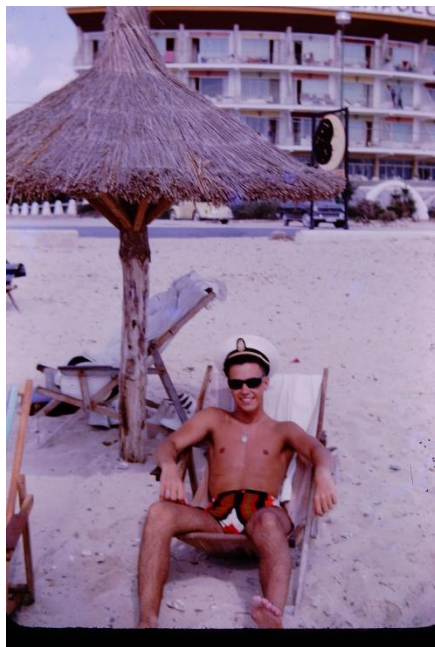


# Memories



Oh yeah! Life at Fort Schuyler was a Beach all right. I think I got the wrong “B” word here! MUG year immediately started out for me “having the wrong name”. Evidently there was another Wm G. Hall, 3/c in the Regiment who had a pretty poor reputation among the upper classes. I was immediately bombarded during INDOC by all the IDO’s and upperclassmen questioning my personal hygiene habits and asking if I was another Hall “rogue”. His middle name was Gunther and mine is George. I was even given the privilege of “eating” some of his demerits during the academic year that were mistakenly recorded against my name. Gunther was nearing the “Century Club”, being close to getting thrown out, and so the Third Class made me an offer I couldn’t refuse...so I took his demerits at mast. He got thrown out anyway 6 months later.

## WELCOME TO FORT SCHUYLER!

And then came the great “Midnight Tour of the Ship” caper during MUG year! Eddie Brennan and I and our dates had just attended our first formal dance in the Old Mess Deck and were leaving about midnight. Our pickup ride was coming about 0100 to pick us up and take us all home. Ed and I thought it would be a great idea to give our dates a tour of the ship while we were waiting. DUH!...ah, the stupidity of the MUG (Midshipman Under Guidance). Nobody was on the Quarterdeck as the 4 of us entered the ship and proceeded topside. Never thought it could be an issue that the entire ALL MALE Regiment was berthed on the ship. The girls were feeling good thanks to the spiked punch at the dance and they decided to do some tap dancing in their high heel shoes on the steel deck, right above CMDR Snows stateroom. Needless to say, Snow was awakened by the sounds, went berserk and ordered the Watch to apprehend all 4 of us. Mayo French 1/c, Cadet Officer of the Watch, took possession of 2 scared 4<sup>th</sup> class Cadets (us) and escorted our dates to the pier where they waited for Ed and I. We stood at attention for twenty minutes on the Ship’s QuarterDeck as French and other First Classmen proceeded to remind us of what hell is all about. Ed and I got our balls busted for the next 2 weeks by all the upperclassmen and were awarded 50 demerits and 6 weeks of MIAPS and restriction. I never did see that young lady again as she probably thought I was quite a “dork” after putting ourselves and them thru that humiliating experience. Eddie failed out prior to our first cruise and I never saw him again but I’m sure he still remembers the great “Midnight Tour of the Ship in 1962”!

During MUG year, I was assigned to 6<sup>th</sup> Company. Our Company Commander was Richie Bingman. Rich was a large guy with a no nonsense personality and usually sported a 5 o’clock shadow. He looked like a 30 year old man to this 17 year old cadet. I received my fair share of demerits from Mr. Bingman. Bingman was on the Fort Schuyler Tennis Team and had no idea I was a 4 letter man in Tennis at Xaverian HS in Brooklyn. He was quite surprised to see me on the team that spring. Bingman probably considered himself a good player but he was really none of that. At the first practice that I pulled

Bingman to be my practice singles partner I figured it might be time for a little payback. Bingman kept rushing the net on this MUG and out of deference; I kept lobbing over his head to drive him to the baseline. Then the “need for revenge” kicked in and as Rich came to the net I drove the ball as hard as I could aiming for Bingman’s head. He narrowly missed getting his head taken off. Bingman did it again on the next volley and this time I hit him with the ball and he fell on his ass. He got up and gave me his best New York smirk. After that Bingman stayed at the baseline and never rushed the net on me again and co-incidentally, I never did receive any more demerits for the rest of MUG year.



So it is now time to make our first cruise and I pull a topside room with Munger, Elston and Switzer. Having a porthole was delightful but the room was small and tight for 4 men. Now there was an empty locker sitting in the hall outside our stateroom and it started to bother me. I figured we could put that locker to a useful storage purpose in our room. So one day I moved that locker into our room. That Saturday, Captain Olivet, during Sat. Captain’s Inspection, comes into our room, sees the locker, goes berserk and asks who took it. I immediately fess up and Olivet puts me on report for 50 demerits for “stealing ship’s property”! More MIAPS for Hall and many more hours of extra work and the cruise had just started. I was starting to wonder why I came to this institution. But things got better.

Over the next 3 years I overcame my propensity to get into trouble but did enjoy instigating/participating in a number of capers / incidents that I will never forget but should not repeat here. In spite of my demerit-filled Mug Year, I miraculously rose above it to become Chief Engineering IDO and First Battalion Chief of Staff which shows that there is always hope for the hopeless...no matter what!

Just before graduation, I and some buddies at the First Class Graduation Dance at the Lido Beach Club on Long Island celebrated our long College journey with a midnight diving contest off the Club’s High Diving Board in our Dress White Uniforms (the alcohol helped)! It was a fitting culmination of 4 hard years where I learned so much about being able to handle life and made such great friends for life. Unfortunately, the chlorine turned my gold buttons green the next day.

God Bless the Fort Schuyler Class of ’66.

William “GUNNER” Hall