemy territory while perched precariously on his grinding behemoth. He also selected Airborne as one of his options. Have you ever tried to make a parachute harness for a hamster without a sewing machine, material, or thread? It's virtually impossible, as I soon realized, so I turned to my Mechanics of Solids and Fluids and Juice, and Ordnance, and History training and built him a capsule. Utilizing the inside cardboard cylinder of a roll of toilet paper, I cut it down a little so Ham Steer II would be comfortable in it, made a lid which could be secured with paper clips and rubber bands, and glued on a 2"x2"x1" empty cardboard box to the bottom. Then I cut the corners out of the bottom box, forming a three-dimensional hollow square which functioned quite well as a shock absorber. Attaching the erstwhile parachute to the capsule, we placed the passenger inside and opened the window of the third floor of barracks above the road behind the barracks at the base of the cliff. How's that for description? Someone went down to the Recovery Zone, we waited for an interlude between race cars on the mess hall waiter track, and we launched our

project. The chute opened, the capsule worked, the passenger was fine, and the Company heard of the adventure. Thereafter, whenever a jump was scheduled, and Ham Steer II made a couple of dozen, it seemed that everyone in D-2 was in attendance. Some guys even shot paperwads from rubber bands as the capsule floated by. We recorded those as Combat Jumps, even though I don't recall anyone ever hitting the capsule. Ham Steer II wouldn't have been hurt, anyway. It was glorious! From someone, or somewhere, little details escape me, like, 1818575, and 3506971, we got a Jump Log, which we maintained with painstaking accuracy. We had a celebrity on our hands. Enter Major Roush. Instead of sitting down and having some popcorn with us, he decided to send a reconnaissance patrol throughout the area to find wherein the celebrity resided, and he did, down in the sinks, in the trunk room behind a lot of luggage, the enemy located, and captured, Ham Steer II. Butch and I returned from class to find "love notes" on our desks requesting that we report to the Company Tactical Officer in his office. The notes left clues indicating that there had been a capture of a specified subject and a confiscation of certain items of equipment. We reported to the Tac. Now, don't you agree, this would have been a great opportunity for the Tac to chew us out and tell us to take the @\$%^&* gun down to the Pistol Range, oh, excuse me, I mean, the hamster to a pet shop in Highland Falls, or somewhere, or maybe even give him to a waif on post, and not to have him in the room anymore? Isn't that what the Company Tac of D-2 would have done? Really, I mean, for crying out loud! MAJ Roush tried to be funny, but the humor just wasn't there. He chewed us out, said the animal was now in a protected environment under the care of his daughter, with warm, safe, surroundings and an exercise wheel, and we were bad boys. He dismissed Butch, but he requested that I remain. I don't know why he picked on me. Perhaps it was because I was listed as the Jumpmaster, I just don't know, but, in his infinite wisdom, he decided that it would serve me best if I received eight demerits and sat four confinements. He didn't bust me to a Private, which would

have meant I walked the area, but he left me a Sergeant, and stripes don't walk. Life isn't fair, okay, I'll subscribe to that, and I didn't want Butch to get slugged, too, but, why me? Poor me! When I thought of all the things I did over the four years for which I didn't have to pay the piper, I decided not to write a B-ache and to sit my confinements in silence. There is one more aspect of Ham Steer II's life and then I'm finished. LTG Garrison Davidson was the Superintendent of the Military Academy at the time, and he made a lot of PIO appearances, even on television, and he had a scripted presentation he did called, "I Have 2500 Sons." The full-strength size of the Academy was 2496 then, I can't remember details, as I've said, but we'll forgive the Supe for the exaggeration of four. In this presentation, he emphasized that Cadets are college students, young, smart men with active minds, and they weren't always standing at attention and marching in perfect cadence. As an example, he told the story of a certain hamster with airborne credentials who lived for a period of time in total secrecy from the Tactical Department during that very year. I watched the show on television as I sat my cons. Life ain't fair.

Jim Ramos added two somewhat unique happenings but not necessarily uncommon for our era. The first of these happened in the Fall of 1959 when I was a first-classman ("Firstie"). As with all "firsties", after "Ring Weekend" and most of football season, I was deeply involved in writing my Social Science Monograph (a mini thesis, a graduation required paper worth 18.0 grade points ... this was an effort the equal of two Written General Reviews (WGRs)). The very best of these required papers were also placed in competition for the class monograph prize awarded at graduation. During this period of social science studies our class was studying the far east and I had embarked on a quest to evaluate the cultural, economical and historical conditions in Japan to determine whether Japan could become a modern Communist Nation. The study of the far east was fascinating to me and I had written a paper on the "Tokugawa

Shogunate" and was to give a 15 minute talk on the report to my class, 2d section, Social Science. As with all classes at West Point in that era, all first-classmen were in Social Science class by half regiments (two) and by order of merit in equal sections of about 10 cadets. This meant that the top man was the first man, in the first section, and the 11th cadet was the first man in the second section and so on and so forth until the last section which held the last or bottom 10 cadets. Thus, a cadet in the second section in any subject meant that the cadet ranked about 41-80th in the class of almost 600 cadets in that subject. A second section ranking was very respectable among cadets.

The afternoon I was assigned to give my report was no different than any other day. We had had the usual number of high dignitaries visiting West Point each day and cadets were used to taking in stride the many that visited. As I hurried to class to give my presentation, I heard a rumor that we were being visited by the King of Jordan, King Hussein. I gave little thought to this visitor since I was deeply engrossed in mental preparation for my speech as I hurried toward class. As I approached our classroom in the newly refurbished Riding Hall (later renamed Eisenhower Hall), I noticed a larger than usual milling about in the hall prior to the start of class. As we entered the classroom, I noticed the head of the department talking to our class professor, Capt Wyrrough. The class bell rang, we came to attention and after the cadet section leader gave the attendance report, we began to be seated. All of a sudden the class was called to attention, the class room door flew open and in came King Hussein of Jordan, followed by the Superintendent, the Commandant of Cadets, the Dean of the Academic Board and others in the retinue! I could only think ... Wow this is a big deal! I had at that moment forgotten about my report and my presentation. Clearly, they would not have me do my presentation with all this brass around ... but after very, very brief introductions to the class, Capt Wyrrough turned to me and said to all present, "Today, we will hear a presentation by Mister Ramos on the "Tokugawa Shogunate."

I don't know how I rose to my feet and got to the podium to speak, but I will never forget the eyes of the General Officers in the back of the room that said "Mister Ramos, you had better not screw-up!" Needless to say, I do not remember how I got through those 15 minutes but I did and remember well the handshake and thank you from the King, who at the time was only a year older than I and had been trained himself at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst in England. What I learned from the experience was that my training at West Point had indeed prepared me to be prepared not only for the ordinary but for the unexpected as well. Few of my classmate know of this incident but it is proof to me that all of us were being prepared for the unexpected challenges we were to face as leaders in the future.

The second incident happened in early December of 1959. My father had died unexpectedly and I was allowed emergency leave on a Thursday to fly to, prepare for and attend his funeral in CA. As with many of us, a death of a close family member can and does cause sorrow, grief and reflection on life. I was no different and after five days of heavy grief and the burial of my Dad, I flew back on Monday to West Point to face two back-to-back Social Science Written General Reviews (WGRs) on Tuesday and Wednesday. I knew after taking the second WGR that I had blown both and was forlorn and depressed going into Christmas Holidays. Fortunately, I had completed my monograph earlier so when I turned it in the first week of January I was thankful I had gotten most of it out of the way before my Dad died.

In January, the classes were re-sectioned with results of the WGRs averaged into our grades. The 4.5 and 4.5 grades I got on the 9.0 and 9.0 WGRs that I had blown, dropped me from the second section down to the thirteenth or last section. This was quite a shock since I had never been in the last section in anything at West Point. When attending my first few class meetings, I noticed an attitude from the professor, Major Wickham, that I had never noticed before ... this was a condescending attitude toward cadets in this section. I also noted that

grading was much different ... it was almost impossible for anyone in this section to get an oral participation grade higher than 2.2. When I brought it to the attention of Major Wickham, he denied awarding grades based upon section standing. Well, I was the same cadet working as hard as I had always done before and had regularly received grades in the 2.6 - 2.8 range when I was in the second section.

At the end of the month, it was clear that I had not gotten sufficiently high grades to leave the last section. As I dreaded remaining at the bottom, I got a very pleasant surprise one day in class. At the beginning of February, monographs were returned. As the major passed the graded monographs to each cadet, he did not return mine ... where is mine I thought? Well after a while, the major turned to me and seemed most reluctant to hand me a single sheet of paper. It read that my monograph had been given a grade of 18.0 and that the paper had been selected for consideration for the Social Science Monograph Prize. I shall never, never forget the look on that major's face when he had to give a last section (bottom of the class) cadet a paper with an 18.0 grade. Needless to say, at the next re-sectioning I moved back up to the fourth section and never returned to the bottom section again. [I did not win the prize; it was won by Paul Miles L-2, but I had at least been in the running.

Several of my classmates mentioned some episodes they wanted covered in this history. They wanted the story of Bernstein's Raid, Marty Maher's story, and the Tale of the Hamsters. I have recorded all three of these, the latter in its full, complete, and, as I see it, true version. And I have the Pen. When commissioned to write this tale, but definitely **not** a fairy tale, as I see it, I was to relate how D-2 wasn't all regulations and marching, and I've tried to do so. Our First Class year was much more than I've told. We got our cars in the spring, and we could drive on post. We had weekend leaves galore, when we weren't sitting cons for chattering in Chapel or Jumpmastering sticks of hamsters, and we got engaged,

and chose Branches, not always our first choices, and we met our classmates' folks, and visited in their homes, and all the other things that other First Classmen did that weren't unique to D-2. But, through it all, we were the only ones who sat On the Steps of D-2, sang songs, and proudly proclaimed ourselves to be the Bastard Sons of Old D-2.

Geneo McLaughlin had some closing thoughts about the United States Military Academy that I thought bore (beared)(bared) recording. Since he sent them to me, I am assuming, actually, I'm presuming, that I have his permission to relate them now. Geneo philosophized: *While I was a cadet most of my thoughts were on survival, and not until long after graduation did I think about the dichotomy between the obedience demanded in athletics and our desire to be individuals. Obedience to coaches' orders is an important characteristic of players on championship teams in highly competitive play. There had to be occasional incidents on the Corps squad practice fields when cadets would try to beat the system, and I might even have been a perpetrator, but that was a long time ago and I don't remember.*

As cadets we were taught from our very first moment at West Point to obey. The sudden immersion in an environment of total obedience is not a pleasant experience. It required us to be governed by the will of others; we had to renounce our own will and detach ourselves from it. Just about any place in West Point, as plebes, we were alert to an unexpected upperclassman's command and ready to obey him. We had to obey the Honor Code, all upperclassmen, unit commanders (whether upperclassmen or fellow classmen), written regulations, traditions; even the capricious uniform flag commanded us to wear the proper uniform when outside the barracks. The lesson of following orders was reinforced for another three years after plebe year.

Another characteristic of players on championship teams is a high level of competitiveness. Cadet competitiveness is continually fostered for all four years.

A gauge of how well we were competing in one area of our cadet development was the academic rankings in each subject that were updated and posted monthly in the sally ports on the public bulletin boards. Another gauge was the success of our cadet company in intramural competition. We fed off one another, especially off of our D-2 classmates. Jim (Sam) Powers' intramural cross-country Corps championship, Bill (Willy) McNamara's reign as the undefeated Corps boxing champ in his weight class and the achievements of other D-2 cadets heighten the spirit of competitiveness (sic).

What do the obedience and competitiveness (sic) of D-2 cadets (and other cadets) have to do with athletes outside of West Point? What is the connection between the Green Bay Packers' Super Bowl victories I and II; all the New York Giant's Super Bowl victories XXI and XXV; Indiana University's NCAA collegiate basketball championships in 1991, 1992, and 2001? What do the U.S. Olympic hockey team's gold medal victories in 1960 and 1980 have to do with D-2 cadets? (Research will most likely show that other championship victories are connected to D-2 and other cadets.)

All the coaches of the aforementioned teams coached at West Point during their formative years, except for Herb Brooks, who led the 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team to its "Miracle on Ice" victory. Brooks was coached by Army coach Jack Riley and practiced with the Army hockey team while he was in the 1960 Olympic training camp at West Point.

The Army athletes brought obedience, a strong competitiveness (sic) and a strong work ethic to their coaches. The cadet athletes were malleable; cadets have the capacity for adaptive change, and they are trained to sacrifice for the common good of their team. It is not the cadets' mission to teach or train coaches, but this is unavoidable. The coaches took away from West Point the realization they could set a high level of expectation for performance in their sports and require athletes to strive to attain that level of performance. The coaches' discovery and

understanding of their cadet athletes' behavior - how cadets readily obey and follow orders - had a significant impact on their coaching philosophy.

Exceptional coaches need good training for themselves but the most important requirement for a coach to be recognized as being exceptional is to have exceptional athletes. Cadets contribute to the training of coaches.

The Green Bay Packers, who won Super Bowls I and II, were coached by Vince Lombardi. In his formative years of coaching, Lombardi was an assistant football coach for five years under Colonel Red Blaik (sic) at West Point.

The New York Giants won Super Bowl XXII and XXV and were coached by Bill Parcells. In his early formative years as a coach, Parcells was an assistant football coach for three years at West Point. During that time he was also an assistant basketball coach under Bobby Knight. The following football coaches were at one time Parcells' assistant coaches: Bill Belichick, New England Patriots; Tom Coughlin, New York Giants; Sean Payton, New Orleans Saints; and Romeo Crennel, Cleveland Browns.

Indiana University won the NCAA collegiate Basketball championships in 1976, 1981, and 1987, and was coached by Bobby Knight. Knight coached at West Point for eight years during his formative years of coaching. One of his players was Mike Krzyewski, class of '69.

Duke University won the NCAA collegiate basketball championships in 1991, 1992, and 2001 and was coached by Mike Krzyewski. Krzyewski coached at West Point for five years during his formative years of coaching.

The 1960 U.S. Olympic hockey team - the gold medal winner - was coached by Army coach Jack Riley. In his early formative years as a coach, and for 36 years total, Coach Riley coached at West Point. One of the players he coached as the Olympic hockey coach was young Herb Brooks.

Brooks was selected in late 1959 for the 1960 Olympic hockey team and was brought to the Olympic training camp at West Point's old Smith Rink He absorbed much of Coach Riley's philosophy of coaching. The Army hockey team

captain, Ted Crowley from D-2, and I were teammates on the 1960 Army team. When we would practice with the obviously more talented Olympic team, the future Olympians were surprised by - and uncertain what to think of - the way the Army hockey team reacted to our coaches. Brooks and the other Olympians observed that there was no complaining, no holding back; the Army team just did its best to perform according to the coaches' directions. Personally, I found that no matter how tough a practice or a game might be, playing hockey at Smith Rink was a refreshing change from the life "down the hill" in the classroom and the barracks.

Coach Riley's 1960 Olympic team, when first assembled at Smith Rink, was a disjointed group of individuals who at times were disgruntled with their training camp and their coach. Apparently they were not accustomed to the strict obedience and the grueling conditioning expected by Coach Riley. He had coached for so long at West Point that he took for granted that his athletes would respond positively to his directions and orders. Years later Coach Riley was quoted as saying, "They (1960 U.S. Olympic hockey players) were all mad at me!" Gradually the disjointed group was transformed into a team that could give a respectable performance in the games. A few days before the games the U. S. squad had to be reduced, and Coach Riley made the decision to cut Brooks and another player.

The 1960 U.S. Olympic hockey team was made up of a bunch of amateurs who had to face the professional teams from Russia and Eastern Europe and a powerful Canadian team in Squaw Valley, California. Some sports writers predicted the U.S. team would finish last and would be lucky to win a game. Others expressed hope that the team would not be too big of an embarrassment to the country. Harry Sinden, on the Canadian team, felt they were about a seven goal favorite over the United States. The U. S. team, under Coach Riley, won all their games, won the gold medal, and achieved the impossible dream! Though less publicized than the 1980 victory, this accomplishment was, according to one

writer, the most monumental upset in sports history. The team won the first gold medal in hockey in Olympic history for the United States.

Twenty years later, the 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team again was a group of amateurs facing tough competition from Russia, Eastern Europe, and Canada - this time in Lake Placid, New York. The team labored in preparation for the Olympics under the coaching of Herb Brooks, who was known as a demanding tough task master. Coach Herb Brooks used many of the practice drills and plays he had learned at Smith Rink from Coach Riley. He demanded the players follow his orders and he drove the team hard in preparation for the games. The U.S. team was not expected to do well in the 1980 Olympics, but they won the gold in the "Miracle on Ice". The team brought a surge of pride in Americans during a time when American needed some pride. "The nation was looking for a distraction from world events, which included the threat of nuclear war, the country's hostages in Iran and the long lines at the gas pumps." (from the 2004 movie "Miracle").

West Point means more than the shenanigans of one of its companies, but this is not a history of West Point. This is ourstory, the Class of 1960, Company D-2. And now it is told. In the immortal words of Douglas McArthur, I bid you farewell.

On the Steps of D-2, crying like hell, lies a new-born baby, listen to that sonofabitching bastard yell. Who could be its father? Maybe it's you. He's just another Bastard Son of Old D-2.



(standing) Dick Sutton, Chris Gigicos, Joe Fortier, Jim Ramos, Ted Crowley, Stew Godwin, Bob Trodella (standing). Second row: Sam Powers, Dick Boyd, Spence Marcy, Dick Carnaghi, Bob Ammerman, Jack Misura. Third row: John Gulla, Bob Schiemann, Harry Calvin, Joel Bernstein. Fourth row: Bud Robocker (leaning), Jim O'Connell, Willy McNamara, Geneo McLaughlin, Butch Nobles. Top row: Bob Castleman, Craig Hagan, Ron Smith.

Goodnight, Brothers.