

ment to the United States Military Academy. He was a member of the U.S. Corps of Cadets from July 1939 to January 1940.

Ordered to active duty in April 1942. Hank saw considerable combat in Europe. He was integrated into the Regular Army in 1946 as an artilleryman, and remained with that branch until 1951 when he transferred to Armor.

After a tour with the Combat Matériel Division of the Office of the Chief of Research and Development, Colonel Cronin became a member of the Plans Division of the Joint Staff in the Pacific Theatre. He served a tour in Korea and then returned to the Office of the Chief of Research and Development to become chief of his old Combat Matériel Division, the post he held until his final illness forced his retirement in February 1965.

For the invaluable service he performed in his last assignment, Colonel Cronin was awarded the Legion of Merit. His other decorations include the Bronze Star, the Commendation Medal, and the Purple Heart.

Surviving Colonel Cronin are his wife, the former Mary-Rolfe James of Old Bay Farm, Havre de Grace, Maryland; two sons, 2d Lieutenant Henry J. Cronin Jr., of Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and Cadet John Rolfe Cronin, a Fourth Classman at V.M.I.; and a daughter, Charlotte Ashton Cronin, a senior at Congressional School, Falls Church, Virginia.

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### Alexander Kratz Rupp

NO. 20226 CLASS OF 1955

Killed in an aircraft accident 11 June 1965 near Buford, Ohio, aged 34 years.

Interment: Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia

ALEXANDER KRATZ RUPP was born in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, on 2 July 1930. His first ten years were spent in State College where his father taught mathematics at Penn State University. Al had a paper route as a small boy and served it very faithfully, earning and saving his money so he could buy clothes and toys of his own choosing. One day he amazed his parents by coming home with a tuba that was almost as big as he was. It was his school band instrument. He had to practice in the cellar.

From the tuba Al went on to play a cornet in the local drum and bugle corps, a group which won a national championship one year. His band uniform at that time was patterned after the West Point cadet's dress uniform.

Even at that early age Al's friends were beginning to notice his aggressive initiative. There were times when his parents had to intervene to slow him down, for he was always trying new things, and often beyond his capabilities. Once, while he was still only 11 years old, he wanted to bicycle across the country with a couple of older boys.

When World War II began, Al's father was commissioned a captain in the Signal Corps and was stationed in Washington, D.C., where the family joined him after a few months. Al went to Central High School in Washington and did well, not only academically, but rose to become captain of the cadet corps in his senior year. Upon graduation the Navy awarded him a Holloway scholarship for study at Harvard.

After two years he had some doubts that the system would ever lead him any higher than lieutenant commander, so he left college and took a job running a bulldozer and

later, a gasoline-powered shovel. Meanwhile, he attended National Guard drills and summer camp, always keeping in mind the competitive exams for the service academies. He came out high on the 1951 list and entered West Point with the Class of 1955.

His experiences with the Navy, at college, and on the construction job had given him a background which now helped him in many ways. He found academics at the Point reasonably easy and had ample time for other activities, particularly cheer leading, for which he earned a minor "A." He was one of the four cheerleaders who one year managed to capture the Navy goat and bring it back to West Point in triumph.

Al graduated 63d in his Class and chose a career in the Air Force. He was unusually keen in his job and, in addition to his regular flight training in Texas and Mississippi, worked, on his own time, on both airplane and automobile engines at the local base shops. In Texas his other free time activities included teaching Sunday school classes, studying photography, and hunting.



ALEXANDER KRATZ RUPP

He was one of the first in his Class to be assigned to a fighter squadron in Germany. For four years he was stationed near Bitburg. He learned to speak German fluently and was often chosen to address the German crowds that flocked to see the Air Force exhibitions. During this period he fell in love with, courted, and married a German girl, Ruth Michels, a fine young woman who bore him two children, a son while they were in Germany and later a daughter, in the States.

The young couple traveled widely in Europe during Al's leave time. They skied at St. Thomas in the Tyrol; they climbed the Finsteraarhorn in Switzerland (Ruth was the only woman in a period of some twenty years to make it to the top); and together they learned a good deal about art in Florence.

The Air Force Academy proposed to send Al to school at the University of Mayence with a view to his teaching German at the Air Force Academy, but Al aspired to a space career. He did succeed in drawing a state-side assignment at Wright-Patterson AFB and there earned a master's degree in astronautics in 1962. From here he went to Edwards AFB, in California, for duty in the Aerospace Research Pilot Program, graduating in 1963.

In two transcontinental automobile trips, Al's family enjoyed with him the roadside camping. They pulled a small trailer behind

their 1955 car, and it was truly amazing to see how much comfort and pleasure they found in the limited capacity of the little box on wheels.

Al was unusually thoughtful of his relatives and friends. He wrote to his parents faithfully every week; he helped his youngest sister through the University of Chicago with a modest allotment; and he gave his mother a miniature of his West Point ring and his insignia as a senior pilot. Friends sometimes remarked that Al lived two lives: his own, and another for his twin brother who drowned in early childhood.

From Edwards, the young Rupp returned to Wright-Patterson, where Al worked with the test mission program of the Aeronautical Systems Division. He was scheduled to attend the Staff School in Norfolk in August 1965. He had planned to take a leisurely camping trip with his family after completing Staff School—through Nova Scotia and north-eastern Canada—and before leaving for an assignment in Vietnam. But that was not to be.

On Friday, 11 June 1965, he crashed and burned to death on a routine flight out of Wright-Patterson. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

Al was a hard-working, conscientious officer. His promotions to captain and to major were both "below the primary zone of consideration," so that his parents, his family, and his friends had every reason to be proud of him, and to feel that "the stars in his eyes" was no idle dream.

Al was awarded a commendation ribbon for a paper he prepared on traffic control in Germany and a recommended posthumous award was still to be made as this article was being written.

—Dr. Charles A. Rupp, Lt. Col. USAR Father

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### Ned Natale Loscuito Jr.

NO. 22887 CLASS OF 1960

Hostile death, Vietnam, 20 August 1965, aged 26 years.

Interment: Woodlawn Cemetery, Bronx, New York

I ALWAYS REMEMBER NED AS THE WINNER: Ned the Indian fighter; Ned the bronco rider; Ned the knight errant; Ned the dragon slayer. In all his childhood fantasies, he always emerged indisputably victorious. The determination to win, the excitement of challenge, these were characteristics that would grow and remain with Ned. Along with these stronger inclinations there developed a whimsical spirit, a lightheartedness that could relax those around him who might be grim, worried, or afraid.

Ned's days at West Point gave him many opportunities to manifest these seemingly contrasting traits. Plebe year was a time for hard work and for breaking the "system." From a diary he kept of that unforgettable year, come these words of Ned's: "Did all right in class. Got chewed out at dinner formation for sprinting across mess hall. I cut off a Firstie."

His athletic prowess was more appreciated on the baseball field, and by his first-class year he had become the team's captain. The "Dago," endearingly so-called because of his ancestry, had to eat "fourths" on macaroni as a Plebe in addition to the other customary hazing.

By graduation, he would leave the Academy with a John W. Coffey trophy tucked under his arm and with memories of his ac-

accomplishments as brigade heavyweight boxing champion, as president of the Russian club, as a member of the ring and crest committee, and as cadet-in-charge of the special program committee.

After graduation he went on to gain his Ranger patch and a star over his paratrooper's wings.

With all his surging energy and his many playful tendencies, one could detect signs of Ned's developing wisdom. His was a practical approach to life: the job was there to be done, and he would do it in the only way he knew how—to the very best of his ability.

His years at West Point were thoughtful, formative years. Love for his God and his family was now coupled with another great love, love of country. He did not play at being a soldier as a cadet; he was one and became an even better one as the years passed. There were not many years, but his transformation was complete the day that he volunteered for duty in Vietnam. For him there was no alternative. "I'm a professional soldier," he wrote. "I think I owe my country

enemy sniper. He had advanced toward the assigned objective without regard for his personal safety in an effort to achieve better observation of enemy positions.

The Vietnamese people mourned him as they would an idol, and their country bestowed upon him the Vietnamese Gallantry Cross with palm leaf cluster and the Vietnamese National Order Medal Fifth Class posthumously. His own country awarded him the Purple Heart, the Combat Infantry Badge, and two Bronze Stars, one with bronze "V" device for valor, all posthumously.

Of this I'm sure, Ned, your opponent never would have slayed you if he had had to stand up and face you.

You're still the winner.

—Sis

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### John Charles Sigg

NO. 23306 CLASS OF 1961

KIA 28 May 1965 in Vietnam, aged 27 years.

Interment: Grandview Cemetery,  
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

TODAY JOHN CHARLES SIGG lies in a soldier's grave having found a soldier's death on the battlefields of Vietnam. Yesterday he was Jack, and we loved and honored him for the strength and confidence he showed in volunteering for duty in the unbridled war in distant Asia. His story is a simple one, but woven throughout it are the threads of integrity, valor, discipline, and an indomitable spirit.

Jack was born on 19 February 1938, in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, the only child of LaVelle B. and Margaret C. Sigg. He learned early that "... of all the creatures on earth, only Man has been gifted with the ability to reason ...," and he set out to make the best use he could of his share of what he considered a precious gift. On graduation from junior high school, Jack wrote, "We all look toward the future with great anticipation, anxious to receive the greater problems and the greater rewards awaiting us."

He graduated from Johnstown High School on the honor roll in 1956 and was rewarded with a principle appointment to the Military Academy by Representative John P. Saylor. He entered West Point in 1957 after a year at the preparatory school at Stewart Air Force Base, New York. I met him in September of that year when we became roommates after "Beast Barracks," and he already bore the stamp of a distinguished cadet and scholar. To him very few things were difficult, and nothing was impossible if one only applied himself diligently. That first year passed in a flurry of books, immaculate shoes, and cold reveille formations. We laughed a lot, cried a little, and spent many hours after taps discussing important things such as atomic clocks, existentialism, number theory, and whether or not ICBM's were really the answer.

The next year, Jack, Scooter, and I lived together again, and Jack was well on the way to attaining self-mastery. He lowered his standards not one iota from those that had been imposed on him Plebe year, drove himself in his studies, participated in athletics with absolute ferocity, and found that a good philosophy book was much more entertaining than a Saturday night movie. The last two years were a period of Herculean efforts, and graduation found Jack a star man, a Rhodes Scholar nominee, a cadet captain, a

leader in many extracurricular activities in short, a young man anxious to make his mark on the world.

The next nine months were filled, in quick succession, with the Armored Officers' Orientation Course at Fort Knox, and the airborne and Ranger schools at Fort Benning. Jack earned the respect and admiration of all who were privileged to associate with him through his dedication, intelligence, determination, and plain good sense. He was among the top ten on the tanker's night ride, and the physical tests of the airborne and Ranger schools were only proving grounds for the physical prowess and endurance that he knew must some day strengthen him as a combat leader. I recall one day in January 1962 in particular. Jack had volunteered for lifeguard duty during a river crossing in sub-freezing temperatures, and while 30 men constructed a rope bridge and pulled themselves and their equipment across, he stood naked up to his chest in water that was mostly melted snow from the mountains of Georgia. He held on for an hour and a half without complaint,



NED NATALE LOSCUITO JR.

something, and that is to stand by her now that she needs me, and not only because I need her. I have a debt to pay as aesthetic as one can imagine. Times are now measured in what was and what will be. There is no present. . . . The real concept of looking and working, sweating, and maybe dying, if that has to be, is for a future in which we may have the time to look hard and long at the past. . . . We don't have that opportunity now. It doesn't exist for us. We can't stop and wait, for the world will truly pass us by."

Even to that far-off, confused, and strange land, he brought understanding and his special brand of Loscuito humor. A sudden smile, an amazing confidence, tremendous zeal, and genuine pride in his work—these were the qualities which brought endless admiration from his Viet Rangers. Equipped with patience, a generous heart, and a piece of chalk, he began a series of English classes for the natives, and they responded enthusiastically. He wrote home to the chaplain in the 24th Division asking for help in raising money for a Vietnamese building fund. At another time he considered it a great accomplishment when he was able to get a group of natives just to wash and clean their ears.

Then, on the morning of 20 August, while on a "search and destroy" mission in the vicinity of Long Cong, he was shot by an



JOHN CHARLES SIGG

and afterwards, when I had to help him dress because he was too cold to help himself, he could only see the humor in a situation that would place him in such a predicament.

After airborne school Jack was sent to Germany and joined the 11th Cavalry as a platoon leader. In less than a year he had distinguished himself as an outstanding officer and had been elevated to the position of troop commander. When I reported for duty with that same unit, I found him firmly established and commanding the absolute faith and devotion of his men. He held that job, the most treasured that a junior officer can hold, for 20 months and upon his relief felt obligated to volunteer for duty in Vietnam. He was convinced that he had a valid contribution to make there, and that it would be less than honest not to go where he was most needed.

Back in the States he attended the Intelligence school at Fort Holabird, Maryland, and the Defense Language Institute at Monterey, California, and then, on 16 April 1965, bid farewell to the country to which he had devoted his life.

Upon arrival in Vietnam Jack was immediately assigned to a job in the G3 section of an advisory group, but, quite in keeping with his spirit of "Let me try," he soon managed a transfer to the field as advisor to an RVN

ASSEMBLY