



JOSEPH H. NETHERLAND The wounded dragon of industry retreats to Miami to lick his wounds. Joe, the dress uniform is not a white sheet with eye holes. (See Coast Guard Regs.) The Foreign Student Demerit Custodian boasted a highly unpolished military manner, honed to perfection as PPO.



JOHN P. SCHWAB Big Bad John, permanent Commander of the Sickbay Platoon. (Morning inspection, Who needs it?) Captain of the A-1 Water-Polo terrors—But earthbound about face, rather round about.



CHRISTOPHER A. SMITH Needed more sleep than the average OC. Athletic activities rarely extended beyond a slow game of ping-pong, and a long shower. For eight weeks he thought Dutton was just another OC. Promulgated first early lights list. But in the end, sad to say, they got his mind.



GALVIN N. ULBERG, JR. The rattling of swords gone amuck. The flash of a 76 tooth grin—**GANGWAY!**—it's OC-OLY. If at first you don't succeed . . . Twice he fell in, twice he came out smelling. Take a break from study hour and stand by **RESOLUTE**. Is San Francisco ready for it?

DAVID L. WAGNER Least likely to take it in the shorts mostly because he wears longs. The least conspicuous of the "DL's", Wag somehow managed to evade OC-OOD or AOC-OOD, but compensated with a helping hand before OPS tests.



PATRICK R. ZIMPFER "Hey, Hot Shot"—the "Kid" Who always had "A Plan" will spend three years playing card games in the Capital. "Zimpl" was the frequent victim of viscous inanimate objects like coat hangers. (How do things get like this?), thus complementing his room-mate nicely. (See Dodge)