



*fficer  
andidate  
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FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

# Officer Candidate School

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

Ten good soldiers, wisely led,  
Are worth a hundred without a head.

—Euripedes.











# CHAIN OF COMMAND



BRIGADIER GENERAL

GUY S. MELOY

COMMANDING GENERAL

THE INFANTRY CENTER





COLONEL SEVIER R. TUPPER  
COMMANDING OFFICER  
1ST STUDENT BRIGADE



COLONEL HARRY M. GRIZZARD  
COMMANDING OFFICER  
1ST OFFICER CANDIDATE REGIMENT



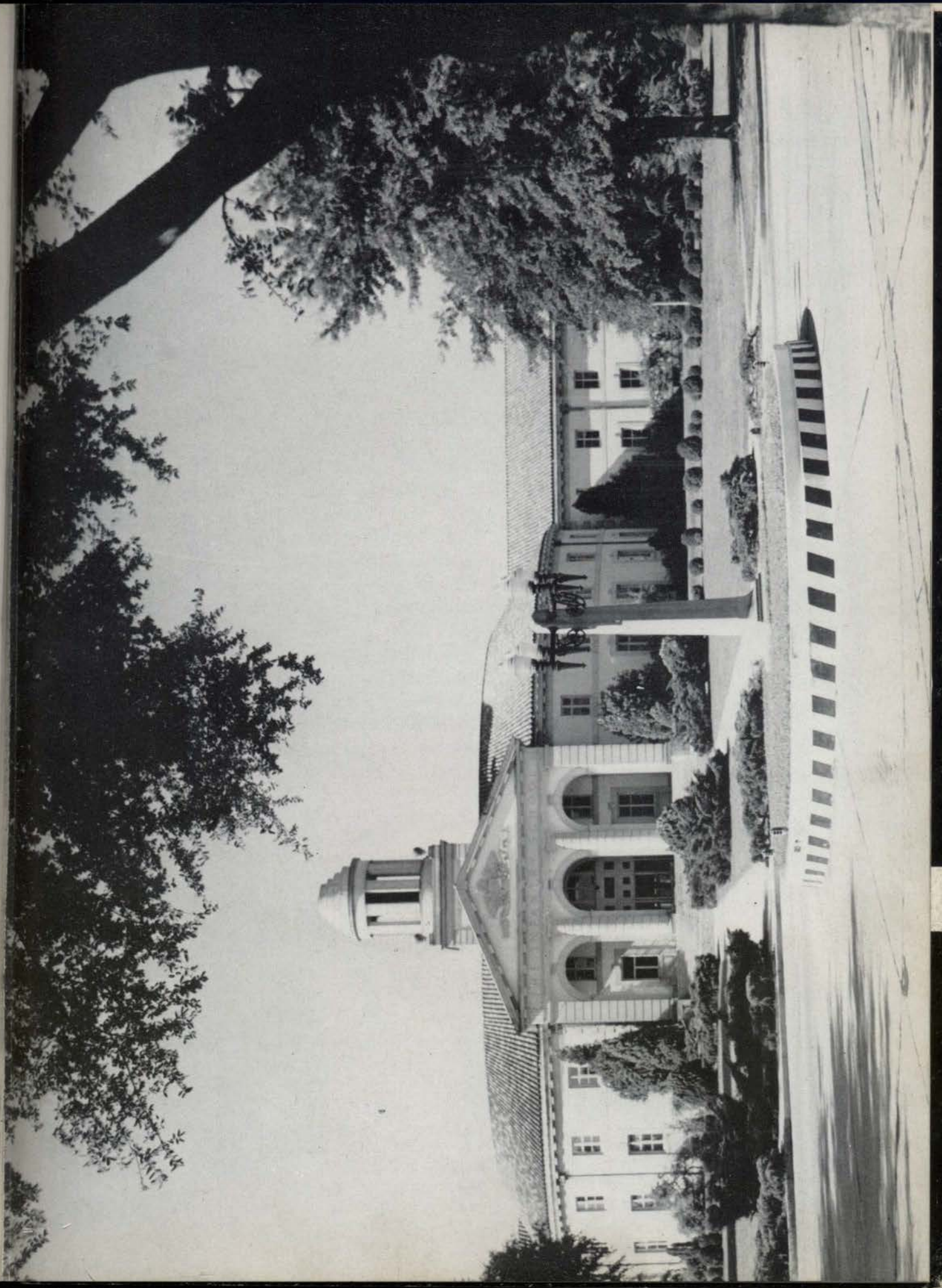


**LT. COL. LAMB**  
Battalion Commander

**CAPTAIN RALPH E. CHANDLER**  
Battalion Executive Officer



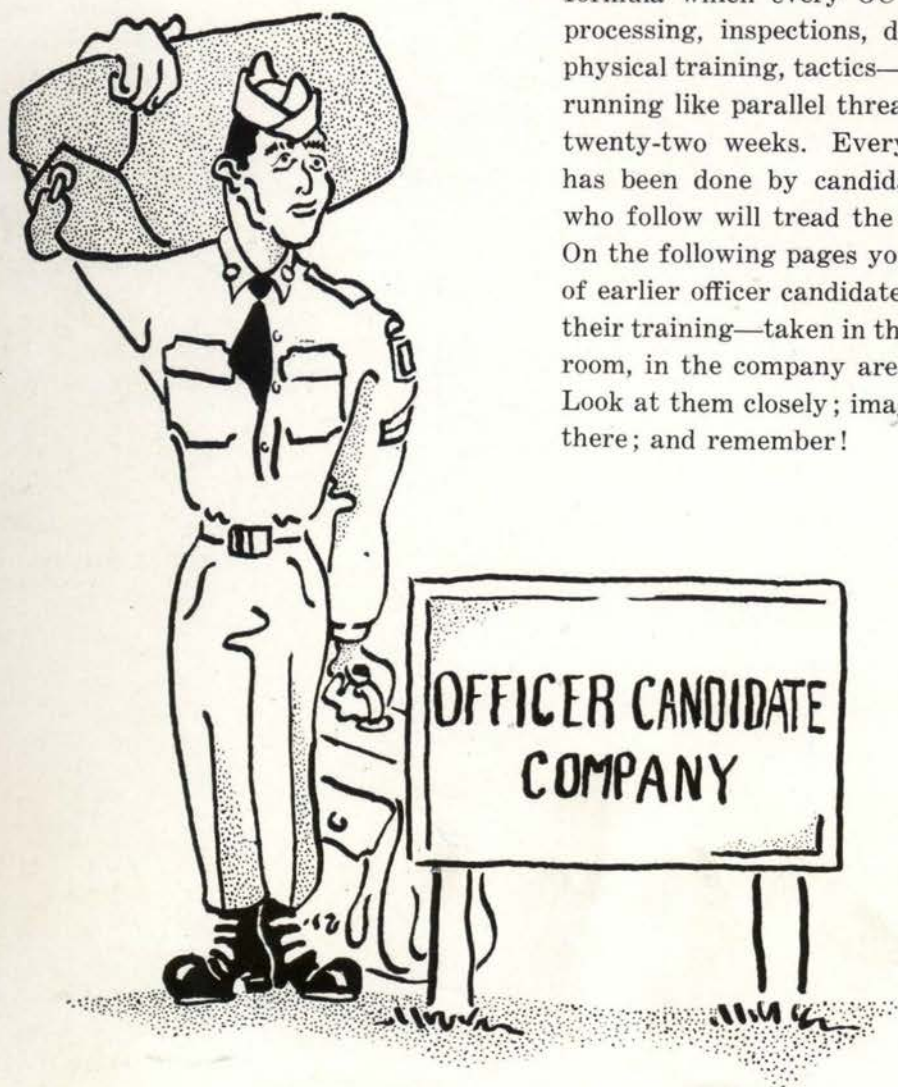






# THIS WE

Officer Candidate School, because of the urgent need for highly-trained combat platoon leaders, operates like a precise and well-oiled machine. It has developed a standard formula which every OC company follows: processing, inspections, drill and command, physical training, tactics—all interwoven and running like parallel threads throughout the twenty-two weeks. Everything we've done has been done by candidates before; those who follow will tread the very same course. On the following pages you will find pictures of earlier officer candidate companies during their training—taken in the field, in the classroom, in the company area, in the barracks. Look at them closely; imagine our own faces there; and remember!





# REMEMBER



Dismounting—on the double



At Rest—on a break



All this—just to eat



"It's good for you"

# We Came . . .



You arrive the first day . . .

The first few days of Officer Candidate School are said to be the hardest. It's then that the strange new world of OCS bursts open on the unsuspecting candidate, and a hundred menacing faces seem to be there—lurking in every corner. Off come the sergeant's stripes and the curly hair and the carefree smile. On comes the double-timing and the parade rest and the sounding-off. "Give me ten, Candidate" becomes almost a steady chant. "Stand tall, Candidate" and "Look proud, Candidate" follow each other in endless monotony. And then, when the equipment has been issued, the barracks "squared away", the arithmetic test taken, the autobiography written, the processing completed—and it seems as if we've been at school for several months—we realize with a thud that OCS hasn't even begun yet. Our first class is tomorrow!



You say goodbye to old stripes.



And you meet new candidates . . .





The hair goes;



The equipment comes



And more confused



You become just a little bewildered . . .

# We Saw . . .

up the ladder



On the range



down the line

over the top



into the classroom



up to the port





Tactics

Once the routine gets underway, the days fly rapidly by. G-M angles, spot-welds, no-gos going and no-dozes doing, M-10 plotting boards, "burned-off nubs," monstrous 90 mms—they all become part of the whirl. We learn: (a) What to do with a dirty soldier; (b) Where the cucumber-slicer is kept in a well-run mess-hall; (c) How many kitchen trucks are organic to the Infantry Regiment; (d) Why we shouldn't be insulted when someone calls us Pin-Head over the sound-powered phone. The primary principles of tactics become familiar strains—"You got to sucker 'em in and clobber 'em" and "Two up, one back, and feed them a hot meal"—and we become haunted by the inevitable words, "The demonstrators today were from A Company, 30th Infantry." We're inspected, re-inspected, and then inspected again, and just when beginning to weary of the whole affair we awake one morning and find ourselves with shiny blue helmets and a new lease on life.



Rocket Launcher

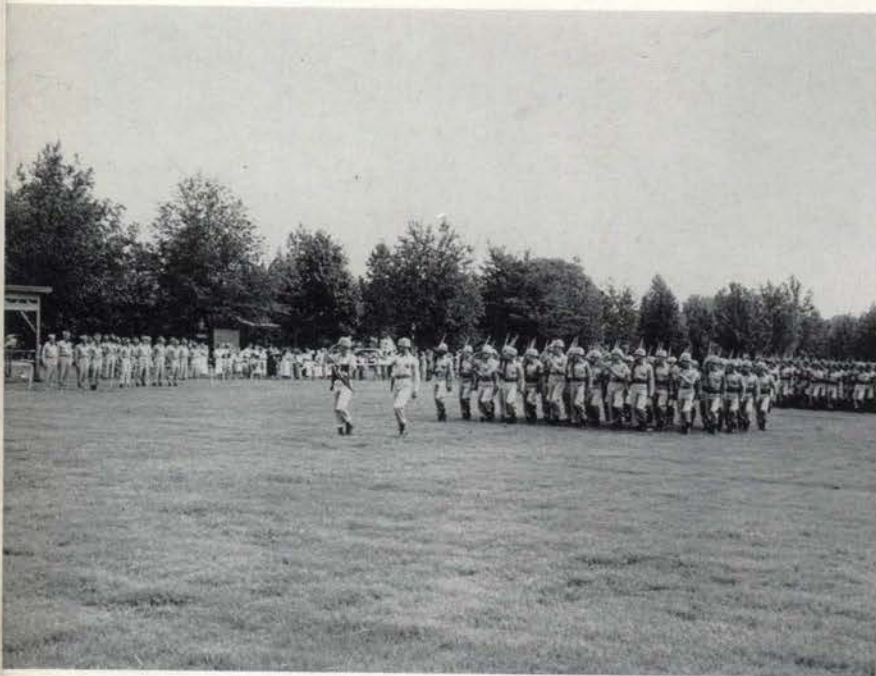
Hand-to-hand combat



Mess in the field



# We Conquered



Pass in review

Senior Status is a long-awaited and highly-coveted event, and when it finally arrives we feel there are five stars on our shoulders instead of simple blue tabs. We return salutes and inspect junior companies and complain bitterly to our friends that "we were never *that* bad!" Then the uniform fever grips us and the conversation revolves around pinks and greens and then pinks again. And then, when that wonderful day of graduation finally arrives, we ponder thoughtfully what the past months have meant. We realize that we have trained, like a boxer for a fight, long and tedious hours. We haven't enjoyed this training, of course; neither does a boxer. But we know that our pride will be in the results we've achieved, in the product of our work, in our success as Infantry Officers. We know that our pride will be in the ever-growing knowledge that during these months we have earned our mark as a man.



"Can this be ME?"





*"I, having been appointed a Second Lieutenant, 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."*



# d e d i c a t i o n

"Exigui numero, sed belle vivida virtus . . .  
Small in number, but their valor tried in war, and glowing."

*Vergil — Eneid 11: 390*

With these words of Vergil we believe it fitting to dedicate our book to those former graduates of the Infantry Officer Candidate School who have fought and died in Korea under a banner unique in history, the Flag of the United Nations—to those men who have given their lives for the preservation of the fundamental rights and ideals which the free world cherishes.

It is not our intent to discuss or decide what qualities those few who gave so much possessed. We do know, however, that it is here at Fort Benning that such qualities are sought out and developed in order to mould the characters of infantry platoon leaders, men whose "valor has been tried in war and found glowing."

To these men, and what they represent, we of Officer Candidate Class Fourteen point with humility and pride—pride because we feel that we too must in some way possess the same qualities which under times of stress manifest themselves in what Vergil has chosen to call valor . . . humility because, as we leave Fort Benning we know that our real challenge is still to be met. Only now, in attaining a goal we have held so high, can we prove that the code of honor, loyalty, integrity, and devotion to duty which we have been taught to live under these past few months, is the solid foundation upon which good leadership is built . . . the same foundation which has guarded our country in times of peace and preserved her in time of war, and to which the Free World now looks so anxiously for salvation.

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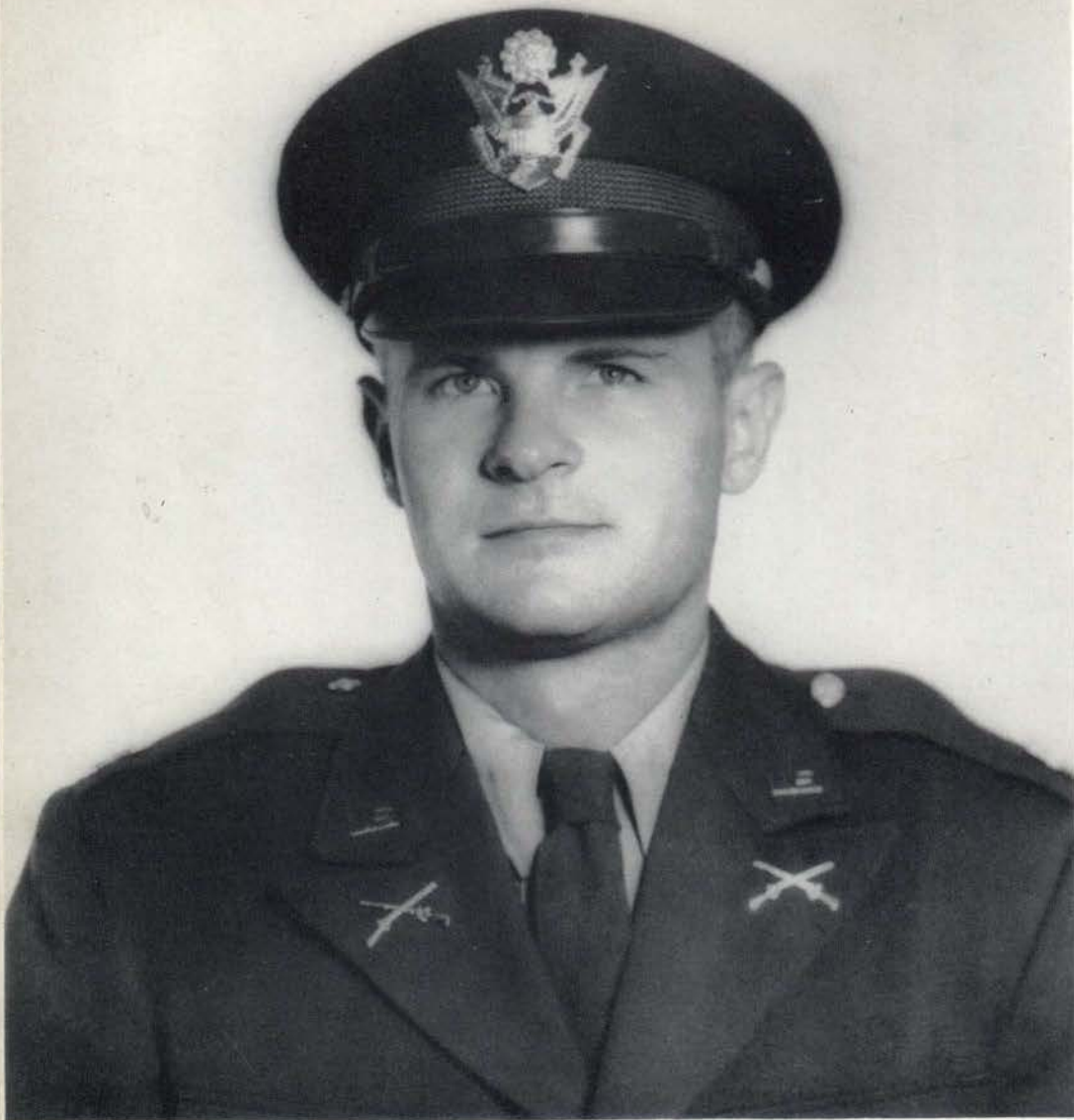
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# OFFICERS and GRADUATES





**CAPTAIN LYMAN**  
Company Commander

You have completed Infantry Officer Candidate School. It was a rugged course designed to help you meet the challenge of a Combat Platoon Leader, and that is a rugged challenge demanding a strong response. It is a moral challenge that demands an exemplary character. It is an intellectual challenge that demands an alert mind. Yet it is a rewarding challenge that, met with the fullest of your energies, will repay you in a warm, satisfied sense of accomplishment.

The people of the United States have bet that your service will gain this sense of accomplishment for yourself and our country. I sincerely feel that you, individually, will serve our country to the fullest of these expectations.

Serving *with* you has been a distinct pleasure and a privilege. It is with regret that I must bid you farewell, but it is with deep sincerity that I congratulate you on becoming a Second Lieutenant of Infantry. *KNOW YOUR MEN. KNOW YOUR BUSINESS. KNOW YOURSELF.* Goodbye, good luck, God Speed!

ELLSWORTH R. LYMAN  
Captain, Infantry





**LIEUTENANT HEILMAN**  
Executive Officer

You have prepared yourself to serve your country as Officers of Infantry. This entails the responsibilities, hardship, and joys you will encounter in future assignments. Evolving out of this preparation, which you met with the highest standards, will come experience which is never-ending. Meet future tasks with the same high standards and ability as you have already shown.

Congratulations and good luck.

**DAVID C. HEILMAN**  
1st Lt. Infantry



**LIEUTENANT CHAPPELL**  
1st Platoon Tactical Officer

Graduates of Class 14, I extend to you my most sincere wishes for success in your new career.

During the 22 weeks of OCS you were learning the basic principles of Infantry work and commissioned service; but those 22 weeks are not enough to complete the task. Actually you have only begun, but continued hard work and the proper application of your knowledge will give you the personal satisfaction of knowing you are serving your country in a most honorable profession—officers of Infantry.

**JAMES H. CHAPPELL**  
2nd Lt. Infantry

**LIEUTENANT WYLIE**  
Chief Tactical Officer  
2nd Platoon Tactical Officer

Since entering Officer Candidate School you have been put to a test—a test to determine your ability to lead a platoon in combat—and you have succeeded. Your standards have been high, and you have all measured up to them. Behind are the days of inexperience and dreams—before you, a world of reality and responsibility.

This is an important time of your life, and I want to personally wish each and every one a successful accomplishment of your missions to come—carry on, and best of luck.

**CHARLES SCOTT WYLIE**  
1st Lt. Infantry





Congratulations on a job well done. The hard-fought goal for which you have strived has finally been achieved. Remember the high standards that you have set and maintain them in the years to come. Know what is expected of you and do the job to the best of your ability. Be proud of these crossed rifles and hold high the tradition of the Infantry.

JOEL I. ELLIS  
2nd Lt. Infantry



**LIEUTENANT ELLIS**  
3rd Platoon Tactical Officer

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I congratulate the graduating candidates of 5th Officer Candidate Company this May. After reaching your final goal, which every candidate dreamily pictures as a gold bar, there isn't a man who cannot say to himself, "Well done."

This 22 week period at Fort Benning is the beginning of a period of service, in which you will be granted new ties of friendship and new opportunities to serve. The manner in which you have carried through with your beginning is a credit to your own ability, and it has been inspiring to those observing the continuous progress which each of you has made. By following the lessons you have just learned, you will be able to progressively develop throughout your army service. At the conclusion of your military duty, you will look back on your entire service record and again say, "Well done."

RICHARD B. DAWSON  
2nd Lt. Infantry



**LIEUTENANT DAWSON**  
4th Platoon Tactical Officer

**SERGEANT DAVIS**  
First Sergeant

Congratulations! You have completed a rugged course and have earned your commission.

Your mission begins now. It is the demanding task of leading men to maximum efficiency while maintaining high moral whether in combat or garrison. This requires of you a tireless display of intelligence, aggressiveness, and tact.

The United States government has spent money and the cadre of this company has spent effort in the hope that you will accomplish this mission. Do that energetically and you will receive not only our congratulations, but also a note of "Thanks" from freedom-loving people everywhere.

CECIL T. DAVIS, JR.  
First Sergeant







**G**

raduates



**VIRGIL R. AGOSTI**  
1231 Michigan St.  
Toledo, Ohio

**AGOSTI**—*The blond Tyrolean. Known for his expressions—"Doggone, son of a pup, I'm always getting giggered."*



**JAMES L. ALFORD**  
108 Gregory Ct.  
Gadsden, Ala.

**ALFORD**—*"Big-hearted Al." Always practicing his Irish brogue. Lt. Chappell's competition in the art of the bouncing walk.*



**JOHN G. ALTHOUSE**  
516 Rutgrs Ave.  
Swarthmor, Pa.

**ALTHOUSE**—*A man with a sedimentary background, "Rocky" All-thouse told stories, Monday through Friday, about how the earth was made, spooned up on week ends and led forays to the neighboring villages in search of conviviality and outcrops.*



**LEON V. ARLEDGE**  
525 Flint St.  
High Point, N. C.

**ARLEDGE**—*The fourth platoon's little-big man, Arledge was not satisfied with mere competence, and his determination was tested continuously in trying to keep a clean cubicle for his carousing partner.*



**GRIER L. ARTHUR**  
422 Piedmont St.  
Reidsville, N. C.

**ARTHUR**—*Arthur was known by his plaintive wail, "Please don't call me Grier . . ." One of his greatest peevess was trying to adjust binoculars while wearing glasses, so don't be surprised if you hear that a Lieutenant Arthur has revolutionized the Army's methods of magnification.*



**THOMAS L. AVERY**  
Rt. 1  
Gates, Tenn.

**EVERY**—*"Ole Tennessee Avery," a fine singer although he has concealed his talent quite proficiently. It's our guess that his fine old Tennessee accent will see him through almost every tight spot. Yew ain't tawked with a Southerner til you tawked with "Ole" Avery!*







**JAMES F. BAKER**  
1104 So. 23rd Ave.  
Bellwood, Ill.

**BAKER**—If 5th IC wanted to know the situation on Wall Street and the Stock Exchange they called on Bill. It seems he had a way of knowing just what was going on. Good luck Bill and work as hard wherever you go as you did in OCS and you will be a success.



**THOMAS J. BARNES**  
4466 Castelman Ave.  
St. Louis, Mo.

**BARNES**—As a poet in spirit, Barnes quoted from Shakespeare and read Browning. As a soldier he was sharp and quick, and he kept his rifle as clean as his mother's white and shinin' tablecloth.



**NORBERT R. BERG**  
Edgar, Wis.

**BERG**—Norbie will be remembered for his active part in the regimental show. It is said that he ably looked after the opposite sex in the cast. Good luck in your army career.



**WILLIAM R. BLAKE**  
Box 252  
Bogata, Tex.

**BLAKE**—To hear Candidate Bill Blake talk, Texas annexed the U. S. But we will patiently listen with amusement to his tall stories. Next to shining his gold bars, Bill aspires to raise oil wells on his Texas farm.



**STANLEY S. BULLOCK**  
1769 Oakwood  
Pasadena, Calif.

**BULLOCK**—Favorite expression is "WOW." California sharpie, shy with girls. Big man in P.T. tests. Covers his Convertible each night before retiring.



**RALPH R. BYRD**  
916 9th St.  
Tell City, Ind.

**BYRD**—Without a doubt Ralph's boots were the shiniest in the 2nd platoon. Setting a quiet, steadfast example, his job was always done with scrutiny and efficiency. Week end pass time was spent in the role of happy home-maker—maybe he was teaching Una how to keep combat boots sparkling.







**ALBERT R. CIANFICHI**  
401 Dexter Ave.  
Scranton, Pa.



**BENTON G. COLE**  
Walnut, Kans.



**CIANFICHI**—"Lovable Al" could probably find feminine companionship in a monastery if he wanted to. It's been said that Al keeps a special expanding file for all his little black books. A great heart, the epitome of cooperation—that's Al.

**COLE**—"Uncle Ben" put much sweat and effort into his cubicle. Who wouldn't with a pretty wife waiting in town? Ben worked hard as a member of the Student Council. But he still found time to harass Deetz, Wilkinson, Mendez, etc. He should go far with his gold bars, for besides his ability, he and Joanne are the proud owners of a trailer.



**LEROY W. CONKLIN**  
35 Lexington Ave.  
Suffern, N. Y.



**BILLY R. CORBELL**  
310 Terrace Dr.  
Austin, Tex.



**CONKLIN**—The number 3 man in the combo of Conklin, Pease and Lynch, Roy was always the instigator of the practical jokes of the 3rd platoon. A physical education major in college, "Conk" would like to get a job "administering" the army dozen to recruits . . . it just comes naturally.

**CORBELL**—"Tex"—we liked his long drawl and modest statements about Texas. Billy had more than a casual interest in the dayroom. He and his wife spent many hours playing cards there when the gigs flew. Best of luck to you, boy, wherever you are stationed.



**DONALD R. CURRANCE**  
General Delivery  
Aiken, S. C.



**LEO J. CURTIN**  
223 Kent Ave.  
Kentfield, Calif.



**CURRENCE**—Don was the only man in the 1st Platoon who had to bend over to dust the top of his wall locker. Seriously, though, he's a great guy. How his buddy ratings must have sky-rocketed each time he would receive those box-car loads of home-made cookies!

**CURTIN**—"I was pulling into Pago Pago, you know, and the heat was terrific." Had more nicknames attached on him than any other person in the Company. We best liked to call him "the new man." Liked Company parties, week-end passes and to sing "Danny Boy."





**JAMES R. DEETZ**  
Box 94  
Mt. Shasta, Calif.

*DEETZ—Not many weeks after our arrival at OCS Jim began leading week-end recon missions into Columbus and vicinity. His happy-go-lucky personality endeared him to the 2nd Platoon. The constant ribbing among Deetz, Cole, Shideler, Inc. provided amusement for all. We know the Airborne is getting a top-notch officer.*



**THURSTON H. DICKASON**  
738 E. 19th St.  
Oakland, Calif.

*DICKASON—The Baron was truly an individualist, from green shoes to his own inimitable physical training habits. From Coolidge Range to the French Casino, Dick served as mentor and instigator of the Fighting Fourth's Slimy Second.*



**CLIFFORD R. DICKSON**  
1 Park Way  
Saylesville, R. I.

*DICKSON—"Sir, Candidate Dickson," came to 5th OC with bags under his arms and aside from the fact that the bags are now under his eyes, Dick has remained the same executive-type personality with his ever-present flare for funning. Another fine man for the airborne.*



**HUGH F. DOWNEY**  
701 Chestnut St.  
Duncan, Okla.

*DOWNEY—Our Student Council prexy, Downey stood out early in our class, and his exactness in matters of military was proof of his good intentions and ability. We'll remember him too as tactics and drill advisor to Lt. Ellis.*



**WENDELL S. DOVE**  
Barranquilla  
Colombia

*DOVE—"Sir, Candidate Dove" will ring a bell in our memories for a long time. A friendly smile and a ready hand made our job that much easier.*



**RALPH R. DRAKE**  
15 S. Mith St.  
Aurora, Ill.

*DRAKE—"Sir, Candidate Drake . . ." The answer to an instructor's dream, Ralph could be counted on to answer any and all questions tossed out to the class. The three "V's" personified, Drake was a mainstay of the platoon volleyball team, not to speak of the company basketball squad.*







**MAURICE B. DULLEA**  
13 Bridge St.  
Norway, Maine

**DULLEA**—"Young Dullea" — how baout that? "Pop," 1st Platoon Student Council representative, had much to offer us. Maury's advice on matters of the military helped us our immeasurably, and we admired his Purple Heart, Bronze Star, and of course his picture of his wife and daughter.



**PAUL J. DUNNE**  
401 Whipple St.  
Fall River, Mass.

**DUNNE**—Bill established himself as a prize comedian at our first company party. His humor and good nature were noticed by all and appreciated. We know he will do fine as a member of the airborne.



**HOWARD T. ELLIS**  
108 Cambridge St.  
Abbeville, S. C.

**ELLIS**—A permanent, undefeated squad leader, Ellis fulfilled his calling with a loyalty not seen since Senator Vest's dog. We could always depend on his friendliness and his good nature and nobody considered him as anything but a hell of a good guy.



**DEIGHTON K. EMMONS**  
8 Stratford Rd.  
Andover, Mass.

**EMMONS**—Candidate Emmons had the weekly job of totalling up the platoons gigs to see who would go on pass. He had no worries concerning himself for his floor always sparkled and he always managed to get home to see the wife. Here is a Dartmouth graduate who will make Uncle Sam a fine officer.



**FRANK S. FARMER**  
494 Devirian Pl.  
Altadena, Calif.

**FARMER**—Known for his little gems of wisdom, Farmer played the role of guardian angel to Brossman and McCready. Frank tried the Air Force for a while, but decided that the Army and OCS were his meat and transferred. Our gain—the Air Force's loss.



**WALTER D. FRIEDENBERG**  
6 Norway Park  
Buffalo, N. Y.

**FRIEDENBERG**—"Big Walt" had the ability to inject humor into any situation which confronted him. His personality won for him many friends at "Benning School for Boys." Uncle Sam is commissioning a fine gentleman who will make a fine officer.







**ROBERT J. FRUGOLI**  
1765 Mason St.  
San Francisco, Calif.

**FRUGOLI**—Practicing pull-ups on the latrine pipes, leading the company basketball team, or anything else, the Big Fru had his heart in it and enthusiasm to capacity. The heart, by the way, was attached to a young lady far on the left flank in San Francisco.



**STUART L. GEISBERT**  
Buckeystown, Md.

**GEISBERT**—A twin sense of humor and responsibility were the Merry Marylander's top qualities and they enabled him to get things done with an ease and informality that eliminated the pain. He kept weird things in his bill fold, like money and hair.



**ARTHUR I. GOLDEN**  
520 West 156th St.  
New York, N. Y.

**GOLDEN**—Dynamo of the 2nd Platoon, Art was usually absorbed in some project for the common good, both in the platoon and in the Student Council. Goldy's countless trips to Columbus hardware stores made maintenance of the platoon 100% easier. Many, many thanks for the superb bulletin boards—and for your other work.



**STANLEY G. GREENWELL**  
Salt Lake City, Utah

**GREENWELL**—One of Stan's claims to fame was that he had the whole platoon trying to figure out where he had gotten his date for the Intermediate party. A native of Utah, he swapped his horse for a pair of jump boots and came to OCS. A good man—we're mighty glad he was with us.



**RICHARD B. GRIFFIN**  
731 E. Broadway  
Long Beach, Calif.

**GRIFFIN**—Noted for his unique haircuts, Griff did his best to wear out the volleyball during the cycle. His unselfishness was poignantly demonstrated by the donation of his cherished goldfish to the 2nd Platoon study room. California's pride and joy has our best wishes.



**MILTON D. HANDLEY**  
P.O. Box 222  
Upper Lake, Calif.

**HANDLEY**—"I can't get any gigs this week—the wife has said so!" "Milt"—always ready to give anybody a helping hand."







**CHESTER R. HASTINGS**  
Box 11  
Stockdale, Texas

**HASTINGS**—*The nightingale of the 1st Platoon, Chet is a staunch advocate of good ol' barbershop harmony. Always smiling and easy to get along with, his companions in the BOQ will find Hastings a welcome addition.*



**JOHN HAYES**  
1507 Hamilton Ave.  
San Jose, Calif.

**HAYES**—*One of the 2nd Platoon's protagonists of serious thought, Jack's superb command of the English language made our attempts at argument sound like a baby's babbling. A hard worker, sincerity accentuated, we know Loretta will be as happy with her new lieutenant as we were to have him with us.*



**RICHARD P. HEARDEN**  
414 Mansion Ave.  
Eau Claire, Wis.

**HEARDEN**—*Always seen tossing a coin with Jack Aguilar to see just who would wash the cubicle window, and guess who would win. Coming to us from the air force the "Wisconsin Kid" is a proud wearer of the crossed rifles.*



**JAMES T. HENDERSON**  
6321 Wheeler St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**HENDERSON**—*Jim "Haven't had a pass yet," Henderson will proudly escort his wife and West Point son through the new O.C. Park and show them the large part he played in the development. We wish him great success in his Army career.*



**RICHARD A. S. HENRY**  
65 Park Ave.  
New York, N. Y.

**HENRY**—*Dick sums up the situation in this way, "I came from the quiet life of the newspaper world in to this man's army only to get a good scoop for my next story." Good luck, Dick.*



**FRED G. HESS**  
Rt. 2 Box 512  
Klamath Falls, Ore.

**HESS**—*We guess that Daddy Hess will think twice on the next one! That awful night when Ole Dad paced the center aisle waiting for junior seems like yesterday. It's rumored that the little one will attend jump school like Pop did. Just think, two "troopers."*







**JAMES B. HIGGINBOTHAM**  
4604 Shazlewood  
Austin, Texas

**HIGGINBOTHAM**—We'll remember Hig for his substituting a cluck of the tongue for "as you were." And don't think we've forgotten how he was always smiling and laughing in spite of the grind of OCS. Mighty pleasant having you around, Hig—and good luck!



**JAMES C. HOBBS**  
257 Sugarloaf St.  
Port Colborne  
Ont., Canada

**HOBBS**—"J. Charlie," a staunch advocate of it's not how long you live, but how, will never worry about combat as long as there is a golf course within patrolling distance. Jim's happy disposition and willingness to work will carry him a long way in his Army career.



**JOHN R. HODGDON**  
25 Payer Mann Rd.  
Larchmont, N. Y.

**HODGDON**—Fourth Platoon's TO&E called for one Harvard man and up showed "Buck." A quiet one to start with, he was always there, but darned if you could hear him. Reserved, steadfast and intellectual, Buck showed possibilities of becoming rowdy.



**JOHN C. HUMMERT**  
1130 So. Cuyler Ave.  
Oak Park, Ill.

**HUMMERT**—With a keen intelligence, a left-handed sense of humor, and a flock of assorted muscles, "Hummy" was one of our real winners. He won fame as founder of the Bonomo Physical Training, Marching and Chowder Club.



**JAMES A. JOBE**  
Rt. 4  
Connersville, Ind.

**JOBE**—Jim knows more about basketball than George Mikan. With the 101st division before coming to OCS, Jobe is obviously quite proud of the fact that he is from Indiana. Best of luck to a fine soldier.



**CHARLES F. JOHNSON**  
11 N. Garfield St.  
Sand Springs, Okla.

**JOHNSON, C. F.**—"Tiger" Johnson won't confirm this, but it's been rumored that Florida's Chamber of Commerce is pleading with him to plug Florida as he does Oklahoma. Charlie's favorite occupation: keeping Spalding busy keeping him busy.







**JAMES M. JOHNSON**  
120 Chester Ave.  
San Francisco, Calif.

**JOHNSON, J. M.**—Cracking “A’s” in tests was Jim’s specialty. We’ll remember him for his keen interest and ability to retain the facts in almost any subject presented us. Unassuming and always willing to explain it to someone else were the attributes which made Jim a valuable asset to the 2nd platoon.



**RICHARD J. JOHNSON**  
2043 Allerton Rd.  
Pontiac, Mich.

**JOHNSON, R. J.**—Dick is the silent individual whose adeptness with cleaning equipment and shine rags made him sparkle in the 2nd platoon. A pleasant disposition, a hardy laugh, and a hard worker—we wish him luck wherever he goes.



**JOHN W. KELLY**  
11 Huber Ave.  
Middletown, Conn.

**KELLY**—When last seen, our own St. Pat was trying to chase the snakes out of the company area. Jack has an ulterior motive for wanting duty in First Army—just notice the address on the letters he’s writing and you undoubtedly find that they’re to a certain young thing in Connecticut. As friendly as he’s Irish.



**JIM W. KIMBROUGH**  
213 E. Edwin Circle  
Memphis, Tenn.

**KIMBROUGH**—“G. B.” was constantly trying to get up a beauty contest with his barracks mates, using snapshots as the exhibit “a”s. If you’ve seen the picture of Jay’s girl, you’ll know why. Chairman of the Safety Council Kimbrough did much to benefit the company. Keep up the good work.



**FREDERICK D. KITCH**  
9750 Winchester Ave.  
Chicago, Ill.

**KITCH**—Fred is the living proof of “if you want a job done well, give it to a busy man.” One of the editors of the yearbook, lead in the octette, active in platoon administration, “Mama” certainly made a name for himself in Class 14.



**STEWART E. KLEIN**  
17 Loudoun St.  
Yonkers, N. Y.

**KLEIN**—Never before have things happened to Stu as they did today. He’s NEVER been so hot, NEVER been so hungry, NEVER been so sleepy, and NEVER so tired. Klein was such a conscientious candidate that he even gave classes to the platoon in his sleep.







**RAYMOND H. KOEHNE**  
4712 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

**KOEHNE**—Ray's bull voice in command positions was the envy of the 2nd Platoon. And with his marriage early in the cycle, Ray proved to be an immaculate cubicle-keeper. It will be a long time before we forget those extensions on the coveralls.



**JOSEPH T. KRUEGER**  
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Michigan City, Ind.

**KRUEGER**—Constantly advertising the majestic beauty of Michigan City, the city by the lake. Loves sleep and dismounted drill. Hates No-Doz and P.T.



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**LEE**—Dave did an outstanding job as organizer and director of the 5th O.C. octet and was one of the main cogs in the class book machine. A hard worker in whatever he undertook, he also excelled on the pull-up bar and related P.T. instruments which struck terror in the hearts of many.



**WILLIAM B. LYNCH**  
153 Exchange St.  
Rockland, Mass.

**LYNCH**—Bill is always there to uphold the north when Williamson sounds off about Dixie. A mighty proud "Yank," from Massachusetts, Willy is "RA."



**MADISON E. MARYE**  
Whawsville, Va.

**MARYE**—Having escaped the revenooers of Virginia, Candidate Madison Marye found a home in the Army. We also hear that "Mad" Marye kept 5th O.C. supplied with plenty of "Spirits" from his homemade still. Best wishes in your Army career.



**KENNETH N. MAZEY**  
1930 E. Marshall Pl.  
Tulsa, Okla.

**MAZEY**—More affectionately known as "The Voice." Mazy always came in loud and clear, especially when he was trying to sell Tulsa, Okla. His enthusiasm for whatever he was doing, had done, and will do is never dampened.







**THOMAS E. McCREADY**  
Portsmouth, Va.

**McCREADY**—Full of interesting stories of his Coast Guard days. Mac is an expert on drill. At the Company party Mac and his wife fascinated us with their dancing style.



**WALTER L. McELWAIN**  
Box 122  
Haven, Kans.

**McELWAIN**—Hardly a man has not felt that resounding "Sir Candidate McElwain!" Mac was responsible for a lot of happy faces at our Company party and don't think we've forgotten it. We're also deeply indebted to him for all his fine work in our behalf with the Student Council.



**JOHN A. McKNIGHT**  
East Cleveland, O.

**McKNIGHT**—Twice-escaped German POW as a ranger in World War II, the old "Silver Fox" gave us valuable lowdown on combat and doubled as a prize clown. Sense and sense of humor made him one of our best men.



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**MEITH**—The man with the large biceps and the PT score to match, Bob had more intellectual talents, too. Affable, well-liked, Bob worked for us as a Student Council member, and could build almost anything out of old logs.



**JOHN C. MELTON**  
P.O. Box 163  
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**MELTON**—The Mexican Yankee with the 22-5 always tucked neatly under his arm, Jack was a staunch defender of Texas, whatever that is. Among his blessings we admired were a way with the women and a shiny new Pontiac.



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**MILLER**—*Shrewdly that he was, Bob kept a picture of his beautiful wife on his study table to keep his cubicle free of gigs. Despite this trick and his habit of toting mysterious notebooks to all occasions, Bob gained our respect as an intelligent, capable man.*



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**MORRIS**—*Morris was without a doubt one of the biggest clowns in the company. Not only did he have his barracks mates in stitches most of the time, but he laughed himself—and what a laugh! Charley sings a good hill-billy song, too.*



**DON M. MOSS**  
2711 E. 4th St.  
Lavern, Calif.

**MOSS**—*The well-liked Californian with the girl friend and the pictures prove it. The boy soldier of the Fighting Fourth, Don showed promise in everything he undertook. One of Price's cohorts, he was a fine athlete.*



**HARRY J. MOTT, III**  
495 East 188 St.  
Bronx, N. Y.

**MOTT**—*A navigator from way back, Candidate Harry Mott headed towards home to wed his beautiful fiancé the minute Uncle Sam declared him an officer and a gentleman.*



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119 Second St.  
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**NELSON**—*Have you ever seen a man who could use his boots as a mirror? Well, we have! And if ya don't believe that the Alcan Highway runs through Minnesota, consult one Dale A. Nelson. Best of luck to Nellie a sharp soldier.*



**CHARLES W. O'CONNOR**  
8132 So. Harper Ave.  
Chicago, Ill.

**O'CONNOR**—*Call me Charles "Chuckles" O'Connor says the smiling lad from Chicago. He was seen most of the time in an inverted prone position analyzing the world situation from beneath the covers of "Time" magazine.*







**VIRGIL R. AGOSTI**  
1231 Michigan St.  
Toledo, Ohio

**AGOSTI**—*The blond Tyrolean. Known for his expressions—"Doggone, son of a pup, I'm always getting gigged."*



**JAMES L. ALFORD**  
108 Gregory Ct.  
Gadsden, Ala.

**ALFORD**—*"Big-hearted Al." Always practicing his Irish brogue. Lt. Chappell's competition in the art of the bouncing walk.*



**JOHN G. ALTHOUSE**  
516 Rutgrs Ave.  
Swarthmor, Pa.

**ALTHOUSE**—*A man with a sedimentary background. "Rocky" All-thouse told stories, Monday through Friday, about how the earth was made, spooned up on week ends and led forays to the neighboring villages in search of conviviality and outcrops.*



**LEON V. ARLEDGE**  
525 Flint St.  
High Point, N. C.

**ARLEDGE**—*The fourth platoon's little-big man, Arledge was not satisfied with mere competence, and his determination was tested continuously in trying to keep a clean cubicle for his carousing partner.*



**GRIER L. ARTHUR**  
422 Piedmont St.  
Reidsville, N. C.

**ARTHUR**—*Arthur was known by his plaintive wail, "Please don't call me Grier..." One of his great peeves was trying to adjust binoculars while wearing glasses, so don't be surprised if you hear that a Lieutenant Arthur has revolutionized the Army's methods of magnification.*



**THOMAS L. AVERY**  
Rt. 1  
Gates, Tenn.

**AVERY**—*"Ole Tennessee Avery," a fine singer although he has concealed his talent quite proficiently. It's our guess that his fine old Tennessee accent will see him through almost every tight spot. Yew ain't tawked with a Southerner til you tawked with "Ole" Avery!*







**JAMES F. BAKER**  
1104 So. 23rd Ave.  
Bellwood, Ill.

**BAKER**—If 5th IC wanted to know the situation on Wall Street and the Stock Exchange they called on Bill. It seems he had a way of knowing just what was going on. Good luck Bill and work as hard wherever you go as you did in OCS and you will be a success.



**THOMAS J. BARNES**  
4466 Castelman Ave.  
St. Louis, Mo.

**BARNES**—As a poet in spirit, Barnes quoted from Shakespeare and read Browning. As a soldier he was sharp and quick, and he kept his rifle as clean as his mother's white and shinin' tablecloth.



**NORBERT R. BERG**  
Edgar, Wis.

**BERG**—Norbie will be remembered for his active part in the regimental show. It is said that he ably looked after the opposite sex in the cast. Good luck in your army career.



**WILLIAM R. BLAKE**  
Box 252  
Bogata, Tex.

**BLAKE**—To hear Candidate Bill Blake talk, Texas annexed the U. S. But we will patiently listen with amusement to his tall stories. Next to shining his gold bars, Bill aspires to raise oil wells on his Texas farm.



**STANLEY S. BULLOCK**  
1769 Oakwood  
Pasadena, Calif.

**BULLOCK**—Favorite expression is "WOW." California sharp, shy with girls. Big man in P.T. tests. Covers his Convertible each night before retiring.



**RALPH R. BYRD**  
916 9th St.  
Tell City, Ind.

**BYRD**—Without a doubt Ralph's boots were the shiniest in the 2nd platoon. Setting a quiet, steady example, his job was always done with scrutiny and efficiency. Week end pass time was spent in the role of happy home-maker—maybe he was teaching Una how to keep combat boots sparkling.







**ALBERT R. CIANFICHI**  
401 Dexter Ave.  
Scranton, Pa.

**CIANFICHI**—"Lovable Al" could probably find feminine companionship in a monastery if he wanted to. It's been said that Al keeps a special expanding file for all his little black books. A great heart, the epitome of cooperation—that's Al.



**BENTON G. COLE**  
Walnut, Kans.

**COLE**—"Uncle Ben" put much sweat and effort into his cubicle. Who wouldn't with a pretty wife waiting in town? Ben worked hard as a member of the Student Council. But he still found time to harass Deetz, Wilkinson, Mendez, etc. He should go far with his gold bars, for besides his ability, he and Joanne are the proud owners of a trailer.



**LEROY W. CONKLIN**  
35 Lexington Ave.  
Suffern, N. Y.

**CONKLIN**—The number 3 man in the combo of Conklin, Pease and Lynch, Roy was always the instigator of the practical jokes of the 3rd platoon. A physical education major in college, "Conk" would like to get a job "administering" the army dozen to recruits . . . it just comes naturally.



**BILLY R. CORBELL**  
310 Terrace Dr.  
Austin, Tex.

**CORBELL**—"Tex"—we liked his long drawl and modest statements about Texas. Billy had more than a casual interest in the dayroom. He and his wife spent many hours playing cards there when the gigs flew. Best of luck to you, boy, wherever you are stationed.



**DONALD R. CURRANCE**  
General Delivery  
Aiken, S. C.

**CURRENCE**—Don was the only man in the 1st Platoon who had to bend over to dust the top of his wall locker. Seriously, though, he's a great guy. How his buddy ratings must have sky-rocketed each time he would receive those box-car loads of home-made cookies!



**LEO J. CURTIN**  
223 Kent Ave.  
Kentfield, Calif.

**CURTIN**—"I was pulling into Pago Pago, you know, and the heat was terrific." Had more nicknames attached on him than any other person in the Company. We best liked to call him "the new man." Liked Company parties, week-end passes and to sing "Danny Boy."







**JAMES R. DEETZ**  
Box 94  
Mt. Shasta, Calif.

**DEETZ**—Not many weeks after our arrival at OCS Jim began leading week-end recon missions into Columbus and vicinity. His happy-go-lucky personality endeared him to the 2nd Platoon. The constant ribbing among Deetz, Cole, Shideler, Inc. provided amusement for all. We know the Airborne is getting a top-notch officer.



**THURSTON H. DICKASON**  
738 E. 19th St.  
Oakland, Calif.

**DICKASON**—The Baron was truly an individualist, from green shoes to his own inimitable physical training habits. From Coolidge Range to the French Casino, Dick served as mentor and instigator of the Fighting Fourth's Slimy Second.



**CLIFFORD R. DICKSON**  
1 Park Way  
Saylesville, R. I.

**DICKSON**—"Sir, Candidate Dickson," came to 5th OC with bags under his arms and aside from the fact that the bags are now under his eyes, Dick has remained the same executive-type personality with his ever-present flare for funning. Another fine man for the Airborne.



**HUGH F. DOWNEY**  
701 Chestnut St.  
Duncan, Okla.

**DOWNEY**—Our Student Council prexy, Downey stood out early in our class, and his exactness in matters of military was proof of his good intentions and ability. We'll remember him too as tactics and drill advisor to Lt. Ellis.



**WENDELL S. DOVE**  
Barranquilla  
Colombia

**DOVE**—"Sir, Candidate Dove" will ring a bell in our memories for a long time. A friendly smile and a ready hand made our job that much easier.



**RALPH R. DRAKE**  
15 S. Mith St.  
Aurora, Ill.

**DRAKE**—"Sir, Candidate Drake . . ." The answer to an instructor's dream, Ralph could be counted on to answer any and all questions tossed out to the class. The three "V"'s personified, Drake was a mainstay of the platoon volleyball team, not to speak of the company basketball squad.







**MAURICE B. DULLEA**  
13 Bridge St.  
Norway, Maine

**DULLEA**—"Young Dullea" — how baout that? "Pop," 1st Platoon Student Council representative, had much to offer us. Maury's advice on matters of the military helped us our immeasurably, and we admired his Purple Heart, Bronze Star, and of course his picture of his wife and daughter.



**PAUL J. DUNNE**  
401 Whipple St.  
Fall River, Mass.

**DUNNE**—Bill established himself as a prize comedian at our first company party. His humor and good nature were noticed by all and appreciated. We know he will do fine as a member of the airborne.



**HOWARD T. ELLIS**  
108 Cambridge St.  
Abbeville, S. C.

**ELLIS**—A permanent, undefeated squad leader, Ellis fulfilled his calling with a loyalty not seen since Senator Vest's dog. We could always depend on his friendliness and his good nature and nobody considered him as anything but a hell of a good guy.



**DEIGHTON K. EMMONS**  
8 Stratford Rd.  
Andover, Mass.

**EMMONS**—Candidate Emmons had the weekly job of totalling up the platoons gigs to see who would go on pass. He had no worries concerning himself for his floor always sparkled and he always managed to get home to see the wife. Here is a Dartmouth graduate who will make Uncle Sam a fine officer.



**FRANK S. FARMER**  
494 Devirian Pl.  
Altadena, Calif.

**FARMER**—Known for his little gems of wisdom, Farmer played the role of guardian angel to Brossman and McCready. Frank tried the Air Force for a while, but decided that the Army and OCS were his meat and transferred. Our gain—the Air Force's loss.



**WALTER D. FRIEDENBERG**  
6 Norway Park  
Buffalo, N. Y.

**FRIEDENBERG**—"Big Walt" had the ability to inject humor into any situation which confronted him. His personality won for him many friends at "Benning School for Boys." Uncle Sam is commissioning a fine gentleman who will make a fine officer.







**ROBERT J. FRUGOLI**  
1765 Mason St.  
San Francisco, Calif.

**FRUGOLI**—Practicing pull-ups on the latrine pipes, leading the company basketball team, or anything else, the Big Fru had his heart in it and enthusiasm to capacity. The heart, by the way, was attached to a young lady far on the left flank in San Francisco.



**STUART L. GEISBERT**  
Buckeystown, Md.

**GEISBERT**—A twin sense of humor and responsibility were the Merry Marylander's top qualities and they enabled him to get things done with an ease and informality that eliminated the pain. He kept weird things in his bill fold, like money and hair.



**ARTHUR I. GOLDEN**  
520 West 156th St.  
New York, N. Y.

**GOLDEN**—Dynamo of the 2nd Platoon, Art was usually absorbed in some project for the common good, both in the platoon and in the Student Council. Goldy's countless trips to Columbus hardware stores made maintenance of the platoon 100% easier. Many, many thanks for the superb bulletin boards—and for your other work.



**STANLEY G. GREENWELL**  
Salt Lake City, Utah

**GREENWELL**—One of Stan's claims to fame was that he had the whole platoon trying to figure out where he had gotten his date for the Intermediate party. A native of Utah, he swapped his horse for a pair of jump boots and came to OCS. A good man—we're mighty glad he was with us.



**RICHARD B. GRIFFIN**  
731 E. Broadway  
Long Beach, Calif.

**GRIFFIN**—Noted for his unique haircuts, Griff did his best to wear out the volleyball during the cycle. His unselfishness was poignantly demonstrated by the donation of his cherished goldfish to the 2nd Platoon study room. California's pride and joy has our best wishes.



**MILTON D. HANDLEY**  
P.O. Box 222  
Upper Lake, Calif.

**HANDLEY**—"I can't get any gigs this week—the wife has said so!" "Milt"—always ready to give anybody a helping hand."







**CHESTER R. HASTINGS**  
Box 11  
Stockdale, Texas

**HASTINGS**—*The nightingale of the 1st Platoon, Chet is a staunch advocate of good ol' barbershop harmony. Always smiling and easy to get along with, his companions in the BOQ will find Hastings a welcome addition.*



**JOHN HAYES**  
1507 Hamilton Ave.  
San Jose, Calif.

**HAYES**—*One of the 2nd Platoon's protagonists of serious thought, Jack's superb command of the English language made our attempts at argument sound like a baby's babbling. A hard worker, sincerity accentuated, we know Loretta will be as happy with her new lieutenant as we were to have him with us.*



**RICHARD P. HEARDEN**  
414 Mansion Ave.  
Eau Claire, Wis.

**HEARDEN**—*Always seen tossing a coin with Jack Aguilar to see just who would wash the cubicle window, and guess who would win. Coming to us from the air force the "Wisconsin Kid" is a proud wearer of the crossed rifles.*



**JAMES T. HENDERSON**  
6321 Wheeler St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**HENDERSON**—*Jim "Haven't had a pass yet," Henderson will proudly escort his wife and West Point son through the new O.C. Park and show them the large part he played in the development. We wish him great success in his Army career.*



**RICHARD A. S. HENRY**  
65 Park Ave.  
New York, N. Y.

**HENRY**—*Dick sums up the situation in this way, "I came from the quiet life of the newspaper world in to this man's army only to get a good scoop for my next story." Good luck, Dick.*



**FRED G. HESS**  
Rt. 2 Box 512  
Klamath Falls, Ore.

**HESS**—*We guess that Daddy Hess will think twice on the next one! That awful night when Ole Dad paced the center aisle waiting for junior seems like yesterday. It's rumored that the little one will attend jump school like Pop did. Just think, two "troopers."*







**JAMES B. HIGGINBOTHAM**  
4604 Shazlewood  
Austin, Texas

**HIGGINBOTHAM**—We'll remember Hig for his substituting a cluck of the tongue for "as you were." And don't think we've forgotten how he was always smiling and laughing in spite of the grind of OCS. Mighty pleasant having you around, Hig—and good luck!



**JAMES C. HOBBS**  
257 Sugarloaf St.  
Port Colborne  
Ont., Canada

**HOBBS**—"J. Charlie," a staunch advocate of it's not how long you live, but how, will never worry about combat as long as there is a golf course within patrolling distance. Jim's happy disposition and willingness to work will carry him a long way in his Army career.



**JOHN R. HODGDON**  
25 Payer Mann Rd.  
Larchmont, N. Y.

**HODGDON**—Fourth Platoon's TO&E called for one Harvard man and up showed "Buck." A quiet one to start with, he was always there, but darned if you could hear him. Reserved, steadfast and intellectual, Buck showed possibilities of becoming rowdy.



**JOHN C. HUMMERT**  
1130 So. Cuyler Ave.  
Oak Park, Ill.

**HUMMERT**—With a keen intelligence, a left-handed sense of humor, and a flock of assorted muscles, "Hummy" was one of our real winners. He won fame as founder of the Bonomo Physical Training, Marching and Chowder Club.



**JAMES A. JOBE**  
Rt. 4  
Connersville, Ind.

**JOBE**—Jim knows more about basketball than George Mikan. With the 101st division before coming to OCS, Jobe is obviously quite proud of the fact that he is from Indiana. Best of luck to a fine soldier.



**CHARLES F. JOHNSON**  
11 N. Garfield St.  
Sand Springs, Okla.

**JOHNSON, C. F.**—"Tiger" Johnson won't confirm this, but it's been rumored that Florida's Chamber of Commerce is pleading with him to plug Florida as he does Oklahoma. Charlie's favorite occupation: keeping Spalding busy keeping him busy.







**JAMES M. JOHNSON**  
120 Chester Ave.  
San Francisco, Calif.

**JOHNSON, J. M.**—Cracking "A's" in tests was Jim's specialty. We'll remember him for his keen interest and ability to retain the facts in almost any subject presented us. Unassuming and always willing to explain it to someone else were the attributes which made Jim a valuable asset to the 2nd platoon.



**RICHARD J. JOHNSON**  
2043 Allerton Rd.  
Pontiac, Mich.

**JOHNSON, R. J.**—Dick is the silent individual whose adeptness with cleaning equipment and shine rags made him sparkle in the 2nd platoon. A pleasant disposition, a hardy laugh, and a hard worker—we wish him luck wherever he goes.



**JOHN W. KELLY**  
11 Huber Ave.  
Middletown, Conn.

**KELLY**—When last seen, our own St. Pat was trying to chase the snakes out of the company area. Jack has an ulterior motive for wanting duty in First Army—just notice the address on the letters he's writing and you undoubtedly find that they're to a certain young thing in Connecticut. As friendly as he's Irish.



**JIM W. KIMBROUGH**  
213 E. Edwin Circle  
Memphis, Tenn.

**KIMBROUGH**—"G. B." was constantly trying to get up a beauty contest with his barracks mates, using snapshots as the exhibit "a"s. If you've seen the picture of Jay's girl, you'll know why. Chairman of the Safety Council Kimbrough did much to benefit the company. Keep up the good work.



**FREDERICK D. KITCH**  
9750 Winchester Ave.  
Chicago, Ill.

**KITCH**—Fred is the living proof of "if you want a job done well, give it to a busy man." One of the editors of the yearbook, lead in the octette, active in platoon administration, "Mama" certainly made a name for himself in Class 14.



**STEWART E. KLEIN**  
17 Loudoun St.  
Yonkers, N. Y.

**KLEIN**—Never before have things happened to Stu as they did today. He's NEVER been so hot, NEVER been so hungry, NEVER been so sleepy, and NEVER so tired. Klein was such a conscientious candidate that he even gave classes to the platoon in his sleep.







**RAYMOND H. KOEHNE**  
4712 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

**KOEHNE**—Ray's bull voice in command positions was the envy of the 2nd Platoon. And with his marriage early in the cycle, Ray proved to be an immaculate cubicle-keeper. It will be a long time before we forget those extensions on the coveralls.



**JOSEPH T. KRUEGER**  
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**KRUEGER**—Constantly advertising the majestic beauty of Michigan City, the city by the lake. Loves sleep and dismounted drill. Hates No-Doz and P.T.



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**WILLIAM B. LYNCH**  
153 Exchange St.  
Rockland, Mass.

**LYNCH**—Bill is always there to uphold the north when Williamson sounds off about Dixie. A mighty proud "Yank," from Massachusetts, Willy is "RA."



**MADISON E. MARYE**  
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**MARYE**—Having escaped the revenooers of Virginia, Candidate Madison Marye found a home in the Army. We also hear that "Mad" Marye kept 5th O.C. supplied with plenty of "Spirits" from his homemade still. Best wishes in your Army career.



**KENNETH N. MAZEY**  
1930 E. Marshall Pl.  
Tulsa, Okla.

**MAZEY**—More affectionately known as "The Voice." Mazey always came in loud and clear, especially when he was trying to sell Tulsa, Okla. His enthusiasm for whatever he was doing, had done, and will do is never dampened.







**THOMAS E. McCREADY**  
Portsmouth, Va.

**McCREADY**—Full of interesting stories of his Coast Guard days. Mac is an expert on drill. At the Company party Mac and his wife fascinated us with their dancing style.



**WALTER L. McELWAIN**  
Box 122  
Haven, Kans.

**McELWAIN**—Hardly a man has not felt that resounding "Sir Candidate McElwain!" Mac was responsible for a lot of happy faces at our Company party and don't think we've forgotten it. We're also deeply indebted to him for all his fine work in our behalf with the Student Council.



**JOHN A. McKNIGHT**  
East Cleveland, O.

**McKNIGHT**—Twice-escaped German POW as a ranger in World War II, the old "Silver Fox" gave us valuable lowdown on combat and doubled as a prize clown. Sense and sense of humor made him one of our best men.



**ROBERT M. MEITH**  
224 Forrest Dr.  
Falls Church, Va.

**MEITH**—The man with the large biceps and the PT score to match, Bob had more intellectual talents, too. Affable, well-liked, Bob worked for us as a Student Council member, and could build almost anything out of old logs.



**JOHN C. MELTON**  
P.O. Box 163  
Quemado, Tex.

**MELTON**—The Mexican Yankee with the 22-5 always tucked neatly under his arm, Jack was a staunch defender of Texas, whatever that is. Among his blessings we admired were a way with the women and a shiny new Pontiac.



**MANUEL MENDEZ**  
1079 Jackson St.  
Gary, Ind.

**MENDEZ**—"Candidate . . . Mendez" kept things shaped up in the 2nd platoon. A determination for improvement brought him quickly along the road to becoming an officer. We'll remember Mendy for the spark and drive with which he kept the 2nd platoon humming.







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**DON M. MOSS**  
2711 E. 4th St.  
Lavern, Calif.

**MOSS**—*The well-liked Californian with the girl friend and the pictures prove it. The boy soldier of the Fighting Fourth, Don showed promise in everything he undertook. One of Price's cohorts, he was a fine athlete.*



**HARRY J. MOTT, III**  
495 East 188 St.  
Bronx, N. Y.

**MOTT**—*A navigator from way back, Candidate Harry Mott headed towards home to wed his beautiful fiancée the minute Uncle Sam declared him an officer and a gentleman.*



**DALE A. NELSON**  
119 Second St.  
Virginia, Minn.

**NELSON**—*Have you ever seen a man who could use his boots as a mirror? Well, we have! And if ya don't believe that the Alcan Highway runs through Minnesota, consult one Dale A. Nelson. Best of luck to Nellie a sharp soldier.*



**CHARLES W. O'CONNOR**  
8132 So. Harper Ave.  
Chicago, Ill.

**O'CONNOR**—*Call me Charles "Chuckles" O'Connor says the smiling lad from Chicago. He was seen most of the time in an inverted prone position analyzing the world situation from beneath the covers of "Time" magazine.*







**JOSH W. ODEN**  
1901 Butternut St.  
Abilene, Tex.

**ODEN**—*Authority on shining shoes. Josh is always appointed head janitor when we have a clean-up program. Spends his free time drawing pictures of his girl in Texas.*



**ERNEST J. PATAKY**  
73 Valley St.  
Newark, N. J.

**PATAKY**—*Our favorite father, the "Smiling Hungarian" achieved paternity on Saint Patrick's Day, gave us green cigars, and gave us a running account of the baby's weight until graduation. Tough but oh . . . so gentle.*



**ROBERT F. PATTERSON**  
124 Cedarwood Dr.  
New Britain, Conn.

**PATTERSON**—*With "Ah, another day in which to excel" Pat would get up every morning and proceed to demonstrate throughout the day that there were a few candidates whose nerves didn't resemble violin strings. Easygoing and good natured, we could always count on Pat to bring out the humorous in the trials and tribulations of OCS.*



**ROBERT R. PEASE**  
54 Adams St.  
East Hartford, Conn.

**PEASE**—*"Bouncing Bobbie," will be remembered for his nimble actions both on and off the basketball court. Was known to have passed much time "monkeying" around the 3rd platoon barracks and often in the orderly room upon request. Always ready with laughs or to provide them, we wish him the very best in the future.*



**ROBERT J. PEREGRIN**  
255 Prospect Ave.  
Bayonne, N. J.

**PEREGRIN**—*A tough voice but a soft heart, Perry and his pillow were best of friends. A natural mimic, "Punch" was a member of the Fightin' Fourth (squad that is) and his slaughter of the King's English was good for many chuckles.*



**DUANE M. PHILLIPS**  
56 Norton St.  
New Haven, Conn.

**PHILLIPS**—*A Connecticut Yankee in Benning's Fort, Phillips was our one-man tactics committee, ever-ready with the school solution. A determined perfectionist, Phillips garnered mostly A's on the GT's, took seriously the matter at hand.*







**HERBERT T. PERRIN, JR.**  
Woodland Amity Rds.  
Gambier, Ohio

**PERRIN**—One of the best soldiers in the company, Perrin won his points with us by a modest attitude and his intellectual capacity. Drawing a sharp line between work and play, Herb kept his weekend CO CP in the northwest corner of the Columbus Room.



**DONALD A. POULIOT**  
Terrace Gardens  
Escanaba, Mich.

**POULIOT**—Just anything from "Pullet" to "Polio"—this is the man they want. Like any good Frenchman, Pouliot never split an infinitive. Michigan's gift to the girls, he showed the boys early that he had the stuff to succeed as an officer candidate.



**RICHARD M. PRICE**  
144 N. 5th St.  
Clinton, Iowa

**PRICE**—The biggest and to most, the funniest man in the company, Price is remembered as an instructor in the yo, yo, and an exponent of the virtues of the Northwest and physical violence. We laughed at his clowning, but we respected his intelligence, too.



**ALEXANDER REAL**  
2614 Newton Ave.  
San Diego, Cal.

**REAL**—Al is the quiet young fellow in the third platoon who feels deeply proud of his brother just back from Korea. His favorite expression is, "Say have you got a match?"



**GEORGE H. RHODES**  
76 W. 32nd St.  
Jacksonville, Fla.

**THEODORE F. ROBINSON**  
107 W. 14th St.  
Ada, Okla.

**RHODES**—Undisputed shoe shine champ of the platoon. Can we ever forget the day he was gigged for dirty shoes? George is a worker—loves Florida,

**ROBINSON**—"The Trieste Kid."—Ted, as we called him, was forever active on the Student Council. His immaculate appearance and bearing set the example for many of us.







**JOSH W. ODEN**  
1901 Butternut St.  
Abilene, Tex.

**ODEN**—*Authority on shining shoes. Josh is always appointed head janitor when we have a clean-up program. Spends his free time drawing pictures of his girl in Texas.*



**ERNEST J. PATAKY**  
73 Valley St.  
Newark, N. J.

**PATAKY**—*Our favorite father, the "Smiling Hungarian" achieved paternity on Saint Patrick's Day, gave us green cigars, and gave us a running account of the baby's weight until graduation. Tough but oh . . . so gentle.*



**ROBERT F. PATTERSON**  
124 Cedarwood Dr.  
New Britain, Conn.

**PATTERSON**—*With "Ah, another day in which to excel" Pat would get up every morning and proceed to demonstrate throughout the day that there were a few candidates whose nerves didn't resemble violin strings. Easygoing and good natured, we could always count on Pat to bring out the humorous in the the trials and tribulations of OCS.*



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**HOWARD R. SANDLER**  
19 Robinway  
Great Neck, N. Y.

**SANDLER**—Howard Sandler with an able eye to his camera lens has made our yearbook a great success. Howie's willing work in the I&E room shows his great ability to perform any duty efficiently and quickly.



**SIDNEY M. SAX**  
90 Cedar St.  
Malden, Mass.

**SAX**—Alligator? This reminds us of the cartoons on the walls of the Day Room and of all the work Sid did in making 5th O.C. a better Company. We remember the little joke sessions. Good luck, Sid well done.



**MALCOLM S. SCHRYER**  
252 Fieldston Terrace  
Riverdale, N. Y.

**SCHRYER**—Ahh, many a day we've seen an eye-strained candidate "toting what appeared to be a bag full of groceries but upon closer inspection it turned out to be Schryer and his camera. On the level we thank Mal for the fine work he did on our I & E room plus all the cooperation he gave us with photography concerning this Class-book.



**JERRY R. SHIDELER**  
6448 Wornall Rd.  
Kansas City, Mo.

**SHIDELER**—Jerry's sense of humor and inimitable Kansas drawl were the spark plug of many a bull session. He maintained that the best way to start the day was with a good "oakie" tune.



**VINCENT G. SPADEA**  
17 Colonial Terrace  
Brickton, Mass.

**SPADEA**—Candidate Vincent Spadea spoke the now famous words to the little waiter at Spano's: "Don't Sir me, I'm just a Saagent!" Vinnie's obvious modesty just made him shine all the more.



**WILLIAM D. SPALDING**  
1625 Plumas St.  
Susanville, Calif.

**SPALDING**—"J-O-H-N-S-O-N! Shape up!" These gentle strains wafting from the lower end of the 2nd platoon barracks let us know that Bill was ready to wax again. Word has it that Spalding was caught trying to shave by reflection from his cubicle floor . . .







**MARVIN J. SPEIER**  
212 W. 15th St.  
Hays, Kansas



**THOMAS J. SUMMERS**  
2725 N. Hollywood St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.



**SPEIER**—"Steady Marv" was always ready with a smile and a good laugh whenever the opportunity presented itself. "Ya know, Kansas is really IT!" An ardent plugger of the virtues of his home territory, Speier was in Seventh Heaven when the National Geographic came out with an article about his home town.

**SUMMERS**—Addicted to women and California, Tom could always be counted on for chuckles when we needed to chuckle. Oooh . . . those snapshots! A steady and amiable worker, He'll be a general in no time at all if he does as good a job commissioned as he did while a candidate.



**JOHN R. SWAIM, III**  
514 St. John  
Dyersburg, Tenn.



**JAY. Y. TIPTON, JR.**  
235 Marvin Ave.  
Los Altos, Calif.



**SWAIM**—A Tennessee landowner himself, John used to love in the field, or anyplace else, for that matter. Swaim drawled well and won people with his fine riverbank sense of humor.

**TIPTON**—Jay was the "drummer boy" of 5th OC. He set the beat for the Infantry OCS band in the regimental show. Tippy having spent time as a member of Stan Kenton's band was an expert on progressive jazz. A model soldier, Jay will make a fine officer.



**SETH L. TUTTLE**  
1112 Margaret  
Paseo, Wash.



**JOHN A. WEISS, JR.**  
30 Upton St.  
Adams, Mass.



**TUTTLE**—Old Uncle Tutt, the child wonder of the fourth platoon, attained fame as the personal PT project of Lt. Dawson. Always good for a gig, Tutt was a constant inspiration to improve—or else.

**WEISS**—Not only his cigar but his ruddy complexion and genial nature marked Jack as our version of "Jiggs." There was seldom a day that he didn't shake the windows with his hearty laugh. Many thanks, Jack, for all the hard work you did on 5th OC's athletic and recreation program, and keep up the good work while earning your wings.





BARRETT WHITMAN, JR.  
39 Ford St.  
Springfield, Mass.

WHITMAN—"Whit" will always be remembered for his part as Ernie at the class party. A keen sense of humor will cause him to be remembered by the 3rd platoon. We sure hope he gets home in time for his wedding.



DOUGLAS S. WILKINSON  
20 Cosmo St.  
Warwick, R. I.

WILKINSON—Some of us slept in class, some during study hall, some during breaks. Doug never failed to amaze us by sleeping in all three categories, with his eyes open, yet he still found plenty of time to get his work done—and well. Easy going, always willing to do more than his share.



JOHN L. WILLIAMSON  
Clay St.  
Marion, Ala.

WILLIAMSON—"Look at all those Yankees down here in the deep South!" How many times have we heard Willie say that? What a man Airborne is receiving. Just point that chute North, Trooper.



STANFORD R. WILSON  
Rt. 4  
Lenoir, N. C.

WILSON—"Old Granddad," was the stabilizing element of the funnin' fourth—a platoon that needed stabilizing, by the way—and was proof that experience carries a lot of weight. S.R. served as off-duty hours chaplain for the Fourth.



VERNON R. WILSON  
2023 3rd Ave.  
Leeds, Ala.

WILSON—Vern's banking experience came in mighty handy around income tax time. Of course, Spalding might not agree, but that's strictly a matter of opinion. Vern's golden tenor voice added much to the octette. The Artillery's loss was the Infantry's gain. We're glad you changed weapons.



RONALD W. WORDEN  
P.O. Box 163  
Sarasota, Calif.

WORDEN—"Ron—the Fiend," spent all his free time thinking about Barbara, talking about Barbara or writing to Barbara. He gained renown for coming the word squeeze to replace the now antiquated form squeezed.







**BURTON I. ZISK**  
1011 Ocean Ave.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.



**DAVID S. GROSSETT**



**ZISK**—Keen as critic and analyst, Burt would get to the heart of the matter in a hurry. His was a point delivered with a few words but right on the line. Lending a hand on projects in and out of the 2nd platoon wherever a hand was needed, Burt's efforts did not go unappreciated.

**GROSSETT**—"Roamin's through the Gloamin," or dashing for a formation, Grrrrrossett the Scot was a welcome if late addition to the fourth platoon. Actually, we didn't mind the bagpipes, either.



**JOSEPH LASEAU**



**LASEAU**—Most of us were content with collecting Class 3's. But not Joe—Class 2's were his trophies. However, we remember other things about Joe, too, such as how he kept smiling even when he was going through the "purge."



**O'DONNELL**—Manny, Bayonne, New Jersey's contribution to OCS, is a firm advocate of frank speech. He caused Koehne no end of distress by speculating on whether their mirror-like cubicle floor would be good for ice skating. A good soldier, a good leader, O'Donnell has the best wishes of the entire second Platoon.





# III

istory



We really didn't know what to expect at OCS, despite the tales of horror told by old grads and the Saturday Evening Post article about "The School Nobody Loves." We were 212 strong—or rather 212 pretty flabby, come to think of it—212 assorted EM's from throughout the country and overseas, most of us wearing sergeant's stripes that were undeniably new. A warm Georgia Sunday, December 2, 1951, and we lugged our bulging duffel bags from pillar to post, picked up the poop and passed it on to the late-comers, and bunked down for the night. We were off.

And Heaven help us! Those first few frantic days we were inspected hourly, fell out and fell in and fell out and fell in, double-timed hither and yon for lectures and warnings, confessed all in autobiographies, and counted up on our fingers and passed the arithmetic test. We heard, "Candidate, there are three positions in this company area: attention, parade rest, and double time." But there were others, too, we, learned, namely the front leaning rest position and steps one, two, three, and four of the four-count push-up.

Our letters home didn't all say it the same way, but they told of the same woe: we were caught in a sort of mad penal colony and were trailed by tactical officers with great green eyes and tongues that lashed flame, ogres who roared and belched smoke whenever our boots failed to sparkle like diamonds or our fingernails were dusty. They didn't like the way we looked, dressed, marched, ran, walked, spoke, stood, stopped, and wore our hair. They saw to it that our hair was fixed up the way they wanted it all right, in a few minutes in the PX barber shop, and they set right to work on our other failings. We double-timed to the book store for our supplies, trotted back and donned our one-piece overalls, and we were as green as our new and wrinkled HBT's.

And does anybody here remember those first Friday evenings, the ones that wound up sometime Saturday morning? Three barracks swarming with shorts-clad plebes, up to their ankles in floor wax and up to their elbows in bore cleaner, wanting to know if they could borrow the cleaning rod next and wondering whether they would be checking field equipment. The tac's said they wanted to see those barracks shine, and we took them at their word. We cleaned our rifles until they were positively germ-free and polished our boots until you had to look at them through a piece of smoked glass. We washed our windows with seven different kinds of housemaid's aids until they shone like crystal and





we tended those wall lockers fondly, caressingly. Maybe it was 3 a.m. and there were rings under the rings under our eyes, but we were finished, by heck, and we were ready.

The only trouble was that they were ready too—with paper and pencil and microscopic vision. The word was gigs and they were for free. We learned that a seemingly whistle-clean bore could be convicted of harboring lint, a “hairy thing,” or a nest of robins, and that a rusty butt plate would win you a “two-and-six.”

Placing us in double jeopardy, they sent us inside to play the old OCS favorite “you-now-have-twelve-gigs-would-you-like-to-try-for-twenty-four-?” For our Friday night labors with mop and dustcloth did we gain the Fifth Officer Candidate Company Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval? Nay. We got four for a filthy floor and two for clothes NAP and we grumbled and mumbled and gritted our teeth and spent the next week-end restricted to our foot lockers.

Then there was the day we bussed back from slaving all day over a hot range (another day, another 39 cents), only to find the company street swarming with blue beetles. They struck terror into our hearts (which were lying at the bottom of our combat boots) and we hopped to, on orders, and showed them our wardrobes. What the well and quickly dressed plebe was wearing this cycle, you remember, included such fashionable ensembles as steel helmets, gym shorts, ponchos, and shower clogs. They finally went away, leaving push-up-tired arms, twisted clothes all over the barracks, and no friends. Little did we realize then, however, as we did in our eighteenth week, that blue beetles *could* be a bunch of good guys.

We got over the initial shock before long, and the days turned out to be pretty much the same. To be sure, there were cold days, hot days, windy days, and rainy days. (On those water-logged days the student first sergeant would turn to the student company commander and ask, “Should we have another company formation?” and the student CO would hold out his hand and think a minute and reply, “No, it’s not raining hard enough!”) No matter what the day, when night came no sooner had we laid our little heads on the pillow and begun to dream of belt holding feed pawls and such than the CQ would come clomping down the aisle, flipping switches that shone artificial high noon into our eyes. We were awake, all right, but except for the few gung ho





boys, there were very few of us who, like Captain Ryan's hero, would bound from bed, strike our chests and roar, "Bully! Another day in which to excel!"

Hell, no! For one thing, the icy wind, piped in to Harmony Church from Labrador at no extra charge whatsoever, was whistling through the barracks, that darned linoleum was as cold as a polar bear's tail, and there was always an outside chance that the good cubicle mate could be conned into hopping up and closing the window.

Faces doused and scraped, boots laced, beds half-made, we pattered out into the company street. We stood and shivered and half-listened to the ritual: "Fall in . . . Platoon sergeants, take your reports . . ." "Squad leaders, check your squads . . ." "First squad all present . . ." "Candidate Powers hospital . . ." and on and on and who cared. Yeah, yeah, we know the uniform for today is two-piece fatigues and we've got the news that the "chow order is . . . 4 . . . 1 . . . 2 . . . 3." Finally, assured by the CO he'd let us know later about ponchos, we hustled back into the barracks, much more enthusiastically than we fell out.

Hold it, before you get back into those barracks, let us not forget those early morning runs. At the time of day when only mad dogs, "Lanta" paper boys, and officer candidates were up and about, we were huffing and puffing down Eighth Division Road, on the way to Victory Road, historic landmark ten miles north of Panama City, Fla. Then there was the run back too. Oh well, it was good for us.

From the time we wiped the fried eggs or SOS from our chins until the time the barracks orderly was bellowing "OK, you've got five minutes to get out of the barracks" there was always great and universal chaos, with cries above the din of "Anybody got the buffer after you?" and neighborly reminders of "Don't forget to dust your desk lamp." Somehow, though, we managed to emerge on time, or at least only a few minutes late.

No company commander ever forgot to hold police call, bless their collective and black hearts, and everyday at 0730 it was "ankles and elbows," or whatever the expression was. And rounding out the pre-class festivities was good old dismounted drill, always good for eight or ten minutes that we could have spent smoking.





On the way to class it was either a short hoof-it or the ride. Mostly it was "march your men across Eighth Division Road in a column of two's and reform them at HC-38"—yes, we finally got that road-crossing system squared away. (Some of the boys thought the toughest obstacles at OCS were prying those caps from the milk bottles at breakfast-time and getting the company across Eighth Division Road without loss of life or rear guard.) If it was a morning when we pretended we weren't in the Infantry and the order was "entruck your platoons on the trucks in the prescribed manner" there was that mad dash of the fourth squads for the side seats, with the late-comers suffering on the sagging middle bench.

Once at the classroom building, we started bouncing and didn't stop until we reached the door—so help us, we didn't—and we grounded our helmet liners and took our seats and got to work.

Then noon and afternoon and that final formation in the company area ("Two CQ's fall out and report to Sergeant Davis in the orderly room" and "Platoon leaders, see me after this formation for your gig sheets" and "First and fourth platoons, move back on line") and the business-like day was over.



What we did after that final "Dismissed!" came, though, proved that our hearts cared more for the girls we left behind than whether the inspecting officers caught caught us with a slimy wall locker. The impatient line for mail call came first, the knot of neck-craners that clustered in the hall around the platoon bulletin board to read 'em and weep came later.

After supper the man who could shine his boots with his left hand, clean his rifle with his right hand, wax his floor with his left foot, roll his socks with his right foot—all the while flipping the pages of the reference material with his nose—had a lot better chance of getting to bed earlier than most of us. A break for a shower, hot or cold, depending on where the fireman was and how he was feeling, and a pause for food and drink procured from the sandwich man furtively vending his wares on the front porch (a whispered "sandwich man, sandwich man" passed from cubicle to cubicle and then a growing thunder of shower clogs down the aisle) and then it was good night, little candidate, you've had a busy day.

That was how it ran, the days clicking off. If unlike most of us, you didn't mark off the days on your private calendar, you could tell the passing of time in a lot of



little ways: the inspections tapered off (just when we were learning that "LNOSOWL" wasn't the name of a new washing powder but the authorized abbreviation for "loose nut on shelf of wall locker"), the drill and command classes finally petered their way out of FM 22-5, our expanding files began to expand, and our juniors in Sixth Company started showing a little fair wear and tear around the eyes, too.

We could tell the passing of time by the big way, too: the board would swing its axe and the company number, pecked away at by emergency leaves and hospital cases, took sizable, sudden dips. Dwindling squads, the ominous TRFD's that blocked out the mailboxes over, under, and next to ours, the empty seats on the trucks (somebody predicted that pretty soon the CO would be calling out, "First, second, and third platoons load on the truck, fourth platoon sit in the cab"). It was big and dreadful news to learn "how the board was batting" and it was a hell of a note to see a guy go.

Meanwhile, we had also turned our attention to Field Manuals, M-10's, and red and blue pencils. Book learning was not to be less important in OCS than spit shining boots and waxing the linoleum. Back on December 7th—a memorial date for two reasons now—we dashed into our first classroom on the double, breathing a universal sigh of relief. HC-37, on that first academic Friday, looked like at least a momentary haven from the Tac Officers. All of us were a little eager, too, to get our first taste of OCS academics.

Back and forth in the barracks had gone the ominous whisper that Map Reading would be our first big hurdle. Everyone, we were told, had to "S" it or be dropped. And although each of us assured himself that a tattered old basic training subject like Map Reading couldn't be *that* difficult, the fearful rumors persisted.

In Map Reading, which occupied most of our training schedule before Christmas, we found ourselves pretty lucky. Captain Stafford, a stolid, patient instructor, virtually led us by the hand through the intricate maze. Aerial map-making was, to be sure, the Deep Pit of the course. And then there was our night problem, which tested not only our ability to spot a lighted cigarette at 75 yards, but put our fatigue trousers through the wringer, too. One ex-math major derived a formula which proved that if there are 6,481 thorns on a bramble bush, and you follow a magnitude azimuth of 481, you'll have 6,000 holes in your







HBT's before you find Captain Stafford worriedly counting the survivors' noses in his flood-lighted jeep parking area.

One minor debacle can now be publicized: 30 map readers, with 30 maps, 30 compasses and one 2 1/2 ton truck, managed to get lost almost indefinitely one sunny afternoon, returning from an outdoor map exercise. This item is published to help set Dickie's mind at ease about the elusiveness of HC-13. Further solace should be his when it is revealed that his own Fourth Platoon were the wanderers, too.

Paraphrasing an old Hit Parade favorite, a furlough is a good thing and it's bad, but it's wonderful. Our Christmas breather let us all gather strength, take a new objective look at the case of Us Plebe Candidates vs. Harassment, and on January 2nd we returned in good spirits. Captain Del Signore of the M1 Committee put those good spirits to work when we all cringed at the prospect of more M1 "mech tng." Then we got out to the range, and somebody betrayed all our previous rifle training by making the range work well organized and by sending hot coffee out to us on those b-rrr bright mornings. (Light could be classified, on our scorecards, as either dull or grey, but it wasn't much of a choice, to our way of thinking.) Not one arm was really broken by assuming the proper position with the loop sling, and most of us responded to the earnest guidance of the Committee by firing expert or sharpshooter.

Then we were ushered into the Kingdom of Browning with our BAR course. We felt almost like initiates into an exclusive new fraternity when we heard our WOJG PI opine, in a sincerity-packed whisper over the PA set: "Mr. Browning was a *great* man!" And in dry running the sustained fire exercise, was there anybody among us so adept that he didn't once reach for the spare magazine with the wrong hand and then get completely tied in knots trying to reload, relay, and still hold on to the con-founded thing in the squatting position?

Next we tackled the Bazooka, grenades, and the flame thrower. No major pitching prospects turned up in our ranks as we went through our PE on the range, but one ingenious candidate—who shall go nameless except that his name is Cameron—tried his own system of pulling the pin, and then throwing the pin, while holding the grenade. He was persuaded to cut short his experiment by a dissenting chorus from the bystanders, however, and we all emerged unscathed.



OCR FORM 4

### REPORT OF OBSERVATION

CANDIDATE Mumblin CHECK ONE  
 DATE 18 May 1952 ☐ DRILL ☐ FIELD  
☐ WPNS ☒ MISC

	U	S	VS	Ex	Sup
ATTITUDE					
ATTENTION TO DUTY (DEPENDABILITY)					
COMMAND PRESENCE (Appearance, poise, and voice)					
COOPERATION					
COMMAND ABILITY (LEADERSHIP & FORCE)					
CONTROL					
AGGRESSIVENESS					
INITIATIVE					
CORRECTIONS					
ORDERS					
USE OF SUBORDINATES					
INTELLIGENCE					
JUDGMENT					
PHYSICAL FITNESS					
STAMINA					
COORDINATION					
TACT & DEPORTMENT					
INSTRUCTIONAL ABILITY					

**GENERAL RATING** \_\_\_\_\_

AREA Company  
 SUBJECT \_\_\_\_\_  
 PROBLEM NO. \_\_\_\_\_  
 PERIOD \_\_\_\_\_ CAPACITY \_\_\_\_\_

*Ofc Mumblin demonstrated a complete lack of judgment, intelligence, proper attitude, and tact on the mentioned date by wishing his tactical officers good morning on a Monday morning in addition to his other sins. The candidate was bewildered as to why he was reprimanded. Mumblin has been in OCS for his long a period of time to be committing such atrocities.*

9/11 J. M. Gaudin Tac Officer 5th Plt  
 SIGNATURE CAPACITY

FORM 77, REVISED, 24, 11 JAN 51 16-500 5-54

Any machine that has 500 different levers, pawls, functioning phases and sight settings does not fit into the common concept of push-button warfare. For all its complexity, however, the machine gun did rank high with us when just about everybody in sight came out of the transition firing as either a first class or expert gunner. Overheard at Galloway Range, as we set up our range cards that damp Georgia afternoon, was the beef, "Lord, these guys want us to be carpenters, draftsmen, and mechanical magicians, too." But Coney Island on the 4th of July itself was never as colorful as our handiwork when 56 guns were firing their FPL's that night. Spurred by the advice that "you're on your own time, candidate," neither rain nor tight headspace nor sand-buried brass could stay us from the swift depletion of our rounds, and by 2100 we were finally on the trucks, headed home for coffee in the mess hall and the sack. The MG exam was Hard Torture, but all of us came away from the course with the sure conviction that Browning was, after all, a *great* man.

None of us will, in future years, be really surprised if the public starts clamoring, "Break up the Mortar Committee." As the old Yankees prospered with their Murderers' Row, so has the Mortar Committee flourished with its great quartet of gagsters: Captains Wilmot and McKeon (who'll never forgive Salmeri for not being an Irishman), and Lieutenants Carpenter and (Archibaldus) McCabe. The one discrepancy that bothered us all was that CWO Alexander was too top heavy with campaign ribbons to ever contrive the sitting position with the 60 mortar, which he taught us in the mud on Monroe Field. The intricacies of laying the 4.2 disturbed us at first, but our gradual psychological adjustment to it all was perhaps best reflected by Spadea's quip: "Naw, we won't have to actually fire that gun. We're wheels now. Just give 'em, 'Right 200, drop 400, I'll be in the B. O. Q.'" The Chinese may have originated the mortar seven or eight centuries ago, but we doubt if their armies ever had a group of wittier, more stimulating instructors than we found on our group of the Mortar Committee.

Reckless rifles were our next challenge. It was here we discovered that old cigar boxes are useful for projects other than storing away footlocker miscellany. In the future, rather than have a trainee prove your point by standing behind a recoilless weapon, just put a cigar box there. The back blast, eulogized so well on Poor Pendergrast's photogenic tombstone, will knock its splintered remains high in the di-



rection of Havana. And if your brother-in-law happens to own your local PX cleaners, just smile and keep your vengeance to yourself when your trainees start hauling those nice, greasy tripods around the range.

As Infantrymen, we all felt slightly traitorous in getting so many thrills out of our tank gunnery work. The demonstrated accuracy of that 90-mm gun made us all easily believe the Committee's weatherbeaten sergeants, who kept saying so confidently that they'd "get an enemy every blessed time if he don't get me with his first shot." And after we witnessed the uphill charge of that 1 1/2 million dollar Easy-8 platoon, we no longer even slightly resented the tankers' riding to work in the morning. The general feeling had unanimously changed to one of gratitude for so powerful an ally.

Meanwhile, life on the academic front was not all mechanical training and prep marksmanship. Fitted neatly into our schedule were some 60-odd other Infantry studies, which did indeed require more than just the ability to hand-carry three pounds of advance sheets to HC-34. Intelligence training (when we all flinched, but it was only balls of cotton that the Major threw out of his coffee cup into the audience), marches and bivouacs, leadership studies, Sig Comm . . . these and other jig saw fragments were subtly being fitted together, to insure that as well-rounded shavetails, we would all know how to supervise unit funds, direct the company mess, and safeguard the not-so-personal hygiene of our men.

Then, after an abbreviated but wearying series of short thrusts, long thrusts, parries and disarmament contortions, we had glided through our bayonet training almost unnoticed, with a minimum of embarrassment to those of us called to demonstrate the "wrong way" on the PI's platform. New vistas were next opened for us when the Field Artillery Committee took us in tow. Some of us had to wrestle strenuously with our cost-conscious consciences, but everyone on hand gaped and applauded at that Saturday afternoon presentation of "Field Artillery Fires" (subtitled, "The Rifleman's Best Friend Is Not His Mother," and advertising "Concentrations arranged in the privacy of your own CP"). The recorded music was fine, it was nice to hob-nob with light colonels over the coffee urns behind the bleachers, and our own OC. 14 busses did lead the convoy back to Harmony Church at the end of the afternoon, after all. Then, on the following Monday, we got a few more subjective thrills out of our FA studies when we FO'ed the dickens out of Area K ourselves.

Tactics was our final academic hurdle. Dorothy Shay's recording of "No Rings on Her Fingers" seemed incongruous but stimulating as we learned about preparing a field exercise from Captain Querk. And then we got down to business. C Committee,





which had already squired us through 20 hours of offensive squad tactics in, over, and around the swamps near Wood Road, then taught us rifle platoon in the offense, and subjected us to the Close Combat Course, the Battle Indoctrination (infiltration) shindig, and other special combat situations (served up for your pleasure, hot and cold, day and night). They were succeeded by B Committee, whose lot it was to immerse us in the principles used for a rifle company in the offense. Then, finally, came E Committee, which could never rightfully be called "Easy Committee," and we all learned that squads and platoons in the defense can work just as hard as their brethren in the attack.

The daily routine and the different classes were the core of our OCS existence in Harmony Church, but all of us will concentrate most often on more personal memories. To each his own is the keynote of this operation, of course, but undoubtedly some of us will want to recall:



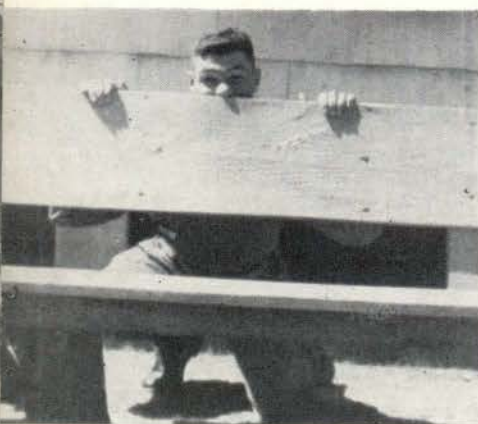
Varnhagen, as one of the first student CO's, chastising us for dozing in class with, "You have earned a black eye for the company"; the waiting line at the PX cleaners, scene of many reunions with old "prior station" chums, and then the stifled mutterings because they'd have failed to put a *tracer* on your Ike jacket; the volley ball frolics on early spring afternoons; the "bivouac," with pell mell trips to the pup tents to see the snow on our empty canvas city in the draw; Third Army inspection, when our mess hall, I&E room, and barracks were admired by others, too, and we got our first overnight pass as a reward; the first night we all waxed the floors, with half a GI can of company wax mysteriously disappearing (when Lt. Ellis gave his famous edict to student platoon leaders: "Find that *wax!*"); and

Captain Lyman's porch talks; the urgent commands, "Look sharp . . . straighten the rifle of the man in front of you," as we approached the company area; the smoking breaks between classes, when we were told to take ten, we expected five, and got three and a half; the night we all marched over to the field house, only to witness our basketball quintet's first defeat; the rain, the night of our orientation on the new battalion honor committee; the fussing and fretting when we had to bolt our wall lockers together for the first time; the Sunday morning formations, especially the reveille when the Fourth Platoon sergeant wanted to know if he had to



take a report, and Downey demanded, "Well, what do you think we're out here for"; the rule limiting barracks details to 15 men during police call, and still the Second Platoon's formation amounted to only five men; the park details; the quiet thrills on hearing "You've done it again," from Captain Lyman; the universal smiles, especially on the Tac Officers' faces when more Phenix City institutions were pronounced Off Limits; the night our lights went off in the old area; and . . .

The vehemence of the hand-to-hand combat demonstrators; the Airborne Committee's robot-like demonstrators; the cooks looking out mess hall windows at our late afternoon formations; the smoke sifting into our barracks, and spiraling down onto our closecropped heads in the chow line behind the mess hall; our quiet fireman, as mysterious as the Shadow, but always smiling when he *was* in sight; Captain Ryan's inflection in his routine about inspections; "Gaw-bridge, sir?"; the Columbus Room, the Chickasaw Club, the Ralston, and Chad's; the plaintive "Columbus pipuh?" rising from the swirl of hustling candidates before reveille in the barracks; the Drill and Command sessions, when we had to sound off into the wind no matter which way we faced the platoon; Salmeri's "Hold that company," as he raced out to give us a message from Lt. Dawson at reveille; the protests about gigs changing to beefs against the impossibility of thorough dusting in our well-ventilated cubicles; the octet's harmonizing in smoke breaks on the mortar range; and the universal sigh of relief on seeing a projection machine in the aisle when we double-timed into a class.



And then the company parties, with Friedenberg announcing that the octet would *not* sing "Who put the Spanish Fly into Mrs. Murphy's apple pie"; Price and his "Here at the school . . . we feel, this is a solution . . . and the yo-yo won't go, no go"; Whitman and Dunne, resplendent in bow-ties and borrowed civvies, and Whit's telling his "sentimental" story about the dog and his bone, backwards; the goodnatured satire of the Tac Officers: Berg, with the chains and the walk for Lt. Chappell; Wilkinson with the accent and blase command presence for Lt. Wiley; Salmeri with "CCNY" on his back and "I'll make the wise cracks in this platoon"; and Barnes with the raincoat and "Y'unnerstan'?" for Lt. Dawson.

And then, and THEN, our glowing pride when at last the blue helmet liners and tabs were ours. These and other memories, of which each man has a private stock, are a precious commodity, and their value will increase as we move on elsewhere, finally getting 'to our units.'



Six months can do a lot to a man. At OCS we have worked hard, laughed a lot, and grown into better individuals. We were a diverse lot when we arrived at Harmony Church, and now, after common struggles with this and that "NAP-ism," there isn't one of us who doesn't feel that he's better suited for both Army and civilian pursuits because of it. We may be somewhat surprised to find that we're still individuals. But that, too, is as it should be.

Colonel Grieves, of the Field Artillery Committee, a couple of months ago explained it this way: anyone in the world can, by sending 25 cents through the mail, obtain any Field Manual from the Government Printing Office and know as much about PT, Leadership, Tactics, and Military Sanitation as our Army does, in theory. "Machines are important, sure . . . but the quality of our manpower is our best instrument of war, and of peace." We new Infantry second lieutenants are going to be faced with all the problems, the personal, technical, and tactical problems, of leading American manpower in its mission. We will soon be alone with our many problems. And then it is that we will have to reflect on our training . . . not only on the letter of it, but on the spirit of it, and do our best to fulfill our obligations.



# Sports





All work and no play makes Jack a dull candidate, so in spite of the many hours we spent studying, waxing, polishing and waiting in lines, we still managed to find sufficient time for athletics. Under the supervision of Lt. Ellis, O/C Meith, and O/C Weiss, 5th O/C had a comprehensive sports program. Two volleyball courts, a badminton court, a boxing rack, and horseshoe pits were constructed. Every candidate in the company had at his disposal these many forms of athletic recreation, and tournaments were organized for interested parties.

Nightly participation in volleyball took precedent over all other sports throughout the cycle. During February and March an inter-squad contest was in full progress, with the best players from each squad forming a platoon team. The netmen of the 4th Platoon used their towering height and considerable skill to cope company tournament honors. Interest in this sport was so intense that an additional court had to be set up to meet the demand.

5th O/C inaugurated its basketball season by walloping 13th O/C in a thrill-packed game which was indicative of the spirit and sportsmanship of games to follow. Our players had to rely on individual talent at first, but as the season progressed, Coach Weiss molded the team into a fast-moving unit. Class 14's hoopsters ended the season with a commendable record of 5 wins and 2 losses. Spark-plugs were Miller, Frugoli, and Moss, aided by such capable ball handlers as Conklin, Klein, and Freidenburg.



Ping pong gave the company a good deal of relaxation and enjoyment, and the twenty entries in the tournament provided stimulating competition for each other. Bogan paddled his way to victory over the other 19, then went on to pick off Captain Lyman, who, incidentally, is no slouch at the game himself.

Euthusiasm and spirit reached a peak as 5th O/C's softball players took over Stroup Field for a little hittin' and fieldin' after supper. Although no prescribed league was formed, several pick-up games were played with other companies. A little color—figuratively speaking—was added to the company's victories by the team's playing a few of their contests under lights. Within the company itself a platoon league got underway, and as this went to press, all platoons were neck and neck in heated competition for first place.

Class 14 surprised its officers—and itself—by compiling an unusually high PT company average throughout the course. Each time the tally cards were computed our scores increased substantially, at the expense of many groans, buckets of perspiration, and tortured muscles. Individual honors were captured by Meith, who led the "biceps" men of the 4th Platoon to acclaim for having the highest platoon average.





Reminiscence of our experiences at OCS wouldn't be complete without a few words about our hard-working cadre. If you think that *you* had a hard time making reveille, imagine how the cooks must have felt getting up day in and day out in order to have our breakfast to us on time. Yet they managed to smile much more than we at that hour. We griped now and then about the portions served, but you have to admit that our chow was *good*. Superior cooks in a superior mess hall . . .

"All candidates will draw such and such before 1830 hours." Not *very* familiar. Having had some sad experiences with supply rooms at former stations, we fully expected to wait for hours—at a rigid parade-rest—before we were issued the article we needed. Consequently we were greatly surprised and pleased when we found that our supply room was run so efficiently. Many thanks to the boys in the supply room.

It was sure death to stand on the steps of the dayroom right after the noon or evening formation had been dismissed. If you've ever seen cattle stampede, change the species of animal and you have a good idea of what the company area looked like when Corporal Dobrovich opened the mailroom. There were a number of blue and lonely days during these 22 weeks. Mail and Corporal Dobrovich's pleasant attitude made life, for the time being anyway, a little brighter.

We can't say that we had hot water *all* the time, but when we did, that water was *hot*—and wonderful. Those moments of relaxation under a steaming shower were much appreciated, and we thank you.

Last, but far from least, we have Sergeant Davis and the crew in the orderly room. Who will ever forget that first night in 5th O/C when we were met by Sergeant Davis with forms in hand? And how we were cut to ribbons when we didn't report to him correctly while being assigned to barracks? Or the words of advice he had for us at evening formations? Thanks—a simple word, but sincerity needs no elaboration.

To all of you from all of us, best wishes and good luck.





Carbon-smudged fatigues, weary shift key fingers, blurry eyes and typewriter-bell ears are among the battle scars of the yearbook staff. The Order of the Red Eraser has been awarded to all, for at last the job is finished. Within these pages is our product; it is endorsed by no one, but we hope it will be accepted by our fellow candidates. Typing nights in the dayroom after tough days in the field gave us big headaches . . . but truthfully, despite our moaning and groaning, we enjoyed every moment. We hope you will remember that while our prose may not be deathless, the OCS-isms inspiring this book should be. Any remark you might construe as a personal insult is strictly a coincidence. We're perfectly serious about this. But if you do feel that you have grounds for rock-throwing, here are your targets:

JOSEPH L. SCANLON, Editor

FREDERICK D. KITCH, Assistant Editors  
DAVID W. LEE

RICHARD A. HENRY  
WALTER D. FRIEDENBERG, Historians

SIDNEY M. SAX, Art and Layout

JAMES F. BAKER  
VINCENT G. SPADEA, Treasurer  
NOBERT R. BERG  
BARRETT WHITMAN, JR., Personal Sketches

JOHN A. WEISS  
ROBERT R. PEASE  
LEROY W. CONKLIN  
WILLIAM B. LYNCH, Sports

HOWARD R. SANDLER  
MALCOLM S. SCHRYER, Photography

RALPH R. DRAKE  
JOHN J. SULLIVAN, Staff Workers



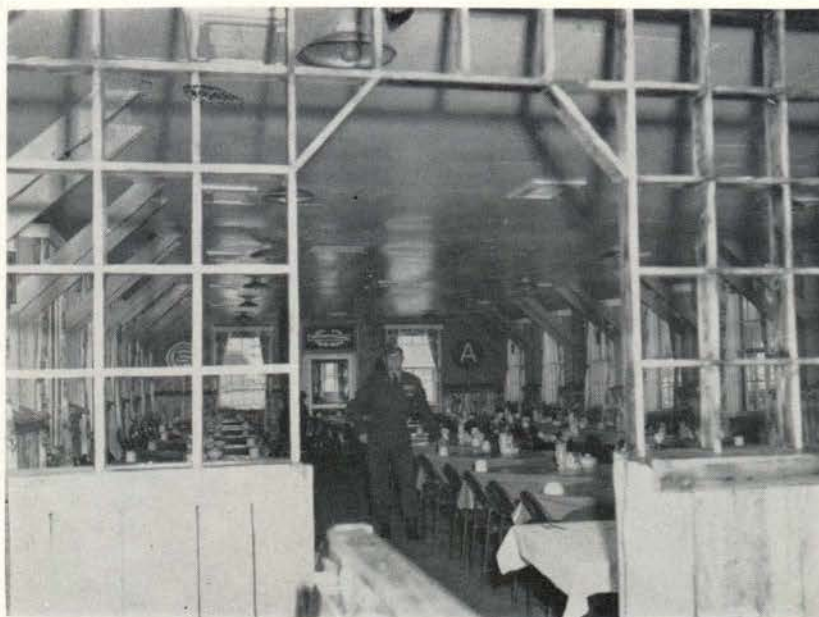
To the Company Commander and our Tactical Officers:

Now, first as small and then as big fish, we look back and honestly remember that we often had a floundering time of it at OCS. Frankly, we'd be the last men on earth to sniffle and be sentimental and say, "It was great fun." But without being at all poetic, we must try to thank you. It isn't easy to put into print our depth of feeling, without becoming ensnarled in a maze of words.

These words, we know, are a far cry from the Muttering and grumbling of our first few weeks at Harmony Church, but in those days we were scared stiff on the hour by commands of "Candidate, post!" and by the perpetual scoldings we received.

Then, as we "shaped up" and our barracks began to shine even if our eyes didn't, we started to realize that you were not devil's agents dedicated to making OCS more difficult, but were patient tutors working as hard for us as we were for ourselves.

For your guidance and help, we thank you.





5th OC CO.

## RECORD OF DELINQUENCIES

Company PLT.

CANDIDATE'S NAME	NO. 3 DELINQUENCIES	NO. 2 DELINQUENCIES	NO. 1
Morris	Candidate <u>completely</u> NAP		1 - 75
Dullea	Smirking at School solution		1 - 25
Mendez	Cackling during study period		11 - 6
Peregrin	Horseshoe in boxing glove		4
griffin	Tarnished goldfish in study room		11 - 6
Tuttle	FM NNA and NAP		4
	FENNA FL		4
	NA WL		4
	failure to know meaning of military abbreviations		11 - 6
Mc Elwain	dime on desk		4
	dusty dime		2
	attempting to bribe inspecting officer		1 - 25
Spadea (LO 3rd Plat)	Cockroaches multiplying in latrine utility cabinet		11 - 6
McKnight	Failure to answer tactics question properly (candidate thought that general support was new commandant of Infantry School.)		1 - 50
Price	rusty yo-yo		11 - 6
Swaim	refusing to discuss issue in command conference		1 - 30
Alford (BO 1st Plat)	Obstruction in aisle (alligator blocking path of senior candidate)		11 - 10
2nd Plat (en toto)	too much room for improvement		11 - 10
Schryer	dust on fiddle (get rid of fiddle or get haircut)		2



