



*Officer
Candidate
School*



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. JOE B. LAMB
Battalion Commander

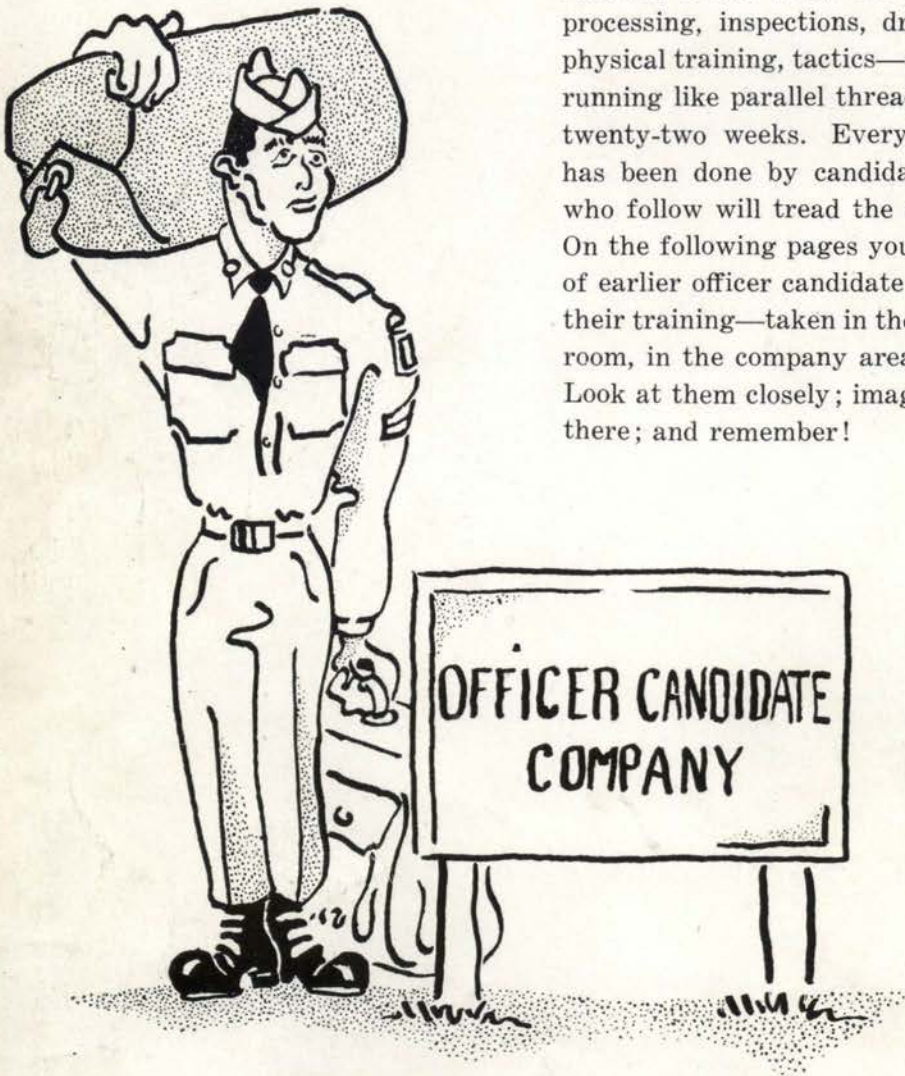
CAPT. RALPH E. CHANDLER
Battalion Executive Officer





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

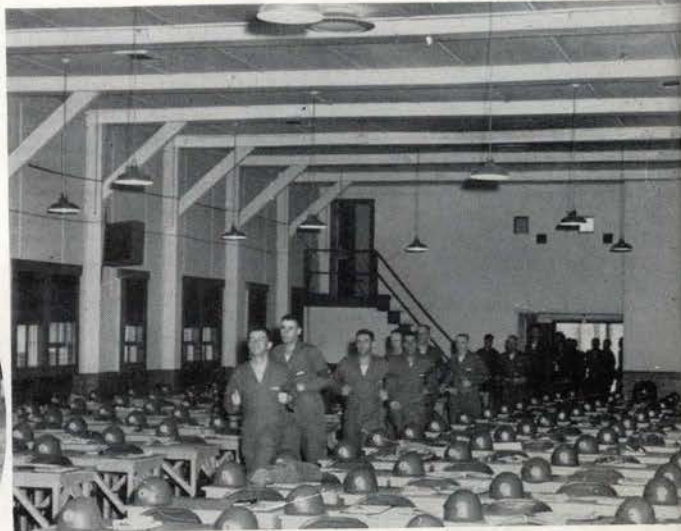


On the range



down the line

over the top



into the classroom



up to the port

Hand-to-hand combat



Tactics

Once the routine gets underway, the days fly rapidly by. G-M angles, spot-welds, no-gos going and no-dozes doeing, 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.

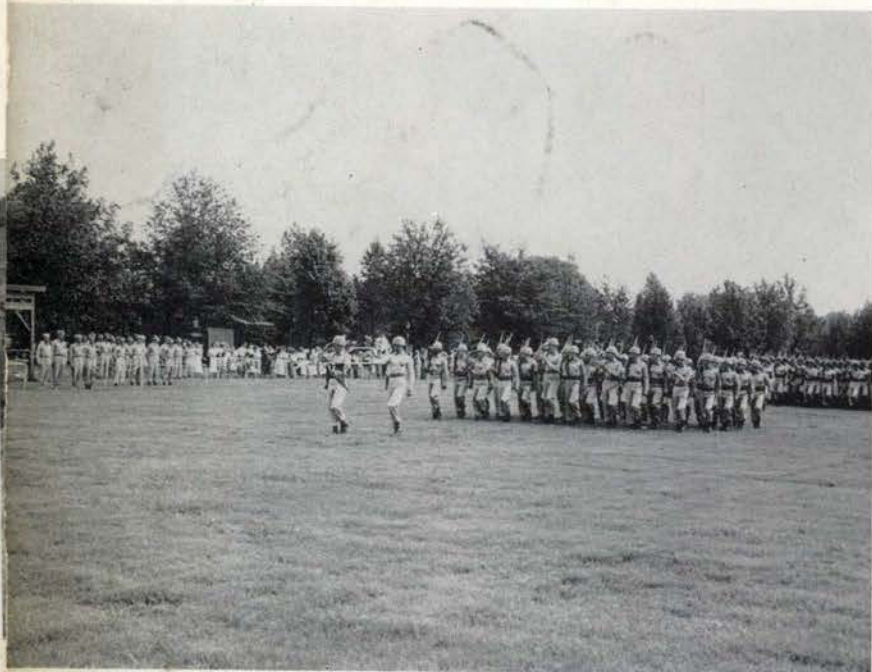


Mess in the field

Rocket Launcher

We Conquered

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.



Pass in review



"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.”



CLASS 15
6th OFFICER CANDIDATE COMPANY
FORT BENNING, GA.

JANUARY 1952 JUNE



COMPANY COMMANDER
Benjamin F. Graham, Jr., Capt. Inf.

I should like to extend my sincere best wishes to each of you as you assume your first responsibilities in the role of commissioned Infantry Leaders. The effort which you have put forth at O.C.S. will repay you many fold as you undertake the great diversity of jobs which lie in store for you. Hereafter remember always that you are the Leader. Set high standards. Train your men well. Only after you have developed a smooth working, well-trained unit of your own will you know the deep satisfaction and strong personal pride which comes to the successful leader of combat ready Infantrymen.

Congratulations on your successful completion of this initial training phase; and may the future hold only good fortune for you.

Capt. Benjamin F. Graham, Jr.

EXEC. OFFICER
Earl Scoles, 1st Lt. Inf.

Congratulations upon your successful completion of Officer Candidate School. I hope that memories and what you have learned in this school remain with you throughout your life. I have never before served with a group of men that cooperated as well as you men. It is my sincere wish that I shall have the pleasure of serving with all of you again sometime in the future.

Earl Scoles, 1st Lt. Inf.





"Someday you will find out that we are human after all."

Lt. Davis told us that one day, in our second week. At that time we could hardly believe him—we were sure that all TOs were a mutation of the human form, concocted by the Army from grizzled old Master Sergeants and garrulous Colonels.

Sometimes it seemed like our whole life was haunted by them — Remember . . . Lt. Barnes, "The following 'Duds' are restricted to the Company area for the weekend." Lt. Davis, "Candidate, the second button down on your shirt is cracked."

"No excuse, sir."

Lt. Magill, "Now if they ever played a West Coast team; well . . ."

Lt. Osbourn, "You have to move out."

Yes, they haunted us, and found our NAPs, restricted us, read our Observation Reports to us, watched us and seemed awfully impersonal.

It didn't happen all at once, it was something gradual, something unrealized: we discovered that they were human.

Remember? Lt. Magill and Lt. Barnes playing Buck-Buck and baseball? Lt. Davis offering to serve his platoon breakfast in bed for the Classbook. Lt. Osbourn working on the remodeling of the Mess Hall.

Little incidents, but combined with the counseling and help they gave us, we realized that they weren't against us, but working for us.



Cadre



The Cadre of this organization are not always understood or appreciated, but in their own effective way they perform their tasks accurately and efficiently. All of us realize that a tremendous number of records are kept on each Officer Candidate, and too few of us realize that these records change every day. To these men who dilligently cover the administrative angle of an Officer Candidate Company, we wish to bestow our compliments.

In our supply room, since taking over from Sgt. Tuggle, Cpl. Chambarry has borne the brunt of the supply on his shoulders and has held up remarkably well.

All good soldiers complain about their chow: it's the natural thing to do. The Candidates of this Company are no exception to the rule. We have complained about and discussed the Mess Hall from dawn until dusk, yet we all agree that we have the best Mess in the Regiment—and their inspections prove that point. We wish to bestow our most sincere thanks for your fine work and cooperation with our class.

Classbook Staff



Standing: Bohl, Heinke, Malkewitz, Boltman, (Photo Ed), Stadler, Forrest, (Assoc. Ed.), Barry, Verhelst, Stagner, Lohman, O'Connor, Sweeney. Seated: Jewell, Petrie, Toffey (Bus. Man.), Crane, (Editor), Cheseldine, (Assoc. Ed.), Van Wassenhove, (Art Editor.)

Student Council



Standing: McDaniel, Whitener, (Treasurer). Seated: Wood, Sharpe, (Secretary), Tachihara (President), Ryan.

Congratulations on having accomplished your mission at O.C.S. Through your diligent application to the job at hand, you have demonstrated the leadership characteristics essential to an Infantry Combat Leader. If you will continue with the spirit, color and drive which you have displayed here, your success in the future will be assured. It is a great satisfaction for me to feel, as I do, that I should be glad to have any one of you on my flank when the chips were down.

Lt. Warren E. Osbourn



WARREN E. OSBOURN
2nd Lt. Infantry
1st Platoon Tactical Officer

first platoon

On one bright, chilly day, in early January, 1952, the First Platoon of Class 15 was formed of fifty-four eager, doubtful, half frightened, brand new Officer Candidates who little thought that at the end of seventeen weeks their number would be reduced to only twenty-two of this original formation. The cool, clear day gave no token of the hot twenty-two weeks of rugged training which lay before us.

NO! We just didn't know what to expect of the motley crew that called itself the First Platoon. Then it happened!

From out of nowhere, as if the very earth had opened up to air what remained of Pandora's evils, a green, sulphurous cloud sprang from the severed seams of the ground beneath us. Out of this misty fume stepped four smiling individuals, arms full of Observation Report blanks, pencils and pencil sharpeners. Somebody in the rear ranks of our platoon whispered, "They are our Tactical Officers." Unfortunately, the strange being with the OR's overheard this innocent identification and stepped forward until he was six paces front and centered on the First Platoon. With a voice like gravel falling on a tin roofed barn, and





belching up fire and smoke he said, "I'm taking the First Platoon!" And he did.

Of the many names given our Tactical Officers, some call him, "Lt. Osbourn," his birth-right, and there is none so close to the hearts of members of the First Platoon as this man.

There are many reasons why the First Platoon can rightfully be proud. It is made up of men from every imaginable endeavor—even the National Guard. In the barracks, at evening time, there is the continuous battle between the victorious Grants and the Noble Lees, while the busy humming buffers and the splashing of floor wax makes music for the Neutrals. And yet, when entered into intra-mural competitions with the other platoons, the First repeatedly brought home the trophies. It rather brings to mind the old dictum, that in all things which are neither for or against unity we will form "Two up, one back, and make for the high ground."

Holmes





William Christopher
1125 Logan St., Madison, Ill.



William R. DeWaal
1662 Farwell Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Ralph H. Cote
101 Cherry St., Waterbury, Conn.



Charles Lade Dempsey
26 Cutler St., Morristown, N. J.



Clifford Lewis Cook
1537 Park Ave., Pomona, Calif.



James Edward Dugan
213 Wayne Ave., Riveredge, N. J.



Henry J. Fingerhut
12800 Rexford Ave., Cleveland, O.



Harold J. Harrison
10 Meadow St., Proctor, Vt.



William Graver
409 S. 5th Ave., West Reading, Pa.



Fred E. Holmes
4303 York St., Dallas, Texas



John P. Gross
436 N. Leamington Ave.
Chicago 44, Ill.



Jerry J. Josten
6819 Milwaukee Ave.,
Wauwatosa, Wis.



John S. Kane
218 W. Summit St.,
Somerville, N. J.



David M. Muff
1801 South B, Richmond, Ind.



Glenn E. Lush
4042 Central, Kansas City, Mo.



Thomas R. Owen
637 Walnut, Boulder, Colo.



Thomas C. Mueller
1252 E. 28th St., Tulsa, Okla.



Duane E. Palovik
Perry, Oklahoma



Howard J. Privett
Box N-18-B, Elsinore, Cal.



Walter Watkins
RFD 2, Monrovia, Md.



Billy E. Rutherford
204 Harlee St., Fayetteville, N. C.



Thomas F. Wood
9 Hillcrest Ct., Berkeley, Cal.



Richard W. Schulke
9304 Fitzwater Rd., Brecksville, O.

Candidate

The Beetle

(With apologies to the late Edgar A. Poe)

Once upon an evening dreary while I plodded, weak and weary,
Over many quaint and curious cans of wax upon the floor:
As I labored, heart rebelling, suddenly there came a yelling
As of someone loudly telling of the fate we had in store.
"Tis some Candidate" I muttered of this fate we had in store—
"Only this and nothing more."

Ah, but how I was mistaken. I remember my heart quaking
As the stairs were rudely shaken by a "Beetle" coming in.
Loudly was attention sounded, painfully our pulses pounded
And upon our feet we bounded, as this "Beetle" did ascend.
"We have had it" I thought sadly as the "Beetle" did ascend—
As I stood, my stomach in.

On he came with eyes unblinking. Evil thoughts we all were
thinking:

Slave chains we imagined clinking as he stalked upon the floor.
Suddenly he spied a motion. Someone had the brilliant notion
To remove the shaving lotion that was hidden by the door.
"Give me ten" the "Beetle" shouted for the motion by the door;
This he said and nothing more.



Soon we all were at "Front Leaning"—repetitions we were screaming,

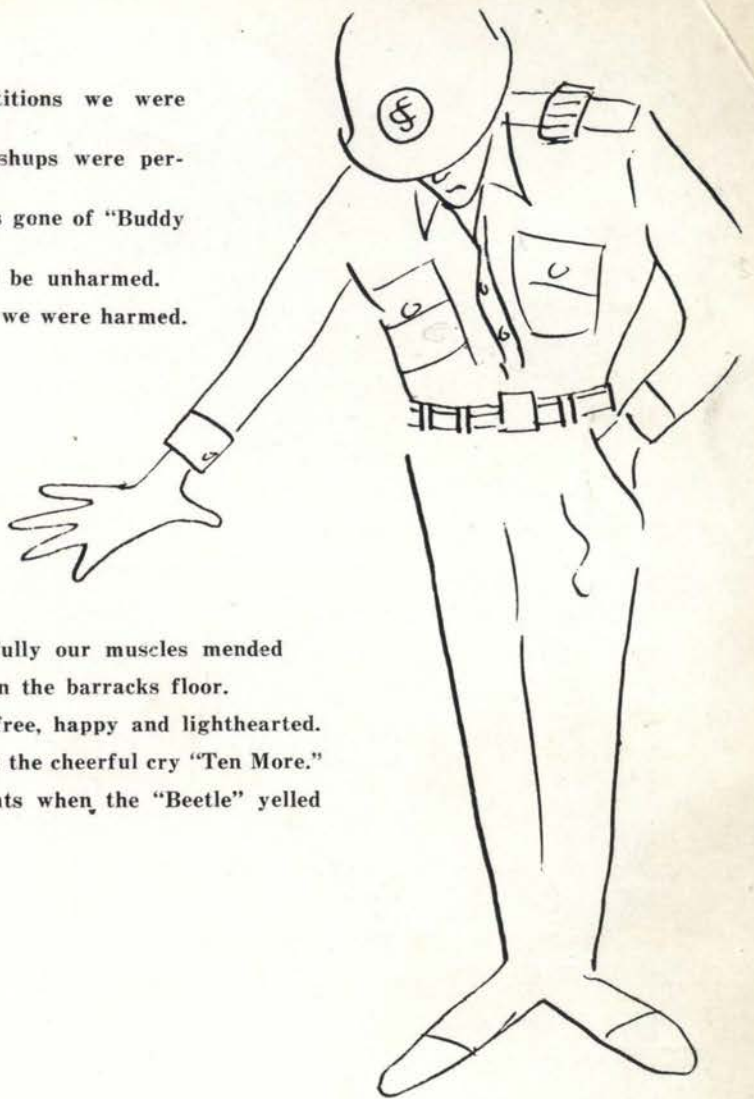
Numbers shouted without meaning, as more pushups were performed.

Deep within, our hearts were hating—all thoughts gone of "Buddy Rating."

Patiently we all were waiting, hoping we would be unharmed.

"Ten more" said the "Beetle" dryly, caring not if we were harmed.

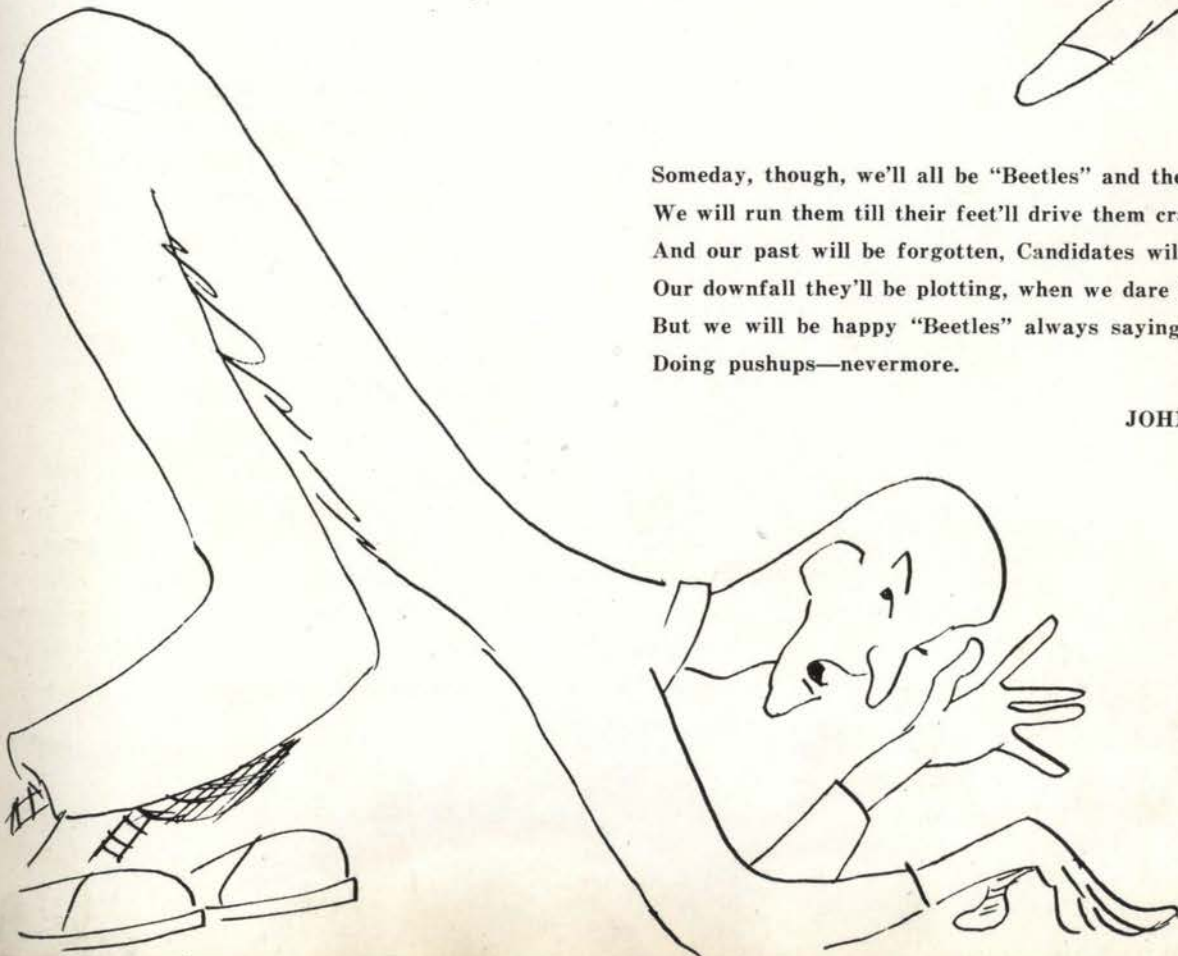
Now we really were alarmed.



Soon, however, all was ended. Painfully our muscles mended
From the energy expended there upon the barracks floor.
For the "Beetle" had departed: carefree, happy and lighthearted.
He had several backaches started with the cheerful cry "Ten More."
And we'll never forget those moments when the "Beetle" yelled
"Ten more"
As we lay there on the floor.

Someday, though, we'll all be "Beetles" and the OC's we'll needle.
We will run them till their feet'll drive them crazy they're so sore,
And our past will be forgotten, Candidates will call us rotten,
Our downfall they'll be plotting, when we dare to say "Ten More."
But we will be happy "Beetles" always saying "Do Ten more"—
Doing pushups—nevermore.

JOHN T. JEWELL



Soon you will have the greatest satisfaction in the world: that of leading an Infantry Platoon into Combat. You have had the best Infantry training in the world. Each of you is a potential MacArthur. You can attain this zenith of Military Leadership if you continue with the mission of training and developing your powers of analysis so that your mind will reach a logical conclusion. If you do so, you will gain an understanding of human psychology, so necessary to Military Leadership, and you will be able to make quick and correct decisions. You will learn and at the same time improve your mind, and, most of all, when the chips are down, you will outsmart the enemy and be victorious in battle. Good luck.

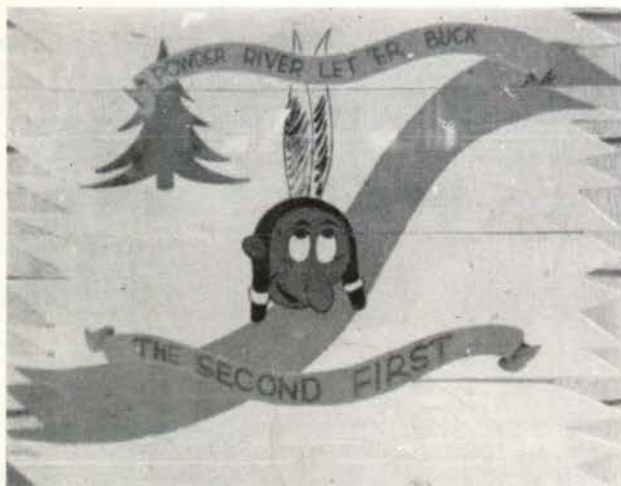
Lt. William Magill



WILLIAM MAGILL
2nd Lt. Infantry
2nd Platoon Tactical Officer

second platoon

It is now 2001 in the Second Platoon barracks. The study hall has just ended and Platoon Leader Whitener is moving his desk from the hallway to his cubicle when the gentle voice of Busch echoes down the stairway: "Let's get those lights out!" "Tap-Tap" says McGregor and returns to Clauswitz's "War."



"She was going down the road doin' forty miles an hour . . ." "Aw, come off it, Thomas," protests Dankel of the West Virginian's singing. From the end cubicle comes the steady thump-thump of Wiley's back hitting the floor as he practices sit-ups with Younger keeping score. Above this hubbub may be heard "Questions" Allen, dictating foreign policy to Sharpe who is listening attentively as he buffs the floor. Rank sleeps through it all and Verstein wishes he could! Down the line, Hediger and Perry are talking about their wives and expounding to the bachelors present the virtues of married life.

Right under them, downstairs, Stagner and Bohl are trying to decide whether to favor the girls in LaGrange or give the ones in Lanett a break next weekend. Smith, Loyer, and "Texas" Fussell were all in the sack at 2000 sharp, of course. Reimer ponders over the advisability of join-

ing the Columbus Country Club: "It only costs \$100." Harris is trooping the line looking for the buffer which Schizas has next anyway. Undisturbed by this chaos, Harri-bey patiently applies the third coat of polish to the soles of his shoes and Reichart practices the right hand salute. In contrast to



this quiet étude in soldiering, Ramsey and Loyd are at it again. They seem to believe that the South will rise again, and Crane and Cyrus protest vehemently. Into the mêlée comes Hutchison, fortified by his nightly peanut-butter sandwiches. "Digger" Plowe stands ready. Spindler cries for the noise to cease. Woodson, Sechler, and Jewell echo

him, while Patterson says, "Let 'em argue, I don't give a dang!"

The barracks are quiet now save for the crash of Malkewitz falling out of bed and the clack of Nusbaum's nightly pilgrimage to the mirror room. And Cyrus snores.

Crane





Frederick O. Busch
Rt. 3, Box 739, Madera, Calif.



Jack Cyrus
RR 2, Box 408, Miamisburg, Ohio



Royl Bohl
Williamsburg, Ohio



Lawrence J. Dankel
5201 Phinney Ave., Seattle, Wash.



Jules M. Crane, Jr.
675 Walton Ave., Bronx, N. Y.



Patrick H. Fussell
San Augustine, Texas



Theodore F. Hediger
3341 Russell Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.



Compton T. Harris
6615 Ross St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Claude C. Harribey
238 E. 46th St., New York City



John T. Jewell
717 Woodland Dr. South,
Charleston, W. Va.



Robert Hutchison
31 Hammond Ave., Passaic, N. J.



William T. Loyd
131 A St., Newport News, Va.



William C. Loyer
3517 S. M St., Tacoma, Wash.



James D. Ramsey Jr.
Madisonville, Virginia



Frank A. McGregor
1103 Capitol Ave.,
Bridgeport, Conn.



Kenneth Reimer
651 E. 84th St., Chicago, Ill.



John Plowe
401 Memorial Ave.,
Houghton, Mich.



Andy A. Schizas
1641 J St., Lincoln, Neb.



William Stagner
RD No. 1, Orange Grove, Texas



Richard H. Sharpe
2724 Lemhi St., Boise, Idaho



Charles L. Sechler
336 Winthrop Ave., Elmhurst, Ill.



John Spindler
418 South St., Bad Axe, Mich.



Arthur L. Smith Jr.
Norco, Louisiana



James J. Thomas
111 Randolph St.,
Charleston, W. Va.



Edward C. Wiley
507 S. Buena Vista, Hemet, Cal.



Fred C. Woodson
1850 E. 32nd Place, Tulsa, Okla.



Hubert J. Whitener
Mangum, Oklahoma



Harold J. Younger
Rt. 2, Box 3225, Sacramento, Cal.



The Wives



The Dates



The Committee

the party



The Mortar Section

The Flowers



The Queen



G. T.

"... and there are twenty questions in all. The more you answer, the better your chances. However, due to a shortage of supplies and material, only thirty answers will be acceptable. This is a deviation from our usual policy, but we at the Infantry School find no other course open to us. The answer to question four is c. We furnish the answer to this puzzler so as to leave all of you with the feeling that you have gained something from our instruction. Questions 6, 11, 12, 17, 18, 19, do not apply and will be ignored. They concern some other committee and an investigation is being conducted presently to find out why they couldn't apply anyway. I will agree that question 6 is misleading. If any of you are confused with the wording of this question, feel free to skip it and answer 8 twice. Actually you are allowed 45 minutes for this test. Since I have orientated you for 37 minutes, you can readily understand you're running short on time. Papers will be collected in 4 minutes so as not to rob you of any of your break time."

The platform is bare and the next thing you know, you're starting the . . .

G.T.

1. Do you wish to
 - a. take this test
 - b. wait for a more opportune time
 - c. have the instructor replaced
2. When leading men, do you
 - a. go first
 - b. follow them
 - c. wonder where this will all lead
3. Night marches in the rain
 - a. cause an upheaval in your sock changing schedule
 - b. give you that fresh feeling in the morning
 - c. make you anxious to pitch a tent
4. To fire the M-1 accurately
 - a. get to know your scorer
 - b. eliminate trigger squeeze
 - c. save your ammo
5. Hand to hand combat requires
 - a. a minimum of two hands
 - b. an ambulance waiting
 - c. a slow foe
6. Holidays benefit the
 - a. enlisted personnel
 - b. PX personnel
 - c. map re-test committee
7. In tactics, the main thing is to
 - a. keep your poncho dry
 - b. avoid the objective
 - c. remember there's on OR in it
8. To make certain your footlocker is ready for inspection
 - a. display stick prominently
 - b. live out of suitcase
 - c. join Casual Company . . .

Sweeney



Right 50, R.R.



V.I.P.



So the Egyptians built the pyramids



Our Mascot



Very sincerely I say "Congratulations!" to the Third Platoon, and extend best wishes for a successful tour of duty. I have a special pride in you, my first unit, as I feel you are truly taking away from OCS more than you brought. Approach seriously and conscientiously the work that is ahead of you, and never forget the tremendous responsibility resting on your shoulders. And smile a little when you remember that after twenty-two weeks of mutual harassment, your "T/O" feels that he has "graduated" too. Thank you for the unforgettable experience.

Lt. Wilman D. Barnes



WILMAN D. BARNES
2nd Lt. Infantry
3rd Platoon Tactical Officer

third platoon

Remember the time we had a P.T. test in the afternoon and that night we had a march until four in the morning?

Yes, that happened to us, just as did many things—long hours of studying weapons, tactical problems over hill and dale, the gig list on the bulletin board. These were a part of the things we all shared during our twenty-two weeks in the Third Platoon. But perhaps the things that remain longest and most vividly in our minds are the personalities involved in our everyday life: our fellow platoon members.



"Now Candeedates," went the voice of Lt. Barnes, that day in early January. We were alien to each other, but as we progressed through the course, became a unit, friends, barracks mates, and men who shared in mutual experiences, we came to know the others in the platoon better.



McDaniel's Laugh, Harden's "esprit de Confederacy," Moran on Japan; these were the things that made men personalities to us. All of us had something by which we were best remembered: Airborne Deal, Smith's tales of the Army, Sweeny's letters from the femme, Petrie's L.A.

Men who were names at first, formal names that changed to nicknames like "Dad" MacLennan. Then, too, we had our workers. Sometimes we called them "Gung Ho" but they still went on. Vanderhof and Boltman and their nightly P.T. workouts, Chrisman hidden by F.M.'s, Graham waxing the floor, Selby of no words taking many words down in notes; Van Wassenhove's imitations, Forrest in the class book room, Brewer writing his wife, Hughes leaping from pillar to post. All of these were an integral part of our life.

Stadler's songs, Grimes going to the P.X. Gullickson, Cox, Philo, Hurst and Haubner holding seminars in the day room; Long Gardner and Wide Barry, Steinke and his "I'm RA"—the guys we lived, worked and played with—the members of the Third Platoon.



Forrest





Alfred L. Barry
2142 South 6th St., Milwaukee, Wis.



Richard G. Cox
26 Kohlman St., Rochester, N. Y.



Kenneth O. Brewer
506 Barton Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.



Ronald L. Deal
1454 Shady Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.



Channing B. Chrisman
390 Walsh Rd., Atherton, Cal.



Harry E. Ess
138 Bird Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.



Patrick J. Gardner
56 Maple Ave., Sea Cliff, N. Y.



Robert N. Harden
108 Fisher Park Circle,
Greensboro, N. C.



John H. Graham
1007 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



John A. Haubner
Sherwood Ave.,
Spring Valley, N. Y.



Donald E. Gullickson
Donald Ct., Apt. 85,
Huntington, W. Va.



Donald E. Hughes
8 Ludlow St., Charlestown, Mass.



Manley C. Hurst
1827 N. 20th St., Milwaukee, Wis.



Raymond P. Moran
28 Leslie Place, Irvington, N. J.



Richard B. MacLennan
1629 Harvard North, Apt. 301,
Seattle, Wash.



George E. Petrie, Jr.
450 S. Grand St., Pasadena, Cal.



Harry T. McDaniel
741 Pearce St., S.W., Atlanta, Ga.



Carman T. Selby
Granger, Missouri



Ralph E. Smith
110 S. Pearl Ave., Watertown, N. Y.



Edward P. Sweeney
407 E. 88th St., New York, N. Y.



Alan P. Stadler
310 Forest St., Martinsville, Va.



Raymond J. Van Wassenhove
1110 Roseview Ave., Kewanee, Ill.



Daniel P. Steinke
Oakfield, Wisconsin



The all-seeing eye.

Stacked deck.

It is written in the cards.



**OFFICER CANDIDATE
COMPANY DELINQUENCY REPORT**

6th OC _____ COMPANY

DATE 19 June 1952

CANDIDATE'S NAME	NATURE OF DELINQUENCY	TYPE	INITIALS
Satterfield	OCS Patch backwards	III-4	coming or going?
Henke	"Star-gazing" in class	III-3	flyhoy at heart
O'Connor	Peanut under desk	III-3	just hungry, si
Daly	Permitting self to be apprehended by another company's T/O	III-1*	poor cover and concealment
Reichert	sacked out behind firing line	III-5	peace & quite
Deal	flower in helmet liner	III-2	in the spring--
Capt. Graham	Failure to kiss "Miss 6th OC"	I-50	
Sharpe	Rolling eyes while CO was reporting	III-5	Not in 22-5
Mueller	outrageous oversight (i.e. left \$20 in Pay envelope)	III-4	for charity
Dykes	Garters in low quarters	III-3	fast getaway
Harris	Signed out to two (2) different places at at same time	II-6	split personali
Ralph	Left hanky on clothes line	III-5	a lux lovely
Lt. Davis	Observed in civilian clothes at "Little Grand Canyon"	I-25	didn't think we knew
Norris	Carrying two (2) rifles in ranks	III-5	combat kelly
Kane	Insufficient toilet paper	III-4	catastrophe
Dempsey	excess number of expansion files	III-2	lust for learni
Lt. Osbourn	Failure to dissapate information	II-6	better move out
Shaver	two forks	III-3	eât much?
Lohmann	possessing 280% of company gig average	II-6	ambitious
Lt. Barnes	A & R Committee NAP	III-5	
Cheseldine	Movie camara empty while shooting	III-5	fraud
Lt. Magill	Skipping Wheaties two (2) mornings in a row	II-10	no excuse
Lt. Scoles	Too many tables at end of pay line	II-6	
NOTE			
ALL "DUDS" WILL REPORT FOR PARK DETAIL SATURDAY AFTERNOON			

Fellow Officers:

Congratulations on your successful completion of Infantry Officer Candidate School.

Working with you for the past six months has been a sincere pleasure and a rewarding experience. You have demonstrated the desirable qualities of an Infantry Leader, and this school prepared you to lead a platoon into combat. If this becomes your task, I know you will do it well.

Lt. George J. Davis



GEORGE J. DAVIS
2nd Lt. Infantry
4th Platoon Tactical Officer

fourth platoon

ADVANCE SHEET

1. PURPOSE:

To familiarize the reader with the Fourth Platoon of this Company and to point out its idiosyncracies and the many facets that make it what it is.



2. STUDY ASSIGNMENT:

The supplemental material below and Lt. Davis' little black book, which is unavailable for publication at this time.

3. SUPPLEMENTAL MATERIAL:

a. Definitions:

1. Four—an Arabic numeral following one, two and three in all formations for feeding, drawing equipment, or other matters as the Company Commander may direct.

2. Platoon—a convenient subdivision of a company which facilitates loading busses, running problems, and tactical officer observation.

b. General Data:

The Fourth never really had a home of its own. We met only at formations and in the mess hall, but nevertheless a strong esprit developed, an esprit which remained after our subsequent merger.

Under the watchful eye of Lt. Davis, the kinks were ironed out and the individuals became a unit. We were proud of the Platoon and its capabilities.

The weeks went by fast. The first thirteen encompassed weapons training. Then came four weeks of logistics followed by five weeks of tactics which represented the home stretch.

It was in our fourteenth week that we lost our identity as a platoon. What had been only a rumor became a fact and, with a few Auld Lang Synes, the Fourth was divided by three and assimilated into the other platoons. This was, however, an administrative move. Fourteen weeks had made the mark of Four indelible.

The blue tabs and liners marked the semi-finals. A few short weeks more brought the bars and the end of an era.

“The troops used in this demonstration were from the Fourth Platoon, 6th OC Company. Let’s give them a hand.”

Toffey and O’Connor





Patrick J. Attridge
814 Knickerbocker Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Robert E. Chaves
610 W. 178th St., New York City



Doyle K. Burge
Malden, Missouri



Eugene C. Dykes
2556 Missouri Ave.,
South Gate, California



Raymond M. Cheseldine
815 Casa Blanca Dr.,
Fullerton, California



William F. Daly
820 Fifth St., Laurel, Miss.



Thaddeus W. Grabowski
98 Greenwood St.,
Union City, Conn.



Richard F. Lohmann
Milford, Penna.



William J. Hojnacki
70 Battery Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Gerald R. Kuhn
3513 Hanover Ave., Richmond, Va.



Robert J. Henke
801 Portland Ave., Beloit, Wis.



Jasper M. McCurdy
205 NE A St., Bentonville, Ark.



Francis J. Nester
28 Grace St., New Haven, Conn.



Carl Schwarzenbacher
RR No. 3, Box 8, Beaver Dam, Wis.



Leonard G. O'Connor, Jr.
2939 W. Sunnyside Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois



Dewey M. Shaver
Rt. 1, Box 209, Richfield, N. C.



Lester L. Ryan
216 S. Broadway, Redondo, Calif.



Robert D. Shuman
401 S. Center St., Pottsville, Pa.



John U. Tachihara
2309½ 241 St., Lomita, Cal.



John J. Toffey
3460 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio



Donald C. Thuesen
1322 Yagedes, Fresno, Cal.



Lester E. White
76 Harrington Ave., Rutland, Vt.

sports

Very few people realize the effect that our athletic program played in our everyday living at OCS. It was a means of relief, and a great morale factor. After spending several hours in a class room learning that the operating rod of the M-1 rifle is held in place by the rear catch assembly of the follower arm, which depresses the operating rod catch assembly, which in turn interlocks the rear camming lugs that strike the sear in the rearward movement by the piston and operating spring. Wow! Just imagine. After trying to pound something like that into our fixed skulls we had to relieve the tension somehow. Again, our sports program proved its worth, by acting in this case, as a means to an end.



Under the direction of our A and R officer, Lt. Wilman D. Barnes, an Athletic Council, consisting of Candidates Petrie, Stadler, Thomas, Harris, Ryan, Dugan, Harrison and McDaniel, we organized various sports. Our athletic program varied from basketball to horse shoe pitching. All our programs were conducted on a competitive basis, pitting one Platoon against another. The spirit and fight that was aroused was comparable with any big league contest.

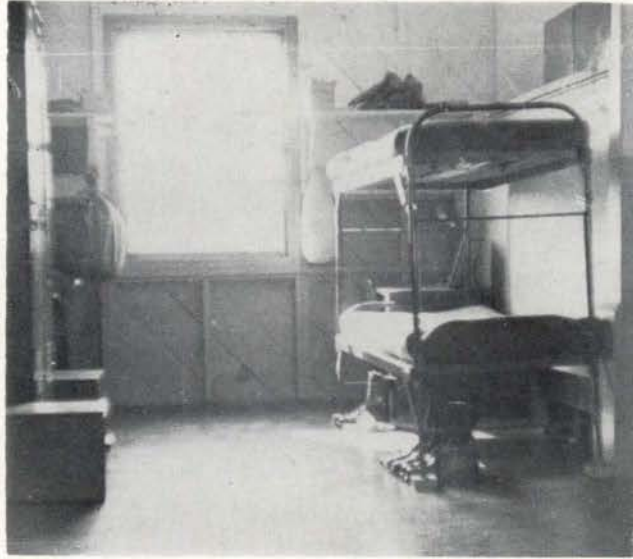
The raging battles that took place on our volley ball court will be remembered by all for a long time.

Our athletic program reached its peak in our eighteenth week when we held our original field day. We called it original, because the events were certainly different and could not be conducted by anyone but an Officer Candidate. The relays and tug of war proved to be the most popular and appealing to the spectators. All in all, a good time was had by everyone, including those men with the thousand eyes and sharp pencils that we call Tactical Officers.

In our reminiscence, we know now that a well planned sports program goes hand in hand in the molding of manhood, so we, Class Fifteen, offer our heartiest thanks to everyone that organized and helped in the athletic program of Sixth Company.

Stadler





Home



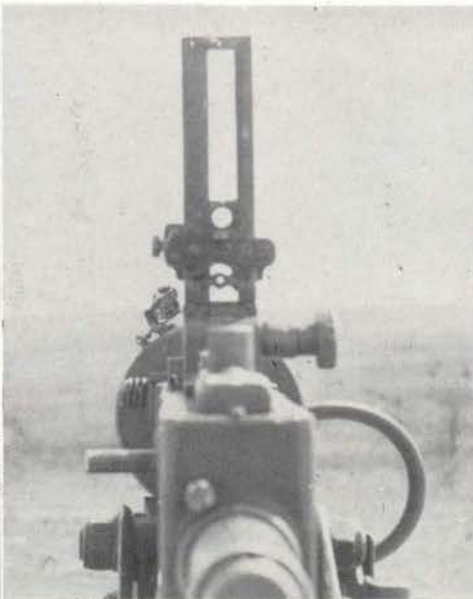
Little Mo



Which end is the front?



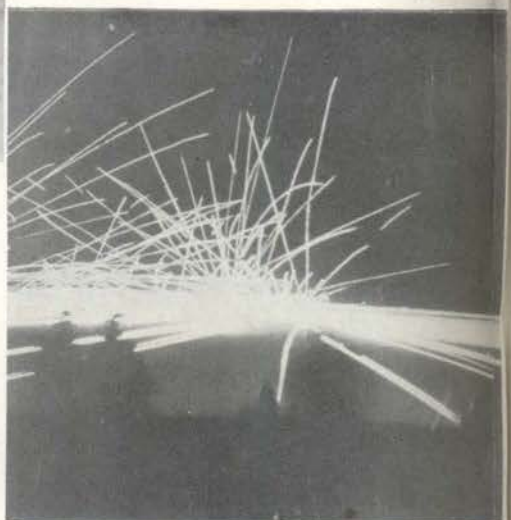
Word to the wise



Sightseeing



Starting Position Move



Firepower



We've tried to capture in this brief volume some of the serious, some of the fun, some of the pathos, some of the happiness that combined to create for us our spirit of OCS. Certainly, this has been an experience we won't soon forget but the little things that eased the tension and the moments of sudden inspiration and realization in this "School that Nobody Loves" are what we want to preserve here in words and pictures.

If you suddenly said "I remember that guy" or burst out laughing at a forgotten incident, we've succeeded. Read again and look for yourself—its all yours.