



*Graduation
Program*

FOURTH COMPANY
SECOND STUDENT TRAINING REGIMENT

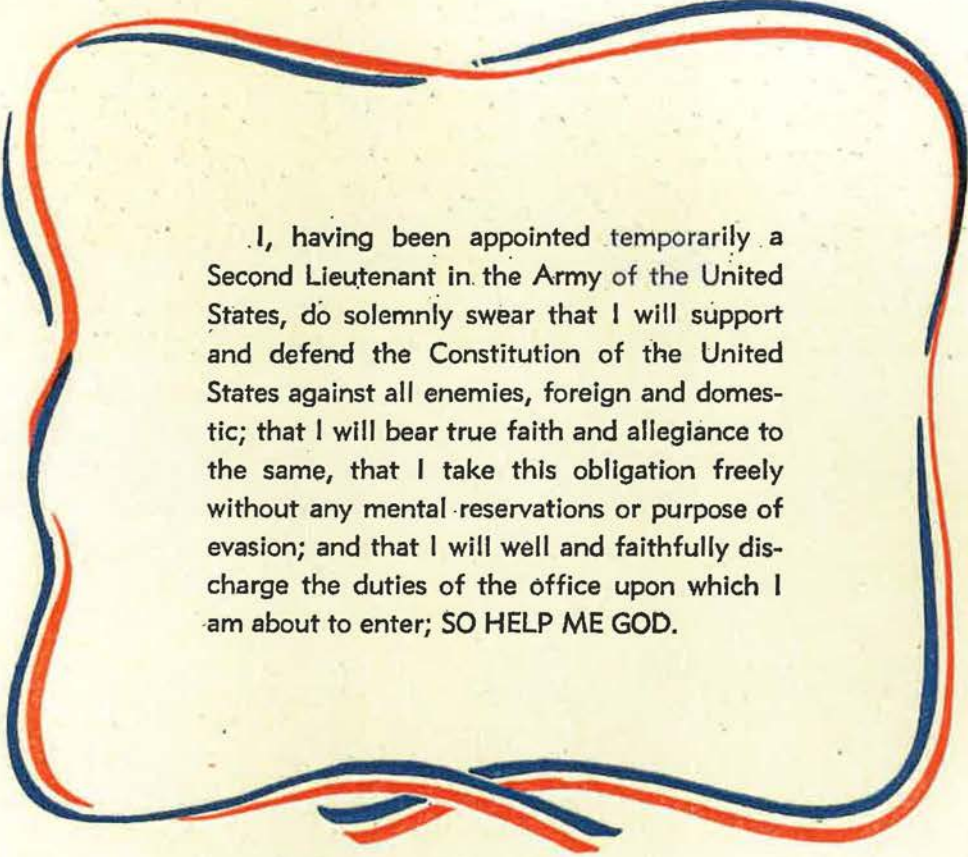


THE INFANTRY SCHOOL

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

FEBRUARY 24, 1945

#413



I, having been appointed temporarily a Second Lieutenant in the Army of the United States, do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same, that I take this obligation freely without any mental reservations or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office upon which I am about to enter; SO HELP ME GOD.



THE INFANTRY SCHOOL

" . . . A place where military tradition was kept alive in peace time."

Since October 1918 Fort Benning has been the school for the American foot soldier.

The fort is steeped in tradition, having been established in 1918 with a complement of five men has since grown to twenty-three hundred. Throughout the years it has served as a center of learning for the American Foot Soldier. It is here that the lessons of war are brought home to the men who are to be the leaders of tomorrow so that they might have the technical and tactical knowledge to lead the American soldier to victory on every battlefield.

During the years of peace and war it has served as a proving ground for the weapons with which we fight. Every implement of war known to the infantryman has been tested by the board at Benning and the standards set here are known and respected the world over.

With the outbreak of war came an overwhelming need for more officers in our army. The necessity for the establishment of an Officer Candidate School for the infantry was self-evident. In July of 1941 the first Officer Candidate class was opened at Fort Benning, for where else could the future leader of the infantry better equip themselves for the ordeal ahead?

Since the establishment of the school 56,000 men have carried away with them the learning of the Infantry School and many of them have returned to supplement the excellent instruction with many new lessons of modern battle. The school shall always be a progressive institution because of the far-sighted leadership it has.

America owes much to the Infantry School and its commandant, Major General Fred S. Walker and those former commandants that lead the school before them.



FOURTH COMPANY

Captain ANDREW P. RILEY

Lieutenant FRANK B. DAVIS

Lieutenant RICHARD L. FRENCH

Lieutenant EARL D. WALDIN, JR.

Lieutenant JOHN F. BYRD

ENLISTED CADRE

First Sergeant BASIL F. RAYL

Supply Sergeant HARRY S. TISHELMAN

Mail Clerk JOHN C. MORGAN

Company Clerk WILLIAM A. CARROLL

TO THE MEN OF CLASS 413

During the past seventeen weeks the men of OCC No. 413 have applied themselves diligently to the task of equipping themselves as combat platoon leaders. With the coming of graduation day I am certain that every man can honestly and openly face the situations and requirements that lie in the future. Your course of instruction here at the Infantry School has given you a background of military knowledge upon which you as an individual must build. Look forward to your new assignments as a personal challenge to your ability and meet those challenges with initiative, ability and knowledge. You are being commissioned in the greatest army in the world and you must all realize that such commission is not merely an assignment of new duties to be performed, rather it is a privilege and an honor bestowed upon you.

The privilege of being a chosen leader of American Soldiers is one that is unparalleled in any other profession. Realize your responsibilities and duties at all times and direct your every effort towards faithful and honorable service to your country and to your command.

During your course of instruction at Ft. Benning it has been my privilege and pleasure to have served as your commanding officer and I am proud to have been a member of your organization. To each of you I extend congratulations and I am confident that my faith in your ability is justified.

My sincere best wishes accompany you in all future assignments and I wish you good luck and Godspeed.

ANDREW P. RILEY,
Capt., Infantry,
Commanding



FIRST PLATOON

SITTING:

ARTHUR DEMIRS
HENRY C. BECHTOLD
FRED J. BOULAIS
ROSCOE G. BAKER
JOHN A. BERRY
GEORGE C. GIBSON
RAYMOND H. BROWN

256 Lincoln Street
4747 East Fifth Street
306 Belmont Avenue
3245 Spruce Avenue
6314 Minnehaha Avenue
1131 Poinsettia Drive
101 Main Street

Lewiston, Maine
Tulsa, Oklahoma
Springfield, Massachusetts
Kansas City, Missouri
Chicago, Illinois
Hollywood, California
St. Johnsbury, Vermont

KNEELING:

RICHARD W. BUDICH
WILLIAM R. CLAFLIN
FRANK M. ALLEN
MARK C. LEVY
JOHN T. CLEM
LAWRENCE M. COYTE
LOYE H. COFFMAN

209-30 Nashville Boulevard
c-o Angels Store

1026 South LaJolla Avenue
654 Ann Street
2424 Napoleon Boulevard
126 South Florence Street

St. Albans, Long Island, New York
Pasadena, Maryland
Central, South Carolina
Los Angeles, California
Columbus, Ohio
Louisville, Kentucky
Clarksburg, West Virginia

STANDING:

MURRAY OLDERMAN
WILLIAM P. BARELSKI
NICHOLAS DEL TORTO
BRUCE A. ACKERSON
JEROME B. BEAN
JAMES D. DINWIDDIE
CHARLES D. DINNIE
THOMAS J. DEMARS
STUART A. BARKSDALE

6 Ridge Avenue
235 Madison Avenue
273 Highland Avenue
217 South Tulane Avenue
7407 Georgian Road
R. F. D.
16 Clifford Street
152 Hawthorne Road
4001 Grove Avenue

Spring Valley, New York
Albany, New York
Somerville, Massachusetts
Albuquerque, New Mexico
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Shelbyville, Missouri
Springfield, Massachusetts
Braintree, Massachusetts
Norfolk, Virginia

DAVIS' DANDIES

DINWIDDIE—"I've just got to get to Birmingham this weekend!"

DEMIRS—"Who can't do 37 pullups?"

DEL TORTO—"Who's going to the PX?"

DINNIE—"I've carried you guys twelve weeks now."

DEMARS—"He makes me SO nervous."

CLEM—"In Ohio we-OOPS! Don't DO that!"

BUDICH—"You should see the elevators in the Pentagon!"

CLAFLIN—"Now down at Camp Blanding . . ."

BROWN—"Kinda think I'll go to town this weekend."

LEVY—"One bazooka can't possibly knock out three tanks!"

COYTE—"Sorry fellows, I'm all filled up for Saturday."

COFFMAN—"I was never this cold at Sitka."

OLDERMAN—"The 5th Company ought to have an old one."

BARKSDALE—"Virginia and West Virginia are two separate states!"

ACKERSON—"Anything to eat? Oh, hard luck!"

ALLEN—"Who shall I dream about tonight?"

BAKER—"At Roberts we — I —"

BARELSKI—"ALL PRESENT!!"

BEAN—"Did I ever tell you about my wife?"

BECHTOLD—"When I was in R.O.T.C. . . ."

BERRY—"Moof der lidder bearers forwards . . ."

BOULAIS—"Things are never so bad they couldn't be worse."

GIBSON—"Oh! Oh! Squad leader again!"



SECOND PLATOON

SITTING:

BENJAMIN J. JOHNSON
GRANVILLE E. JOHNSON
R. D. EMMONS
WILBUR JOHNSON
GEORGE C. GIBSON
ROBERT GOLDEN
LAWRENCE I. HALPERT
PHILLIP J. FULTZ

14877 Degruindse Street
4650 Kester Avenue
3 Lakeland Street
Route 1, Box 65

2677 Jonquil Drive
1306 Ocean Parkway
924 South Sixth Street

Detroit, Michigan
Sherman Oaks, California
Haverhill, Massachusetts
Bainbridge, Georgia
Ponchatoula, Louisiana
San Diego, California
Brooklyn, New York
McAlester, Oklahoma

KNEELING:

CARL HEPP
JOHN H. KUCKENS, JR.
CHARLES E. HOFFMAN
WILLIAM A. FOOS
RICHARD A. JENNINGS
ALLEN V. GARDNER
EDGAR B. GANGWARF
EDWARD F. HYDEN
JAMES A. FINE, JR.

287 South Champion Avenue
717 Scranton Avenue
1479 Lucile Avenue, S. W.
3126 B. Woodcliff Avenue
3311 Twenty-first Street

124 Finch Street
Zabels Lane, Woodward Woods
63 Church Street

Columbus, Ohio
East Rockaway, New York
Atlanta, Georgia
Richmond, Virginia
Lubbock, Texas
Penn Laird, Virginia
Sandusky, Ohio
North Charleston, West Virginia
Groveville, New Jersey

STANDING:

CLARENCE W. JETT
WALTER E. KLOO
FRANK R. HOLEMAN
JOHN C. FRYE
EUGENE R. KINTGEN
JO S. DRECHSLER
WILLIAM E. GRAY
WALTER E. HALL
WILLIAM H. GATES
E. H. EVANS
KENNETH W. GAWLER
MELBOURNE E. HOLSTEEN
JAY M. GANO
WESLEY A. KRON

97 Wyllys Street

Route No. 1
238-05 Braddock Avenue
3026 Davenport Avenue
R. R. No. 1, c-o C. R. Baker
7346 Twentieth Avenue, N. E.
231 Sixth

419 South Livingston Avenue

Route No. 1
354 East Plainfield Avenue

Lorton, Virginia
Hartford, Connecticut
Oakville, Tennessee
Newton, North Carolina
Bellerose, Long Island, New York
Davenport, Iowa
Almosa, Colorado
Seattle, Washington
Bremerton, Washington
Caro, Michigan
Livingston, New Jersey
Morning Sun, Iowa
Moscow, Idaho
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

OBSERVATIONS

Ed Gangware's nightly sojourns to the Chapel's piano for communion with Rachmaninoff was no sacrilege—but we can't say as much for his Ta Ta Tee Tee Tums at bedcheck. . . . Charley Hoffman, "Here comes Capt. Hockey Team, now, let's hear what he has to say"—get out from under that table. . . . It was always Tooooo late for Al Gardner to appreciate Thursday's fish on Friday—and those bazookas! Granny Johnson, the Gismo from the San Fernando Valley—"Can ya hear me in the rear?" William Foos, Double O still claims history's recording of Grant's taking Richmond is a double X . . . and we hope that Walt Hall never loses his famous grin—or that his last haircut takes nothing from a LOVELY homecoming. . . . Ed Hyden "Fatty" famous for "Ain't that right Gizmo?" or at mealtime "C'mon chow hounds". . . . Jay Gano the OC beautiful who made mail call chow call with his rations from home. . . . Wilbur Johnson the goober grower from Georgia (how can he stand it?)—Who's this Maggie? . . . We went-uh-sailin' along with Gene Kintgen and his soft shoe—the Bot-ul Boy. . . . Joe Drechsler sat on his corner bunk for 17 weeks with a strong pipe and a fatigue hat conjuring dire fate for all opponents in the nightly game of Hearts. . . . Mel "Deacon" Holsteen" the lad from Morningsen, Ioway, awed us all with his "Shoes by Kaiser." . . . Phil Fultz—the only man who got a laugh out of the side-bender with "Either you're wrong or I'm right." . . . Walter Kloo was our most brilliant sleep talker but always awoke in the morn with—"What do we have tomorrow, Tom?" . . . Jim Fine, Junior, the fine fellow, whose letters from home were a constant source of information on life, civil and domestic. . . . Wally Jett (his name's really Clarence) the Yes man, always "Glad ta see ya" and always curious about R. B. . . . Big Bill Gray made "Hit 'em Pop" a favorite sport both indoors and out. . . . Dick Jennings, Pop the Meager Beaver, Curly the new dealer, had none of Texas in his hair (guess why!). . . . Larry Halpert the horse doctor from Brooklyn was always ready for a "Barrel of Fun." . . . John Frye's first "Now I Tell Ya," complete with gestures was one of the brighter spots in Baltimore's history—as well as the lower floor's. . . . It was either "Let's have another cup of coffee" or "Don't be facetious" when worry wart Carl Hepp finished one of his woogie-woogie jokes. . . . How George Gibson could pro or con on any subject—and with such southern passion, suh! . . . Whispering Wesley Kron—How ya gonna keep him down on the farm—oh, brother! . . . Rapid Robert Emmons, who only slowed down long enough for a footlocker orientation, and in the best Boston manner, to. . . . Jack Kuckens, the lover who wondered fow far it was to Baltimore and "How ah ya" a la Long Island. . . . Instructors invariably found Ernie Evans' name the most attractive on the roster—and Ernie invariably had a Yaaas for them. . . . Kenny Gawler's individual brand of Jersey humor was a constant source of laughs—"I mean it!" . . . One of Bill Gates' stranger versions of the squat jump—from the wall shelf to the position of attention—was initiated by a surprise entrance of Lt. French. . . . Between trips to town, Bob Golden found time to elucidate on matters Californian in general and construction in particular.



THIRD PLATOON

SITTING:

WILBUR F. RICHARDS
FREDERICK G. REINERS
W. ANDREW McCABE
J. H. NOBLE
CHARLES L. NOBLE
SILVIO H. PALOMBI
JOHN M. NOLL
JOHN F. PELLY, JR.

703 N. Illinois Avenue
1019 Cumberland Avenue
868 Bird Street
13542 Burbank Boulevard
8 Henry Street

4 West Church Street

Elizabeth, Indiana
Litchfield, Illinois
Syracuse, New York
Oroville, California
Van Nuys, California
Amsterdam, New York
Shelbyville, Texas
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

KNEELING:

LLOYD G. PAYNE
WILLIAM J. QUICK
EDMUND W. RIEDWEG
JOSEPH ROSENBERG
WADE R. McMILLEN
EDWARD L. MORRIS
GERALD E. MARSHMAN

206 East Adams
320 Washington Terrace
804 Greer Street
722 DeKalb Avenue
1006 Tennessee Street
881 Bridge Street
825 Woodford Street

Fairfield, Iowa
Audubon, New Jersey
Indianapolis, Indiana
Brooklyn, New York
Louisiana, Missouri
Lowell, Massachusetts
Missoula, Montana

STANDING:

THOMAS L. RIDDLE, JR.
FRED T. MONSEES
LLOYD R. NEDDERMAN
WILLIAM E. MANNATT
HENRY S. POLSON
HARRY L. MONTFORT
TIMOTHY H. KUHN
ROBERT E. REGAN
GEORGE O. RABIDEAU

501 Carthage Street
107-27 127th Street
953 North Louise Street
2134 Brawley Street
1448 West Hood Avenue
2210 Castro Way
3908 Valley Road
57 Hecla Street
2919 East Fifty-third Street

Sanford, North Carolina
Richmond Hill, Long Island, New York
Glendale, California
Los Angeles, California
Chicago, Illinois
Sacramento, California
Nashville, Tennessee
Dorchester, Massachusetts
Seattle, Washington

WAITIN' ON WALDIN

KUHN—Wait a minute—you snowed me on that last one.

MARSHMAN—No I don't know what I'm supposed to do. Nobody told me anything.

MANNATT—Wait till you hear this new record.

MONSEES—Then there was the story about the Frenchman——

MONTFORT—Remember, I haven't compiled my 16th week buddy sheet.

MORRIS—Get me a pint of ice cream. Anything but vanilla.

McCABE—Just a minute while I copy this schedule.

McMILLEN—This is the best magazine. Why have you seen this article?

NEDDERMAN—Does anyone have an extra air mail stamp?

NOBLE, C.—You call these oranges? Why out in California——

NOBLE, J.—If you want me just ask for the good looking Noble.

NOLL—Now if you infantrymen will just clear the way for us tankers.

PALOMBI—If you'll contact the CQ of the "Rega-menta"——

PAYNE—Any of you fellows want something to eat?

PELLY—Oh, we had that in basic at Wheeler.

POLSON—Just look at the fit they gave me.

QUICK—Chop! Chop' Men—looks as if I'm Captain of this hockey team.

RABIDEAU—One shot—Zing!—Back to college.

REGAN—Good morning men—now let's forget all of this college-kid stuff.

REINERS—I didn't do so well—missed the 49th question.

RICHARDS—Boy, my reservations are all made. I'm ready for anything.

RIDDLE—Oh, my achin' back—if she could only see me now.

RIEDWEG—You guys trying to give me a bad time?

ROSENBERG—Isn't that bunk a thing of beauty?



FOURTH PLATOON

SITTING:

NICK G. VITORI
 LLOYD SOKOLIK
 KARL H. ROBERTS
 KENNETH S. RUDDY
 ERVIN ZIMMERMAN
 LIONEL R. STEMPEL
 ZADIG Y. SETIAN
 ROBERT A. THRALL
 EARL M. NONNENMANN

3121 Plymouth Street
 4989 A Tholozan
 R. F. D. No. 1
 117 East Johnson Street
 P. O. Box 718, Panama
 44 Mazarin Street
 859 Second Avenue
 1981 Sterling Street

Middletown, Ohio
 Scio, Oregon
 St. Louis, Missouri
 Otisville, Michigan
 Compton, California
 Republic de Panama
 Indian Orchard, Massachusetts
 Upland, California
 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

KNEELING:

WILLIAM YOUNG
 TRAVIS W. SPENCER
 CHARLES W. WITHERS
 THOMAS F. SHORE, JR.
 DONALD R. WARREN
 EDWARD H. WALCHLI
 VERNON E. VOGT
 GUILLERMO-SANCHEZ-RIVERA
 HENRY J. SAMBORSKI
 PAUL W. RYBAR

615 East Fiftieth Street
 1100 Wall Street
 3570 Forty-fifth Street
 3730 Eighty-first street
 Route No. 4
 19218 Riverview Avenue

21 East Bartlett Street
 5222 Wickliff Street

Seattle, Washington
 Tyler, Texas
 San Diego, California
 Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y.
 Eugene, Oregon
 Rocky River, Ohio
 Plymouth, Nebraska
 Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico
 Westfield, Massachusetts
 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

STANDING:

MAURICE A. SCULLY
 WALTER A. ZALESKI
 FREDERICK C. YOUNG
 W. KEITH STREEPER
 DAVID SILVER
 ROBERT G. WALKER
 VICTOR L. WALKER
 WILLIAM C. CLIFTON
 LLOYD P. WAGNER
 WILLIAM R. WINDMILLER
 WILLIAM C. TYCER
 EDWIN J. SCHNIEDERS
 WALTON O. WEAVER

65 Woodbine Avenue
 208 Gregg Street
 140 Bates Street, N. W.
 1412 Thirty-ninth Street
 23 Seminole Way

St. Francis Hotel
 2505 Gates Street

1145 107th Avenue
 715 Jefferson Street
 7321 Vine Avenue
 2091 Peasley Street

Newark, New Jersey
 Monongahela, Pennsylvania
 Washington, D. C.
 Rock Island, Illinois
 Rochester, New York
 Redore (Hibbing), Minnesota
 New Orleans, Louisiana
 Los Angeles, California
 Helena, Montana
 Oakland, California
 Klamath Falls, Oregon
 Columbus, Ohio
 Maplewood, Missouri

BYRD'S BIRDS

The following (humorous) remarks are extracts of conversations and a bit of snooping in those rare moments when we weren't learning Map reading, functioning of weapons, taking PT, taking a TW, making a WA, taking a GT, working out a TE, listening to a C, looking for the lone pine tree on the red scarred hill or taking ten:

RYBAR and SHORE—The Bogart and Garfield of OC 413 when it comes to handling a BAR in village fighting.

RUDDY—He didn't know any women (so he claims) but boy—how he knew his bayonet.

SANCHEZ-RIVIERA—"What does that mean"—as he vainly tries to grasp the meaning of the many American slang expressions.

SILVER—The quiet one from Rochester who would blow his top when called "Hi-Ho."

SOKOLIK—The first man in the army known to polish his M-1 with Ox-blood shoe polish.

SPENCER—The "thirty year" Texan with his built-in travelling drug store and medicine cabinet.

STREEPER—San Diego's Paul Bunyan and gravel-throated competitor to Andy Devine. But he never scared us!

SCULLY—Playing manager of the Hockey team who spent few minutes on the bench.

SCHNIEDERS—Captain of the same hockey team and of "Bollo" bay and also known for his opportune remarks such as, "Where's the Byrd Dog?"

STEMPEL—If interested in a revolution in Panamanian style—see him.

ROBERTS—The walking encyclopedia. If you don't believe it, ask him. If he tells you, don't believe it.

SAMBORSKI—Trying his utmost to keep his boys, Kenneth and Paul under control.

THRALL—"FALL IN!" "Aw, c'mon fellas, Fall in!"

TYCER—"There must be some way to stop this squat jump!"

VITORI—"Barbed Wire!" "Who started THAT rumor?"

VOGT—"Who the hell moved my bed?"

WAGNER—"Let's go to La Grange."

WALCHLI—"Go 'way, I wanna sleep! WHO'S Drunk?"

WALKER, R. G.—"Aye, oye, sqvizzer, dat I got to see!"

WALKER, V. L.—"Thet ain't the way Lee woulda did it!"

WARREN—"When in doubt, double time."

WEAVER—"Why can't I ever hit these GT's?"—Z Z Z Z

CLIFTON—Lt. Byrd, "Do you have a question, Clifton?"

"No sir, I just forgot to bring my hand down."

WINDMILLER—"Who's got that old GT?"

WITHERS—"Why you Eager-Beavers, up at 7:15!"

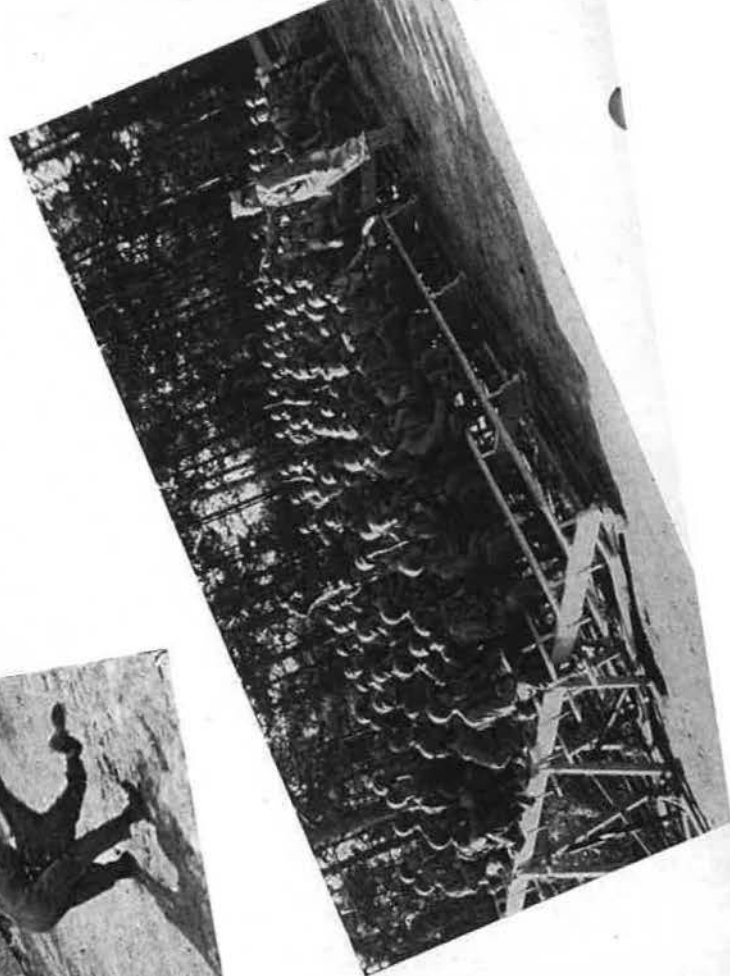
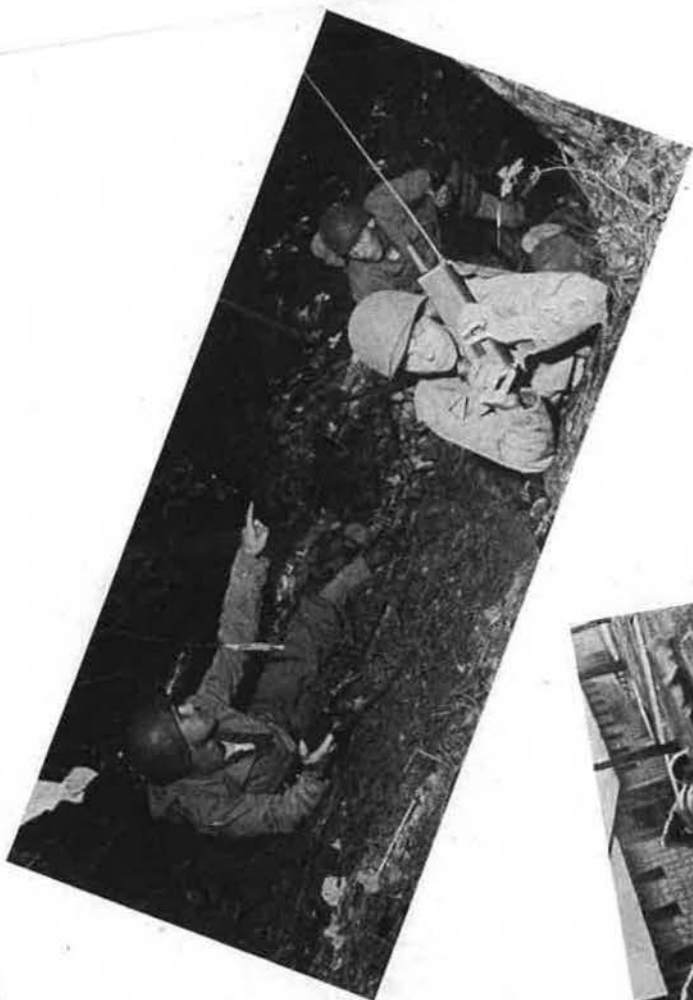
NONNENMAN—"Did the doctor tell you to keep away from those cigars?"

YOUNG, F. C.—"Let's have a lumberman from Washington (D. C.)"

YOUNG, W.—"WHAT'S wrong with the honor committee?"

ZALESKI—"Who's got my alarm clock?"

ZIMMERMAN—"We didn't do that way in the AA."



CLASS 413

Officer Candidate Class 413 was formed October 19, 1943.

205 men, selected representatives of units in every theater of war and of the principal training camps in this country, comprised the original roster. For the most part they were tried and proven men who had acquitted themselves well as non-commissioned officers in combat units or in training units and merited recommendation as officer candidates to the Infantry School. The scattered remainder were soldiers fresh from basic training, during which their performances had likewise been meritorious.

Some of Class 413's candidates had already had the experience of leading men in combat, as squad leaders, as platoon sergeants, even as acting platoon leaders. These were men who had faced the Jap in the Aleutians, in the Marshalls, the Solomons, and elsewhere. They were men who had faced the German in Tunisia, Sicily and Italy. As their background for training as combat platoon leaders, they had the fundamental knowledge of combat—knowledge sometimes gained the hard way, for authoritative education on the methods of the enemy, particularly the Jap, is a relatively new thing, a product of the efforts of just such men as these, who had fought and learned and recorded their lessons. Integration and application of this collected knowledge is the purpose of the Infantry School. The men of Class 413 who came to Fort Benning with combat experience proved the advantage of such a background, and were themselves able to add to and enrich the principles and the scope of the training which the Infantry School offered.

Other of Class 413's men had spent many months in IRTC's, teaching riflemen who are now the backbone of American Armies on every front the individual techniques of warfare. Soldiers trained by them had landed in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Normandy, and, later, Leyte and Luzon. How well these instructors had taught is shown by the battle positions of our armies today.

In eighteen weeks at the Infantry School, this conglomeration of men, representing a true cross-section of the United States Army—and, since they hailed from every section of the nation and every walk of life, of the American people as well—were to be brought up-to-date in combat training, in weapons and techniques, and to be developed as commissioned leaders of the American soldier.

During those eighteen weeks, Class 413 studied, fired and maneuvered with every modern Infantry weapon of war. To some candidates many of the weapons were new; to all at least certain newly-instituted features of their employment were revelatory. But Class 413 showed itself adept from the very start. For example, marksmanship records were set for the M-1 rifle and for the Browning Automatic rifle.

In addition, every latest development and adaptation of Infantry combat tactics were demonstrated and explained to the men, who then applied them exhaustively under simulated combat conditions.

In its organization at Fort Benning the Infantry School places at the disposal of officer candidates the finest facilities in the world. Its instructors are men of vast and proved experience as military leaders. The latest devices and methods developed on the battle fronts and the proving grounds are instantly incorporated into its program. Sparing no trouble, no care, no expense, the Infantry School is intent upon turning out the best educated leaders for its army.

Yet, a military leader—as any sort of leader—cannot be a canned product of a school or a system. But the Infantry School realizes this, and Class 413 realizes it. The qualities that make for leadership are inherent in the individual, much the same as talent in an artist or skill in a craftsman.

Again, the position of our battlefronts, the direction of their movement across the face of the world, attest to the judgement of the men who choose those candidates selected for training as leaders by the Infantry School. By reason of this fact alone, the members of Class 413 are proud of their status as Second Lieutenants, Infantry, Army of the United States.

Yet, they feel, too, that the Infantry School will remember Class 413, and they are additionally proud.

Their future they cannot predict. But they face it with confidence. And if this alone were the sole contribution of the Infantry School to the members of Class 413, their eighteen weeks of work and study was truly a very small price to have paid for such an invaluable commodity.

OCS THEORY OF EVOLUTION



BUT
WE MADE
IT ANYHOW!



"Here comes Captain Hockey Team now. Let's see what he has to say."

THE SHAVETAIL

He stood in a small group anxiously scanning the board. And as he looked, his eyes could see but one of the notices: "TFM O to rpt at 0400 1 March 1945, to pier 68 . . ." Ruefully he compared the sinking feeling in his stomach to a similar sensation not five months ago when he read on his company bulletin board: "TFN EM to rpt at 1600 1 October 1944 to the OCS Board. . . ."

★ ★ ★

He stood silent at the rail and heaved an inward sigh of relief—at least the days of waiting are over, he thought. A voice boomed out over the loud-speaker, "Now hear this, Now hear this, Clear decks, everybody below." As he moved down the companionway he had memories of another booming voice which had previously ended days of waiting—"Class 413 fall out with barracks bags in front of the supply room." How much the same but yet how different: OCRU was far from POE. . . .

★ ★ ★

He stood in the chart room midst a maze of "Mercator projections." Not Special Map A, not West Point and vicinity, not even Mosaic 28, he thought with a smile as he remembered the oft repeated "Pass or Pack." He moved behind the navigator and peered over his shoulder, "My God, TOG," he thought, "or maybe PLCT. . . ."

★ ★ ★

He stood at a gun bay and watched a well drilled crew man their battle stations. He noticed the precision and perfect timing and couldn't help but remember. . . . "Gun to be mounted here, direction of fire to your front, ACTION." He compared the two and shook his head. . . .

★ ★ ★

He stood in his stateroom in the midst of a pile of footlockers, duffle bags, and Val-Paks . . . six men in a room built for two—"Oh well," he mused, "after Shell Creek even this is luxury."

★ ★ ★

As he crept toward the LD with the din of battle ringing in his ears, his mind was filled with a multitude of thoughts . . . "fire and maneuver, defilade, mobile reserve, fields of fire, pick a vantage point, reconnoiter, Heineburg," "SOP, EPL, MLR, OP, CP, SOI," Say again, words twice, over, "Right between the eyes." Reorganize, consolidate, report, control, "Fire a burst of six," use subordinate leaders, "What are your actions and orders?" Spot weld, daylight on the trigger finger, "Fire for effect," "Front, tank, 2 leads." . . . All this, but still his mind was clear as he jumped to his feet and yelled, "FOLLOW ME."

SEVENTEEN WEEKS AT BENNING



Dear old OCRU in our conclusion,
Is a place deep in confusion,
Is a place we lost our stripes,
Is a place we aired our gripes,
Dodge that detail, take this test,
Hatch a rumor, get some rest.

II

Our First Day—Orientation.
"Wave the flag—defend your nation!"
With threat and warning, promise hollow
They set up rules for us to follow.
Two hundred stalwarts, each a dilly,
Two hundred OC's all scared silly.



III



Then came maps with scales and stuff:
Shoot an azimuth, climb a bluff.
Contours, thrust lines, templates too;
G-2 answers, guess a few—
Take the GT, then forsooth,
Await the outcome: The awful truth.



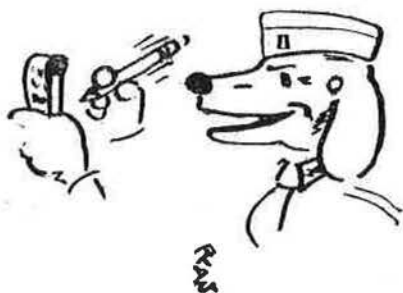
CONFUOZIN', AIN'T IT?

V

VI, OT, OG, latches
Cams and grooves and oily patches.
Left 10, right stake 66 degrees.
Fill in top row, sit and freeze.
Lay on base line, sweat and slave,
Work the problem "Burma-shave."

VII

Tactics, bird dogs, the school solution,
Control is difficult—expect confusion.
And 80 instructors by a count of nine
Each used HIS method to take "609."
Then 47 more sought to teach
How he—all alone—held Anzio Beach.



IX

Let this be, then, upon our stone
Graved in deeply when we've gone,
"Here lies the dust of one of youth,
Born too late to learn the truth
Struck out soon in the first inning
He was educated at Fort Benning."

IV

M-1 rifle, technique of fire
Increase the tempo, higher, higher.
Rear foot forward, long thrust, hold.
Flame-thrower, BAR, bitter cold.
The Iron Major with his training sticks.
Right 2 up 2, fire burst of six.

VI

Come Yule and New Year but no reason
For TO's to start the hockey season.
A. T. bivouac and make a bet
Whether 3 or 4 raises the lunette.
Days pass slowly, weeks are ages,
Minutes drag endless, the instructor rages.



"WHEN I WAS AT ANZIO——"

VIII

"Well, here comes Captain Co. "A"
Now let's see what HE has to say."
Mortars, heavies, lights, and cannon,
No situation that you can plan on.
The tempo rises and then—kerplunk—
The 16th week board and you get drunk.



**"Y'KNOW, ACK, A GUY SURE GETS
ATTACHED TO THIS COUNTRY!"**

GRADED TEST

During this period you will be given an old GT. As you know these tests are conducted on the honor system, which means that all candidates will sit three seats apart, wear eye blinkers and muzzles, and refrain from leering at the armed guards at the head of each row. The placing of your signature on the reverse side of the table is an indication that you have neither given nor received, which is better—to have? This is a new type of GT and you are the first and last class into whom it is to be driven. One-half of your time has elapsed; are there any questions . . . or answers?

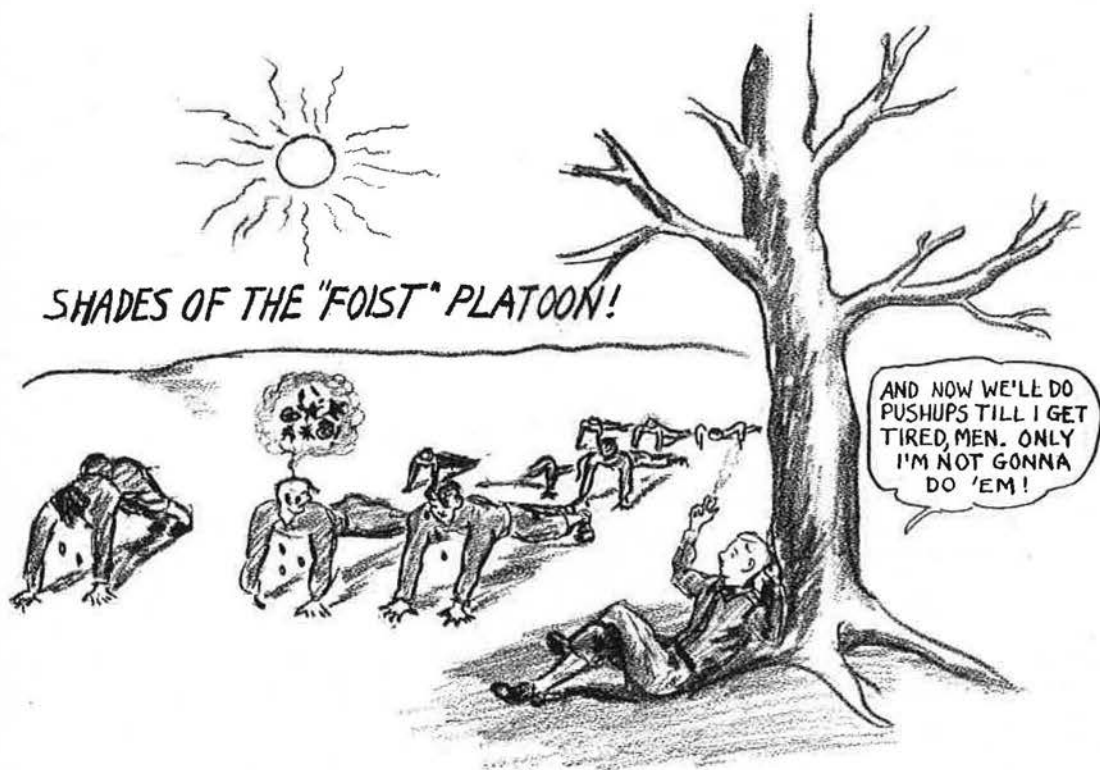
In each of the following situations you have several choices. One is wrong, 2 are correct and one is the school solution.

EXAMPLE: Never is Chicago not. (Select the one which——)

- a. The hubba hubba of nation's railroads.
- b. All this and heaven too.
- c. How many don't give a damn?
- d. Beats the hell outa me.

Obviously the correct answer is "C" therefore rub your machine graded test sheet over the graphograph pencil so that the smudge will cover at least one and possibly two of the spaces indicated for which.

1. It is your turn to take Hill 609 only this time the enemy has occupied the left half and it has been mutually agreed that winner take all. You are to attack the right 5-16ths. Your recommendations to the Co. Commander:
 - a. Fall out platoon leader.
 - b. Take 304½ (half of 609).
 - c. Read the problem.
 - d. Yell, "Fire in the hole!"
2. You are commander of the South Africa theatre:
Actions and Orders:
 - a. Execute a full "charlie".
 - b. Call for Moe Phlug and commit Co. "J".
 - c. Fire faster Danny.
 - d. Ask, "Vots wrong mit dis pozition?"
3. The starting position for the squat bender is:
 - a. Blocks out, bolts forward, covers down.
 - b. Elbow bent, brass rail firmly under foot.
 - c. Echelon to the right on your refused flank.
 - d. Hips on shoulders place.
4. Select the most likely method for passing a G.T.
 - a. Listen and take notes during class.
 - b. Solicit older classes for old GT's.
 - c. Lie on your bunk and listen to the man next to you study the old GT's.
 - d. Write 250 times, "I realize bed-check is at 2315."



5. You are custodian of the unit fund. Hmmmmmm! You have just received a dollar three-eighth from the WCTU (approved by AGF), \$.86 from the Post Trust Fund, nothing from the Central Trust Fund and a bill from the Stagger Inn for party, breakage, collection charges for this bill, in the sum of \$13,131.31 with 1% off if paid within 6 seconds. Bank balance: Minus \$10.44.
Just what the hell would YOU do?
 - a. Just call me private.
 - b. You betcha.
 - c. Draw a check, draw a breath, run to pay bill, run to bank to cover check, return to company area, call for showdown inspection, then go to the movies.
 - d. Hold out for 5%.
 - e. Call PFC Alvah and request that he raise the ante on the company pool table.
6. Co. A should come out of those woods (point). They are cut off by a smaller force on the right flank, and a larger force on the left flank and a sniper from the front and an intermittent stream from the rear and they haven't been fed a hot meal and ammunition is the wrong calibre and the red flag is up and you are tired and your men won't follow you because they're pale. Now what are you going to do?
 - a. Pick up your brass and move back to the 200.
 - b. Pick up your brass and move back to the 300.
 - c. Pick up your brass and move back to the 400.
 - d. Pick up your brass and move back to the 500.
 - e. Pick up your brass and GO BACK!



THE IRON MAJOR

He took his stance and said, "Vot's wrong mit dis pozition?"

"A bunch of gaundi dauncers,"—"Yah, a fine bunch of offizers you'll make.

Better you should be in da kitchen!"

"Look at der little feller down on der end. He must uf been in der Navy—"

"Der bayonet a keeling weapon iss—" That everyone agreed. "Sit down," he roared, and down we sat, so hard that we thought we'd bleed.

"Did you see dat picture in the Field Manual?" "Dot's Me!"

CANDIDATE "WILL GRADUATE"

Having spent the past seventeen weeks engrossed in varied mythical situations, it was but a simple matter for us to take out the crystal ball and look into the future. What did we see? Well, it's a long story, but to make it short——

We are near the front. The artillery is laying their preparatory fires. Here comes a platoon leader now with a group of non-coms. Now they are crawling up to the crest of the ridge. The platoon leader is gesturing, obviously pointing out terrain features to his men. Now he issues his orders in best five paragraph style.

The non-coms leave to go back and assemble their squads. The platoon leader continues to study the situation, piecing together every scrap of enemy information, and every minute detail of the terrain over which his platoon must advance. Finally he, too, goes back and joins the men.

This is the acid test. Within the next few hours he must utilize every ounce of strength, every last bit of knowledge and skill instilled in him during the many tedious months of training. His alma mater, Benning School for Boys, must be proud of him. He briefly reviews the many principles of troop leadership, the fundamentals of offensive tactics, the tid-bits of information gained from instructors experienced in combat. Yes, he is prepared, come what may.

They move forward, crossing the line of departure. He looks to the right and receives a reassuring wave from his first squad sergeant. To the left, and a quick nod from the second squad sergeant. A glance over his shoulder is enough to see that the third squad is following exactly in place. Everything is as it should be.

But no! It can't be! How could such a glaring error have been made? He is stunned. His thoughts are in turmoil. "How could this happen to me? What would my classmates from dear old 413 say? My instructors, who worked so hard that I might be capable and deserving of success? But perhaps the day can yet be saved! We have advanced only a hundred yards. It's a daring decision. Can I get away with it?"

Evidently he has made up his mind, for he summons his messenger. The messenger is headed toward us, evidently going to the platoon sergeant, who is on our left.

Being consumed with curiosity, we intercepted that message, and have reproduced it below:

TO: Pltn Sgt, 1st Pltn., Co "A"

Return to assembly area at once. Men forgot to put raincoats on belts.

(SIGNED) Will Graduate
2d Lt., Inf.

HONOR COMMITTEE

The gap between the Company Commander and his men is difficult and delicate to breach, hence, the school solution—an Honor Committee, composed of two men from each platoon headed by a chairman. Aside from enforcement of the "Honor System" their duties were numerous and included arrangements for parties, dances; airing the wishes of the company for notes or early study period, later bed-check, advise of the needs of the company, reduce friction, etc.

Our honor committee under its chairman Fred T. Monsees functioned exceptionally well in accomplishing its mission.

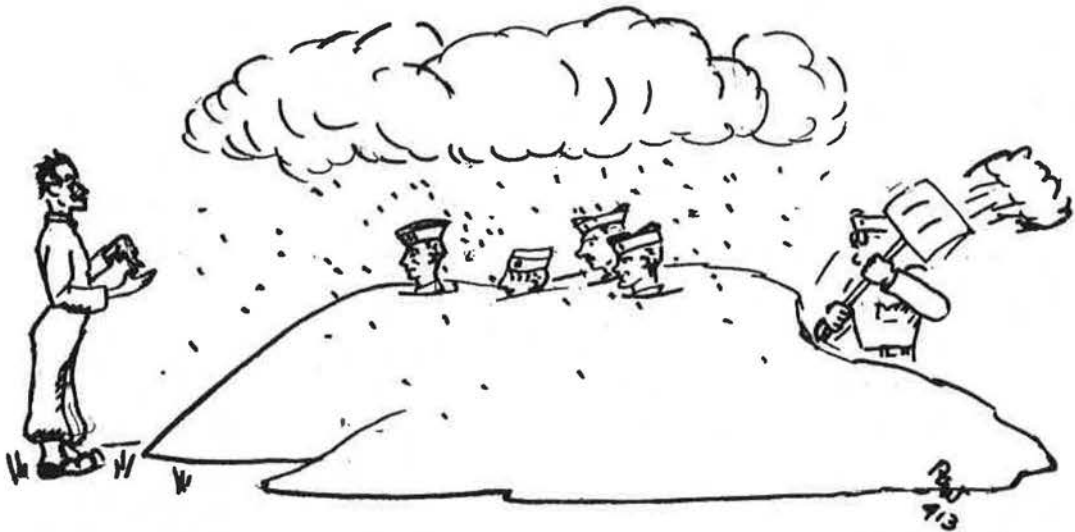
Jerome B. Bean	1st Platoon	Loye H. Coffman
William A. Foos	2nd Platoon	Granville E. Johnson
Fred T. Monsees	3rd Platoon	William J. Quick
Henry J. Samborski	4th Platoon	William Young

THIS PROGRAM

Editor Fred T. Monsees

Articles and Items:

The Infantry School	William R. Claflin and C. Noble
Class 413	Carl Hepp
Seventeen Weeks at Benning	V. L. Walker and R. G. Walker
The Shavetail	Mark Levy and Ray Brown
Snapshots	Charles Withers and Henry Polson
Cartoonists	R. G. Walker and Murray Olderman
Graded Test	R. G. Walker and Fred T. Monsees
Candidate "Will" Graduate	Fred K. Reiners



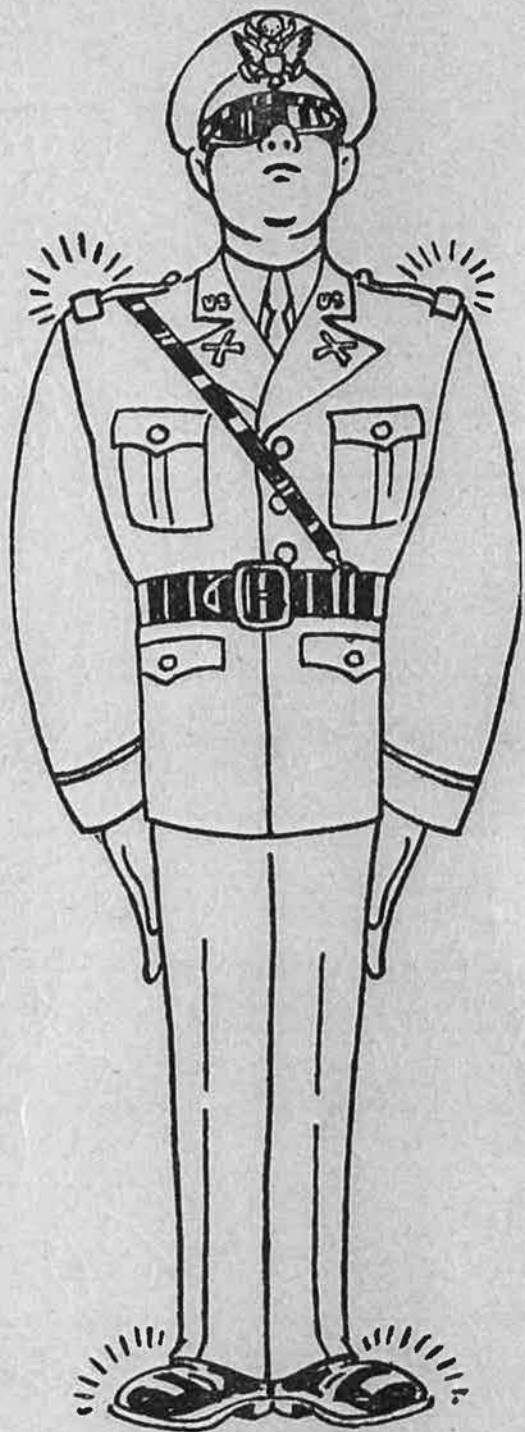
AND SOME OF US GOT THRU THIS WAY !
(EH, FRED?)

Autographs

Before . . .



. . . And After





COLUMBUS OFFICE SUPPLY CO.
1325 6TH AVE. - COLUMBUS, GA.

