

INFANTRY OFFICERS ADVANCED CLASS

NUMBER ONE

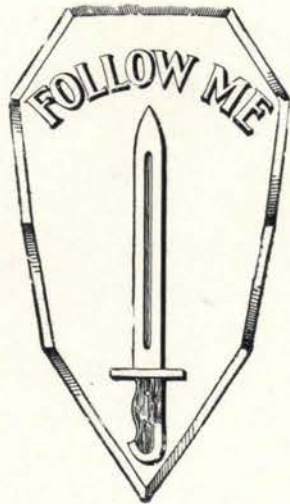


FORT BENNING, GEORGIA
1952-1953



FORT BENNING, GEORGIA
Lieutenant Colonel Edward
Norton Hathaway, United
States Army, attended the
Infantry Officers Advanced
Class, Number One, 1952-1953
(SEE PAGE 7 "THE CHIEFS.")

Infantry Officers



Advanced Class No. 1

1952-53



THE INFANTRY SCHOOL



G. S. MELOY, JR.
MAJOR GENERAL, USA
COMMANDANT OF THE INFANTRY SCHOOL

To the Graduates of Infantry Officer Advanced Class Number 1:

Your successful completion of the Infantry Officer Advanced Course brings you membership in a large but selected professional fraternity which includes on its rolls many of the distinguished names which through the years have glorified the pages of American military history.

As is probably the case with any worth-while professional achievement, honors earned are accompanied by added responsibility. The training which you have just completed represents an investment by the nation. Yours is the responsibility to give the nation a fair return on its investment.

Your experiences in the months just past have added immeasurably to your potential value to the military service. During the years that follow, you will be given opportunity to realize that potentiality. The mechanics of realization will in part be determined by historical developments over which you will have no control, but I am confident that your training here will have prepared you to meet any contingency which may be presented. This confidence is based on my faith in The Infantry School—and my faith in the officers trained here.

To each of you go the best wishes from the Staff and Faculty of The Infantry School for professional success. May each of you continue to add to the high traditions of the Infantry and serve your nation with honor.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'G. S. Meloy, Jr.', with a stylized flourish at the end.

G. S. MELOY, Jr.
Major General, USA
Commandant



LAURENCE A. JOHNSON
Lt. Col., *Infantry*
608 East Magnolia St.
Bellingham, Washington



STEPHEN J. MEADE
Lt. Col., *Infantry*
605 Gibson Drive
Columbus, Ga.



✓ CLYDE H. BADEN, JR.
Lt. Col., *Infantry*
Baden, Maryland



JAMES M. S. STRICKLAND
Lt. Col., *Infantry*
1815 15 St. E.
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

The Chiefs



✓ EDWARD N. HATHAWAY
Lt. Col., *Infantry*
310 South 8th St.
Beatrice, Nebraska



WILLIAM E. HENSEL
Lt. Col., *Infantry*
133 Hagen St.
Buffalo 11, N. Y.



JOHN M. GALBRAITH, JR.
Lt. Col., *Infantry*
High Springs, Fla.

The Braves



THEODORE F. G. ADAIR
Capt., Infantry
525 Arthur Ave.
Scranton 10, Penn.



AARON C. ADKINS
Capt., Infantry
406 Mathewson Pl. S.W.
Atlanta, Ga.



WALTER R. ADKINS, JR.
Capt., Infantry
Montevallo, Ala.



NEAL J. AHERN
Capt., Infantry
3803 So. Ridgeley Drive
Los Angeles 55, Calif.



WILLIAM H. ALLISON
Capt., Infantry
Leesburg, Fla.



CURTIS H. ALLOWAY
Maj., Infantry
152-D Kessler Dr.
Custer Terrace, Columbus, Ga.



ALLEN R. ANDERSON
Capt., Infantry
Tuskegee Institute, Ala.



FRED G. ANDERSON
Maj., Infantry
2490 Coleman Ave.
Augusta, Ga.



THOMAS W. ANDERSON
Lt. Col., Infantry
P. O. Box 492
Morehead City, N. C.



WILLIAM H. BAMBER
Capt., Infantry
 73 Stewart St.
 Manchester, New Hamp.



ISAIAS BARRETO
1st Lt., Infantry
 15 de agosto
 468 Asuncion, Paraguay
 (Paraguayan Army)



RAYMOND D. BARRETT
Maj., Infantry
 723 Loomis Ave.
 Daytona Beach, Fla.



ROSS P. BARRETT
Capt., Infantry
 201 Oakwood Place
 Springfield, Ohio



THOMAS M. BARRICK
Capt., Infantry
 208 White Road
 Watsonville, Calif.



ALBERT L. BARRINGER
Capt., Infantry
 123 Webster St. N.W.
 Washington, D. C.



JOHN B. BEACH
Maj., Infantry
 1749 West Grand Ave.
 Chicago 22, Ill.



CALVERT P. BENNETT
Capt., Infantry
 834B Terry Drive,
 Columbus, Ga.



JOHN C. BENNETT
Capt., Infantry
 219 Buttermere Ave.
 Asbury Park, New Jersey



GEORGE C. BENSON
Maj., Infantry
5032 Springfield Ave.
Philadelphia 43, Penna.



CHARLES E. BEST
Capt., Infantry
101 Norrie St.
Ironwood, Mich.



CLAIR L. BOOK
Capt., Infantry
Dixon Road
Rock Falls, Illinois



JAMES C. BOWMAN
Capt., Infantry
Belleville, Illinois



PEDRO BRACHO
Lt. Col., Infantry
Pichincha A Boyaca No. 107
Caracas, Venezuela
(Venezuelan Army)



DONN T. BOYD
Maj., Infantry
9428 SE Mercer Island,
Washington



WILLIAM T. CALL, JR.
Maj., Infantry
278 Tory Rd. Manchester, N. H.



✓ JOHN T. CARLEY, JR.
Capt., Infantry
Richton, Miss.



DALTON O. CARPENTER, JR.
Capt., Infantry
494 Almond Ave.
Long Beach, Calif.



JAMES H. CARROLL, JR.
Capt., Infantry
CMD Washington, D. C.



JOSEPH R. CASTELLI
Capt., Infantry
P. O. Box 2124
Ft. Benning, Ga.



CHAO-YUEN CHEN
Lt. Col., Infantry
614 Success Village,
Taipei, Formosa
(Chinese Nationalist Army)



WILLIAM D. CLARK
Maj., Infantry
Tokyo, Japan



CARCIE C. CLIFFORD, JR.
Capt., Infantry
8987-218 Place
Queens Village 8, N. Y.



DAVID L. COLAW
Capt., Infantry
335 Myrtle St.
Glendale, Calif.



CALEB A. COLE
Maj., Infantry
Blue Hill, Maine



EDWARD J. COLLINS
Capt., Infantry
40 Cummings Ave.
Revere, Mass.



JOHN W. COLLINS, III
Maj., Infantry
Gallion, Alabama



JOSEPH E. COLLINS
Capt., Infantry
 c/o Gen. J. Lawton Collins
 Qts. No. 8, Fort McNair
 Washington 25, D. C.



GIULIO COMASCHI
Maj., Infantry
 Via S. Felice 35 Bologna
 (Italy)
 (Italian Army)



EDWARD H. COPE
Capt., Infantry
 1624 So. Steele St.
 Denver 10, Colo.



BUCKNER M. CREEL, III
Maj., Infantry
 14 N. Williams St., Belair, Md.



CRESTON W. CROCKETT
Capt., Infantry
 1113 N. Abiline St.
 Portales, New Mexico



GUSTAVO CRUZAT
Maj., Infantry
 Casilla No. 360 Correo Central
 Santiago—Republica de Chile
 (Chilean Army)



ROBERT G. CULBERTSON
Capt., Infantry
 2494 Granam Ave.
 Akron, Ohio



JAMES H. DALLMAN
Capt., Infantry
 Minneapolis, Minnesota



DAVID L. DAVIS
Capt., Infantry
 529 Baldwin Ave., Sharon, Pa.



RALPH J. DAVIS
Capt., Infantry
 5066 Fulton St. N.W.
 Washington, D. C.



HAROLD G. DEMOYA
Capt., Infantry
 1244 Peacock Ave.
 Columbus, Ga.



JOSEPH A. DESANTIS
Maj., Infantry
 708 South St., Utica 3, N. Y.



THOMAS H. DEVLIN
Capt., Infantry
 Box 127
 Sandhills, Mass.



GEORGE E. DEXTER
Capt., Infantry
 48 Ticknor Drive
 Columbus, Ga.



LESTER R. DILLON, JR.
Capt., Infantry
 1219 Ridsby Ave.
 San Antonio, Tex.



THOMAS W. DONOVAN
Capt., Infantry
 123-16-115 Ave.
 South Ozone Park 20, N. Y.



JAMES S. DOUGLAS
Maj., Infantry
 3 LaFayette Drive,
 Benning Hills
 Columbus, Ga.



WARREN W. DRAKE
Capt., Infantry
 TAG, Washington, D. C.



WALTER A. DUMAS
Capt., Infantry
 3340 Santiago St.
 San Francisco 16, Calif.



JAMES R. DUNCAN
Maj., Infantry
 9 Smithman St.
 Oil City, Penna.



LEO E. DUPONT
Capt., Infantry
 6 May St.
 Rochester, New Hampshire



EARL S. DYE, JR.
Capt., Infantry
 1512 Schantz Ave.
 Dayton, Ohio



WALTER J. EISLER, JR.
Maj., Infantry
 306 Broad St., Butler, Pa.



JONES N. EPPS
Capt., Infantry
 801 Metcalf St., Augusta, Ga.



LAWRENCE J. EVANS, JR.
Capt., Infantry
 Seattle, Wash.



ARVINE J. EYER
Maj., Infantry
 St. Johns, Michigan



THOMAS H. FARNSWORTH
Lt. Col., Infantry
 Waterford, Maine



THOMAS M. FIELDS
Maj., Infantry
c/o 5710 39th Ave.
Hyattsville, Md.
(U. S. Marine Corps.)



HARRY A. FLOYD
Capt., Infantry
24 Mall St., Lynn, Mass.



JOHN R. FLYNN
Maj., Infantry
523 8th Ave. North
So. St. Paul, Minnesota



PEDRO FOYO
Maj., Infantry
153 Ave. 2dg.
Amplacion Almendares
Havana, Cuba
(Cuban Army)



BRUCE H. FRASER
Maj., Infantry
Aberdeen, Miss.



ROBERT A. GEIGER
Capt., Infantry
1716 Woodland Ave.
Des Moines, Iowa



JAVAD GHARABAGHI
Lt. Col., Infantry
Cimetri Av. Kemali #14
Tehran, Iran
(Iranian Army)



CARL E. GOLDBRANSON
Capt., Infantry
Steam Mill Road
Columbus, Ga.



OSCAR E. GRANILLO
Capt., Infantry
3 Av.N. #16 Sta. Tecla
Eisaly C. A.
(El Salvador Army)



CHARLES W. GREEN
Maj., Infantry
TAG Washingt 25, D. C.



CHARLES F. GREER
Capt., Infantry
300 N.E. 10th Ave.
Gainesville, Fla.



WALTER E. GRISCTI
Lt. Col., Infantry
2300 Sedgwick Ave., N. Y. C.



DONALD E. GROSS
Capt., Infantry
225 W. Walker Ave. S.W.
College Park, Ga.



WILLIAM C. HACKER
Maj., Infantry
Paragon, Indiana



ERIC L. HAHN
Maj., Infantry
2668 5th Ave., Altoona, Pa.



JOHN D. HALE, JR.
Capt., Infantry
Anson, Texas



HARRY H. HALL
Capt., Infantry
215 N. 21st St.
Ft. Smith, Ark.



ROBERT M. HALL
Capt., Infantry
855 Berkley Road
Indianapolis, Ind.



MILTON H. HAMILTON
Capt., Infantry
 118 Buffalo St.
 Elkins, W. Va.



WILSON C. HARPER
Maj., Infantry
 TAG Washington, D. C.



HARRY B. HARRIS
Capt., Infantry
 1450 Dwight Way
 Berkeley, Calif.



RICHARD HARWOOD
Maj., Infantry
 20th Ave., Gulfport, Miss.



HAROLD S. HEAD
Maj., Infantry
 1290 Country Club Rd.
 St. Petersburg, Fla.



DENNIS E. HENDRICKS
Capt., Infantry
 1124 Constitution
 Emporia, Kansas



ALLEN T. HENDREN
Capt., Infantry
 202 West Main St.
 Bloomfield, Ind.



JOHN Q. HENION
Maj., Infantry
 TAG Washington, D. C.



WALTER HETTLINGER
Maj., Infantry
 6505 So. Francisco Ave.
 Chicago 29, Ill.



EDWARD M. HILL
Maj., Infantry
1831 Wynnton Rd.
Columbus, Ga.



FREMONT B. HODSON, JR.
Capt., Infantry
734 Kennolia Drive, S.W.
Atlanta, Ga.



JAMES F. HOLCOMB
Capt., Infantry
28 Grand Ave.
Akron, Ohio



JAMES W. HOWE
Capt., Infantry
1 Walking Stick Road
Highlands, North Carolina



FREDERICK R. HUCK
Maj., Infantry
5601 Wabansia Ave.
Chicago, Ill.



HENRY J. HUGHES, JR.
Maj., Infantry
1526 3d Ave.
Watervliet, N. Y.



DEAN E. HUTTER
Maj., Infantry
1430 S. 15th Ave.
Maywood, Ill.



PAUL M. IRELAND, JR.
Capt., Infantry
608 Whittier St. N.W.
Washington, D. C.



EDWARD F. IRICK, JR.
Capt., Infantry
Main St., Elloree, S. C.



CHARLES G. IVES
Capt., Infantry
 630 Law St., San Diego, Calif.



WILLIAM F. JORDAN
Capt., Infantry
 P. O. Box 10343
 Palma Ceia Branch
 Tampa, Fla.



RAYMOND L. KAMPE
Capt., Infantry
 1118 Bay Ave.
 Ocean City, N. J.



PHILLIP P. KATZ
Capt., Infantry
 3165 Barry Ave.
 West Los Angeles, Calif.
 (c/o Rentz)



KENT KEEHN
Capt., Infantry
 208 S. LaSalle St.
 Chicago, Ill.



RANDALL KELLY
Mja., Infantry
 c/o 126 Lowell Ave.
 Youngstown, Ohio



JOHN L. KENNEDY
Capt., Infantry
 729 Meridian St.
 Florence, Ala.



FRED KOCHLI, JR.
Capt., Infantry
 TAG Washington, D. C.



ALBERT L. KOTZEBUE
Capt., Infantry
 TAG Washington, D. C.



CORTLAND T. KRAMS
Maj., Infantry
TAG Washington, D. C.



ROBERT J. LAMB, JR.
Capt., Infantry
115 Jefferson St.
Whiteville, N. C.



ROBERT O. LAMBERT
Maj., Infantry
Libertytown, Maryland



ADRIAN LARA
Capt., Infantry
Lago Viedma #19 Mexico D.F.
(Mexican Army)



ANTHONY LAVITE, JR.
Capt., Infantry
New Orleans, La.



JAMES M. LEER, JR.
Capt., Infantry
Box 36, Millersburg, Ky.



LOREN R. LESTER
Capt., Infantry
Newton, Ill.



JAMES W. LINN
Maj., Infantry
420 Humboldt St.
Manhattan, Kansas



GORDON J. LIPPMAN
Capt., Infantry
Hill City, So. Dakota



ROBERT M. LORENZ
Lt. Col., *Infantry*
1898 Dayton Ave.
St. Paul 4, Minn.



LORENZO F. LUCKIE, JR.
1st Lt., *Infantry*
Madisonville, Tenn.



THOMAS B. MAERTENS
Capt., *Infantry*
8522 Beech Tree Road
Bethesda 14, Md.



WILLIAM E. MANNING
Maj., *Infantry*
234 Seventh St.
Ledminster, Mass.



WALTER S. MATTOX
Capt., *Infantry*
441 Conn. Ave.
Norfolk 2, Va.



ALLEN J. MAUDERLY
Capt., *Infantry*
268 West 1st St.
Hoisington, Kansas



HENRY J. McALLISTER
Capt., *Infantry*
Windovet Hamburg, New York



JOHN F. McAULIFFE
Capt., *Infantry*
4205 South 23 St., Omaha, Neb.



JAMES K. McCASLIN
Maj., *Infantry*
P. O. Box 2042
Ft. Benning, Ga.



ROBERT H. MCCLEARY
Capt., Infantry
 P. O. Box 2994
 Carmel, Calif.



PAUL M. MCGUIRE
Maj., Infantry
 1518 Preston Dr.
 Columbus, Ga.



ALFRED J. MILLARD
Capt. Infantry
 4417 River Rd. N.W.
 Washington 16, D. C.



JOSEPH D. MITCHELL
Lt. Col. Infantry
 1025 Winding Way
 Baltimore, Md.



GHOLAMALI MOGHADAM
Lt. Col., Infantry
 Street Ferdows Ave.
 Shemiran Tehran, Iran
 (Iranian Army)



CORNELIUS J. MOLLOY, JR.
Maj., Infantry
 367 Union St.
 Jersey City, N. J.



RAYMOND J. MONTGOMERY
Capt., Infantry
 TAG Washington 25, D. C.



STEVE W. MULKEY, JR.
Maj., Infantry
 1711 Buena Vista Rd.
 Columbus, Ga.



FRANK A. MULRONEY
Capt., Infantry
 Mountain View, New Jersey



ANTONIO V. MUNERA, JR.
Capt., Infantry
 131 Roosevelt Ave.
 Hato Rey, Puerto Rico



JOHN H. NEFF
Capt., Infantry
 2nd Co. 1st STR
 Fort Benning, Ga.



WILLIAM L. NICHOLS
Capt., Infantry
 213 Second St. (E.P.H.)
 Pensacola, Fla.



LOUIS J. NORTH
Capt., Infantry
 855 34th Ave.
 San Francisco, Calif.



ROBERT E. ODOM
Maj., Infantry
 Box 515
 Haskell, Oklahoma



STANLEY F. PARR
Maj., Infantry
 834 Jewel
 Topeka, Kansas



JAMES K. PATCHELL
Capt., Infantry
 302 N. Columbia
 Union City, Ind.



WILLIAM G. PENROD
Capt., Infantry
 Box 181
 Laughlinton, Pa.



CARL L. PETERSON, JR.
Capt., Infantry
 5524 LeJeune Road
 Coral Gables, Fla.



JOSEPH W. POWERS
Capt., Infantry
 1125 So. 48th St.
 Philadelphia, Penna.



JAMES M. PRATT
Maj., Infantry
 2236 Round Top Drive,
 Honolulu, Hawaii, T. H.



FRANCISCO J. RAMOS
Capt., Infantry
 8 Wilson Ave.
 Ponce, Puerto Rico



JOHN C. RENNIE
1st Lt., Infantry
 Marthas Loop, Columbus, Ga.



ROBERT V. RIDENOUR
Capt., Infantry
 2418 E. Washington St.
 Charleston, West Virginia



EDWIN T. RIOS
Maj., Infantry
 TAG Washington, D. C.



WARREN J. ROSENGREN
Maj., Infantry
 739 Melrose St., Chicago, Ill.



CHARLES G. ROSS
Capt., Infantry
 703 South St., Lafayette, Ind.



ROBERT A. RYAN
Capt., Infantry
 Gloversville, N. Y.



EUGENE G. SABOTA
Maj., Infantry
168 East Fifth St.
Bloomsburg, Pa.



WILLIAM H. SACHS, JR.
Capt., Infantry
200 Maple Ave.
Leavenworth, Kansas



EDWARD S. SAXBY
Maj., Infantry
1209 North 36th St.
Richmond, Virginia



LOUIS J. SCHELTER, JR.
Maj., Infantry
1310 Bedford St., Rome, N. Y.



BARNEY G. SCHNECKLOTH
Capt., Infantry
634 Taylor St., Topeka, Kansas



HERBERT H. SCOTT-SMITH, JR.
Lt. Col., Infantry
52 Mildred Ave.
Waterbury, Conn.



STANLEY W. SELANDER
Capt., Infantry
785 37th Ave.
San Francisco, Calif.



JOSEPH S. SENGER
Capt., Infantry
516 East 6th St.
Erie, Penna.



HARRY J. SHAW
Capt., Infantry
94 Mathews Drive
Columbus, Ga.



WILLIAM P. SHORT, JR.
Capt., Infantry
Bethany Beach, Delaware



ARTHUR E. SIKES
Maj., Infantry
Barnesville, Ga.



BENJAMIN S. SILVER, JR.
Capt., Infantry
Rd. 2, Havre De Grace, Md.



IRA T. SLIGER, JR.
Capt., Infantry
2821 Magnolia Ave.
Knoxville, Tenn.



ERSKINE SMITH
Capt., Infantry
1119 No. 25 St.
Birmingham 4, Ala.



LOWELL H. SMITH
Capt., Infantry
P. O. Box 415
Stigler, Oklahoma



EUGENE C. SNEAKER
Capt., Infantry
476 Elmira St., Troy, Pa.



FRANK J. SPETTEL, JR.
Maj., Infantry
2503 10 St., Columbus, Ga.



CYRIL B. SPICER, JR.
Capt., Infantry
c/o Liberty Theatre
N. Wilkesbord, N. C.



RODERICK A. STAMEY, JR.
Capt., Infantry
 2123 North Blvd.
 Houston 6, Texas



CHARLES L. STARK
Capt., Infantry
 2104 Ensenada Ave.
 Lemon Grove, Calif.



BURROWES G. STEVENS
Maj., Infantry
 c/o John D. West
 Winchester, Mass.



GEORGE C. STEWART, JR.
Capt., Infantry
 1319 Fort Bragg Rd.
 Fayetteville, N. C.



KEITH M. STEWART
Maj., Infantry
 Route 4, Box 616 Siesta Key
 Sarasota, Fla.



ROBERT W. STREET
Capt., Infantry
 Route 6
 Lawrence, Kansas



JAMES B. TANNER
Capt., Infantry
 736 Bedford Ave.
 Columbus 5, Ohio



ROBERT B. TOBIAS, JR.
Capt., Infantry
 TAG Washington, D. C.



OLIVO TORRES
Maj., Infantry
 Culle 6th No 6-28
 Tunja-Columbia S. A.
 (Colombian Army)



HARRY E. TRIGG
Capt., Infantry
 40 Infantry Drive
 Columbus, Ga.



JOHN O. TRUBY
Capt., Infantry
 145 Laurel St.
 San Francisco, Calif.



LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT, III
Capt., Infantry
 ✓ TAG, DA
 Washington 25, D. C.



WALTER M. TURNER
Maj., Infantry
 915 Park Ave.
 Sanford, Fla.



HIRAM S. TYE
Maj., Infantry
 1011 B Kessler Ct.
 Custer Terrace, Columbus, Ga.



ERNEST J. VOGELGESANG
Capt., Infantry
 Dickinson Road
 Independence, Mo.



JOHN R. VOSEIPKA
Maj., Infantry
 5932 Buena Vista
 Kansas City, Kan.



✓ SAM S. WALKER
Capt., Infantry
 340 N. Pearl St.
 Belton, Texas



LUTHER D. WALLIS, JR.
Maj., Infantry
 204 Winona Dr.
 Decatur, Ga.



NORMAN H. WAMPLER
Maj., Infantry
Box 412
Warrenton, Virginia



RICHARD H. WARD, JR.
Maj., Infantry
3708 N.W. 19th Ave.
Miami 37, Fla.



CHARLES E. WEDDLE
Maj., Infantry
229 Elberon Ave.
Allenhurst, N. J.



SIGURD WIIK
Maj., Infantry
Inspector General of Infantry
Post Box 1033, Oslo, Norway
(Norwegian Army)



PERRY O. WILCOX
Capt., Infantry
106 Underwood Ave.
Elmira, N. Y.



CHARLES B. WILD, JR.
Capt., Infantry
Box 586
Cedar Rapids, Iowa



DUDLEY A. WILLIAMS
Capt., Infantry
411 Story Place
Alhambra, Calif.



HARRY O. WILLIAMS
Maj., Infantry
Fishers Island, N. Y.



JEROME T. WINTER
Capt., Infantry
Army Field Forces Bd 3,
Ft. Benning, Ga.



WILLIAM G. WOOD
Capt., Infantry
22 Kenwood
Davenport, Iowa

Yearbook Staff

Editor-In-Chief Capt. Dalton O. Carpenter, Jr.
Literary Editor Lt. Col. Walter E. Griscti
Photographic Editor Capt. William G. Wood
Advertising Editor Capt. Edward H. Cope

Literary Staff

Capt. Theodore F. G. Adair
Capt. John C. Bennett
Capt. James Bowman

Photographic Staff

Capt. Charles E. Best
Capt. Harry J. Shaw
Capt. Harry B. Harris

Advertising Staff

Maj. James Duncan
Maj. William Clark
Capt. Joseph Collins
Maj. Randall Kelly
Maj. Paul McGuire
Maj. Walter Eisler
Maj. Charles Green
Capt. Thomas Devlin
Maj. James Pratt
Maj. Edwin Rios
Lt. Col. James Strickland
Lt. Col. Laurence Johnson

Art

Capt. Frank A. Mulroney
Capt. Joseph A. Castelli

Business

Capt. Lawrence J. Evans
Maj. James Linn



Dedication

WESLEY C. (as in Clausewitz) SMITH, 012345, MAJOR, INF., U.S.A., ADVANCED CLASS NO. 1, 1952-1953, ROSTER NO. 500, known to his contemporaries simply as "Wesley", is the embodiment of all the virtues and most of the vices of his classmates.

Frustration and helplessness, egoism and selflessness, wizardry and gullibility, sharpness and dullness, defiance and meekness—Wesley is endowed with all these qualities. Small wonder then that he should be the prototype marked for study by the Leadership Committee. In this simple character, there are more shades of gray than in a Lever Brothers wash-day ad. Yet be not deceived; Wesley is not altogether a total loss to the Service. Whatever other shortcomings he may have, Wesley is perhaps the most conscientious student in his class. Never without his orange security pass, never late for class, never charged with a parking violation, never the recipient of a "green hornet" from the Director of Instruction, he is the very model of deportment. Each new dawn for Wesley is a challenge to make good, and though his final academic achievement may be only a Certificate of Attendance, he must be given a I for effort.

Much of what you will suffer through in the following pages is seen through Wesley's highly perceptive eyes. Whatever you expected to read and did not find, blame on his dark sun glasses—an item of personal accoutrement which he is never without. Be not scornful or cruel in your judgment of this man. He is, after all, the composite of us all. And finally, if there be any among you who secretly suspect self-identity with Wesley, don't despair; it's not too late to buck up before C&GS School.

With humility and pride, this work is respectfully dedicated to our friend and champion—Wesley C. Smith.

THE EDITORS

On Weather, Terrain, and Artificial Obstacles...





*Now, in Georgia's sunny clime
Where I used to bide my time,
A'servin' of her majesty the Queen
(Now I don't mean Queen of Britain,
Nor the "Queen" who sits home knittin'—
I mean QUEEN OF BATTLES—roughest wench I've seen.)
We used instruments of war: rifles, rockets, guns galore;
But the thing that darkened most my shade of gray
Was when dawn began to crack,
I was jolted in my sack
By that clock that made me roll out of the hay*



*Well, we packed our car like rats—
Maps and clipboards and stiff hats
With my buddy's knee a'stickin' in my spine.*

*Then we started off the day
Every man a'drawin' pay
While investin' twenty minutes in "the line."
Not much talkin' on the ride,
We just sat there side by side
As we crawled along so slowly up the street.*



*Till we reached the local Pub
Called the Benning Officers Club
Where a slug of java put us on our feet.*

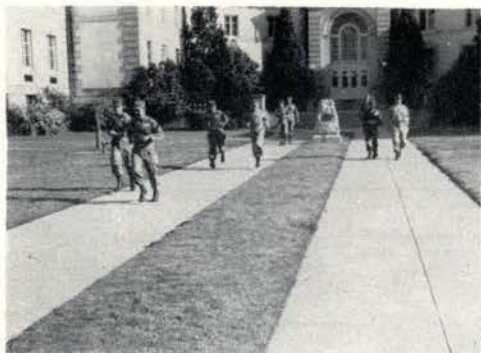
*By this time we were a'talkin'
As we finally started walkin'
Towards the School for Hopeful Heroes on the
Green.*



*With the clock approaching eight
We began to congregate—
Swollen heads and eyes the like you'd never seen.*

*At two minutes past the hour
With expressions rather sour,
We sat down—an awful sight it was to scan.
Colonel Johnson gave a snort,
“Captain Williams, please report!”
The instructor gulped twice, and the class
began*





*You can talk of gin and beer
When you're quartered safe up here
And you ain't a'sweatin' out that next lead pellet—
But when tissue starts to fly
It's for coffee that you'll cry
And you'll run a mile to find the place they
sell it.*

*In the classroom or the field
No one's nerves were really steeled
Till the java wet his throat and warmed his
belly—*



*At O-nine-four-five quite chipper
With his marmite can and dipper
Was our regimental pourer, Major Kelly.*



*It was "Where's the coffee, Henry?"
And, "How much you short today?"
As the bloodshot, sleepy eyes saw him arrive.*

*Then the tremblin' hands would grope
For the sugar, cream — and hope
That this cup 'til noon would help us stay alive.*



*Every day we were a'learnin'
Different ways to ease that yearnin'
For refreshment when the need was really dire.
Water, orangeade, and coke—
Anything to help a bloke
Get some liquid when his innards were on fire.*



*When our minds and backs were achin'
Then's the time we started breakin'
Then the bull would flow ten minutes without
cease.
Plans to snipe the next P.I.
"That solution I won't buy!"
Bills were flappin' like a bloomin' flock of geese.*

*"Before takin' that next ridge,
How's about a game of bridge?"
Bids were made about which bridge books ain't
been written!*



*But for those of gambling fame
Old Knock-Poker was the game—
Scoresheets took a man's whole bankroll at one
sittin'!*



*While tacticians aired their views,
Others caught up on the news;
Magazines, although VERBOTEN, were not rare.*

*Then we had our eager chaps
Who, with poopsheets in their laps,
Studied more than ordinary man could bear.*



*There were those who, needin' sleep,
Into Morpheus' arms did creep—
Some, indeed, did not wake up to take the break.
It was surely an odd way
To be earnin' soldier's pay,
But for oddness old Advanced One took the cake!*



*When our stomachs started growlin'
You could hear the chow-hounds howlin'
As the Piglerville safari came in view.
Those on diets munched their crackers;
"Cheese again!" moaned the Brown-Sackers;
And the rest, including allies, paid for stew.*





*When the birdies started singin',
You could see us, red ears stingin',
While old Johnny ate us out for bein' late.
Then we'd cause him more frustration
When we'd load the transportation
You were lucky if you didn't crack your pate!*





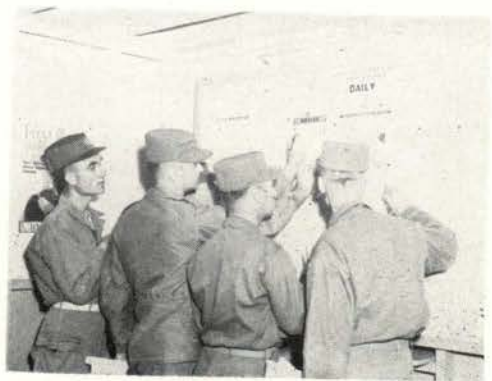
*When the trucks returned at last
We all lined up, moving fast—
Just to clear those blasted boxes and get home.*

*Just like bees around their hives
We swarmed in to find our "V's"
And those fifteen different maps of RIVIERE
DROME.*



*All the cadre were adept
At announcements, which they kept
Adding, changing, and erasing from the board—*

*"Sign the sheet for Biglerville—"
"Put a dollar in the till—"
"Classes Saturday—" we gnashed our teeth and
roared!*

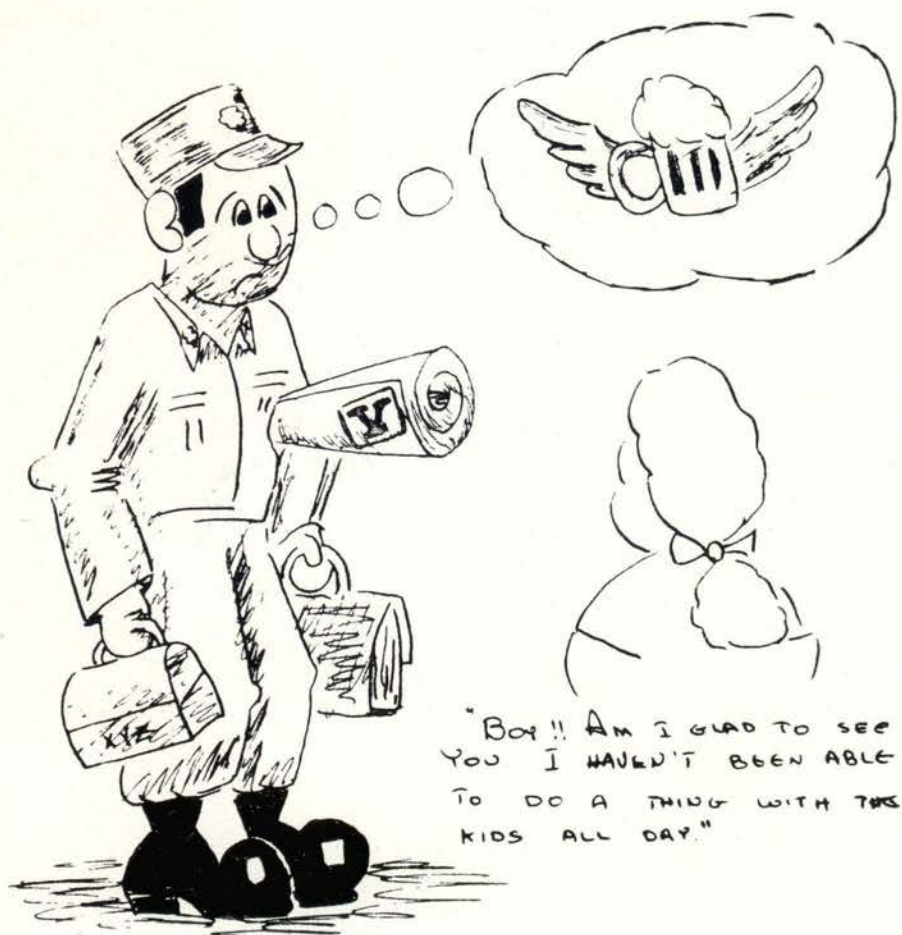




*Here's the King of irritation,
Of pure, undefiled frustration,
Of the coffee, mail—and don't forget to feed 'em!
Though we belted you and flayed you,
By the Living God that made you,
You're a better man than we are, Henry Needham!*

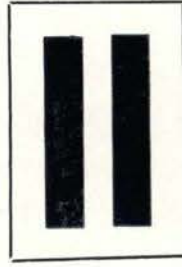


When the lovely day was endin',
And our ways we were a'wendin'
Back to Custer to our wives and relaxation,
Though the word was seldom said,
'Twas but one thought in each head:
"It's a Helluva long time till graduation!"





On Charts,
Tissues,



and Approved
Solutions...



By the end of the course Wesley had collected a formidable pile of charts, tissues, and approved solutions. Filed away in an old foot locker they collected dust for several years as Wesley fumbled his way through assignment after assignment. Wesley never relied on poopsheets to pull him through, and so it was quite by chance that one day he was looking for something when he opened this foot locker. A childhood vision of Pandora's Box flitted through his mind as the rusty lid swung open.



"400 Eyeballs"

The first thing to greet his eyes was a picture of the class assembled in the stands. A wry smile twisted his lips as he picked it up to study the faces. And a feeling of well-being pervaded him as he wondered how many others of this learned group had survived a meeting of the reclassification board, let alone the three he had to his credit. But Wesley was never one to let success go to his head—there was the IV he received on his monograph, and the many other IV's, so numerous that he had seriously considered changing his name to Wesley C. Smith IV. Only his innate modesty deterred him.

The monograph—he had sweated blood, he had looked into this barrage of eyes, knees and teeth chattering, and he had succeeded. His thoughts wandered now, back to Pratt and the monographs and the graded tests—

Moans, Monographs, and Tremors

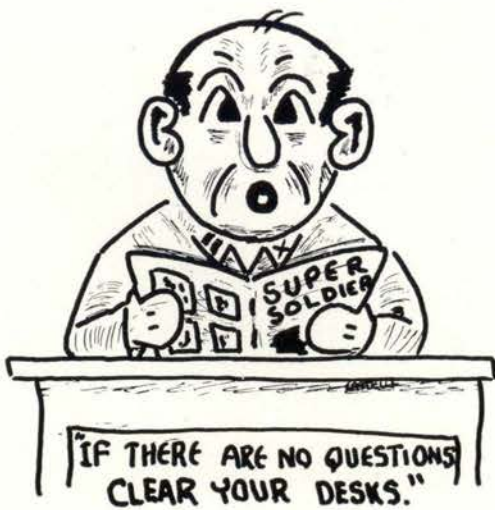


"M" Day

And sweating through those GT's in Pratt probably took ten years off his life. But Wesley persevered despite the loss of many a paper battle. To this day the enemy's war cry, "Are you ready in Pratt Hall" still sends shivers down his spine.



"Waterloo"



Tanks have shock action, so they convinced him, but next to the surprise "Spot"—there were many days he would have preferred facing a whole division of the clanking monsters.

Some smiling, some frowning, they emerged from Pratt, crowding around the approved solutions on the board in the hall—defeat was hard, but most took it like men. And there was always the arrogant “I maxed it cold,” bitter brine in the welted wound.



“There was wailing and gnashing of teeth”

Roentgens, Goats, and Rat Skinners



Riddled with roentgens, and surrounded by ions, Wesley’s naps in Pratt during atomic and CBR classes were sheer nightmares. One of the permanent scars he would carry through life was an almost pathological aversion to goat’s milk.

Jaws sagged, and eyes clouded with bewilderment. If they learned nothing else, Wesley and his classmates acquired a profound admiration for Einstein, and they thanked their lucky stars that they belonged to the noble profession of arms. Einstein would probably say, “I agree”.



“Wonder if we’ll have a GT in this”



They say that appetites lagged on the day Preventive Medicine portrayed its too vivid rodent revue. A cry of "coffee call" brought a chorus of groans. It was conceded generally that rats are rather nasty beasts.

Rise of the Class V Leader

Thanks to their leadership cards, Wesley and his cohorts may go forth with the firm conviction that, despite IV's and V's on the exam, they can be successful leaders.



"Why is this a leadership problem?"



**"WHAT WOULD
MAJ. RASMUSSEN
HAVE DONE?"**

"In the past two weeks your company has had 16 AWOL's, 20 courts-martial, and two sergeants have challenged you to fight it out behind the barracks. Major Wesley Smith, why is this a leadership problem?"

Fort Benning, SW



Wesley emerged from the night compass course a bitter man—nature had short-changed him when she passed out the rods, cones, and visual purple. He was heard to comment, “They’ll never get me out in that swamp again at night without a flashlight.”

Organized confusion was the theme of the day, and Wesley was not the only man who found himself in a maze of stakes and indistinct trails, faced with trusting his fate to the flip of a coin. He was heard to cry—



“May the halftone live forever in infamy!”



“Maps vs Men”

Declination, grid and magnetic azimuths, cuts, fills—Wesley discovered several gaps in his knowledge of map reading. In fact, his self-confidence was shaken so seriously that he lost his way home from the cocktail bar the evening after the exam.

Bolos, Barrages, and Toggle Sticks

As the rifle firing went, earlier in the year, so went the carbine firing—but though the day was dull, there was a constant touch of color, on the horizon—the red of Maggie's drawers.



"Ex-Experts"



"Straight down the middle?"

And if anyone thought the tank indestructible, he surely changed his mind the day Wesley and his friends tried their hand at driving the iron monsters. Trees at \$40 each, and fenders were strewn over the landscape.



"Man hole"



"Mike in Charge"

The Patton complex was evident among many of the class; they took the controls gingerly enough at first, but all caution was gone by the time the first turn was rounded. It is doubtful if any enemy could have withstood an attack by the crews in control that day—that goes for the tanks too.

Jaw set, eyes transfixed, hand on the toggle stick in a death clutch, Wesley the tanker drove that day as few mortals have driven before. Veteran tankers paled with fright, classmates riding the tank leaped frantically to safety, choosing injury to almost sure death. Somehow, some way, he drove around the entire course, lurched to a halt in a cloud of dust, a smile of wild abandon curling his lips—and leaped to the ground with a wild rebel yell.



"Married-up"



*"Who says a dogface can't
adjust artillery fire?"*

Wesley thought the arty instruction was just fine, and in his usual eager manner could hardly wait for the day when the class would adjust artillery. There was a rather general concensus of opinion at the end of the day that Wesley made a good observer—just as long as he was adjusting for the enemy.

But even Wesley managed to bracket his target, although he used all the ammunition allotted for the rest of his group. There was disappointment written over all faces as they boarded their truck an hour early to head for home.



"Checking the business end"

Motors, Manifolds, and Snatch Blocks



"So that's a motor."

After long hours in E-1 a new Wesley emerged, for within himself he had discovered dormant seeds of greatness—he knew now that he would have been an excellent mechanic. But motoring's loss was the army's gain.

Now with block and tackle they could sally forth, no job too difficult, for they could figure mechanical advantage. Wesley and his friends found too that it's easy to keep vehicles tip-top—just watch the PM indicators. Of course a few other matters were covered in the course, but Wesley habitually separated the wheat from the chaff, and he knew that PM stuff was the meat of the course.



"FLAT SPOT IS SOME SORT OF INDICATOR THEY SAY"

Maneuvers and Map Melees



*"How now, you secret,
black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?"*

To Wesley, the cubicle of the Chief Umpire was a den of sinister plotting—from there came the depredations of the hated aggressor. Realizing that he would derive from the problem only what he put into it, Wesley worked hard at whatever job he had, frequently, earning the enmity of a classmate. This day he would never forget—he was Chief Umpire—there were those who whispered he had gone mad with power.

But many of the lighter hearts found time for pleasure even in the CPX. They did the job, and woe betide the enemy who would run afoul of such a staff as this. Armed with layer contoured maps and work sheets, not to mention the formidable journal, the bitter gall of defeat would never be theirs.



"The CO and his—ah—staff"



"Pooled ignorance"

The field reconnaissance—now that is where Wesley shone. He soon discovered that the best way to handle the situation was to solve it on the map and read a good magazine on the truck. That way he kept from becoming confused by looking at the terrain. An expert on the meeting engagement was he, for he was always surprised to meet the enemy.

There were times when it seemed to Wesley that he had lived half his life in Theatre 8. There were those who would agree that he looked like he had. Nevertheless, Wesley threw himself into the situations with complete abandon, and felt amply rewarded when his tablemates elected him commander, which they did so obligingly for every problem. Perhaps other tables had better solutions, but none had Wesley — consolation enough for his tablemates.



"Troop 6 in Session"

Tactics, Toil, and the 8 Inning STRETCH



"Watch your step!!"

Time had dimmed the rigors of the all day problems, but one still remained in Wesley's mind as though it were yesterday—the river crossing. The sand bar—dropping through muddy water to the bottom—his classmates' hands lifting him over the side to safety—the commendation for his presence of mind (order of the cigar)—through it all he had clutched the 57 mm rifle in his arms. He felt a warm glow as he remembered that they had been glad to see him again, almost as glad as they were to get the rifle back.

But for Wesley the typical 8-hour problem was a time to make up lost sleep—(he studied long hours every night to keep his grades up in the IV bracket). He was envied by many of his classmates for his ability to sleep without being caught—but after all, he looked little different—the same relaxed expression, half-closed, watery eyes, and sagging mouth.



"Away with the 8-hour day!"



During the 8-hour class the problem stretchers were at their best. It fascinated Wesley to try to guess what new and ingenious device they would spring next to spread it thin. Flexibility was the key word of this elastic crew—they could run it out to impossible limits, and always halt, miraculously, at the breaking point.

Signals, Saws, and Slide Rules

To the wearers of the castle, activities such as this must seem pure desecration, but to Wesley and the rest of the crew it was an outing such as most seldom had experienced. To operate a rig such as this had been Wesley's secret ambition of a lifetime. Let it suffice to say that the day's operations were mute testimony to the ruggedness of Engineer construction equipment.



"Man vs Machine"



*"Woodsmen—Boatmen—
we stay loose!!"*

Wesley and the rest of the class were convinced without a doubt of the superiority of the power saw when they witnessed the defeat of their leader in a wood cutting contest. Axe in hand, the class "Paul Bunyan" bowed his head to the machine in a veritable shower of chips.

Wesley, to put it mildly, was out of his element in the mystical field of tubes, antennae, and frequencies. If he learned nothing else in the course, he carried away the firm conviction that he would never be a Comm O—but rumors were strong that he was marked to remain at the institution as a communication instructor, a probability that worried him so that by the end of the course he had, by perseverance and hard work, memorized the phonetic alphabet.



"Wonder what brain names these gadgets"

But some students, possessed of a more scientific bent, became quite adept at such accomplishments as changing the batteries of a 536, (pardon me—PRC) or even mastering the intricacies of the operation of this set. But not Wesley—at the end of the course he still answered a radio call by saying "hello".

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house not a creature was moving, not even Wesley—the Troop Movement exam, humorously known as "Milliken's Christmas Present", had left him an immobile hulk. Visions of march graphs danced in his head, and he wept silently when he remembered how many of the valiant had fallen that day to the clash of slide rules and the onslaught of superior numbers, numbers, numbers, num—



"Slip-Stick Steve"

Ode to Airborne



"Carp's-Copter"

Embodiment of everything a paratrooper should be, our staunch editor was also a man of rare vision. Wesley remembered with shame that he was one of those who dared to scorn and scoff at his dream of a one man helicopter. Yes, they had laughed at Marconi, at Edison, at Mitchell.

And as though it were yesterday, Wesley could, in his mind, still hear the thrilling cry of the trooper hitting the silk—Geranium! He lived again that day when he decided that he too would be a jumper, the day the class inspected the training towers. Yes, he reflected, just a hundred points more on the PT test, and today he too would be a copter-trooper.



"Extra hundred bucks—hmm"



"Yea, Airborne!!"

Then the C-119 was a marvel to behold, and a quiver of ecstasy ran through the class "Airheads" as it glistened in silvery grandeur before them on the strip. Throughout the year the cry "Airborne" had escaped their lips intermittently and almost involuntarily, and this day they were in their glory as they stood within the walls of their Mecca.

"Take A Number Between 1 and 194"

For many, the first announcement of class standings was a rude awakening—Wesley was astounded and delighted to find himself among the first 10. The walls of his quarters reverberated with sounds of merriment and rejoicing far into the night. A victim of the machine age was he. Hollow victory it was indeed, for the machine had blown a tube and Wesley took his place among the unsung heroes of the class, those who kept the bottom from falling out.



"10 P's and 2 I's and P'm 185!"

But to Career Management, one peasant was no better than the next—looking about at the flushed faces, the restless eyes, listening to the nervous titters, Wesley realized suddenly that the moment had come. Now the colonel was reading the S's, and one by one they slumped in their seats, some smiling, some aghast—then—"Maj. Wesley C. Smith, FECOM". He swallowed hard, then thrust his chin out when it suddenly dawned on him that he was one of the chosen few—pride of the Infantry School were men such as he.



"Poker hand clutch"

As time passed, and the pace became ever more grueling, a very apparent change in attitude took place. By the time the second standing list was published, Wesley had accepted philosophically his destiny—snarling on the fringe of the pack for the bones and fragments discarded by the strong.

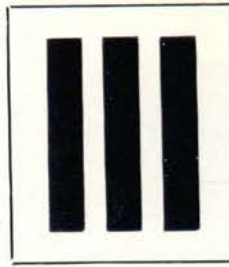


"Major Clark to Arkadelphia"



On P9's Wizards,

and Other Nameplates...



Did I understand you to say that the School's doctrine is to by-pass 'em? That's funny because Par 61 b, FM 7-40, specifically says and I quote ".....etc."

"Pull the Chain", or, "A Day in the Booby Bin"

BY MAJOR WESLEY C. SMITH

(A play in One Act, Two Scenes. Any similarity to actual persons is purely intentional and may be used as a basis for libel action against the author, TIS, and the Department of Defense.)

SCENE I.

PLACE: PRATT HALL

TIME : 0800—any day (*Saturdays included*)

INSTRUCTOR:

Take your seats quickly, gentlemen. Now as you all know our subject is the Regimental Combat Team in Special Operations—to wit, defense of bogs, creek bottoms and school solutions. I trust you all have read the three Field Manuals and seventeen supplemental pages given in last night's reading assignment and layer-contoured the twelve maps prescribed in the first requirement. So without further instruction from here, I'm going to call on one of you to brief the class on the General Situation. Now let's see Major
(Instructor malevolently fondles the roster; student major nameplates go into table-top defilade; captains and Lieutenant Rennie smile unconcernedly. He casts a smug glance at the class, certain that he's found a soft touch) . . . Major Spettel.

MAJOR SPETTEL:



(A bland expression on his innocent face) Aggressor, taking advantage of the confusion caused by the earthquake of 1906, made landings in California and by this date had advanced to a general line along the Chattahoochee. At this time, the entire U. S. Army, consisting of the 85th Inf. reinforced by the 101st Smoke Generator Bn., was ordered to seize the vital communication center of Chitlin' Switch, La.

INSTRUCTOR:

Thank you, Major. Question over there?

CAPT. COPE:

I have several simple questions, Sir. I would like to know if the 85th Inf. in this problem has all its TO/E equipment

CAPT. COPE:

as specified in TE 721-323BX and whether replacements have been requisitioned for this outfit to fill vacancies created by casualties sustained in Problem 6521 and if Aggressor has done the same, because it seems to me that if we don't make these assumptions.



INSTRUCTOR:

Yes, to all your questions. I don't want to cut you short but would you mind seeing me at the end of the course if I haven't cleared that up? *(Pause)* Take the next thirty seconds or so to solve the next requirement. Work with your neighbor on your left but you are requested not to speak. If you're in an aisle seat, work it out by yourself—after all, you're all potential divisional commanders. Major Bolling will take the mike for a discussion of class solutions.

(While the latter is being wired for sound, class murmurings rise to crescendo in strict violation of standing instructions. Problem Inspectors eye Lieutenant Colonel Meade reprov- ingly and are about to put the finger on him when attention is diverted to a student who ambles down the aisle to whistled versions of "The Worms Crawl In".)

MAJOR BOLLING:



(Pointer in hand, obviously concerned about the loss of precious seconds) Gentlemen, give me your attention please. Major Anderson, will you please rise, face the class and give us your solution?

ROSTER NO. 8:

Do you mean Thomas W. Anderson?

MAJOR BOLLING:

Come off that stuff, Fred. The Logistics Committee warned me about you guys. Start talking, chum.



MAJOR ANDERSON:

(stunned) Well, our solution was to attack in column, making the main effort on the right. They'd go supported and illuminated.

They'd go supported and illuminated.

MAJOR BOLLING:

An interesting solution—and it might work. However we feel we'd attack with three up, main effort on the left, unsupported, non-illuminated. Don't feel bad though, Fred. If you'd seen my film strips of the terrain, you'd have maxed it. Is there anyone in the class who doesn't agree with the school solution?

CAPT. KAMPE:

(Iratly) YES SIR.

CLASS:

DOWN BOY, DOWN.

(BOLLING to himself: Why can't I keep my big mouth shut? As if I'd never heard about the guy! Oh well, ask a silly question —).

CAPT. KAMPE:



Now I don't want to seem facetious or anything, but in my humble opinion, both solutions stink. Here you people stand on that platform week after week, attacking with two up in all kinds of weather and terrain and the one time a commander in his right mind would go two up, you birds play it loose and go with three. Brother, I've seen everything now.

MAJOR BOLLING:

Let's not be bitter, Kampe, old boy. Your pal Barney Wiseogle will take it up with you in the hallway at the break. After all, he wrote this requirement and why should I be stuck with it? Gentlemen, the next section involves the tank battalion. Guess who's got the hot potato now?

(Scurrying APS feed maps of Europe and Asia to each aisle. Rapping his pointer on the floor boards, Mr. Armor himself, pleads for attention; finally places hands on hips and peers disgustedly at class)

LT. COL. DALIA:

If you people don't mind, I'd like to get on with this thing so I can finish my article for the Journal, HOW WE WON THE WAR IN THE ETO OR WHO NEEDS DOG-FACES?

Major Beach, what would you do with the tanks attached to your Regiment?

MAJOR BEACH:

(Shouts of "Can't hear you", thunder down to the victim who turns to the rear of the hall, almost says something nasty but reconsiders. Instead, with remarkable poise and aplomb) . . . Tanks need infantry and infantry needs tanks! (Bursts of wild cheering and applause).



LT. COL. DALIA:

(To himself: Pm sure getting over to one of these birds. To think I should hear it from their very own lips).

Very good, Major—thank you. If you should ever have any trouble with Infantry Career Management, let us know—we always have a berth for a man with those sentiments: The next part of that requirement—Col. Strickland, please take that one.

LT. COL.
STRICKLAND:



Our solution was to sneak the trains in behind Team C—you know what I mean—let 'em move quietly along somewhere back in the rear.

(Picking himself off the floor and readjusting his horn rims)
Yes, yes, Colonel, thank you, a quaint solution. Quaintest part of all is that you've hit the school solution although we've expressed it somewhat differently. You don't agree with that solution, Captain?

LT. COL. DALIA:

CAPT. DUPONT:

Oh, I agree with the solution. Not a thing wrong with it far as I can see. But I'm a little confused, Colonel, about one small point. Normally would you do it that way? In other words, isn't it a bit irregular? How can you justify such a screwy solution?



LT. COL. DALIA:

Just as long as you don't sacrifice shock action, firepower, and mobility, anything you do in the Armored Force is OK, Captain. See what I mean? Stay flexible and you've got it made. But we've got to get on with the next requirement. Major Adams will take over for this one. Take a stretch break, but keep your right foot in place.

(Fifteen master sergeants and one small boy descend on the platform bearing varied types of radio sets, switch boards, and pigeon baskets. A heavy-set but noble browed officer wraps

the PA wire through his shoulder loop, belt, twice around his middle and steps eagerly toward the front of the stage. Raising both arms)

MAJOR ADAMS:



Men, (*cheers*), have you ever asked yourself where we would be without Alexander Graham Bell and Marconi? You laugh—but suppose you were commanding this RCT, and suddenly you had a hot message to deliver to one of your battalions, and there was no radio operator present in your jeep—only you and your little old uncalibrated ANGR7? What sets could you net with? What knobs would you turn? Would you know what page in the SO1-SS1 to turn to? Which of these sets on the stage is FM—which AM—which IBM—which is a radio? Could you unsolve that one? It's been our policy in the Commo Department to keep all this technical stuff out of the instruction, but as a commander you should be able to fieldstrip the PRC 10, ANGR 9 and most any size Halicrafter, if you expect to keep the respect of your commo personnel. Men, I hope I've answered all your questions in this problem and that you're taking it all seriously. If we don't shape up, the Signal Corps might take over. (*Wild cheers*) Thank you.

CAPT. SHAW:

Major Adams, I, for one, am taking communications very seriously but I'm not altogether sure I understood your solution. It seems to me that it would have been far wiser for the RCT Commander to communicate with the Advance Guard Commander through his ANGR 7 or 9 and with the FA Bn CP via his ANGR 7 or 9 netting with artillery VRC 10 or GRC 9. Or is that what you said?



MAJOR ADAMS:

You're No. 1 in your class, aren't you, Captain?

CAPT. SHAW:

What other spot is there?

MAJOR ADAMS:

Your solution is 100% correct. (*To himself: The rest of these hoods should be so smart.*)
(*Major Adams and safari retire; new sections are passed out; Captain Jones takes over the mike.*)

CAPT. JONES:

Gentlemen, I am here in this lion's den this morning to represent a much maligned man of your staff—the ever suffering, long patient, floor sweeping, coffee fetching, typical S-2—to plead his case, if you will. Here, friends, is an aristocrat whose cranium is crammed with priceless pearls of wisdom concerning villain Aggressor; pearls which his com-

CAPT. JONES:



mander is indisposed to accept. Here is a red blooded American boy whose mother proudly believes is serving his country faithfully and well. But you have just read, in this new situation, the contempt heaped on this down-trodden shell of a man when he had but suggested to the commander that the presence of five Aggressor divisions surrounding our RCT might somehow have a bearing on the S-3's recommendation to pull a turning movement. Consider for a few moments, if you will, whether the S-3 and the Commander in this situation might have made better use of the S-2's talents, had they not assigned him the task of assisting the G.R.O. Colonel Hathaway, Sir, as an old G-3, will you give us your counsel on what the ideal staff relationship between the S-3 and S-2 should be?

LT. COL.
HATHAWAY:

Well, Jones, to be quite frank with you, in our division the "2" didn't eat chow without checking with the "3" and the reason for it is that, in all my years of service, I have yet to meet an Intelligence Officer who knew enough to come in out of the rain.



MAJOR DUNCAN:

(Turning to the rear, hands on hips, flushed with anger)
Sir, I resent the implication. It is that brand of thinking which puts our Intelligence Corps on the level of clerks, jerks, and I&E. I demand that your slurring remarks be stricken from the record, or so help me —————

CAPT. JONES:

Gentlemen, please, I beseech you, please. I little realized how sensitive is the subject. Leave us go on in harmony to the next requirement. Are we as one?

CLASS:

WE ARE AS ONE!

INSTRUCTOR:

We will continue this problem after a 20 minute coffee break. As you were *(this to an empty hall)*. It is now 0859—be back in your seats at 0901.

(The inevitable cluster of die-hards remain behind to clobber the PI on the platform, ready and eager to overwhelm him with alternate solutions, leading questions, and just plain sass.)



SCENE TWO

PLACE: SAME

TIME: 0901

LT. COL. MEADE:

Before going on, we have a small award to make. Major Kelly, please read the citation.

MAJOR KELLY:



Lieutenant, then Captain, Louis J. North, on recent date, with udder disregard for his own class standing, by his unusual differentiation between the terms SURPLUS and EXCESS, caused his brothers in arms to laugh aloud and salvaged what otherwise might have been a dull discussion, reflecting great credit on the class reputation. By virtue of his extraordinary behavior, he is hereby given the award of the Black Stogie, degree of commander. (*Much whistling and stomping of feet—ganeral lack of class decorum*).

INSTRUCTOR:

(*Choking back justified academic indignation*) If you have no objection, gentlemen, we will proceed to the next requirement. Since the Leadership Committee declined to send any further instructors before this class, I have been ordered to carry on for them. As you can read from the situation, RCT Commander, having secured Chitlin' Switch, La., has just returned to his CP to find members of the regimental staff huddled together in a circle on their knees, peering intently at an operations map. His pride in their efforts is rudely shattered as the die slither across the Louisiana line into Texas. He realizes that somewhere along the line he has failed to satisfy their needs. The burning question then is, does the CO have a leadership problem, and what remedial action should be applied? Major Hutter, your name was suggested to me. What is your answer to this puzzler?

CLASS:

(*Many shrill voices: SHOOT 'em! SHOOT 'em!*)

MAJOR HUTTER:

In the interests of all concerned yours included, I think it would be best for me to remain silent on that one. I pass!

INSTRUCTOR:

(*Sensing a crisis*) Very well, Major. Will you please pick it up, Colonel Johnson?



LT. COL. JOHNSON:



(Hitching up his trousers) First thing I'd do is sit down and light a cigarette. Then I'd plow hi diddle, straight down the middle, swinging both feet at the nearest.....in the line of fire. Then I'd.....

INSTRUCTOR:

Thank you Colonel. I'd like another volunteer. Major Fields, what would the Corps recommend?

MAJOR FIELDS:

(Strains of the Marine Hymn are heard from every corner)

Why obviously, Sir, the CO would politely ask his officers to put up their childish games and carry on with the war. He might even go so far as to call in the division psychiatrist because, as you say, this bird really does have some naughty boys on his staff and it's a pretty knotty problem for a colonel to figure out all by himself.



MAJOR BENSON:



Hold on there, Tom. Last week, in one of those problems stretchers with Major Quirk, I was for putting the bite on a bunch of GI's who loused up a fire mission because they were playing Blackjack, and you agreed. What makes these jokers any different? You going soft or somethin'?

MAJOR FIELDS:

Relax, George, I wanna graduate and go home.

MAJOR BENSON:

OH, I get 'cha Tom. But I was worried about 'cha there for a minute.

INSTRUCTOR:

Having clobbered his staff properly, and impounded the kitty for his A & R fund, our RCT commander is now ready to receive staff recommendations from liaison officers of supporting arms and services. In this little skit, I, of course, will be CO, 85th RCT, and various members of the faculty will be cast in supporting roles. Are you ready, gentlemen, with your recommendations?

COL. GRIEVES:

Well, Sir, before I begin, I just want you to know we Redlegs are here to support you—give the doughs anything they want is my motto. We don't have any illusions about our part in this thing—service is our business—no empire builders we! (*cheers*) All we want from you is just a kind word now and then.

Feed our FO's, if you have any extra chow that is, and oh yes, if you decide to bug out, let us know, will ya? Had a little trouble that way with the last slope brow I worked with. Now for your fires in this situation. I mean we can give you anything; long range, short range, fires this side of the LD, got lots of that stuff up my sleeve—you just name it, brother. And oh, incidentally, I've stashed away a couple of rounds left over from the last JCOC demonstration at Benning, just in case you want a little harassing fire during the night. But the main thing I wanna get over is that Redlegs don't ever hold out a reserve. We're all the way. One thing more, if any of my birds try snowin' your people with FDC gobbledegook, let me know, will ya? There's always some smart young pup fresh out of Sill who wants to compare IQ's with a dogface. (*Applause*).



LT. COL. HOMAN:



(Placing an alarm clock on the stage) Like the Artillery, your Engineer Company is here for just one reason—to support you. But please bear in mind that term *support*. You'll remember the Division order used that word and not *attached*. So I'd appreciate your telling your AT Mine Platoon leader what the score is. Last time we worked with him, he took all my bulldozers to build your Charlie Peter. We've got plenty of bridging material for this operation but the only hitch is, we'll be busy on other stuff and I'll need a rifle company or so to do the work. If your AT Mine Platoon isn't busy, I recommend you attach it to us—they can operate the water points—I'm short a couple of men there, too. Lastly, by way of service to you, we can always fight as infantrymen. But I'd recommend you use that only as a last resort—remember my boys are specialists. *(Alarm goes off and mike is quickly passed to the RCT CBR Officer)*.

MAJOR BERGER:

Cost conscious as I am, Colonel, I merely point out that for precisely \$36.19 my boys could clean Aggressor's clock but good with a few varmints scattered strategically about. You might also, if you're feeling particularly nasty, care to disseminate some of my persistent type Schlamiel No. 5 tomorrow at dawn—the wind will be right. Then too, Spagnolo here has thoughtfully brought along a whole lunch box full of gamma rays. But unfortunately you'd have to check with the Pentagon on their employment, and that might take a little time, say several years. So to be perfectly honest with you, I'm at a bit of a loss to explain my presence here. If you don't mind though, I'd love to stick around. Maybe I can give the Chaplain a hand.



INSTRUCTOR:

So much for the supporting forces—on to the next requirement. We pass to the thrilling climax of this drama. In a series of lightning thrusts, 85th RCT has triumphantly seized its thirty two intermediate objectives. Aggressor is reeling. EENT is on us—rather ECNT—and the RCT final objective looms up on the horizon. RCT reserve, (the Regt'l Tank Company with three attached Battalions) is coiled for the mortal blow. The I&R platoon which has been in the assault, reports that it will not be able to continue th eattack for another two days. Roster No. 89, please give us your decision as CO, 85th RCT.

LT. COL. HENSEL:



(A hush settles over the class as Mighty Mouse rises to his full height, a cold, gray look on his face —) Now as a veteran of two wars, (a spontaneous chorus of "Old Soldiers Never Die" from all hands) I've never heard of that much strength being held out for a reserve. But as for the requirement—it would depend on a lot of other factors which you haven't introduced in the situation. You can't just stand up here and blurt out a snap decision without knowing more about the bigger picture. This thing's getting a little ridiculous.

INSTRUCTOR:

I'll certainly consider that in rewriting this problem for next year. *(To himself: I should live so long to face another Advanced Class)* But is there anyone who would care to volunteer his answer to this critical situation? Yes, Major, thank you.

(Volunteer rises, and is again greeted with "Can't hear you" from the peasants. But with lower jaw protruding, a contemptuous glance at his tormentors, and in classic tones . . .)

Message to the assault units: I have complete confidence in your abilities—carry on. To the Reserve Commander: Jump for the final objective. To the higher commander: I have pulled the chain! (*Pandemonium—Huzzahs from the aggressive elements of the class; gasps from the more cautious.*)



INSTRUCTOR:



There's nothing I can add to that solution. Gentlemen, are there any questions on today's problem? If not, clear your desks, we have a final treat before we break up. (*Moans and other impolite noises*) Captain Carpenter has a few thousand words to address to you on the subject of the Class Yearbook!

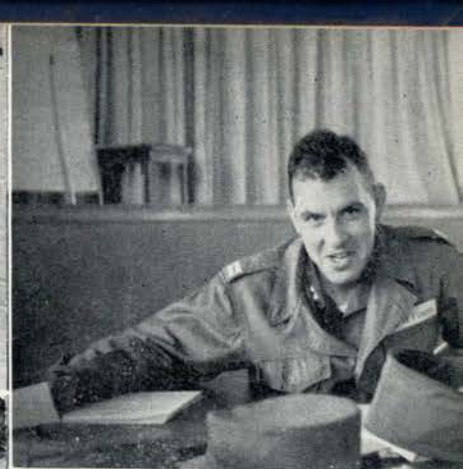
(Shrieks of protest, a panicky scramble for the doors)

CURTAIN



Who me? I'm an advance student too, and I've just "MAXED" a DECISION PROBLEM.
(Down Boy, Down!)







*Splints,
Sprains,*

IV

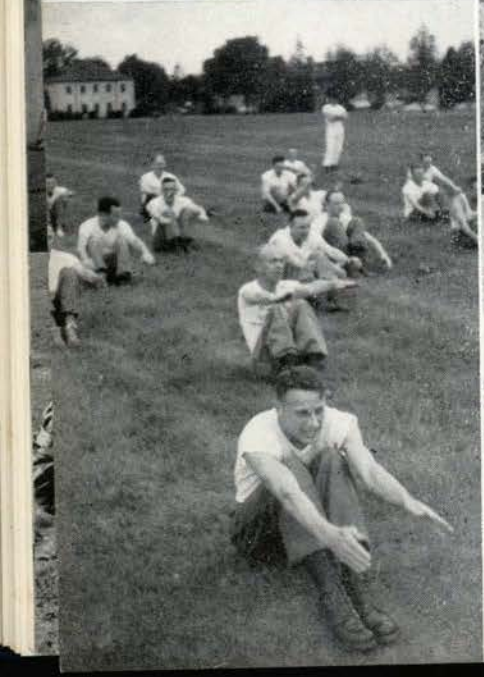
and the Army Dozen

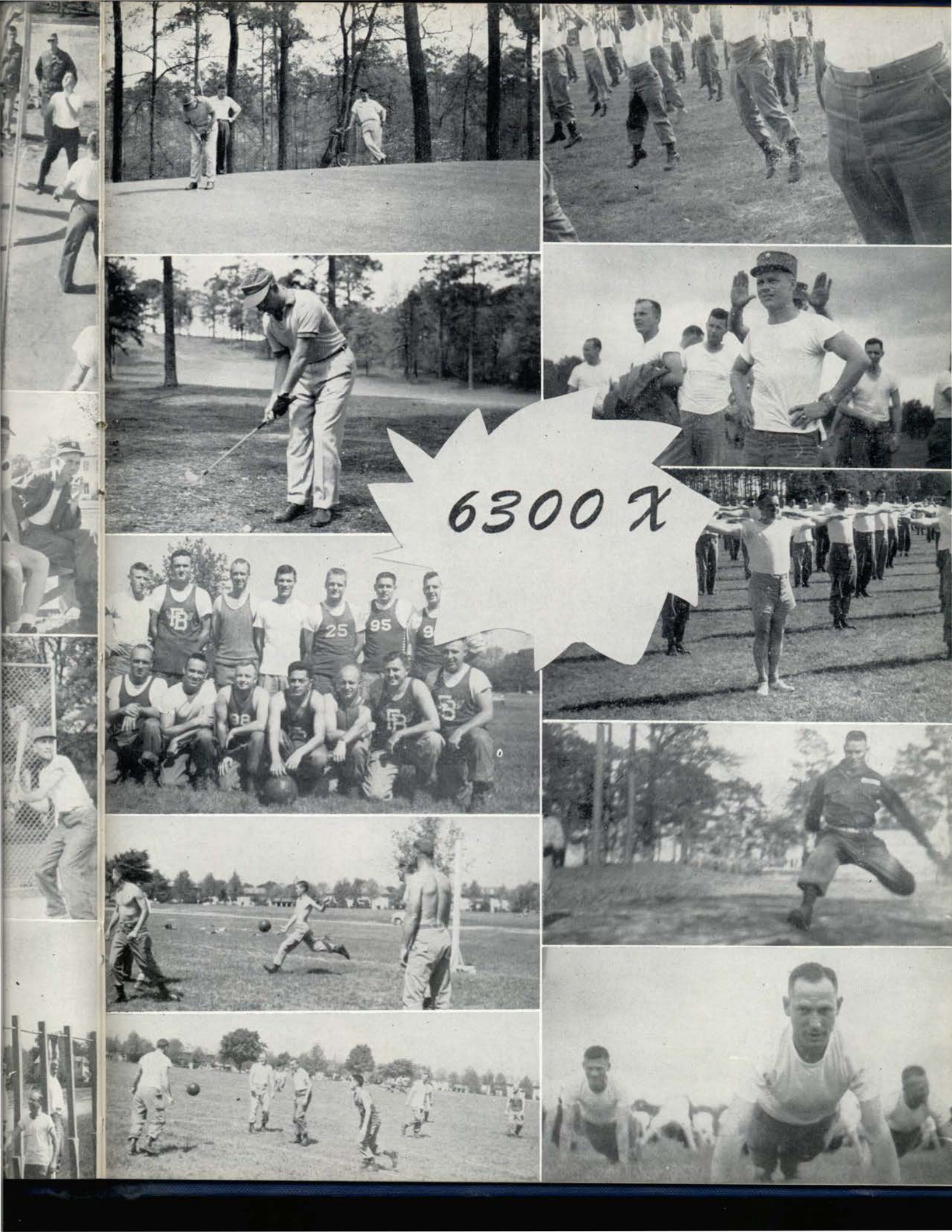


THANK YOU, CAPTAIN UNTHANK!

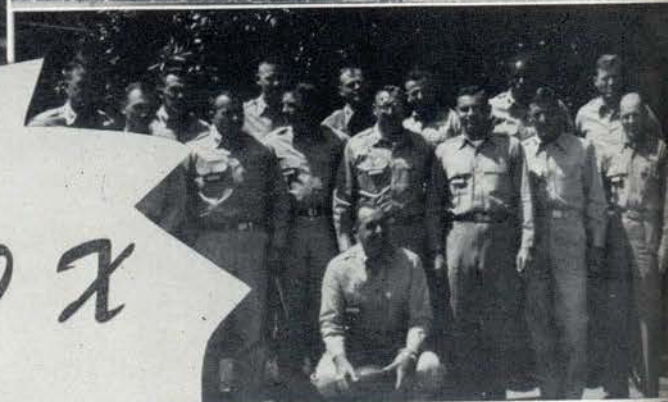


6300 X

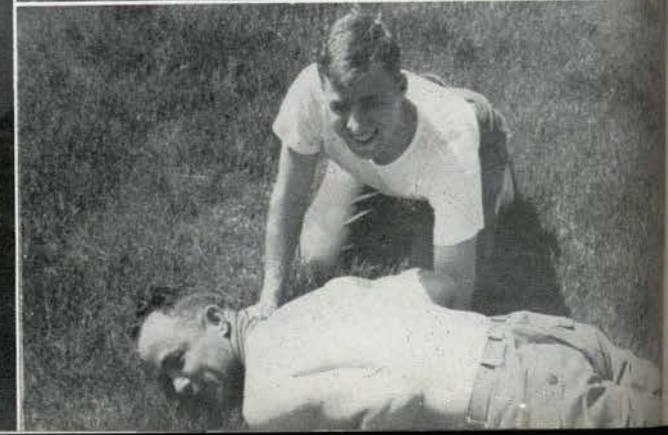




6300 X



6300 X



On Guys,

V

Dolls,

and Class 'V'



Let's make this the last rubber, Honey; I give my monograph in the morning you know.

The passing years find Colonel Wesley C. Smith progressing in his chosen profession. In late August of 1972 as Director of Instruction, TIS, Wesley is seated, with appropriate military decor, in his office, pondering his remarks of welcome and guidance to be given the Advanced Class of 1972-73. Following brief introductory remarks he planned to say,

Now when I attended this course back in the early fifties, we all dedicated ourselves at the very outset to an unceasing effort to derive the utmost profit from the opportunity that was ours. We, as you, were chosen by a highly selective examination of our records for attendance at the course, and we were most appreciative of the chance to spend a year contemplating the theory of our profession and listening to the authorities on every aspect of the Infantry who were to be our respected instructors. Permit me modestly to add that to a man we lived up to our initial resolve; nothing interfered with our studies; we spent every hour out of class studying and discussing the military art. If you will forgive a seeming boast, I might state that the results of this dedication, during that year and the many which have followed, are apparent in the fact that I have reached my present position.

Wesley allowed his mind's eye to scan those early days. Like most of his classmates he lived in an area (now marked only by patches of sidewalk and road which restrict the growth of weeds and scrub trees in spots) called Custer Terrace . . .



Every night he had studied uninterruptedly until midnight. He did remember some interruptions, come to think of it. The children were just youngsters then; Bob was—let's see—two; the little rascal used to run across the maps spread over the living room floor . . .



Those bachelors were the lucky ones. Living in comfort in Collins Hall, surrounded by fellow officers, they certainly had the opportunity to confer continuously on military matters. Too they had money, as bachelors always do . . .



Wesley used to take a scheduled period from his Saturday afternoon study period to perform certain necessary chores . . .



There were distractions. He had to go to the PX to purchase items of a military nature—like those field cap stiffeners . . .



And pick up cleaning . . .



Then too, Mrs. Smith would occasionally “request” that he do the Commissary shopping; that was a delightful task . . .

Other than such "administrative and housekeeping" tasks, Wesley used to allow the time from 1700-1800 hours on Sunday afternoons for family recreation. "All work and no play . . ." Come to think of it, Wesley sometimes "fudged" and took off two hours from serious study . . .



And then too, he remembered a few evenings when he and his wife had gone to informal parties, played bridge, entertained their friends for cocktails . . .



Mrs. Smith found that the ladies of the class had an active schedule of luncheons . . .



After these affairs they played bridge . . .



One afternoon Mrs. Smith came home "tight" — Wesley remembered it because his evening study period was delayed almost twenty minutes while she bounced about the kitchen singing something about sherry for only a dime a glass.

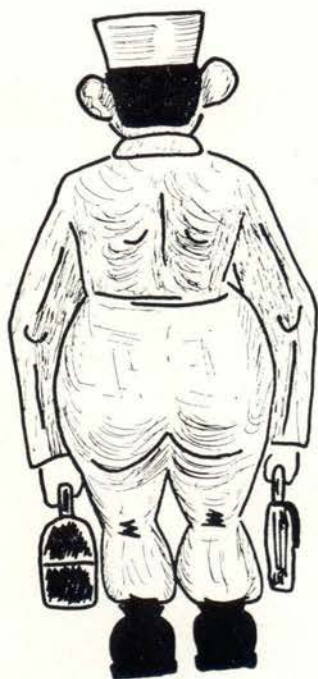
And those class parties Things got downright “relaxed.” That one at New Year’s was great. Somehow though, the one in April was best; everyone seemed to forget the impending “Decision Problems” and talk only of the end of the course . . .



Come to think of it, Wesley didn't study as regularly as he had thought at first. Maybe he should conclude that talk by saying,

If I had studied as hard as I should have, I might have been first man in my class.

That standing of his must have been an error—200 out of 194—or maybe he had had too much fun here then.



GRADUATION SHAPE-T15"
1953



C G & S
195?

*FAREWELL
and
GODSPEED*

To the Members of Advanced 1

May Your Next Assignment
Be Professionally and Socially Successful

It's Been a Pleasure to
Serve You

Compliments of

THE MAIN OFFICER'S OPEN MESS

Fort Benning, Ga.

MILTON CARROLL FURNITURE CO., Inc.

HOME FURNISHINGS

29 Eleventh Street

Phone 2-3181

Columbus, Georgia

FOREMOST AUTO STORE

We Have Many Items That Will

MAKE YOUR TRIP MORE COMFORTABLE

ALL TYPES CLOTHES HANGERS — AUTO BABY BEDS, SEATS AND
BOTTLE WARMERS, TRAVEL TRAYS,
KOOL KOOSHIONS — CLOTHES BAGS — AIR CONDITIONERS

1006 Broadway

Phone 2-2362

CONGRATULATIONS Advanced Class No. 1, 1952-53

KIRVEN'S

Owned and Managed in the Chattahoochee Valley

Since 1876

Compliments of

KAYSER-LILIENTHAL

"The Shop of Original Styles"

1109 Broadway

Columbus, Ga.

SOL KATZ

Slip Covers, Curtains, Draperies, Bed Spreads, Drapery
and Slip Cover Fabrics

THE ONLY SPECIAL SHOP IN COLUMBUS

Most Reasonable Prices

Cash or Credit

1226 Broadway

Phone 3-3828

LEVINSON BROS.

"Complete Military Department"

1220 Broadway

Phone 3-3051

Columbus, Georgia

**C. SCHOMBURG
& SON**

Inc.

Jewelers for 81 Years

Diamonds Watches

Sterling

At the Sign of the Clock

1121 Broadway

"Everything in Music"

PIANOS

Steinway — Knabe — Everette
Story & Clark — Wurlitzer
Fischer — Winter — Cable Nelson

HAMMOND ORGAN

Magnavox Radio — Phono
Record Players
Most Complete Stock of Phonograph
Records . . . Sheet Music

HUMES

MUSIC COMPANY

"Established 1908" 1219 Broadway

C—A. D. B-4-U-DIE

AUSTIN D. EDWARDS

Room 207, 1230 2nd Avenue

Phones 5988 or 3-0514

Columbus, Ga.

The Best in the South!

Kinnett's

MILK

ICE CREAM

MONSKY'S

1035 Broadway

Men's Wear

Military Uniforms

Compliments of

TUCKER'S VARIETY STORE

Baker Village

Best Wishes to
Advance Class 1
1952-53

Tucker's Jr. Dept. Store

Custer Terrace

Watches

Diamonds

Silver

V. V. VICK

JEWELER

10 12th St.

Phone 2-7841

BENNING BOULEVARD NURSERIES

Flowers, Gifts, and Plants

Members Florists Telegraph Delivery Association

1121 Benning Road

Phone 2-7151

Compliments of

FLOWERS BROS.

Your One-Stop Men's Shop

1028 Broadway

Phone 3-7881

Piece Goods

Beddings

Linens

Curtains

WOODWARD & SMITH

Phone 2-3951

1139 Broadway

Columbus, Ga.

Complete Brake Work

Frank Spikes

Specialized Lubrication

Wheel Balancing

Recapping

CUSTER TERRACE SERVICE STATION

YOUR SHELL AND GOODYEAR DEALER

Dial 7-5516

Columbus, Georgia

Compliments of

The Member Banks

of

Columbus Clearing House Association

McLENDON'S, Inc.

CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS

1224 Broadway

Phone 2-0466

SCHULTE-UNITED

Your Complete
Store

1141 Broadway

Phone 2-7651

WALLER'S

SERVICE STATION

VICTORY DRIVE

"Army Personnel Always Welcome"

RADFORD'S

AUTO PARTS & SERVICE

3001 Victory Drive Columbus, Ga.

General Auto Repairs Road Service
Wrecker Service Bear Aligning
Wheel Balancing

SCIENTIFIC MOTOR DIAGNOSIS

Phones 9881- 7-9897

DEAL'S MILITARY STORE

TRICKS

NOVELTIES

1041 Broadway

Phone 3-6851

HOFFLIN & GREENTREE

"Columbus' Leading Clothiers"

Since 1888

MILITARY DEPT.

BOYS' SHOP

Shoe Repair Service
WHILE-U-WAIT

At Our
MAIN POST PLANT
(Opposite Main Howard Bus Line Terminal)

BOSTON SHOE STORE

Main Post
Phone 3641

Sand Hill
Phone 7-3117

ELEANOR SHOP

Smart Apparel for
Thrifty Women

1111 Broadway

Columbus, Ga.

DIXON'S WEE-WASHIT LAUNDRY

Old Fort Benning Road

Cliatt's Shopping Center

South of Traffic Circle About Three Blocks

Open 6 A. M.—Close 12 Midnight

WASHING — FLUFF DRY — 1 HOUR SERVICE

DRY CLEANING AND EXPERT ALTERATIONS

WE CATER TO MILITARY PERSONNEL

GEM JEWELERS

1236 Broadway

Phone 3-4989

See Our Complete Stock of

Nationally Advertised

Diamonds, Watches and

Silverware

STRICKLAND MOTORS, INC.
YOUR *Lincoln Mercury* DEALER



Where GOOD SERVICE is a Purpose.
SATISFACTION a Guarantee.

ROAD SERVICE
WASHING
POLISHING
SIMONIZING
SPECIALIZED LUBRICATION
PORCELAINIZING
BATTERY SERVICE
WHEEL ALIGNMENT
TIRE BALANCING
MOTOR FLUSHING
UPHOLSTERING

FENDER AND BODY WORK
TAILORED SEAT COVERS
SHELL GAS AND OIL
QUAKER STATE OIL AND
GREASES
PENNZOIL
KELLY SPRINGFIELD TIRES
AND BATTERIES
CLEAN REST ROOMS
WRECKER SERVICE

It Is Our Desire to Serve You Well
We Invite You to Call Us at Any Time for
Continuous 24 Hours Day or Night Complete
One-Stop Automobile Service

STRICKLAND MOTORS, INC.
FOURTH AVENUE AT TWELFTH STREET • PHONES 2-8443-8-7-8

