

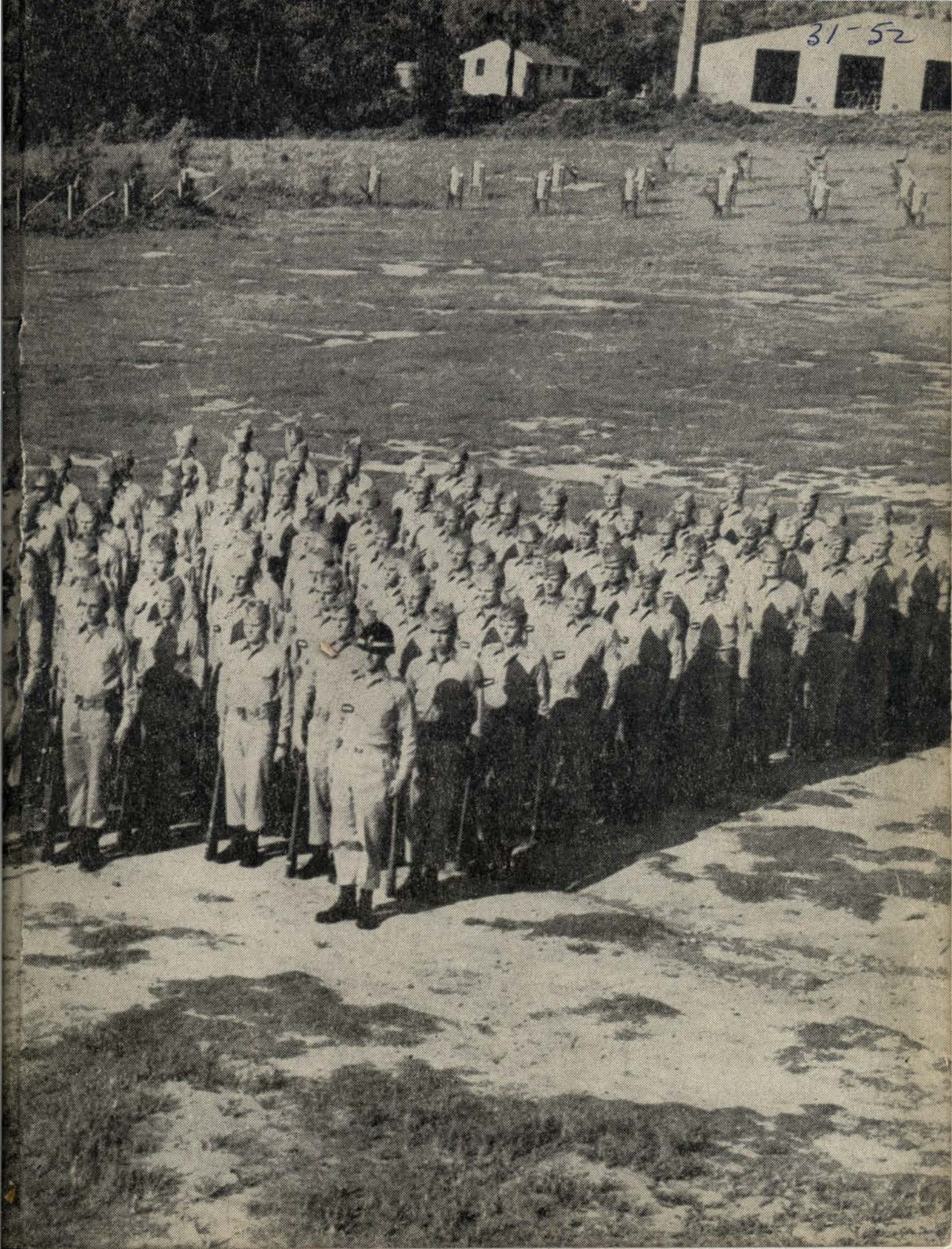


*fficer
andidate
chool*



FORT BENNING, GEORGIA





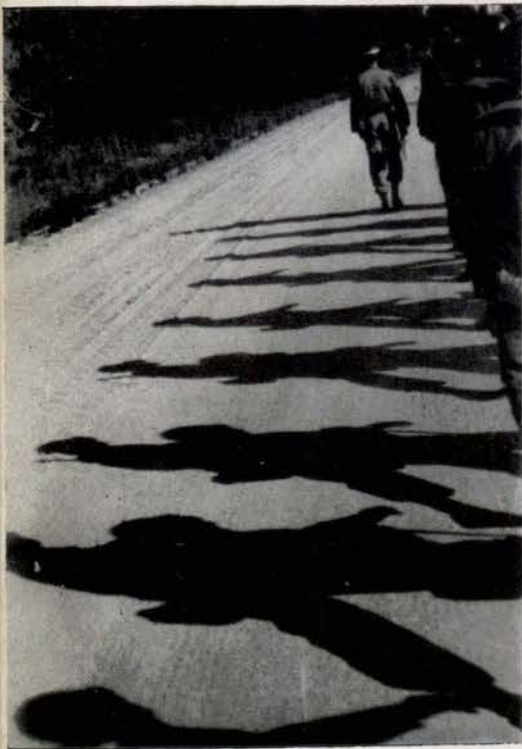
class thirty-one

OFFICER CANDIDATE SCHOOL

third officer candidate company

first officer candidate regiment

fort benning, georgia



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

—Euripides.

CHAIN OF COMMAND



MAJOR GEN. ROBERT N. YOUNG
COMMANDING GENERAL
THE INFANTRY CENTER



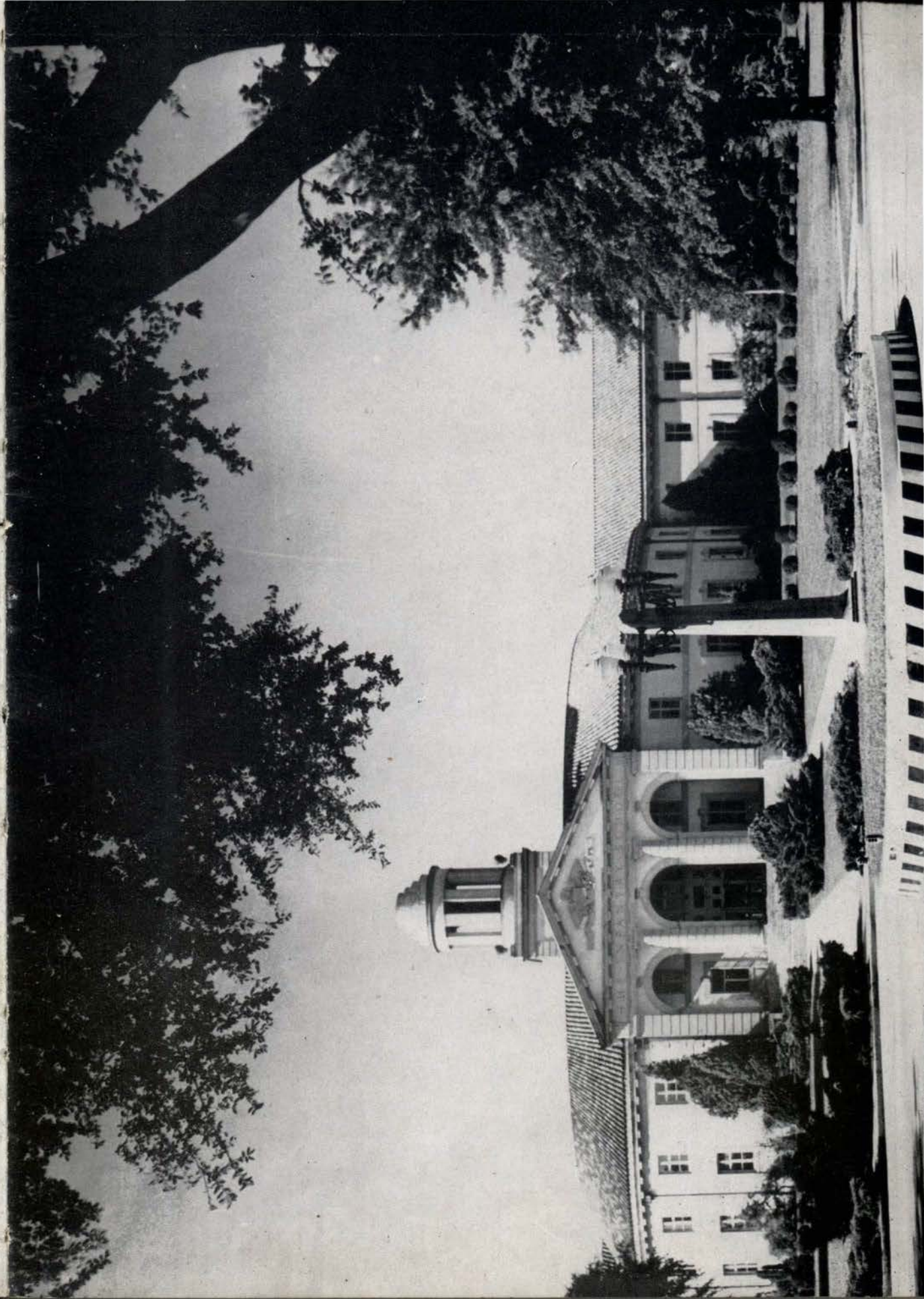
BRIG. GENERAL GUY MELOY
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT
THE INFANTRY CENTER



COLONEL SEVIER R. TUPPER
COMMANDING OFFICER
1ST STUDENT BRIGADE



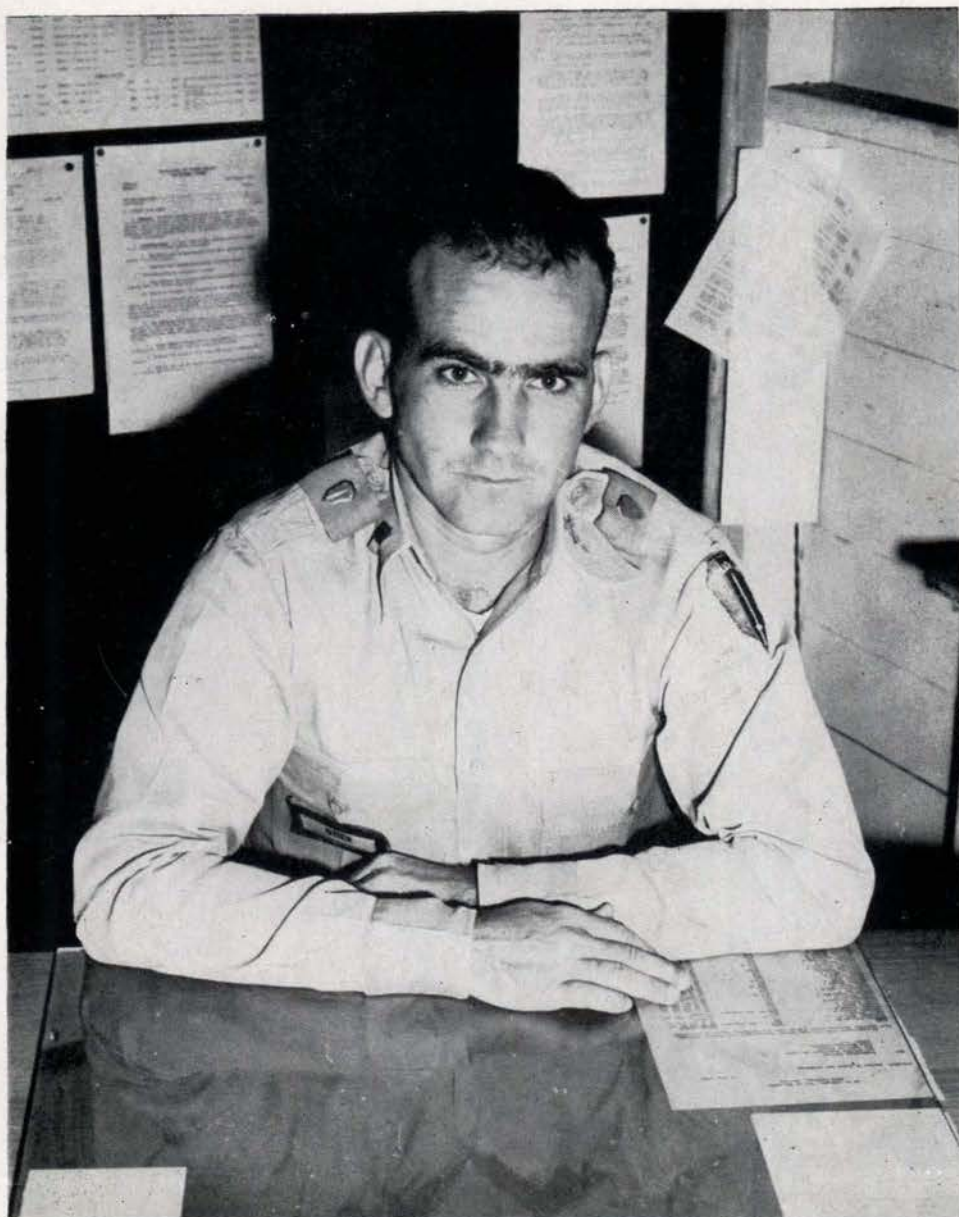
COLONEL HARRY M. GRIZZARD
COMMANDING OFFICER
1ST O. C. REGIMENT



"PROUD, DEFIANT, CONFIDENT"

This book is proudly dedicated to the men of the 31st Officer Candidate Class. Men who are giving the best years of their lives to their country, because they feel that they must!

**So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, Thou must,
Then they replied, We can!**



Congratulations and welcome to the Officers Corps. Each of you have worked for and attained a commission in the Army of the United States. This commission is a symbol of the trust placed in you by your country. Accept it with humility and wear it with pride. Know your job thoroughly; have confidence in your men and your weapons; and place your trust in God

Robert L. Ozier
1st Lt. Infantry
Commanding

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. Just as our American Way was made possible by the hard work and sacrifices of those who have gone before you, who won and held our precious freedoms, so its preservation and survival will depend on you in the days to come—carry on, and best of luck.

I want to personally wish each and every one a successful accomplishment of your missions to come.

Charles Scott Wylie
1st Lt. Infantry
Executive Officer



To class 31, I wish to extend my congratulations for a job well done. You have now reached one of the goals in your life. Now you have a far greater task before you and I feel sure that each of you will be successful if you go at it with the same zest you did this course. Remember one thing you always have a responsibility, not to yourself, but to your men.

It is with great pride that I make one more statement to class 31 "Now you have yours."

Harold T. Babb
1st Lt. Infantry
Senior Tactical Officer

"ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON"

"Hey soldier, where is the Third O. C. Orderly Room?"

With this simple question, I learned the facts of life as an officer candidate at Fort Benning, Georgia.

You might ask what significance this innocent question had, but as it happened, I was speaking to a Senior Officer Candidate, affectionately known as a "Blue Beetle." He then proceeded to teach me, along with other men from different parts of the country, the meaning of those blue tabs of cloth on his shoulders.

"You will stand at a 'brace' when you address a Senior Candidate!" he shouted into my sensitive ears. "Drop down and give me ten!"

I pondered in my mind what in hell a "brace" was as I struggled to my feet after ten strenuous push-ups. It took all afternoon for my friend, Mr. Senior Candidate and his "henchmen" to teach us. We marched and we drilled; we "braced" and we "heaved"; we moaned and we sighed. That night as I fell into bed, I wondered, "just what made me want to become an officer anyway?"





"How many band-aids in a Medical Company, candidate??"

"When was the last time you shined your soles candidate??"



Training for "Airborne!"



"PRE-SCHOOL DAYS . . ."

The ensuing days prior to starting school were filled with preparation. Suck it up! Roll those shoulders back! Stand tall! These orders to improve my posture were constantly echoing through my mind to the extent that I could hardly relax in my sleep. After my initial haircut, only a "five-o'clock shadow" remained on my head. Then I donned a new, stiff coverall uniform. After four days of sewing patches on my uniforms, my right hand felt like a pin-cushion! I was issued enough manuals to be a walking dictionary on military knowledge, provided that I devoured the contents of each. I waxed my floor twice a day, and tediously endeavored to make my displays conform to the Company S. O. P. My anxiety was finally quelled when I was given a schedule of the classes that would start on the following day.



"Wha' happened!!"



♪ OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING ♪





"there's the pitch . . ."

going . . . going"



"gone!!"



SPIRIT OF THE COMPANY

The sky, in the year of 1948, boiled with dark angry clouds. People waited and watched as the defiant roar of the river ever increased its black, murky, snakelike body lashed out against the dikes. The line of battle was drawn. A rumble, the crumbling of the dikes, the cry of the people; this was the battle that was to bring the homeless, the sorrowful but always the spirited. The fight lasted six nights and days; the people worked, dropped from exhaustion, arose, and worked on. On the seventh night the river like a beaten animal rolled back to its banks—beaten by the spirit of the people. This was 1948.

It is now 1952. The clouds of war hang low and threatening in the sky. It is now the spirit of the soldier, the army, the combat leader, the company. To the man in training, to the officer candidate, it is the spirit of the company that will linger in the memory—the strength and smart rhythm of marching feet, the swelling of pride in a man's chest as the infantry blue ripples in the breeze, the lump in a soldier's throat, as the people give him their vote of confidence with their prideful looks. This is the spirit of the company—the joking and laughter of men restricted, the yells and warwhoops as the company team wins, the smart click of heels as the inspecting officer's glance sweeps the ranks like a flame thrower. This is the spirit that will some day carry a tired leader to the bleak, snow-swept top of a hill through an onslaught of death, to victory. This, the spirit of the infantry blue, the spirit of its men, the spirit of 3rd O. C.



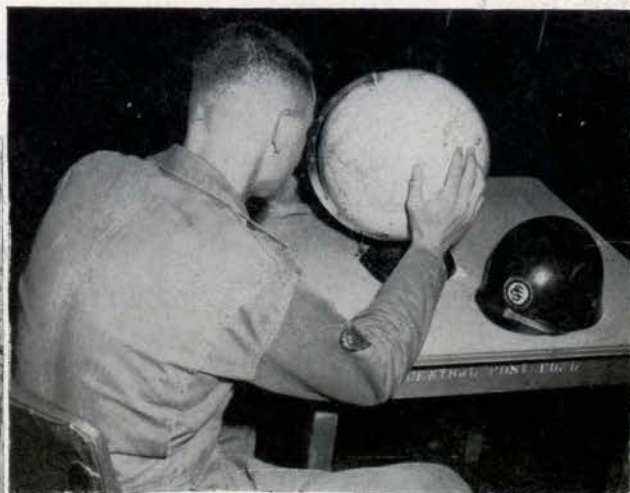
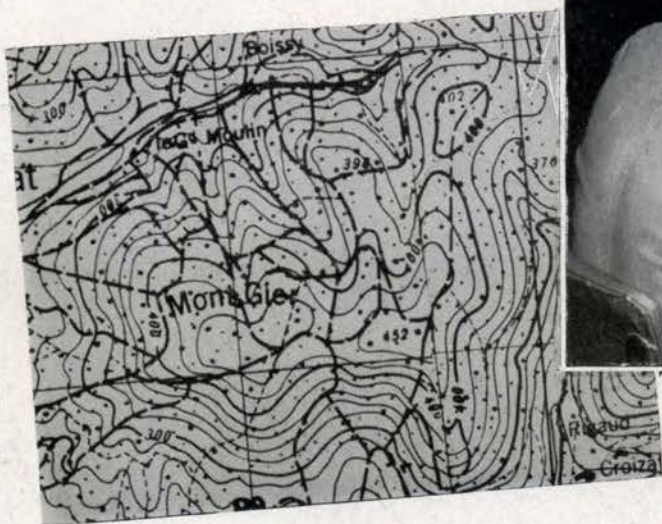


SNAKES AND MAPS

Once upon a time back when I was a civilian on some nice clear Sunday afternoon I'd secure myself a road map, the family car, and commence on a pleasant sojourn into the countryside. But it never failed, I always, somehow, ended up in the proverbial "farmer's back yard."

So what happens? I'm in the army, I go to O. C. S. and, immediately they stick me in the jungles of Georgia with another map—just me and this map, and not even one solitary backyard around. I take this thing and look at it, right side up, sideways, upside down, crossways, but it always looks the same—a big black blotch. Now the object of all this is to find many insignificant stakes on the Georgia landscape which correspond to insignificant little spots on the map. Oh, if this were my only worry but then there are the Georgia snakes. At this very moment they're probably out in the woods hatching up some fiendish plot so as they can just sneak up and bite me. Ever since Harry Griffin stepped on one I've been watching and waiting. But then, somehow, my thoughts turn. I suddenly see and clearly the lingering silhouette of men trudging across a bleak rain-swept hill. This is a patrol with a leader who has failed them—they're lost somewhere in the land called Korea. This leader's failure will bring sorrow to many homes. This lingers in my mind and all at once the snakes and the blotch are gone, forever. With a sip from my canteen the heat is, also, forgotten. I find those insignificant stakes.

Thanks to a certain instructor, I will not fail when the day comes for me to lead my platoon. Learn it, candidate, and learn it well.



"FECOM, FECOM, here I come!"

**OFFICER CANDIDATE
COMPANY DELINQUENCY REPORT**

3rd O/C COMPANY

DATE 24 August 1952

CANDIDATES NAME	NATURE OF DELINQUENCY	TYPE	INITIALS
DeMatteo-	Unlicensed animal wandering in locker	II-6	
Bickett-	Cigar ash in left shower clog	III-2	JOB
Proman-	Bar bells in study room	II-6	
McDermott-	Over-Population of Lepricons in cubicle (See Sanitary Officer)	II-10	?
Ryan-	Alligator under helmet liner	III-3	
Manucia-	Fountain not filled at reville	III-2	
Campbell-	Ferric oxide on blousing chain	II-6	Jc
	Catch swivel not oiled on 3rd link	III-3	
Wiele-	Unauthorized animals in meat can (Irish Bangi's)	III-5	
Patierno-	Shoes too highly polished	III-5	*
Arias-	Wrist watch N.A.P. (Secure operational time from Pfc. Dill)	III-5	RA
Miller-	Bunk tag on wall locker in arabic	II-6	
Hamlin-	Illegal display of merchandise	III-5	
	Unlicensed peddler	III-4	
	Not member of local auctioneer union	II-6	
Webb-	Spider nest in right boot	III-5	
Himes-	Tired fatigue cap	III-3	BRH
Fisher-	Plaster of Paris on arm rest of chair in day room	II-6	RF
Soya-	Radio on table playing polkas during retreat	III-2	
Chant-	Hymn book out of line in Manual display	III-2	Jc
Gulassa-	Hit sour note while singing in show	III-4	*
Wilbank-	Kleenex in hand while at parade rest (Evidence of lipstick)	III-3	DLM
Shaub-	Insufficient sleep in class	III-3	JSS
Hawn-	Exposed film in trash can on garbage rack	III-3	AL

NOTE TO CANDIDATE IF DELINQUENCY SHOWN ABOVE IS CORRECT INITIAL IN SPACE PROVIDED IF NOT CORRECT
SEE YOUR TACTICAL OFFICER

FIRST INSPECTION—

Wham! Like a bolt of lightning it struck, causing confusion, bewilderment and panic. One has not lived until he has been inspected by Senior Candidates.

I was calm and at peace with the world when suddenly I was bracing until the click of shoulder blades was heard, and my chin was hidden in my neck. One of the blue-helmeted gentlemen was standing in front of me with a look that would melt armor plate.

"Shades of Fort Benning!" I thought; "what have I done now."

"Candidate, where is your stick?"

"Stick, sir?"

"What do I see in your canteen cup? Did you say corrosion. It's filth!!"

And so it went, rusty rifle, dirty bayonet, rat's nest in foot-locker, etc., etc. But how could this be? I had worked so diligently to have my equipment in order but yet . . .

Suddenly, my palpitating heart seemed to leap into my throat, for once again that tormentor of souls was back, and for a second time his eyes were burning me.

"Candidate, do you expect to get through this school?"

"Yes, Sir!" I replied, for now a fleeting doubt was beginning to form.

Finally it was over and I collapsed into a chair, dazed and still trembling, wondering what was going to happen next.





"Fall out, sergeants!"



"Fire mission!"



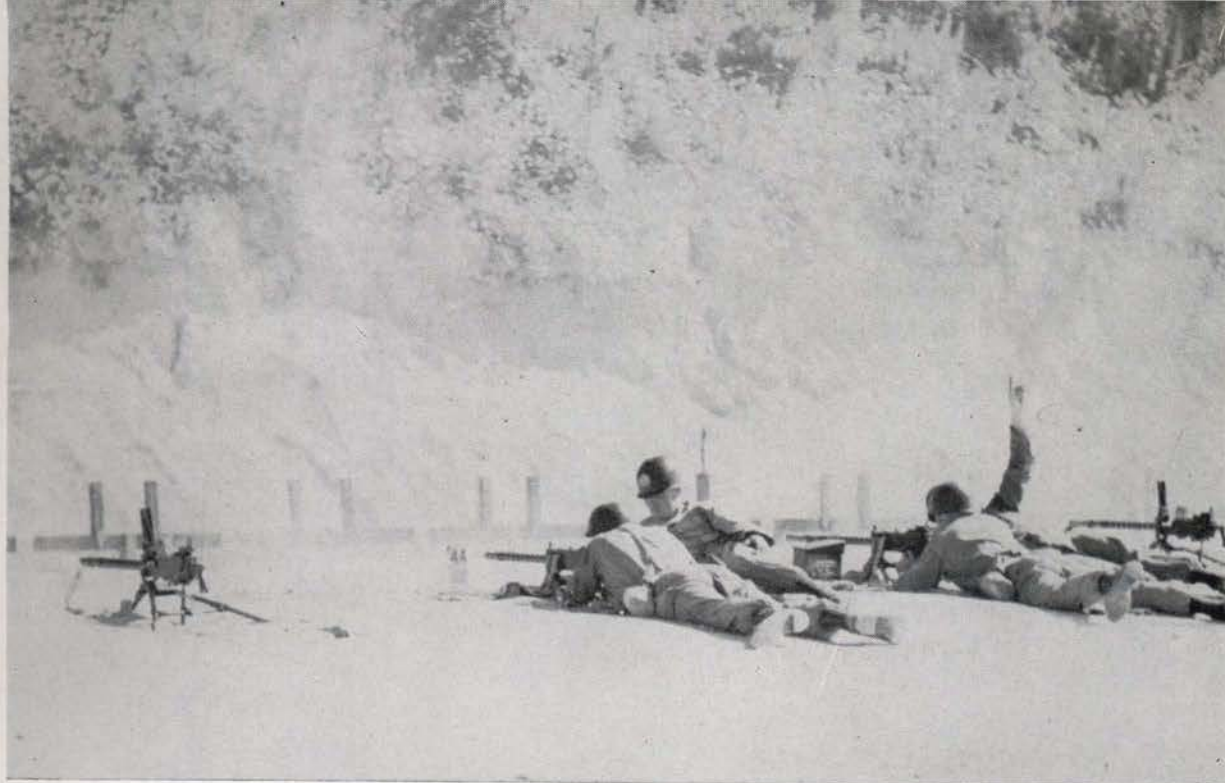
"How's your head-space?"



"Cease firing!!"



"Partial defilade."



Machine Gun Range

Elbows grinding into the sand, searing sunlight pouring down, and sweat filling their eyes—this is the machine gun range for 3rd O. C. in July. It was quite a trick to squint against the sunlight, wipe the sweat from an eye, and sight the gun on the target at the same time. However, all were enjoying themselves as could be seen in the half-time to the gun positions and the double-time to the shade spots. They spaced ammunition, squeezed off burst of six, pushed down and to the left, and hoped that they would qualify. Record after record was piled up, particularly in the quantity of water consumed. When asked, the remaining heroes of that engagement claim that they are ready to try it again next July.





"Two more servers!"



"You met her in 'Chad's'?"



"Not like Mrs. Ecker's?"

"FIRE FOR EFFECT"



This is 1953, I'm laying in the mud and grime of Korea. I'm surrounded by 10,000 Chinese—10,000 to one—it looks like I've got a fight on my hands, what to do? Then an idea hits me. Quickly I pick up a stovepipe that I just happen to be carrying with me. I take the stovepipe, stand it on end, and start dropping rocks in the end of it and yell "Right Fi-yiv Six, drop Two Hundred. He knows mother." Out of the trees, brushes and grass comes 125 shiny new Lts., 3rd O. C. rides again. "What reading do you have on your M-10 plotting board—you candidate, sleeping in the tenth row." A bubble breaks, I abruptly awake, and find it's 1952 and I'm stuck with a blank expression and an equally blank M-10 plotting board. What to say—hmm. "Fire for effect, Sir." Fire for effect—that is the mortars angry warning to the enemy to move or die. It was the instructors warning to this droopy-eyed candidate to stay awake or "candy-date" it'll be fire for effect on you.





**"Come on, you
knuckle heads!"**

"Candidate! Candidate! Brace!! Brace! Candidate!" It was a bleak and nightmarish night for 206 men who were spending their first hours at this place called Third Officer Candidate Company. But then—there was this 1st Lieutenant. He had a solemn look on his face that night as he stood in the first barracks entrance with the new company gathered around him. He spoke and out of that first night came a confident, reassuring voice. I slept well that night.

As the time passed from April to May and into June, I learned more about this man. First of all, that he had no equal when it came to "gigging" a "Candy-date." I learned that a blasted ant crawling on my trousers was an unauthorized pet at formations (111-4), that a string on my shirt was really a rope (111-3), that a grain of sand under my bed was nothing less than garbage (111-5), and that I could find the boots or clothes that I had not put away, outside sprawled on the ground. Now this sounds like we really "got it," but a "Candy-date" gigged by "R" was actually a privileged character.

Secondly, I found out that he was the doggondest baseball enthusiast I ever saw. I've still got a sunburned face from sitting in the stands cheering our company on to prove it. "R" would be right there in the middle of it all yelling like the devil; booing the umpire, when we did; and baring his teeth into that famous grin when the team scored.

Thirdly, I learned that when "R" wanted something done he could call us together, hop up on his speech making platform—the second platoon coal bin, and say "Candy-dates," we'll be the sharpest company in that parade, Saturday; the sharpest in the whole regiment—won't we?" We were.

And then came that day when a big hunk of 3rd O. C.'s spirit was ripped right out of it—Lieutenant Willard B. Rogers left to become battalion S-3. But you don't really see the end of a guy like, "R," he still watches us and it isn't uncommon to see him come around, stopping to talk and joke with his "Candy-dates." And sometimes he comes wandering in with other officers, that he's made little wagers with on which is the sharpest company, to show them his company—the sharpest company in the whole regiment.

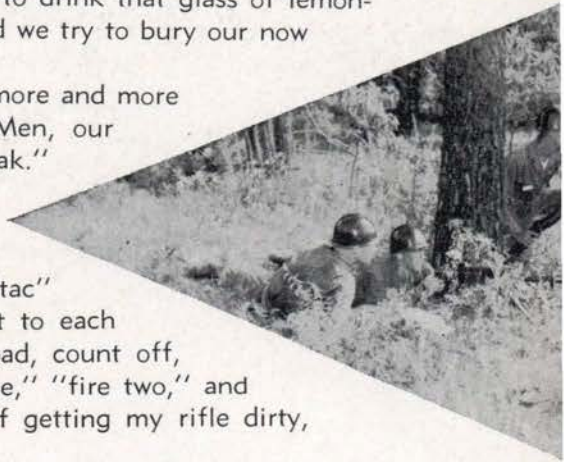
We won't forget Lieutenant Rogers, he's a part of us, he's a part of any 3rd O. C. "Candy-date"—now and for as long as we will be able to remember.



For the football player it's scrimmage after scrimmage in preparation for that big game, while for the soldier it's tactics and more tactics in preparation for the roughest and dirtiest of engagements played—combat. As a kid I used to charge plenty of hills; me, Johnny, and Swede, the kids next door, with our wooden swords and rubber band rifles against old "Red" Kelly and "Chink" Smith. Ten years later, the guy up on that hill is still Red and Chink, but we don't stop anymore to drink that glass of lemonade together, when the hill is taken or lost. Instead we try to bury our now steel swords in each other's stomach.

It's because of this future that I'm becoming more and more proficient in saying those unforgettable words, "Men, our objective lays here across Wood Road, it's Devil's Peak." But even still there's those lighter moments. Take for instance this problem of getting a candidate with a nice clean rifle to fire blanks as he charges a hill. I was there when a certain tactful "tac" officer lined up his men back to back, passed out to each man one blank cartridge, then had us lock and load, count off, and raise our rifles in the air. The order "fire one," "fire two," and so on. I then realized that I had no more fear of getting my rifle dirty, so I gingerly charged that hill shooting away.

By the way, I got a letter from Johnny's mother the other day, and, well—I'm afraid Pvt. Johnny Jones isn't coming back down that hill again. His platoon got ambushed on a place called Bloody Nose Ridge. So candidates, learn it well, learn all you can, Swede's still there.



OPERATION ORDER

1. GENERAL SITUATION.

- a. Enemy forces—location, capabilities, efficiency, morale.
- b. Friendly forces—mission and location of higher and adjacent units and covering forces; support to be provided by other forces.

2. MISSION.

- a. A statement of the task to be accomplished by the unit commander and its purpose.
- b. Details of coordination to include: Objective, time of attack, boundaries, direction of attack, line of departure, formation.

3. TASKS FOR SUBORDINATE UNITS.

- a. In separate lettered subparagraphs assign a specific task to each element. (In the last subparagraph before X, designate and assign mission to the reserve.)
- x. Tactical instructions, except signal, common to two or more elements.

4. ADMINISTRATIVE AND LOGISTICAL MATTERS—Supply and evacuation.

5. COMMAND AND SIGNAL MATTERS.

- a. Employment of signal communications; special pyrotechnic signals.
- b. Command posts; axis of signal communication.



"two up and one back."



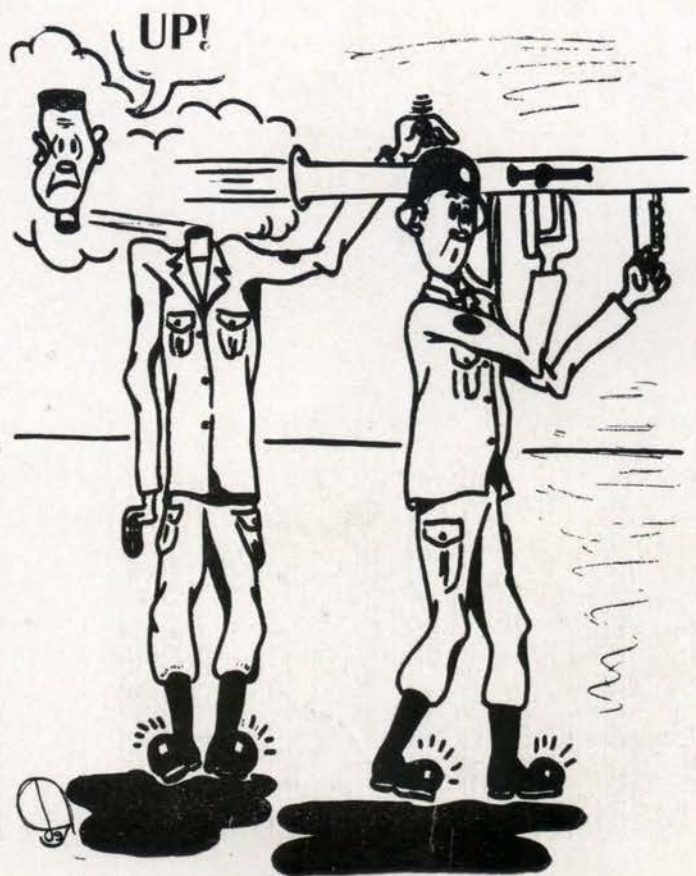
"take ten!"



"breathe, aim, squeeze!"



"tankers?"





"the
'reckless'
rifle."



"hard on the grass."

"THE WEAPONS GO ROLLING ALONG"

Forty-six tons of steel rocked as the tank's 90 mm. shelled imaginary an enemy on a hill, mud and stagnant water spurted high into the air as a grenade exploded, steel ripped to scrap by rocket launcher hits sizzled under the sun; this was the course in weapons passing through the candidates' eyes, mind, and touch.

My eyes saw the disappearing box act as performed by the "recoilless," my mind pictured the light, eager Chinese soldiers standing behind the captured American "75," waiting for it to be demonstrated, then—whoosh, and no more light, eager smiling China-men; my touch felt the hot Georgia sun as it beat down on the steel of the "recoilless."

My eyes saw the yellow hand of the flamethrower reach out to scorch the earth; my mind saw the newsreel again, of a flaming Jap running from his gutted foxhole; my touch—well I just kept my hands away from the flame-thrower.

Sometimes my eyes saw nothing, my mind thought less, and my touch felt a hairy elbow sink into my ribs as a buddy tried to bring me back to the living.

So it went, the rocket launchers "whooshed," the tanks rumbled, the sun burnt down, and I continued to grumble as I sweated out range after range, getting stuffed full of knowledge and salt tablets.



"a little shaky."



"one round, on the way!"



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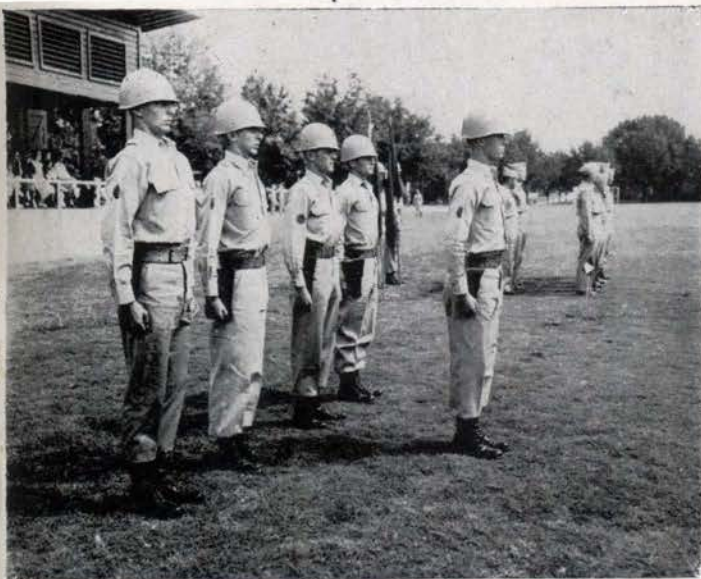
Cadre, l.-r., Cpl. Batts, Pfc. Shelton, Cpl. Wyatt, Pfc. Ferricks, Cpl. Bryant, Cpl. Powell, Pvt. Hester, Cpl. Polson, Sfc. Anderson, Sgt. McCarty, Pvt. Dill, Cpl. Van Cleave, Pfc. Squires, Cpl. Bockman, Pfc. Campbell.



Administration, l.-r.—
M/Sgt. McDowell, Sgt. Gray

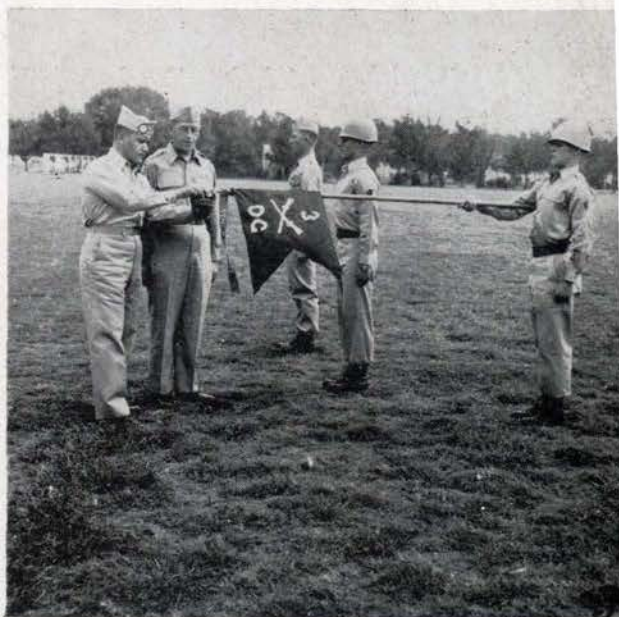
Supply Personnel—
Sgt. Harris, Cpl. Fischer





"Pass in review!"

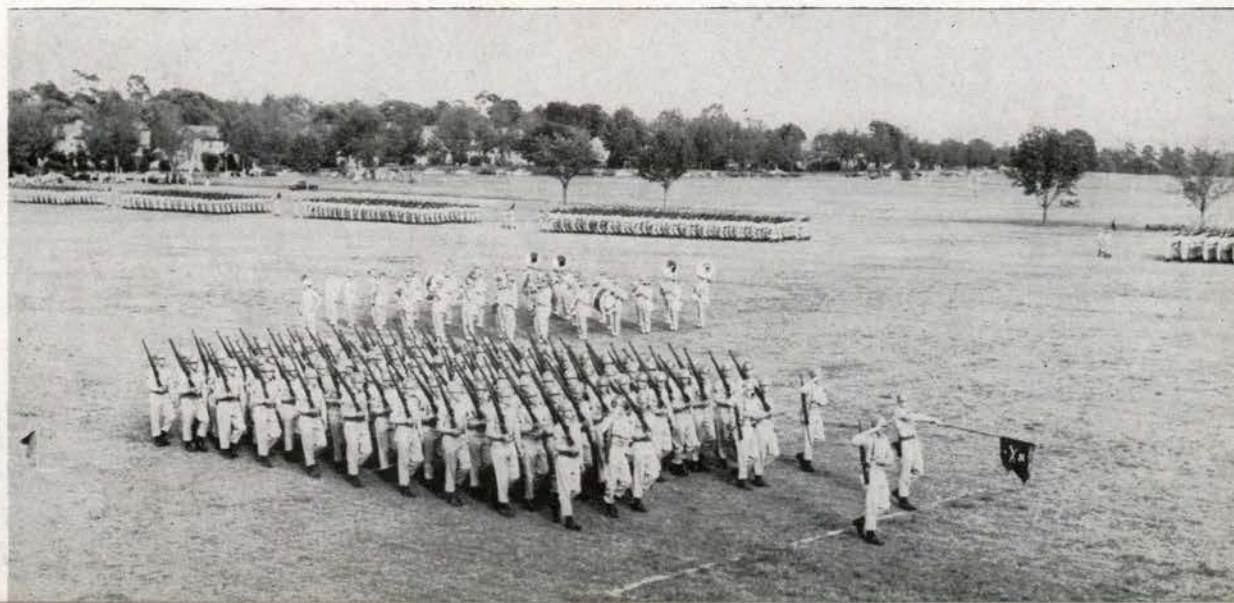
OUR SENIOR PARADE



"The Third Army Commander observes!"

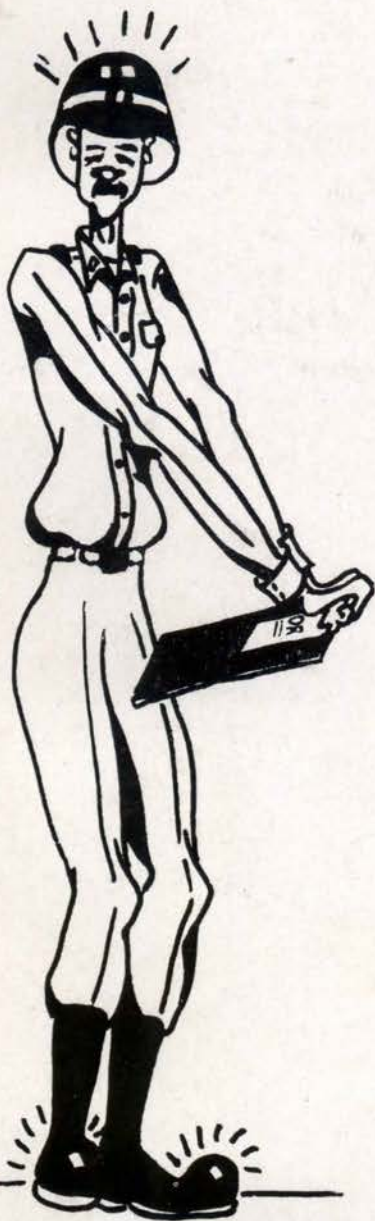


"Lt. General Bolling congratulates!"



"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; that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office upon which I am about to enter; so help me God."

FIRST PLATOON



First of all, gentlemen, my compliments and congratulations to you on achieving your "Gold Bars." Wear them proudly and let them reflect all the good traits of the man that wears them. You have demonstrated all the qualities of leadership while officer candidates; continue to do so as officers.

You are on the threshold of a world of responsibilities, gentlemen, enter, and bear them as officers should.

God go with you in your future assignments.

George M. Turner
2d Lt. Infantry



LT. RIGOBERTO M. ARIAS

910 Union Avenue, Bronx 59, New York

"Rigo Wake Up."—"Rigo Wake Up."—If you were to walk into the First Platoon barracks before reveille in the morning, these words would leave a ring in your ears. He is without a doubt the touchiest individual to wake up in the morning. But after several minutes of constant shouting the thought finally penetrates the wall around his brain that it's time to start another day. It's not easy to get him out of bed—but once he is up, he becomes a human dynamo. A powerhouse from early morning till late at night. He is able to stand up under great mental and physical strain. Even the most gruelling exercises leave him calm and cool—and always ready for more. His alertness and physical stamina are great assets—and will be an incentive to the men under his command. He will be a fine officer and a credit to any unit in which he serves.



LT. JACK S. BACON

1909 No. Prospect, Tacoma, Washington

Jack, a former lumberjack, like most men of rugged background enjoys the finer thing in life. If it's a good cigar or a good job that you need, here's a man you can always depend on. Carrying his fondness for quality into his military career, we believe he will be a valuable asset to his unit—especially when the going gets rough. For he makes a practice of meeting a difficult situation with the determination to master it.

LT. STEVEN N. BAIL

Morris, West Virginia

Known to the first platoon as "Little Steve", he hails from the hills of West Virginia, and despite his size and frail appearance, has proven to be as enduring as those hills themselves. He is quite adept as an "F.O.", and in being the first man out of formation. Prior to his induction, he was a school teacher. His ambition is to become a lawyer, provided the coal miners do not obtain another wage hike. A great job of instructing lies ahead for this young man and we have confidence that he can handle the job very effectively.



LT. HAROLD E. BAUMANN

2842 N. 75th Court, Elmwood Park 35, Illinois

With his snowy head, Hal is truly a beacon in the company, visible at night for six hundred yards. His sense of humor makes him welcome in all groups. One of his most notable achievements, "What should be done with laundries who forget the starch," given two or three times a week, will without a doubt go down in the annals of great speeches. Whitey was thought by his neighbors in Chicago to be better qualified as a leader of men than a milkman. Their loss is our gain. We have taken full advantage of this fact. It has been a privilege to count him as a member of our "family".





LT. JOHN C. BENAGH

2652 Ashton Rd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio

"Mom" really has his hands full keeping two growing cubical mates in line. Many a morning you can hear, "five minute whistle, Jack," or "where is your name tag, Grant?" and even, "yep, I'll trim your hair and shave your neck." If that's what mothers go through—bless them. Whenever you hear a jingle of loose silver that's a sign that here comes John collecting funds for the Student Council. What a way to die—to be nickled and dimed to death. The men in his command will benefit by his strength of character and his interest in the individual and group.

LT. JACK O. BICKETT

32 Edith St., Newtown, Ohio

As long as "Bick" could play "just one more game" on the day room pool table, there wasn't a 2 and 6 demerit in the world that could bother him. Easy going, cool-headed, this former minor league first baseman always had a smile and wise crack for any occasion, except for the time he was neatly picked off second base in a first battalion softball game. Can't repeat that statement. Jack loved Cincinnati, baseball, the Sack, Victory Lodge, and Betty, but when 3rd O.C. moved out on tactics, his leadership and that same cool-headedness showed us that "Bick" knew what his mission was here. As one of his favorite sayings would put it, there'll be many times when he'll "Have a Good Day".



LT. ALLEN R. (BUD) BOYNTON

801 Avenue "B", Lawton, Oklahoma

Al came to us from the Rangers, with a thorough knowledge of hand to hand combat, drill and command—And "spit shining". Shanghai, China, was where he was born in the year 1928, and from what we can find out, he must have joined the Army soon after. Al is interested in all types of sports, particularly tennis and football. We have also noticed he more than holds his own on the pool table—with the local "mullets." Somewhere a platoon had better start "shaping-up"—"one gung-ho platoon leader on the way."



LT. JOSEPH A. BORNSTEIN

41 Favre St., Mattapan, Mass.

Known to the members of the 1st platoon as "Hot Lips", Joe hails from up Boston way where he attended Boston University. On his way to OCS he stopped off at Fort Devens to be inducted and then at Fort Dix for basic and leadership school. He is a veteran of Phenix City, the intermediate party, and the battle for the local belles. Besides his talents with the opposite sex, Joe is an expert with the various infantry weapons. He is best remembered for his former profession as stretcher bearer, according to 1st Lt. Rogers. A friendly hard working guy, we think Joe will go far in anything he undertakes.





LT. ROBERT "BOB" BRAITHWAITE
7738 S. Merrill Ave., Chicago 49, Ill.

"What'd the Cubs do today? Anyone get a paper? These two questions, asked daily by "Braith," readily show our boy is from Chicago and an ardent Cub fan. Besides rooting for the Cubs and playing a good 3rd base for 3rd O.C.'s softball team, Bob also found time to become a charter member of the "Victory Lodge Boys," and loved those jam sessions at the O.C.'s hideaway. His quick wit at the right time helped keep spirits high during our 22 weeks as candidates, especially in his futile attempts at pool.



LT. WILLIAM H. BURDICK
Hilliards, Pennsylvania

"Fall In" was the command, and after the cloud of dust cleared from the First Platoon, one figure stood erect and tall. This was "Bill Burdick." Bill, the confident and self-secure guy from Pa. who plans to spend "only 30 years" in this man's Army. He enjoys South Georgia's weather and girls but someday wants to return to his native Pa. and settle down as a retired Colonel. The guy with personality "plus" has all the girls at "CHADS" tied in a neat little bundle.



LT. GRANT BUTLER
1817 Seward St., Evanston, Illinois

One stops to wonder how Grant was named. Does he come from some unique family tree? He has the alertness of mind, the energy of purpose and the daring of soul as possessed by that famous Yankee, General Grant? Combined with these qualities are the erectness of stature, and the gentlemanly manners of that famous fictitious Confederate, Rhett Butler. Grant has a quiet sense of humor and friendly easy going nature that has won him the respect and companionship of his fellow Candidates. Undoubtedly Grant's future commanding officers will have many good things to say about his work and the men under him will be led by a fair and sincere officer.

LT. ROBERT J. CAMERON
433 Cannon St., Georgetown, South Carolina

Bob is an original product of Asheville, North Carolina. He attended St. Emma Military Academy at Rock Castle, Virginia, before entering the Army. The last place he called home before entering O.C.S. was Fort Hood, Texas. During the early part of our course he amazed the Tactical Officer with his display of the Manual of Arms. At first some of us were inclined to believe that Bob spent his spare time drilling in order to remain so proficient. It is the opinion of all that Lt. Cameron will make an outstanding officer.





LT. JAMES J. CAMPBELL

112 Court Street, Otsego, Mich.

"One round on the way" doesn't refer to our extensive training in mortars in the case of Lt. Campbell. Known to us as Jim, he soon will have another dependent added to his class Q allotment. Some lucky unit will soon have the benefit of his excellent drill and command ability. He always manages to fall out in the morning(?) looking sharp, even after "boilerroom" detail! Main ambition is to return to God's country"—Otsego, Michigan, to be exact, and retire on some lake front with his wife and future family.



LT. CHRISTOPHER J. CARVEN

1212 University Ave., Bronx, New York

"With a voice capable of being heard down on the main post," that is our description of "Chris." and this is his trademark. We sometimes suspected that he had a megaphone hidden under his shirt but were never able to find out. There's one thing we definitely know: Chris' future commander is going to get one of the top men in the class; a capable platoon leader who's "sharp" and will keep his men on their toes. With the name Chris, we proudly associate the words "Gung-Ho"—"soldier".



LT. CLIFTON (CLIFF) F. CHURCH

3447 Robin Hood Road, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

A former student of Highpoint College, this young Tarheel hails from Winston-Salem, N. C. Previous to enrollment at Officer Candidate School, Cliff served a year in the Air Corps. As a civilian, he worked as a dispatcher of a small transit concern named "Roadway." Cliff is well liked by the first platoon and will be long remembered for his ever-present neatness. Somewhere there is a fortunate platoon which will get a leader who already commands quite a large following.



LT. PATRICK CIRIELLO

6605 - 13th Street, Union City, New Jersey

Though "Pat" joined us a little later than usual, it didn't take him long to make his presence known. Few of us will forget his "smiling" face and condescending reply to even the most trivial request: "What's the matter? you crippled?" But we all knew that "Pat" was kidding. A good friend and hard worker he will go a long way in his army career. Best of luck Lt.



LT. JAMES V. CLARK, JR.

Hartford Avenue, Granby, Connecticut

"Genial Jim," when off-duty, is the quietest, friendliest man you'll ever know. Yet, do not take advantage of his cordiality when the whistle blows and you fall in ranks under Jim's command, for this is when the job can only be done one way—the right way, whether it be difficult or easy. Jim's outfit will be getting an officer that gives unstintingly to whatever he undertakes to do, and then demands the same from his men. It is hard to give him as much cooperation as he gives you, but if you can match him, you'll find yourself working rapidly toward success.

LT. ROBERT COOK

R No. 1, Logansport, Indiana

Hailing from Logansport, Indiana, Bob is a man of combat experience in Korea and an outstanding member of 3rd OC. Prior to coming to OCS he was a Platoon Sgt. at Indiantown Gap, Pa. We often have a question in our minds as to how he does it. Bob is up in the morning, shaved and dressed before most of us get the sleep out of our eyes. In the evening after duty, he is in class "A" uniform and signing out at the orderly room before we finish signing the gig list. Our nickname FLASH suits him well.



LT. WALTER CZARNOWSKI

85 Myrtle Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut

Walt hails from Stamford, Conn., the best place on earth, according to him. When his friends and neighbors selected him to represent them in Uncle Sam's Army, they selected the best. During Walt's stay here at the Infantry School, he set an academic standard that men will have to work hard to beat. Walt used to amaze the senior candidates with his answers to some of their impossible questions. "Sir, Candidate Czarnowski, there are 319.2 feet between bullets fired at the normal rate of fire from a heavy machine gun," was one of his answers to a question. Walt's beard got so bad during the last few months of training here that he had to start putting razor blades in his razor. We refer to men like Walt as being "Gung-Ho," and he will without a doubt make a fine officer.

LT. ALBERT J. DAIGLER

99 Godfrey St., Buffalo 15, New York

"Little Mr. Big" encamped here at God's Little Acre, from Camp Breckinridge, Ky. One of the hardest working boys that 3rd O.C. has seen, Mr. 5 x 5 was known to get things done. Al always seemed to know what he was talking about, therefore, was the "Walter Winchell" of our drill and command periods during the critiques. His friends and neighbors from Buffalo, N. Y., sent a fine upstanding young man, to represent them as an officer in the U. S. Army. However, the "Buffalo Flash" wasn't all work and no play. A solid citizen of Victory Lodge, he was the only candidate ever to be offered a bartender's job there. So with a cry of "Follow Me," Lt. Daigler will be an inspiration to his men.





LT. JOHN G. DE MATTEO

31 Pierce Ave., Trenton, New Jersey

John came to us from Indiantown Gap, Pa. He is the most RA-US. to attend O.C.S. in quite a while. John is better known to members of the 1st platoon as "Gung-Ho". He is an expert in most infantry weapons and claims to be proficient in the bayonet. He spends most of his "free" weekends at Pine Mt. "Most Valuable Demonstrator" of the year in drill and command. He spends most of his "free" weekends at Pine Mt. We all wish John great success in his new assignment, and know he will go a long way.

LT. JOHN A. DOERR

15 Kingsbury Place, St. Louis, Missouri

It's Jack's philosophy to "soldier during duty hours," and then, "take off on weekends." We consider his ability to have fun as one of his best qualities. As he would say "after you have had a few drinks, you'll think I'm positively 'Blotto'." For he holds the unofficial record in the company as being its only non-smoker and non-drinker. We predict that Jack's platoon will be lucky to get a man that understands them, yet will only accept their best work in the performance of their duty.



LT. GORDON M. DUNCAN

7819 Clyde Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The saying goes that "U. S.'s" make the best soldiers but "Dunk" is our nomination to disprove this contention. As conscientious as he is sharp, his only nervous moments were those when he was sweating out the birth of his first child. As a matter of fact it soon reached the point where we all sighed with relief when the good news came. Hailing from the great city of Chicago, Dunk has done some extensive traveling through much of the country having been, at one time or another, a member of the Navy and Air Force. Perhaps because he does like to travel, "Dunk" plans on making the Army a career. Whatever his reason, we know he will make a fine officer in the Infantry.



LT. DAVID ECKER

14 Pearl St., Patchogue, New York

Lieutenant Ecker, called "Dave" by his many friends, is best known for his outstanding feats on the P. T. field. Number one man in the company, he accomplished this through long hours of push-ups and pull-ups in the barracks at night. As editor of the class-book, he has shown how to get the utmost cooperation from his associates. He is a graduate of Long Island Ag. and Tech Institute, majoring in advertising art and design. Dave is a man of many ambitions, one of which is to return to Bogota, Colombia and continue with his artistic endeavors.





LT. EMMET D. EDWARDS, JR.

1208 Cummings St., Memphis, Tennessee

Everyone in the class looks up to this guy. They have to, he's six feet seven. Sometimes referred to as the "Mad Man from Memphis" but more commonly known as "Big Ed" to his class mates. His popularity gained him the position of Student Council representative. Known for his ever-present wit and inexhaustible supply of humorous songs, he may well be remembered by such earth shaking expressions as "Come in, Rangoon!"



LT. BENJAMIN P. EISENBERG

479 Prospect St., Woonsocket, Rhode Island

"Benjy," Rhode Island's gift to the 1st platoon, will long live in our memories as custodian of the duty roster. Each and every morning, barring none, you could hear the wails of the angry multitudes as they bellowed forth, "What? Again! That's three days in a row! Where is Eisenberg?" that's OK, Ben, you'll probably have a good platoon sargeant. Ben's short comings, such as his duty roster, his persistence in getting lost and his "broken leg" were trivial in comparison to his ability to make friends. Keep up the good work, Ben, and you will be an asset to any organization.

LT. JAMES B. FELTER, JR.

501 Mohawk Ave., Scotia, New York

Jim is known for keeping his emotions under rigid control, but we will remember the day he paced frantically up and down the barracks, awaiting the arrival of his fiancée, and his long lingering greeting will go down in the annals of OCS. Jim graduated from Northwestern University, and his radio writing experience there made him well qualified to be 3rd OC's Public Information Officer. Also somewhere along the line, Jim learned the art of cooperation—a trait that will always be appreciated.

LT. FREDERICK G. EICKMAN

Allenton, Wisconsin

"Ike", known to us as a U. S. that didn't have time to enlist, has been outstanding in the company and has been partly responsible for raising of standards during our course here. A statement which has become famous in our company, "Sir, I am thoroughly confused," was started by "Ike" while critiquing a drill and command class. "Ike" spent his "free time" playing tennis, swimming and enjoying "pitchers" at Victory Lodge. The latter was an attempt to show us how easy it is to love Wisconsin and her beer. We feel he has succeeded.





LT. ROBERT G. FITZHENRY

1041 No. Country Club Blvd., Stockton, Calif.

"California, Here I Come" is Bob's theme song. He was eager to list 6th Army for his choice of areas after graduation to get back to where they grow the best oranges and the prettiest girls. And he'll tell you he married the prettiest one of all while attending Sacramento State College. Bob served as the alternate honor representative while in class 31 and in this position, as in all his work, the only way to do anything was the right way—a characteristic Bob will always possess.

LT. WILLIAM G. FLAGMEIER

128 Roslyn Ave., N.W., Canton 8, Ohio

Bill is unique among the members of our illustrious Company. He doesn't drink or smoke and the worst phrase he ever used was, "For Pete's Sake." Even the stimulating Georgia climate couldn't disturb his calm. However, don't get the idea that he is a timid soul. He is always among the first five in the P.T. test. He entered the Army on Aug. 23, 1951 and had the misfortune to be sent to Fort Knox for armored training. His heart now belongs to the Infantry and the men who serve under him will find him an excellent officer.



LT. LOUIS FOURMAUX

4914 Constance St., New Orleans, La.

Lou came to 3rd O.C. by way of Basin St. and Ft. Eustis, Va., a route which left him with an inimitable drawl and a devotion to the South. In New Orleans, baseball was Lou's first love, but since then he has justifiably shifted his affection to his wife and "fo'teen" pound son. He holds the company record for double-timing back from the guest house just in time to beat the midnight deadline. But Lou will always be remembered as one of the few men who could say the South won "the war between the states" and still earn the respect of his fellow classmates.



LT. J. J. FULLER

28 Logan Terrace, Golf, Illinois

Joe Fuller came to the Infantry Center from Golf, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. Joe was a promising junior sales executive with a large industrial firm manufacturing all types of threaded fasteners before he answered his country's call. Class 31 has a very worthy representative in Joe, who is sure to continue to show the fine qualities that made him so successful in Officer Candidate School.





LT. ANTHONY I. GALOWNIA

1347 Euclid Ave., Steubenville, Ohio

Steubenville, Ohio has two distinctions. First, it is the home town of Dean Martin. Secondly, it is the home of Anthony I. Galownia. Tony has just two pet peeves. One is the mispronunciation of his name. The other is shaving. Rumor has it that before coming to O.C.S. he only shaved once a week. Since he came here, things have been a great deal different, however. Now he shaves twice a week. He swears he is a bachelor for life, but could all those weekend trips to Columbus have been for business only?



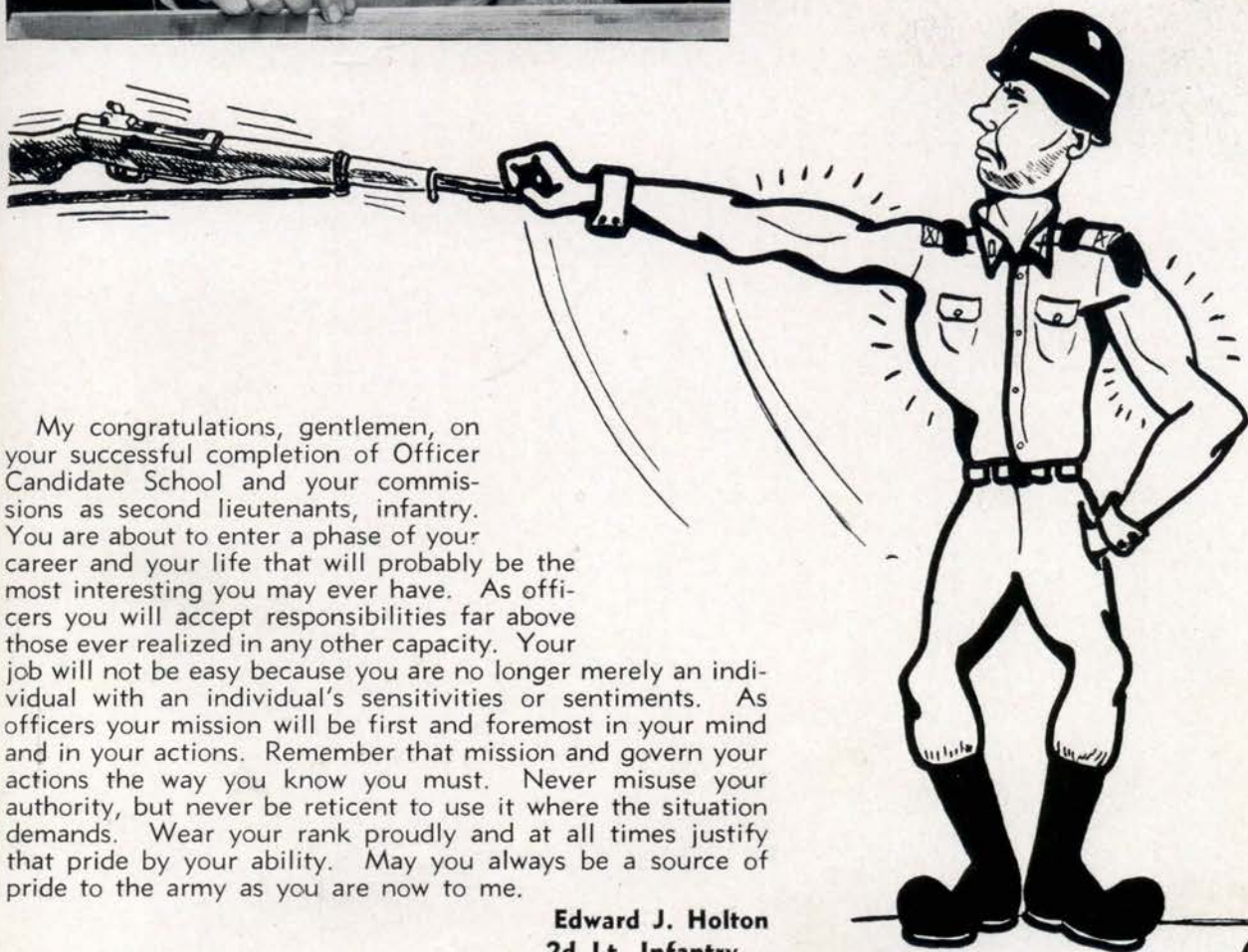
LT. LAWRENCE E. GARDNER

Winterset, Iowa

Winterset, Iowa, in the land of the tall corn, presents its gift to the Infantry in the form of Lawrence E. Gardner, the quiet man with the fine sense of humor. Larry, one of the younger candidates in the Company, came to OCS from Fort Riley, Kansas. After spending the winter months at Riley and summer in Georgia, he feels that he is able to cope with any type of weather. As a civilian, Larry was a student at Drake University and a produce manager in a super market. We feel certain that his future platoon will find him a capable leader.



SECOND PLATOON



My congratulations, gentlemen, on your successful completion of Officer Candidate School and your commissions as second lieutenants, infantry. You are about to enter a phase of your career and your life that will probably be the most interesting you may ever have. As officers you will accept responsibilities far above those ever realized in any other capacity. Your job will not be easy because you are no longer merely an individual with an individual's sensitivities or sentiments. As officers your mission will be first and foremost in your mind and in your actions. Remember that mission and govern your actions the way you know you must. Never misuse your authority, but never be reticent to use it where the situation demands. Wear your rank proudly and at all times justify that pride by your ability. May you always be a source of pride to the army as you are now to me.

Edward J. Holton
2d Lt. Infantry



LT. JOHN JOSEPH GORDON
1418 Noyes Street, Evanston, Illinois

Conscientious beyond a doubt, persevering to the utmost, and whimsical as George Bernard Shaw. This describes J. Gordon. Hard work has never deterred this candidate. He puts 100 per cent into everything he does. Old "Blocked T shirts", as he is known to his closer friends, likes nothing better than to sit back and listen to someone rattle off, then at the crucial moment enter one of his dry witticisms, such as "Oh really, amazing" or "that's a world shaking opinion." John will be successful always, because of the fortitude he displays towards the goals he sets. Somewhere there are 44 men who are destined to get a leader who will be in there pitching every minute of the game.

LT. HOWARD W. GRAFFIS
Box 386, Omak, Washington

Never let it be said that Ben Graffis was caught without something to say. His wit kept the Company alive after those long days in the field. Without his jokes and "Fred Allen" views the barracks would have been very dull. For awhile we all thought "Graf" was going to become a Charles Atlas. The senior candidates next door became very fond of him. In fact, they got up early every morning to see him do push-ups. This was a little hard on Ben after staying up all night studying FM 23—Mickey Spillane. Ben came from Omak, Washington with his pretty wife and daughter. He's forever being the proud papa. It never takes much coaxing to hear what his 5 year old has done during the day. He says he practices his command voice on her but she's still his senior officer.



LT. HARRY H. GRIFFIN
Rt. No. 1, Pomaria, South Carolina

Whenever you think of this candidate you think of South Carolina. He is a true Rebel and defends them to the last. Harry has 2 years prior service in the Navy, 11 months of it seetime, also one year in the Air Force. He is very likeable and quite type a person until someone says something against the South! A regular Army man and is planning to make the Army a career.



LT. JOSEPH F. GULASSA
1330 Lake Avenue, Whiting, Indiana

Never fear, Gulassa's here the man of humorous wit. No need to despair, when he is near. Always happy and laughing and doing his bit. He's a man of many voices. He mocks them from any place, with imitations. We have our choices but never a change of face, so when the troops are hot and tired the morale is low and they want to quit, you'll find Gulassa still full of fire. The man of humorous wit.





LT. JOHN D. HAIRE, JR.

1801 Westover Drive, Petersburg, Virginia

Italy gave us Caruso, Sweden gave us smorgasbord, France gave us the can-can, and Georgetown University gave us Jack Haire. If you should walk into the second platoon barracks and notice a blur of a figure performing numerous antics, gyrations, and acrobatics, it will probably be one Jack Haire. Jack is never still for more than a second except when silently sneaking up on some poor unsuspecting victim, to remove his footlocker, or perhaps his bed. Dubbed the village funny man, Jack has boosted more than one sinking morale in 22 weeks. All in all, the 44 men who draw Jack's name as a platoon leader will be very fortunate indeed. They'll have a competent industrious leader with a very great outlook on life.

LT. JAMES L. HAMLIN

Omaha, Nebraska

The familiar cries ring out, 'Who'll buy Brasso? Need some wax? Pick up your chains tomorrow. Look out Sears Roebuck, old trader Jim's in town. What would we do without 3rd O.C.'s own Hudson Bay Co. This super salesman is the Airborne's proud contribution to O.C.S. Jim has decided to make the Army his career. So all R.A.'s perk up and listen, and you'll hear him. Look sharp! Act sharp! Be sharp! Use Brasso today.



LT. CLYDE L. HAWN

P. O. Box 28, Cashmere, Washington

Clyde "F.M." Hawn can recite to anyone, verbatim, anything from the Field Manuals they care to know. F.M. was born for the Army, and likewise the Army was organized for F.M. This man will go on after completion of this course, which is so dear to all our hearts, to take his place among the superior soldiers of our time. If at any time you care to write one of your old classmates, try Route No. 1, Cashmere, Washington.



LT. DOUGLAS J. HEDDEN

2133 Edgehill Ave., Fort Wayne, Indiana

"Goug" as most call him, is a big easy going guy from Indiana. He is a married man and very devoted to his wife, as any man in the 2nd platoon could tell you. He didn't go to the PX every night. Also he is a great softball player; one of the big guns in the batting order, a good pitcher, and an all around good player. In school he takes a serious intent in his work. He will make a good leader and has the ability to lead men wherever he may be.





LT. BILLY L. HIMES

827 South F. Street, Arkansas City, Kansas

Kansas born and bred, big Billy Himes plowed a deep straight furrow in dead earnest through his 22 weeks in 3rd O.C. Company. Something of a poet and a dreamer, when the Tac Officer isn't looking, he likes to talk about his home town, Arkansas City, Kansas (pronounced, according to Bill, as Are-kansas). Before enlisting as a civilian commitment just a year ago (Oct. 51) "Jayhawker" Bill finished three years at Kansas University. Someday he figures he might get back to the old alma mater and become an engineer . . . in Kansas of course.



LT. ROBERT R. HOOD

R.R. No. 3, Groton, South Dakota

From out of the west, from the state of South Dakota, comes the cry of "let me at the watermelon." It is the watermelon kid, O.C. Hood. If you want to see his face light up and his eyes sparkle, just hand him a slice of watermelon and a salt shaker, and stand back. He takes his job seriously and does his job well. He still has time for a friendly smile and an easy laugh for everyone.



LT. ROBERT R. HORNSBY

784 McConnell Street, Memphis, Tennessee

"The Californian from Tennessee was only one of the many titles we hung on Bob. Yet, somehow, no matter how we tried harassing, the lad, he always managed to better our jibes, and come out on top in the "Barracks Battles." Yet behind his laugh and quick wit, we all were impressed with his abilities and potentials. So, everyone knows, somewhere is an Infantry Platoon that has a leader who knows his job, thoroughly, but who will join in with his men and make their task lighter and brighter.



LT. EDWARD G. HOWARD

11 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C., N. Y.



LT. TED L. HUGHES

8611 -- 17th Ave., S.W., Seattle 6, Wash.

Mister Ted, as this boy is known south of the Mason-Dixon Line, is one of Washington's contributions to 3rd O.C. even though 3rd O.C. is still trying to figure what's being contributed. A more happy-go-lucky guy there is not and his extra curricular activities include, picking Georgia peaches (not the kind on trees.) Since the acquisition of his convertible cement mixer, this kid has never stopped ogling the countryside. In closing, I can seriously say that his one true love, which we all admire, is a large color photo, which takes up most of his desk.

LT. SAM ITKIN

68 Hedgegarth Drive, Rochester, New York

Do you want to meet an easygoing friendly statistic manufacturer? Sam is the man! Itkin is a tough man to tangle with if you're in doubt as to your facts and figures. He is also a tough man to compete with in the classroom and on the range where he qualified expert in most weapons. As a member of the athletic committee he was czar of the volleyball court. Swimming, handball and tennis were also among his favorite sports.



LT. DONALD H. JOHNSON

833 S. Flower Street, Los Angeles, California

California has produced quite a number of Olympic competitors, likewise, in an equally harrowing competition, called OCS it has produced several other prospective winners. One such Californian is Donald Johnson. Although Webster's does not give a definition of an Officer Candidate, Tactical Officers will describe him as an awesome creature 10 feet shorter than a Tactical Officer (T O's are supposed to range from 20 to 30 ft. tall). Now Don may not be nine feet tall but when that day comes to carry those little gold bars he will handle them like a Paul Bunyan, Californian style that is.



LT. ROBERT D. KANE

22-53 65th Place, Glendale 27, New York

This character, whose flopping feet have carried him south of the Mason Dixon Line, bless his heart has established himself upon the red clay and sand of Georgia. Some certain few are doing their best to make a Southern Gentleman out of him, looks hopeless! Bob hails from New York and prefers the asphalt jungle to the wide open spaces. He shall be remembered for his manner of saying: "Rust Sir".





LT. FRANK G. H. KEEL

715 Arbor Road, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

A more truer son of the glorious state of North Carolina shall never be found. To most people cigarettes are a luxury. To Lt. Keel they are a means of bragging about his home state and industry. He detests being called a "cotton picker" and prefers to be called a "tobacco rooter." To us Winston-Salem, N. C. is just another town. To Lt. Keel it is paradise and heaven rolled into one. To him there is only one school and that is the University of North Carolina. To him, also, there is only one Presidential candidate and that is Jefferson Davis. A truer southern gentleman can not be found.

LT. PAUL KESSLER

1657 Montgomery Avenue, Bronx, New York

"Hey! Kess, what's the range of the 60 mm mortar?" "What's the matter Herbie, sleeping in class again . . . first you have to take into consideration a couple of factors, type of shell, wind, etc." "Thanks Kess." Here's the fellow who plays the game for keeps, win, lose or draw, he'll give his all. You think of him as the kind of a man you'd want next to you when the going gets tough, and when the going does get rough, that's when Kess will be at his best.



LT. DOUGLAS M. KNIGHT

18324 Pershing, Farmington, Michigan

Through the stillness of the night, creaking bones may be heard as old man Knight treads his weary way to his boudoir. We jest about Doug's ailments, but a finer physical specimen is hard to find. This boy is strictly a man of the slopes. In college Doug couldn't wait for the weekends at the Michigan mountains. Now in the Army Lt. Knight looks to a career in the ski troops of Uncle Sam.



LT. GEORGE E. KNOWLES, JR.

4737 Delridge Way, Seattle 6, Washington

George is regarded as the genuine "Dad" or senior member of the company. His record has read RA for the last 7 years. But it's hard to find a person more willing to work or more eager to learn. When George stands at a brace he sets the example for the company. As a person he can't be topped in demonstrating cooperation. He doesn't have to be told. He volunteers. The platoon that gets George Knowles will get a leader who will not only understand them but above all will lead them by gaining their respect.





LT. ALBERT C. KOONTZ
4130 W 226 Street, Fairview Park, Ohio

Here is the company's greatest procrastinator, Candidate Koontz, in his younger days, had a great time making fun of the R.O.T.C. boys at dear old Bee Gee S.U. Then he found himself a student at the Benning School for Boys, getting a commission the hard way. It was at this school for boys, where sack time is a premium, that he came forth with his famous, "let's catch it in the morning."



LT. SEYMOUR H. LESSER
177 Mayflower Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Seymour Lesser, the accountant from the big city (N. Y.). This boy really loves to work with figures (females that is). "Sy" picked up his nickname while attending Pace College. When "Sy" walked down the halls of ole Pace the female "Sy" could be heard for miles. The boys in the second platoon will never forget "Sy" as being a real RA U. S.



LT. HERBERT E. LISTER
111 Park Avenue, San Carlos, California

This renowned California advocate, and inventor of the "Lister Bag," spent his 22 week vacation at the Holton School for Boys. The second platoon was gifted with his pleasant personality, filthy footlocker, and care of his seeing eye dog. His knack for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time won for him the title of "Patrick Henry" of third O.C. company. His sudden realization of the fact that California was not the only state in the union, caused a bitter and almost drastic end to our young hero. However, he took it like a man, as he did his numerous demerits and O.R.'s. His ability to get along with Tac officers immediately won for him the position of "Almighty and Supreme Go-Between" for the second platoon.



LT. CHARLES E. E. LOWE
Box 846, Riverneck Road, Baltimore 21, Maryland

Charlie joined the class in the 8th week as a result of an injury sustained while playing softball. A veteran of the Korean War, wounded and returned to the States, he has 4 years active service with the Regular Army. Played softball with the regimental team. A quiet type of person who is very friendly and likeable. Plans to marry after finishing school and also make the Army a career.



LT. ROBERT J. LYNN

608 East Chestnut St., Mason City, Illinois

The Air Force gave us one of our finest in the form of Mrs. Lynn's young son, Bob. Bob is noted for his witty quips and his total inability to function before morning coffee. Hailing from the state that gave us Stevenson, Bob's easy smile and warm friendliness will stand this Lt. in good stead wherever he goes.



LT. FRED V. MARLOW, JR.

3816 Review Place, Bronx 63, New York, N. Y.

Enthusiasm and initiative are displayed by this "man of the world" (New Yorker) as he is seen each morning table-napping trying to beg, borrow or steal just a few more bottles of milk from his fellow can-di-dates. Fred wants to take on extra responsibility by saying, "I do" shortly after graduation.



LT. FRANCIS P. McDERMOTT

Jamaica, Iowa

Francis P. McDermott, the R.A. Irishman. At the premature age of 6 months he moved from Ireland to Iowa, U. S. A. There he met his life long beer buddy Finn McCool, another Erie lad. Together they thrived in that mighty town of Jamaica, (Pop 287). Like Harvey and Jimmy Stewart, Pat is quite a boy—it is reported that concerning the 1948 Presidential elections he has said, "The Republicans would now be in office if they would have nominated Stassen, because—Stassen would have taken Iowa!



LT. RICHARD B. MENELEY

962 Greenmountain Ave., Boulder, Colo.

In the passing parade of candidates Richard Meneley is the classic example of drive, determination and integrity. The "Colorado Flash" is married and preparing to embark on a law career some day. He is handsome, witty, muscular and usually sleepy—and if you don't think so just ask him!



LT. DAVID L. MILBANK

1930 Brookvale Road, Burlingame, California

Without the Ralston Hotel with its steaks and air conditioned wing, Dave would have been lost. He and his partners attached a great deal of importance to weekend privileges. Fortunately, the Ralston proved to be a fairly permanent institution, so Dave's pattern of life was not disrupted. The "Gold Coast" should find him in excellent spirits.



LT. MURRAY S. MILLER ("MOE")

576 South Main Street, Woonsocket, Rhode Island

Here's an ex-swabby from Rhode Island who is now a part of Fort Benning O.C.S., and the third O.C. company. He's RA, a "two beer" man, and a graduate of the University of Rhode Island, class of 1951. Pastimes include, among other things, reading, eating, sleeping and having his picture taken. Results not guaranteed. Visit him any time after graduation at 576 South Main Street, Woonsocket, Rhode Island.



LT. JAMES T. MORRIS

1027 Columbia Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia

Lt. James T. Morris known better as Jim by his buddies hails from Atlanta, Georgia, where he attended University of Georgia. He is referred to as the Southern Gentleman who likes to sit on his bunk and read short stories. He loves to sleep and may be seen doing this favorite passtime whenever we are given ten minute breaks. Also Jim is Regular Army and he doesn't pull any punches to this effect. He has been frequently known to say "give me a bud."



LT. BEVERLY L. NEAL

1717 Amhurst Place, Charlotte, North Carolina

A Rebel (all the way), hailing from Charlotte, North Carolina. He is noted for his witty defense of the land below the "Mason-Dixon". He is reported saying that, Lee gave Grant his sword because he thought he was looking for a souvenir. In the second platoon barracks he is noted for announcing of study hall with his fictitious cry of the "Bodini Bird." Along with being a human alarm clock for his cubicle mate when that ever so sudden reveille is sounded.



LT. JACK L. NELSON

2601 Frederick Drive, Grand Rapids, Michigan

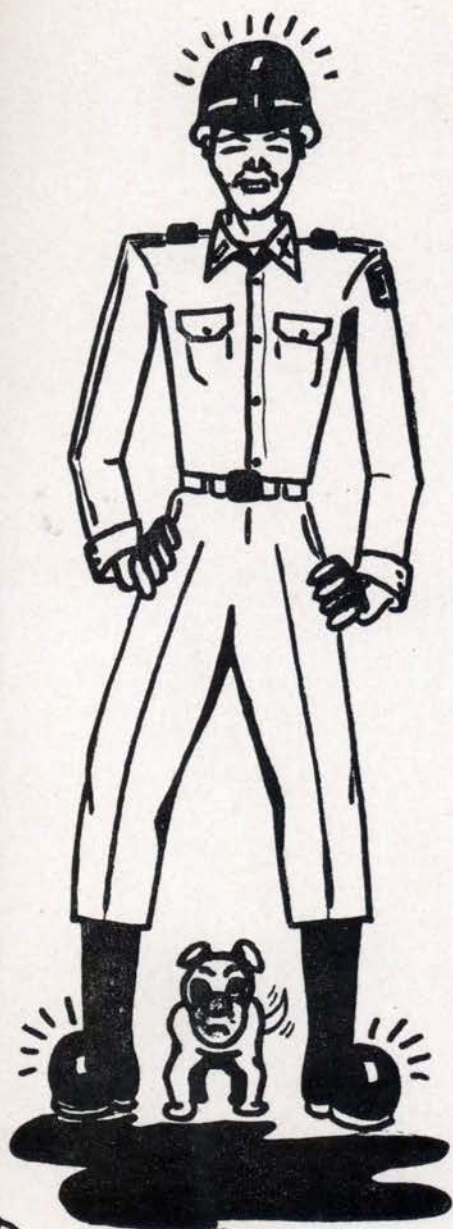
Jack excells on the baseball field. In fact, on one occasion his ability nearly cost him a statement of charges. Inspired by the recent birth of his son, the "Wappy Swede" from Grand Rapids, Michigan, drove the ball so deep into the tangle of vines beyond the edge of Stroup Field that it never was found. All talk of a report of survey was dropped when 3rd O.C. emerged the winner by a wide margin.



LT. DAVID W. NIELSON

1122 South LaJolla Avenue, Los Angeles, California

David W. Nielson came to O.C.S. from Fort Lee, Virginia. He is a graduate of U. S. C. (University of Southern California). Also attended the University of Utah and majored in marketing. Dave has become very attached to the Infantry and hails to the call "Follow Me". He is better known to his class mates as "Spit Shine Dave" because of the constant luster of his combat boots. Nielson is prone to be a bachelor but a very desirable one and has plunged whole heartedly into the Infantry.



THIRD PLATOON

To the Third Platoon:

As you leave the school, I feel both downhearted and elated and it is with regret that I say "goodbye" to a fine group of men, from whom I have learned a great deal and with whom I have considered it a privilege to serve. The "big picture," however, demands an intense feeling of pride and happiness at the prospect of the Infantry being bolstered by such competent leadership.

During your careers, I think you will find that you have two great responsibilities. The first and foremost is the responsibility to your government. Everything you do will be done so that you may better fulfill that responsibility. The second responsibility is the men who serve under you. It is impossible to meet the requirements of your primary mission without the complete cooperation of your men. This teamwork is established and maintained by being just and honest at all times and using common sense.

It is a simple matter to point out the requirements of filling your office, but it is much more difficult to determine the fundamental principles that enable you to do this. William Shakespeare caught the idea when he said:

"This above all to thine own self be true and it must follow, as the night the day,
thou canst not then be false to any man."

Good luck.

Roy K. Flint
2d Lt. Infantry



LT. JOSEPH P. LINTEAU

257 North Main Street, Waterbury, Connecticut

Joe (Lean-To) is another quiet man with a lot to offer. "No Lean To," the inspiration of many a quip, has a well developed sense of humor of his own. Joe is a reliable worker who can get things done, and who will carry his reliability through his career as an officer.



LT. ANTHONY J. NIEVES

202 8th Ave., New York 11, New York

It was in New York City, twenty-two years ago, that "Tony" first saw the lights of Broadway. Later, having been carefully chosen by a draft board, we find him serving in the Army in Texas. Seeking improvement, he came to O.C.S. in the hopes of becoming a better soldier and a capable leader. Having suffered from an underweight condition, O.C.S. has brought out his ability, to round himself into excellent physical condition. Affectionately called "Butterball" he rolls on toward a far reaching future.



LT. JOHN R. OGBURN

622 Sunset Drive, Sanford, North Carolina

Born in Sanford, North Carolina, he earned the name of "Johnny Reb" early in his stay at Benning. He, being capable of doing anything from horseback riding to running a golf driving range, was found by Uncle Sam confusing the management of the "Childress Truck Line" in New Jersey. Since he had a couple of years of pre-dental study, the Army decided to make him an "Angel of Mercy," and gave him medical basic training. Here at Officer Candidate School, John proved that a Medic could become an Infantry Officer.

LT. FRED L. OLSON

Route 1, Box 93, Turtle Lake, Wisconsin

Some people have an exuberance and an interest in everything they do. This description fits Fred. During his spare moments of relaxation you will find him delving into Country Gentleman or some other farm magazine catching up on agriculture. It is his lost love. We're sure someday he will be a big milk and egg man up in the wilds of Wisconsin. Some of the adventures we encountered at school were beyond description in the letters home. Pictures were the answer. His scrapbook will be one they cherish. Especially those pictures when he is hanging from the pull-up bar.





LT. JERE M. OZMENT

111 Oak Street, Dyersburg, Tennessee

If you haven't heard of Dyersburg, Tennessee, don't ever let it be known to Ozie. This lad is the world's fair! He absolutely refuses to believe that the "Tennessee Waltz" isn't still tops on the Hit Parade. As Jere relates to us all, "I shore do like this hear Army, but why do I have to wear these gal-dern shoes everywhere I go!" All joking aside, Ozie, best of luck as an Infantry Officer.



LT. ROBERT L. PAGE

RD 1, Norwich, New York

Bob "Webster" Page is noted for having a comment on any subject that comes up. This notoriety naturally leads to his being the subject of many an inane comment by the local wits. Bob was a novice in military life when he came to Fort Benning, having just completed basic training. Since then, however, he has shown the effort and ability which will contribute to his success as a leader and an officer.



LT. JOSEPH L. PARLAS

104 Lincoln Ave., Meadville, Pennsylvania

Joe hails from Meadville, Pennsylvania, and joined the Army in 1951 to escape college life. He was sent to Fort Meade, where they decided to give him a job driving tanks at Fort Knox. It was just like driving his hopped-up Ford, so he adjusted to the "Tankers" without any trouble. He applied for OCS and wound up at Benning, where he had to get used to walking and weekend restrictions. Joe's a platoon leader, but we're all wondering what he'll do when the tanks roll by.

LT. MASON R. PEARSON

3010 North Tenth St., Arlington, Virginia

Because Rex Pearson was the only man not beaten to submission by the onslaught of Senior candidates and officers who harrassed us so much during our plebe stage, he was elected President of the Student Council. We all owe him a debt of gratitude for the many pressures which he has caused to be released. If he gives his men half as much attention and service as he has the men of Third OC Co., he will, without a doubt, be a well liked and respected leader and have the highest state of morale among his troops.





LT. LAWRENCE R. PERKINS

4023 Main Street, Kansas City, Missouri

Larry, better known as "Perk," is twenty-three and hails from the State of Kansas. In 1949 "Perk" graduated from Wentworth Military Academy with an outstanding record. Being of high integrity and having exceptional leadership ability, he will go far. Our class was privileged to have "Perk" represent us on the Honor Committee. His main hobbies are women and good reading with the first preferred naturally. Being most congenial and amiable, "Perk" is high on everyone's list, including the gig list. "Perk" can be best described as "a great guy."



LT. JAMES S. PFAHL

11821 Stratford Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Jim, the lover boy of the 3rd Platoon, spent many hours at night writing to his lady friends in Cleveland. He had so many that he had them numbered rather than call them by name. It is said that the only reason he went to Victory Lodge was in search of a bull frog to help him obtain the right pitch for his command voice. Jim has always said, "The Indians will win the pennant yet," and we hope they do as well as we know Jim will when he officially becomes a gentleman and serves his time with Uncle Sammy's best.



LT. RICHARD D. PHILLIPS

248 South Coronado St., Los Angeles, 48, California

The Third Platoon's cool fool, Daddy Phillips. He left his birthplace, in Ohio, at a young age, to answer the westward ho call. We understand Rick never did get all of those Pershing Square pigeons counted. We would like to be there when Los Angeles first hears, "Open your book, baby, Daddy wants to read with you." Best of luck, "Flip," and thanks for waking us up mornings.



LT. GERALD S. POSELL

1224 South 12 Street, Mt. Vernon, Washington

If you thought that Africa was wild, you should meet the boy from the wilderness of the State of Washington. Who is this? It could be none other than Jerry Posell, the man who battled mountain lions every morning before breakfast, but as far as we know, still hasn't been able to tame a certain little girl in California. On the weekends, you can find him glowing at the Chickasaw Club. In the future, if you should look up in the skies and see a couple of gold bars hanging onto some silk, you will know that Posell is still around.



LT. RICHARD R. PROMEN

Route 2, Woodbine Park, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

Dick comes from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Before joining the Army he was attending Central State College at Stevens Point, Wisconsin. Dick's ambition is to be a soil conservationist. Aside from his addiction to hill billy music, which at times almost drove us insane, he will best be remembered for his valiant battle of the bulge, and his constant struggle with the scales. We were waiting for the day when he would get tattooed at Idle Hour Park but he always managed to return, at the end of the week end, unpainted.



LT. JOHN O. RAUCH

9547 Bustleton Ave., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

This man hails from Philadelphia, 'way up in Yankee territory. He is better known in the company as "Jack." Prior to entry in the service he attended Temple University, majoring in Industrial Management. He finds the South hot, amusin' and confusin'. He enjoys his time at Fort Benning but says the women are too fast and the whiskey too slow. He is a jazz enthusiast and is always ready for a good time. He is really anticipating a rapid journey generally in the direction of North.



LT. RICHARD P. REISER

1306 East 71st Place, Chicago, Illinois

Dick (with another good hitting outfielder, the Sox could have won the pennant) Reiser, hails from Chicago. Dick was manager of a travel bureau in the Windy City where he arranged travel for tourists to any port of the World. Now he has people arranging travel for him. His leadership ability and cooperative spirit have earned him his commission. We hope he will continue to develop these outstanding qualities throughout his career in the service of his country.



LT. DOUGLAS H. REYNOLDS

1751 North East 144th Street, North Miami, Florida

Douglas (Doug) Reynolds is Miami, Florida's contribution to Class No. 31. This Florida boy will sell you on their beaches and the University of Miami's football team. He makes his hobby boating but participates in weekend night life. Doug took his basic training in the cold hills surrounding Ft. Jackson, South Carolina. He is an old "R. A." and gave up school to seek a career in the Army. Good luck, Doug, and come Oct., watch out Miami!



LT. GEORGE D. ROBINSON

608 Park Place, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

Lt. George D. Robinson, a native of Chester, Penn., and a 1951 graduate of Grove City College, is one of the best liked candidates in our class. His levelheadedness has brought him to the top of his fellows! His sincerity and sense of humor have made him a welcome and valued friend to those of us who are privileged to know him, Robbie is successfully married and has many plans for the future that we are confident will be realized. He has demonstrated his ability not only here in OCS but as an outstanding leader in his college. We know that in the future we will take even more pride in the knowledge that he is our friend. We know that his life and future will continue to be bright, and we wish him all the best that's to be had.



LT. TOM S. ROSENBAUM

Hotel Harris, Apt. 534, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Tom (Rosie) Rosenbaum was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan. He attended Vanderbilt University, where he majored in psychology. Rosie entered the service in October, '51, and took his basic training and leadership school at Cp. Breckinridge, Kentucky. He likes golfing, swimming, and those little trips to the Lodge with the boys. The men of 3rd Co. will always remember Rosie and those hectic week ends.

LT. KENNETH P. ROSS

5823 Marris Street, Philadelphia 44, Pennsylvania

Kenneth P. Ross, a native of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is one of the most outstanding candidates in 3rd O.C. Company. K. P., as he is known to his host of friends, is best known for his sportsmanship. With a pair of 16-oz. gloves K.P. can lick his weight in wildcats. Many officers both in this company and other will witness this fact. Because of his ability to cope with problems and his sincere interest in his men, this man is sure to go far in the ranks of Uncle Sam's Infantry.



LT. CHARLES F. RYAN

1504 Dewey Street, Anderson, Indiana

This man is known in the Third Platoon barracks as the "Caruso of the Corn Belt." His humor and shower room solos have added color to our tiresome life. He is, at times, referred to as the original "Hoosier Hot-Shot" but he insists that he is former towel boy for the "Anderson Packers." Best of luck Ryan to you and your queen. We are going to miss waking you up in the mornings! Incidentally, if you ever happen through Los Angeles, give us a buzz and we'll feed the pigeons on Pershing Square!—Play it cool, Dad.





LT. THEODORE S. SCHAUB

Lake LeeLanau, Michigan

"Who is that sacked out over there under that shady pine?" "Why, that's the "Sackout King" of the 3rd OC, "Dutch Schaub." Why "Sackout King"? "Well, I'll tell you." "When you are running, Theodore F. Schaub will be walking, when you are walking, he will be sitting, when you are sitting, he will be lying down, when you are lying down, he will have been asleep for at least an hour." "Lazy, you ask me?" "Dutch Schaub"? "You know the Michigan Dutch aren't lazy."



LT. FRANKLIN T. SCHULTZ, Jr.

No. 3 Glenn Creek Lane, Ladue, Missouri

Frank is Missouri's contribution to the Infantry School. He hails from Saint Louis, and attended Kemper Military School. Later he chose Purdue University as his college where he studied engineering. Third OC Company will remember Frank for his P. T. prowess and physical stamina. He is a wonderful athlete and is a prominent and consistent high point man in the P.T. test. Watch that pull-up bar, Candidate! If you want to know about the Big Ten or the St. Louis Cardinals, ask Frank. He is an authority. This man will go a long way.



LT. BURTON V. SEIDNER

133-04 Francis Lewis Bv., Laurelton, Long Island, New York

Burt was born 23 years ago in New York City although this statement is quite debatable. A graduate of the University of Denver, he hopes to one day go into business for himself. A product of the Fort Dix basic training center, his desire upon graduation is to go to Germany - God speed.



LT. JOHN R. SHUNICK

309 South First Street, Monmouth, Illinois

When things seemed the darkest, as only they can at O.C.S., that is when John's endless ability to make us laugh meant the most. He was always a bright spot on many a dark day. His grace and poise, whether while giving a period of instruction or acting as emcee at our parties, was always present. Coupled with the enthusiasm and firm desire to prove his point, he was one of the finest speakers that we had the pleasure of hearing here at O.C.S. We shall always remember O.C.S., but mostly we of the Third Platoon will remember John R.



LT. CHESTER R. SIEROCKI

1107 Lamson Street, Saginaw, Michigan

A native of Michigan. Entered the service in 1944. Has a total of eight years in the Infantry. Saw action during World War II in the European Theater of Operations. Present plans are to be a career soldier. Sometimes known as "the Old Man" of the Third Platoon, but that is because he is a little older than the average man in the platoon.



LT. GAROLD S. SINGER

426 East Geary St., Stockton, California

Jerry is rather reserved and one of the quietest in the class. Those of us who know him have found him to be a sincere friend who can be counted on in any situation. As a family man, he has been one of the more mature members of the company. He is interested in leadership and has demonstrated ability and knowledge in the field.



LT. ALVIN K. SMITH

618 West Main Street, Flat River, Missouri

Candidate Smith or "Smitty" as we know him, is a wild and wooly lover from that world renowned town of Flat River, Missouri. Now most of us know that Flat River is not the capital of Missouri, but never tell Smith that. Although he doesn't happen to be an expert on the subject of manifest destiny, he will happily clear up any doubts you may have pertaining to the best looking "chick" in the world. Yes, after graduation "Old Starchy" is going to leave the ranks of single men and take that fatal step. Best of luck, Smitty! We know you can't miss.

LT. FRANCIS T. SOYA

RD 1, Ebensburg, Pennsylvania

What is the noise we hear? Why, who else could it be other than Frank Soya? He picked up the name of the "Yap from the Gap" shortly after his arrival at Benning, for it was at Indiantown Gap that he was first shown the path of an Infantry Soldier. He was a Pre-Med student at the University of Pittsburgh, but we think it should have been electrical engineering. He was our boy when it came to power failures, but now his charges are of a different nature; instead of through a wire, it will be up a hill.





LT. THOMAS M. SPELL, Jr.

1052 West Green Street, Stephenville, Texas

Every company has its Texan, OD shade 31, and 3rd O.C. is proud to have Texas Tom Spell, or as the gals in Columbus call him "Hot Spell," as its representative from the Lone Star State. Tom is the only man in the company never at a loss for words. He seldom uses any. The biggest difficulty for Tex in this man's Army was getting used to G.I. low heeled boots and doing without his favorite after shave lotion, "Corral No. 5."



LT. KENNETH A. SUNNE

Narrows Road, Westminter, Massachusetts

Candidate Sunne, the old "Bostonian," was an asset to Class Thirty-one. He will be long remembered for his polish and finesse. Ken took his basic training at Fort Lee with the Quartermaster. While at Fort Lee he was in the records section. He is interested in music and politics. He was graduated from Boston University and was operating an ice cream business prior to entering the service. According to Ken, Georgia can't compare to the Bay State.



LT. RALPH A. UTEMARK

220 Boscobel Place, Bronx 52, New York, N. Y.

New York's gift to Officer Candidate School. Formerly from Seton Hall U., before entering the service. Always friendly and willing to help with a laugh after a tough day. He is known for his cordiality toward everyone at all times. Ralph likes good food, especially a thick steak which he will tackle at any time. No matter where duty calls his size fourteens will always leave a lasting impression.



LT. MONROE WEBB

Newcombe, Tennessee

Home address: Pleasant View, Ky. Monty came to O.C.S. from Fort Hood, Texas, where he was serving as 1st Sgt. Webb is known in O.C.S. as "Dead Eye Dick" because of his superior ability to fire all Infantry weapons. He has a sense of humor and personality that one would never guess that he was a hard boiled 1st Sgt. for more than 2 years.



LT. OLLIE S. WHITE

127 Fredonia Ave., Lynchburg, Virginia

"Pete" White, the pride of Lynchburg, Virginia, claims that he was the most happily adjusted student Washington and Lee University ever had. His "friends and neighbors" changed all that for him and now he's adjusting with H. E. He's done O. K. though, hitting Class 31's high scores in rifle and carbine; but he's confident he will get better as he goes along. All of us will agree with that.



LT. RICHARD L. WIDERHOLDT

4157 West 102nd Street, Lawndale, California

Dick tries to keep Milwaukee famous with his barbershop quartet singing, and drinking of Schlitz. Before coming to Fort Benning, he was stationed at Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky, where guitar playing was S.O.P. He never did master the guitar, but he did manage to sing loud enough to drown out the sour notes. If a girl ever wrote a letter in shorthand, Dick was always willing to interpret it for you. In fact, he was too willing at times. Dick's ambition is to serve his time as a platoon leader, and then return to civilian life as a student, where he will again try his best to make Milwaukee famous.



LT. JOHN L. WIEGARDT, Jr.

Ocean Park, Washington

"Jack" hails from Ocean Park, Washington. He got tired of oyster farming and joined the Army to fight a "police action." He's been delayed en route for a year now, but he still has hopes of getting to "frozen Chosen." Jack was the ace left fielder on the Company softball team, and his wits are as sharp as his throwing arm. His comment on O.C.S.: "Stanford was never like this."



LT. WILLIAM R. WRAGG, Jr.

15 Roliver Street, Rutherford, New Jersey

Bill was born in Newark, New Jersey, and now resides in Rutherford, N. J. He graduated from Bucknell University in June, 1951. His favorite recreations are sports and music. He was drafted into the Army, September 7, 1951, and was sent to Fort Dix, N. J., last April. He was ordered to Fort Benning and O.C.S. If the Yankees win, this is a happy Candidate.



LT. ANTHONY I. WUJICK

Crystal Vista, Route 2, Crystal Lake, Illinois

Being from Chicago, "Argo" has always threatened to wear his .45 under his arm instead of on his hip when he receives his commission. WuJee, as he is sometimes referred to, is well known for his great love of music and science fiction. He is one of the company's best morale boosters and quite often makes himself the subject of a gag. Soon some platoon will see a blue Hudson drive up and out will hop Lt. "Argo." Shortly they'll know that their's was the luck to receive a fine Infantry officer and expert on the theories of "flying saucers" and "Martians invasions."



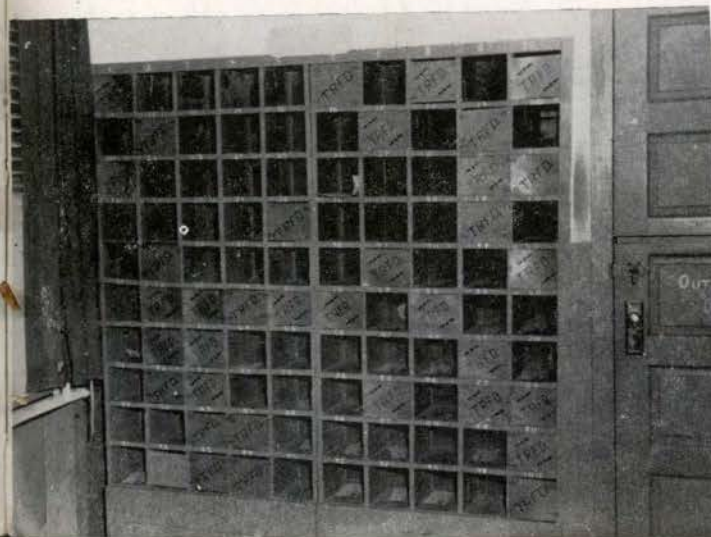
LT. THOMAS G. ZIEK

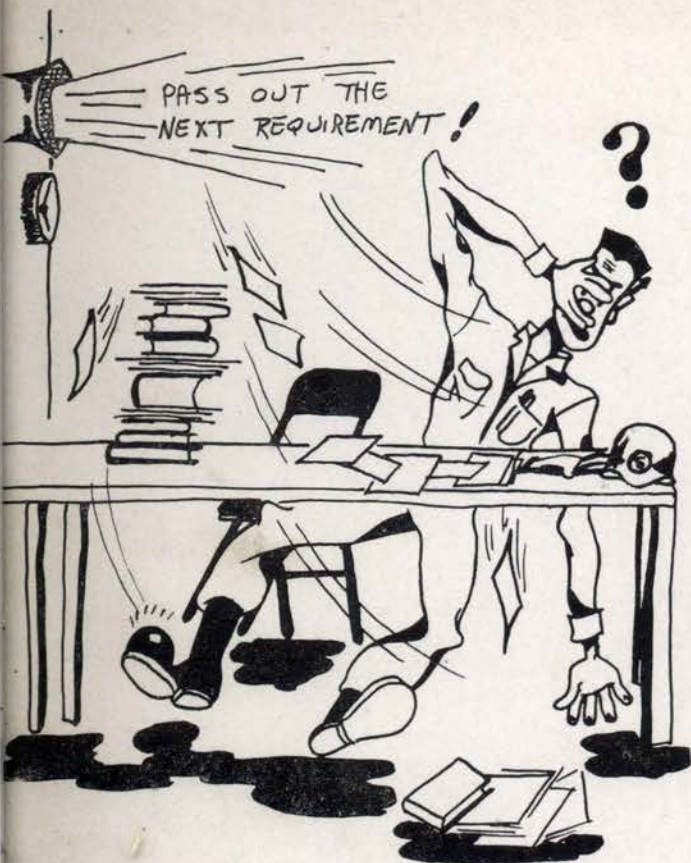
Box 214, Cranesville, Pennsylvania

It was very hard on Tom being a lowly candidate for the first few weeks. Before coming to O.C.S. he was an old M/Sgt. at the age of 21, with five years service in the Army. The familiar voice of "Sir, Candidate Ziek" was heard very often during the first couple of weeks in the third barracks as Tom was given the works by inspecting officers. A decorated Korean veteran, Ziek hails from Cranesville, Pennsylvania. He is well known and liked throughout the company. The platoon that gets Ziek will be most fortunate.

"but few are chosen."

"Many are called . . ."





"A day at O.C.S."



"FREE" TIME,
OCS STYLE

