



OFFICER CANDIDATE SCHOOL





CHAIN OF COMMAND



HARRY S. TRUMAN
Commander-in-Chief



FRANK PACE
Secretary of Army



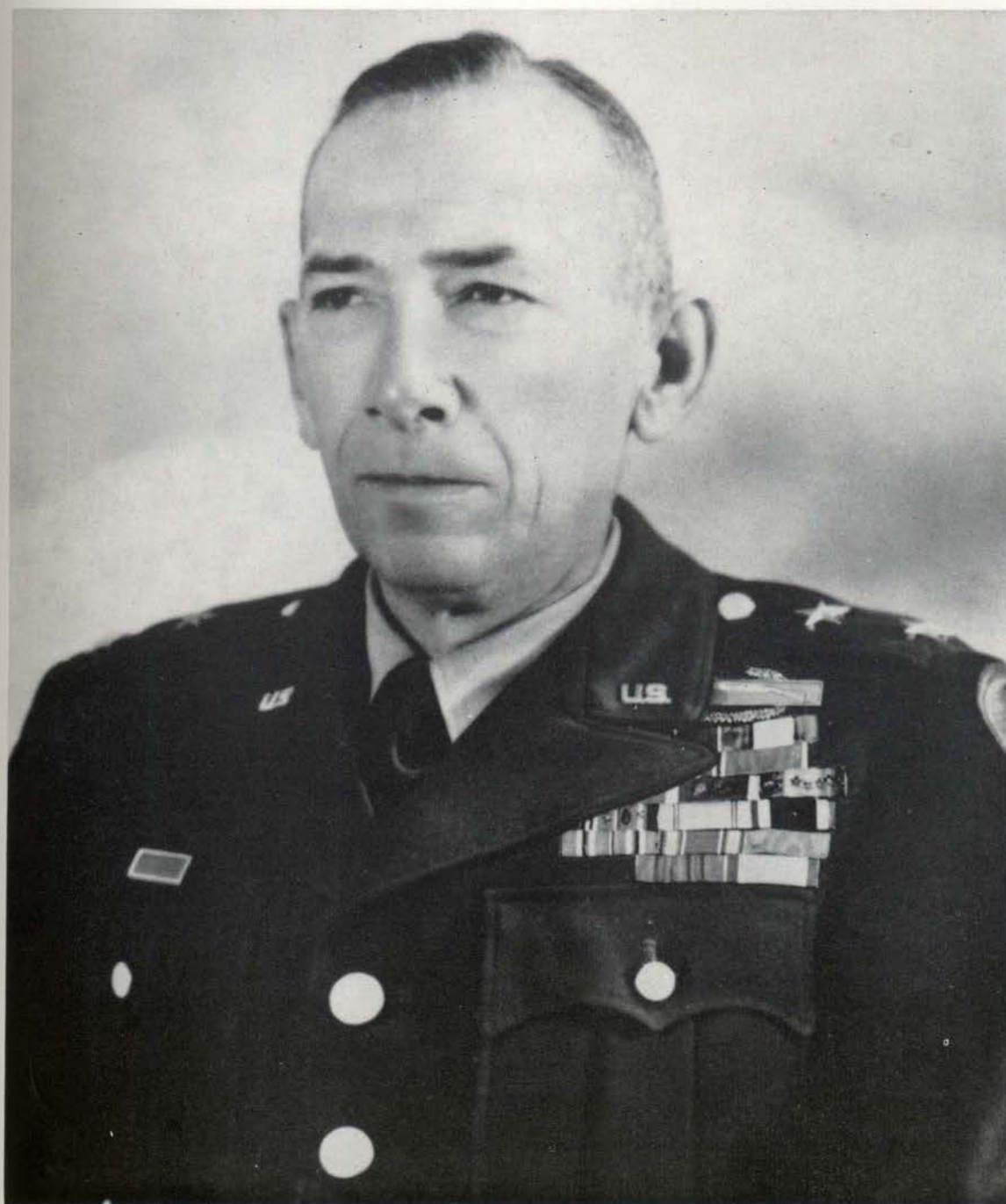
GENERAL J. LAWTON
COLLINS
Chief of Staff

GENERAL JOHN J. HODGE
Commander Third Army



ROBERT LOVETT
Secretary of
Defense





MAJOR GENERAL
JOHN H. CHURCH
COMMANDING GENERAL
THE INFANTRY CENTER



BRIG. GEN. GUY MELOY
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL



COLONEL SEVIER R. TUPPER
COMMANDING OFFICER
1ST STUDENT BRIGADE



COLONEL J. F. REED
Director of Officer Candidates

COLONEL HARRY M. GRIZZARD
Commanding Officer
3rd Student Regiment



THE WAY OF A LEADER

"Stand Tall!" "Look Proud!" Initiative, Attention to Duty, Map Reading and Tactics—these are some of the things an Officer Candidate School is made of. But is that all? Let's look that over! Maybe it's a little more.

How about Leadership? How about Responsibility? Officer Candidate School is a twenty-two week, non-stop journey toward greater leadership, greater responsibility.

How about Teamwork—the mortar that cements the network of Army relations? Officer Candidate School has it. How about Discipline—the hard core of the Army? Officer Candidate School has it.

Sure, the training is tough. But its severity and unrelenting consistency strengthen the moral fiber and test the fitness of each candidate, so that the graduate will assume the title "Lieutenant Infantry" with the highest degree of pride.

His mission? To fight a modern war in a modern army. His code? To be a leader, an officer, a gentleman. A citizen he is, and a better citizen he will be. For on his shoulders rests the safety of a nation.

"What does a person have to do to get through this course?"

"Stand tall, candidate. Act proud, candidate. Mental, moral and physical stamina, and sheer tenacity will make you a cinch."

"What makes you want to become an officer?"

"A silly question? Well then, answer it, candidate. Answer it with a sureness that makes your blood tingle. Answer it in a manner exemplary of an Officer Candidate. That's your challenge!"

And there you have it. The Officer Candidate School—birthplace of many young officers: Ability, Stamina, and Discipline—highly stressed points of the school.

Cooperation and Teamwork weld us all into a coordinated Army. Discipline is its core. Leadership is the very essence of a forward moving Army.

Let's Go the Way of a Leader.

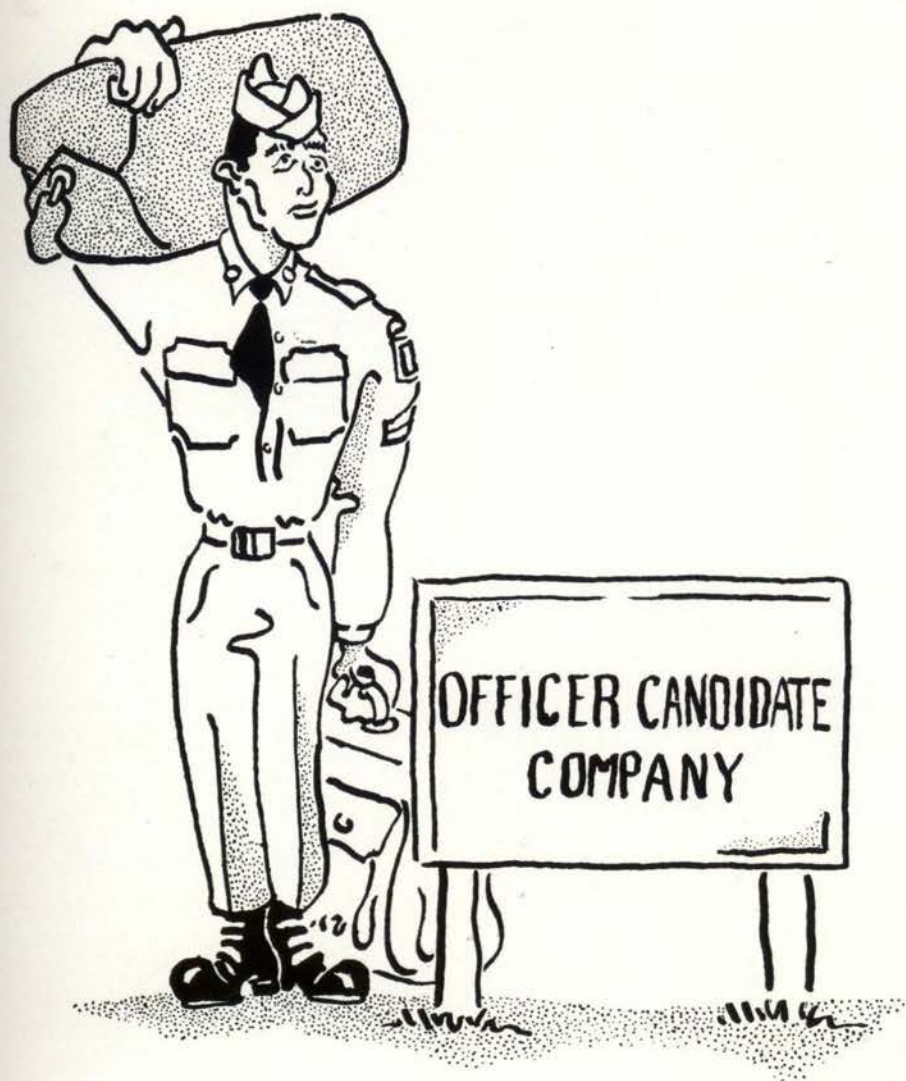


LT. COL. LAMB
Battalion Commander



MAJOR RAY B. MOSSMAN
Battalion Executive Officer

We Came . . .



We Saw . .







We Conquered



BURTON

"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."

“Queen of Battle”

Most Noble Queen, I pledge this day to you
My soldier's heart, my life and Honor true.
I vow to serve, to fight or even die
To keep your name and banner ever high.

I have much help to guide me on my way
Along this path I choose to walk today;
For I'm not first to pledge to Battle's Queen
My every deed in face of foe unseen.

I read in annals past of valiant men
Who served you well and lived to fight again.
And rows of crosses tell the noble tale
Of those who gladly pledged—and did not fail.

The Infantry has proudly won its fame,
And just as proudly will I add my name
To that long list of soldiers, brave and keen
Who in the Infantry still serve their Queen.

—David H. Stanley

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

Euripedes



Captain Ralph E. Chandler,

the Company Commander, with whose hard earned experience, and upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility for our actions and our training. Entered service 1939 . . . graduated OCS 1942 . . . saw action in European Theater with Airborne units during World War II . . . came to First O. C. Company July 1951.

To the members of Officer Candidate Class No. 7: •

"Congratulations on a job well done. I hope that the lessons taught during your course of instruction will assist and guide you in your future assignments as Officers of the Army of the United States."

Ralph E. Chandler
Captain, Infantry



TACTICAL OFFICERS



2nd Lt. Walter L. Johnston, Tactical Officer, Third Platoon.

"I wish to take this opportunity to congratulate all of you. It has been a distinct pleasure to serve and work with a unit as receptive and cooperative as this Company has been. If your work here is any indication of your future success, there is no doubt that it will be progressive and fruitful. I would not hesitate to serve with any one of you, anywhere, any time."

Walter L. Johnston
2nd Lt., Infantry



1st Lt. George A. Millener Jr., Tactical Officer, Second Platoon.

"Your successful graduation from Infantry Officer Candidate School is an accomplishment of which you may well be proud. You all have worked hard and willingly and are now prepared to assume the many and varied responsibilities of a commissioned officer. Assume those responsibilities with the interest and enthusiasm you have displayed here and you may expect a successful and interesting military career.

My warmest congratulations to each and every one of you."

George A. Millener Jr.
1st Lt., Infantry



1st Lt. Allen G. Brown, Tactical Officer, 1st Platoon.

"For the past twenty-two weeks it has been my pleasure to come to know and work with the members of this class. It is my hope that we may meet again in the future and that perhaps, even, I might have the opportunity of serving with members of your class."

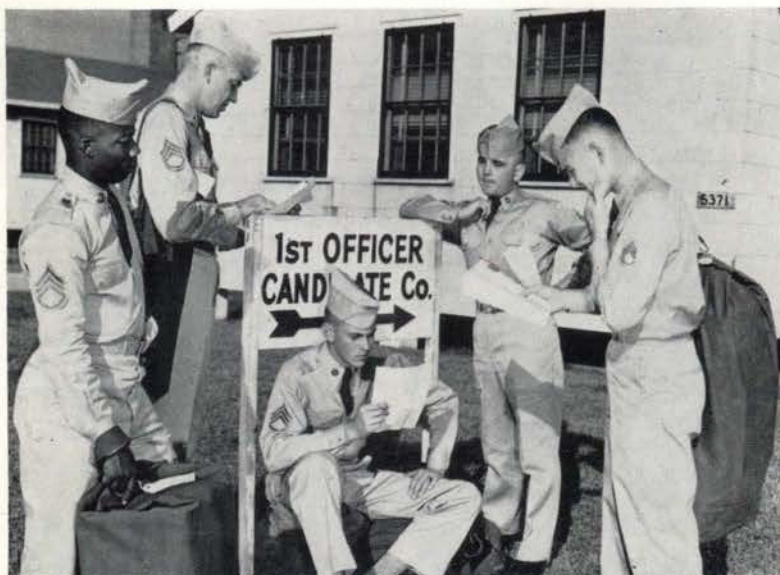
Allen G. Brown
1st Lt., Infantry



THE LONG GO

On the pages following, we have tried to do the thing which at the outset is impossible. We have tried to imprint in words, photographs, and drawings on comparatively few pieces of paper, the story of what went into the making of an Infantry Officer. We have tried to do this — to use a figure — in the mind's eye of a 1st Company Candidate, any one of Class Seven's Officer Candidates. We have tried to tell the story of our twenty-two week transformation to officers as it was lived by us. We have tried, and we must admit we've failed — but a failure we would have readily admitted at the outset of our job. Words, pictures, and drawings, even at their very best, have little relation to actual living experience. To catch in a photograph the tenseness in the face of a machine gunner shooting for the record which is an item in his total score toward graduation, the company standing rigidly for an inspection, bodies straining for those last five impossible extra pushups during a PT test — all of these and countless other memorable happenings — tells something of the real story. And with words we can relate a few incidents, and perhaps, even, separate from the whole proliferous barrage of events a general picture of our twenty-two weeks. But we must come back to the fact we have failed, failed either because individually we each have had an experience that would crowd an entire book, or because collectively the maze of our stay here completely escapes being neatly packaged into so many words, so many drawings, so many photographs. . . . Perhaps, though, this book has captured just enough of the real story that what you see recorded here will serve to enlighten the corners of your memory on the proverbial firelit evening distant years from now when you, taking down this classbook, begin, "and now, let me show you. . . ." Too, the evidence contained so unchangeably here might deliver the recipients of your story from the gentle embellishments you perhaps will be prone to add to your actual experience. . . . Here, then, is six months of your personal history and a partial catalogue of the events which this day made you an Infantry Second Lieutenant.





COMMAND

"Can-did-ate!!!" The command shook us in frequent thunderous crescendos those first few days. The title was unfamiliar. Like the uniforms that had to be just right, it didn't, then, fit us properly. It took some time to precision the uniforms and it took some time for the new title to fit steadily, even if with great weight, on our countenance. We had not known how much could be put into the spoken word. How much and what shadings of beratement, challenge and shock effect could be injected by variously shaping the inflection or volume of the voice. But we learned that the command, the word, *"Can-did-ate!!!"* could mean a hundred things, some of the things we hoped at the time, good.

That first week and the flurry of confused newness . . . "where does the bayonet go . . ." and, "who are those guys wearing the blue helmet liners . . ." and, ". . . how long didya say before we fall out again. . . ." The plaintive and enraged questions and replies . . . The first days achieved a kind of pitch and din we can look back at only now philosophically. The days went by like the streamliner roaring past the small town station platform. The events outside of us were rushed, but in our minds we tried to stop occasionally and reflect on the incomprehensible number of weeks ahead, what they would be like, what we

from chaos



BAPTISM



came order



would learn, and if we would see the twenty-second.

During that first furious week following the hot August 12th day and evening when you reported in, and if you had only the average number of difficulties, your records were processed for minor errors; you fitted a library of field manuals and stacks of equipment into your footlocker, wall locker and cubicle; "Can-did-ate!!" was shouted two or three times individually, countless times collectively; you bailed out of the barracks, it seemed, every twenty-three minutes; and during the few odd moments you probably spent some time sizing yourself up to your classmates. Toward the end of the week you filed into building HC-37 wearing conspicuously new coveralls to hear Capt. Chandler, and then Lt. Millener, tell you about OCS. You learned that it was going to be rough, that you were here to become officers and that a greater or lesser number of your classmates, possibly you if you were good enough, would know in twenty-two weeks what this meant. We got a laugh that first week from Pete O'Boyle's remark, "If I ever get out of here I'm going straight. . . ." But his words came out of the pressure that was being applied to us — he and all of us, in a larger sense, were battenning down for the Long Go.



Shaping-Up



For a brief period during the first weeks we were in the extremely untenable military position of being besieged from all sides at once. To the north: second companies' senior candidates in the week of their graduation. To the south: third companies spanking new seniors, quick at the smell of blood. To the east: the impenetrable position of the Tactical Officers, the Orderly Room. And to the west: our then much denied sanctuary, the Day Room — "... until further notice the Day Room will be 'Off Limits' ... But this period of unlimited harassment, of senior candidates timing us as we again bailed out of the barracks — "very good, gentlemen, forty-five seconds that time" — began to ebb, to become, in fluctuating measures, the normal course of affairs. We were shaping up and getting accustomed to living with the pressure.

It was during this period we learned the first axiom of the Benning OC's existence: there was the red Georgia earth, there was the gleaming sky (later to become relentlessly gray and cold), there was the School Solution, there was the Tactical Officer — and thereby there was the Candidate. The Tactical Officer giveth and the Tactical Officer taketh away, became the main corollary of this basic axiom. By the single device of a frown the Tactical Officer could conjure in the sensitive imagination of the average Candidate to whom the frown was directed, a whole vivid, detailed picture of himself pitifully justifying a vast list of failings before the assembled Board; and, conversely, this identical Tactical Officer could, by his level word, make this identical Candidate's heart beat a little faster. ... The stock of each of us rose

and fell by frowns, level words, names on rosters — mostly in our imagination.

Those first weeks went incredibly fast. We were concerned mostly with our first classes, gigs, Tactical Officers, inspections, the first PT test, and, of course, the famous morning runs. Later the Tactics Committee would use Hourglass Road variously as perhaps a Division boundary, perhaps as a LOFD, or even as a possible route of supply. But for weeks during this time Hourglass Road stood as the impossible outermost limit of Lt. Johnston and our wheezing company double-timing behind him. Then there was the long hill on the way back. . . It was remarked once that had we been a little less punchy that early in the morning we never could have made it.

About this time an overall company personality began to emerge, consisting of individual personalities plus a kind of particular character of the company as a whole. Somebody in the first platoon tagged the third platoon as the "Midgets," silently, we suppose, adding the adjective "mighty" when the results of the first PT test were in; and the third platoon countered by labeling the first, "... that quick-time outfit," using as evidence, it is reported, the relative degree of wheeze emanating from the first during the morning runs. Brockway began to come to the fore during this time too. In McCarey's and Klein's corner of the second platoon there was established our Greenwich Village — where questions ranging from Esthetics to Being were settled summarily in Deep Philosophical Terms. The total character that emerged was one of a company very spirited and working very hard, and a spectrum of lively individual personalities.





classroom to field

The first subject that tied itself together as an entity was map reading. The compounded mysteries of signs and symbols, GM angles, resection and intersection were patiently made clear to us, during the course of twenty hours, by Lt. Parks. GM angles almost threw us. The circumstantially changing relationship between Grid North, Magnetic North and True North was for a while an enigma that escaped the power of words to make clear. Diagrams were resorted to—countless three pronged diagrams. Finally, it all became clear to us . . . almost. In any case we learned that the ability to read a map accurately

was a knowledge as important as any other we would learn at OCS.

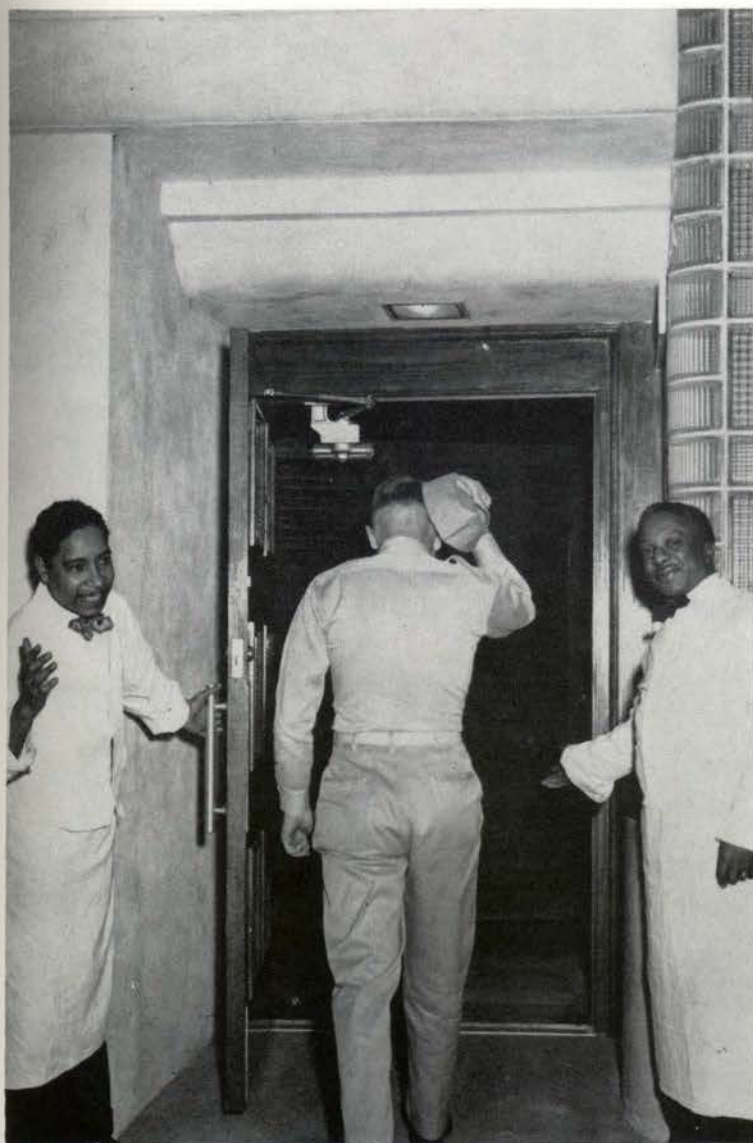
Mention should be made of the famous night compass march. Most of us felt pretty naked alone at night in the boondocks with but a compass and an azimuth to follow. But we all got back in—only a few with mud up to the tops of their boots. And most of us got good batting averages for the night. After the field section of the GT that followed our instruction, Larsen remarked he had been doing all right until, at the end of the compass march, he came out precisely in the middle between stakes 51 and 52.



SWEAT



BLOOD



PLEASURE



WEAPONS





The M-1 rifle was brought first to our attention. Many of us knew the weapon thoroughly already, but after the M-1 Committee's instruction few had any doubts about their complete knowledge of it. . . . Remember how it seemed to wait to rain until we got to the range? And if anyone ever asks you to define the extent of a terribly great distance, tell him about the distance between the "bull" and the five hundred yard firing line. . . . Two Candidates talking after firing the transition course: 1st Candidate, " . . . How did you make out? . . . " O'Boyle, " . . . Well, I'll make Expert with the AR. . . . "



Altogether we spent ten weeks with the various committees of the Weapons Committee. The idea, of course, was to give us a thorough knowledge of all the weapons used in the infantry regiment. So, beginning with the M-1 rifle and ending with the 90mm tank gun, we spent ten sometimes baffling weeks studying camming actions, characteristics and everything about the tools of our trade. The excellent weapons committees largely succeeded in giving us a full knowledge of these tools, and we here turn to some of the more highlighted moments. . . .



The AR brought us our first contact with the inventions of Dr. Browning. We got an idea, as we struggled through the functioning of the AR, the .30 and .50 MGs, of how many things could be made to happen at once, should a brilliant inventor turn his mind to the problem. Rather than a weapon of war, the automatic weapon seemed for a while to be an invention with the sole purpose of confounding the mind. . . .





... And later on the range: the red flag going down, followed by the clatter ceasing, followed by a brief silence, followed by the lone shot, followed by "... Who fired that shot? ...", followed by an ominous silence. ... The Machine Gun Committee taught us a multitude of things about their weapon; indeed, they made their weapon our weapon, in terms of knowledge and appreciation; but, at least in the case of several members of the class, there is one device that still seems to confound: when, for God's sake, should the NO-GO go and the GO go ... or not go. Forgive us—we had to get it in.



The Recoiless Rifle Committee, whose weapons were renamed "reckless rifles" later by the tank committee, gave us some of our most engaging classes. Discharging a "75" as a welcome to the committee was an act both unique and shrewd—we were wide awake for the rest of the morning. We might add that it was about this time we began to use approximately one-fourth of the space in the stands we formerly used. We shudder in memory of those not so athletically inclined as the rest, those whose exposed bodies kept the rest of the company warm.

When we reached the Mortar Committee our coveralls were beginning to fade to that point where members of younger classes could not exactly determine the week we were in, and the very young classes held us in some awe. It was about the midpoint — and we were getting hardened to the rigors of OCS existence. . . . Day after day on the mortars we levelled bubbles, went in and out of action. Nelopovitz actually got leveled on the stake in forty-five seconds, won the prize; but, alas, had too many demerits to go on pass. Such was the trying detail of our lives. . . .



As we sat in class one day and the Major pointed out the characteristics of the 90mm tank gun, we had the satisfying feeling of nearing the end of our first big section of training. We were with the last of the seemingly endless Weapons Committees; soon there would be Tactics. . . . The weeks were piling rapidly one on top of the other. . . . The Monday of the fifteenth week we had a good shoot on the tank range and then Weapons was behind us. . . .



From the main course of our twenty-two weeks, there were sidestreams of events without which the picture would be incomplete. The training schedules, of course, established the pounding main tempo of our days and weeks. The big events made the overall pattern and to a large extent tailored the smaller, more personal moments. But there were extraneous moments, moments of "getting away," either voluntarily, like the ball game in the field at noontime, or involuntarily — like just after lunch.

...



... at approximately 1331 Monday through Friday there is no concept, theory or idea quite so compelling to the Candidate as SLEEP. The eyes become like windows that refuse to stay open, the neck likewise refusing to support the head; the body, so vigorous this morning at PT, now becomes warmly blubberous, held upright at all only by the ingenious design of the chair; the mind only a few hours earlier sharply grasping the subtlest of distinctions between this approach to the hill and that approach, now becomes a kind of fog-bound coastline — only the pleasantly jagged shapes of thoughts to be seen — and the instructor's voice rumbling faintly ... more faintly ... in the distance like the surf ... sleep ... rumble ... rumble ... sleep.



But the skirmishes with the lost sleep that tried, during those post noonhour classes, to regain its pre OCS respected status in our lives were won — usually. And won for two reasons, one immediate and one fundamental. The first and most immediate reason had something to do with the TAC Officer sitting in the back of the room with the pad of OR's at his elbow. The second reason and the fundamental one, was, quite simply, that we had to know as much as possible. So whether the guilty sleeper or the ever-seeker of extra knowledge there was the semicircular cluster of OC's around the instructor during the break—asking more about this weapon or that tactic.

... And there were the endless, the big and the small, the inevitable bull sessions. There is not much new that can be said of a bull session beyond that it usually manages to encompass the sum of the interests, personalities, knowledge and half-knowledge of its participants. The subject matter varies, and, in fact, usually covers a breathless universe of subjects. Were ours different? Except in one respect, probably not. With blithe definitiveness we treated politics, the war, the various merits of various beverages, women—in particular and in general, and even, sometimes, the Arts and the Philosophies. It can be assumed, as in all bull sessions, whatever there was to talk about we talked



about. But what, if anything, was different in our sessions? Always, it seemed, there crept, quite certainly—like a conscience, sometimes subtly by inference, sometimes overtly by direct argument; but always the words or thoughts found themselves in the discussion, "... my platoon is going to ... ;" and, "... I would do it this way. ;" and "... in combat you would." In spite of the jokes and jibes directed at ourselves and at our present positions, we knew, without tritely saying it in so many words, what our job really was.



There is another common moment of our twenty-two weeks that merits mention. Perhaps it was a letter, perhaps it was the abiding concern over whether you would experience the great day of graduation; in any case—whatever it was—you found yourself lost in moments of pure reflection. Sometimes you sat on the edge of your bed just after the CQ turned out the lights and quietly smoked a cigarette, thinking, past the flash of the day's events, of merely random things ... the post-graduation furlough, the weeks ahead, whether you would deport yourself properly in combat—and if that time would come. The thousand things that your OCS day gave you no time to really think about. Or maybe it happened as you reached a difficult part in a letter you were writing—you found yourself staring out of the window, thinking—it could have been anything—any random thought your life now had little time for. . . .



There were times when the tension released itself in laughter over a fine droll remark, or because of a sharp, explosively funny comment. It can be assumed that the laughter following these was mixed with giddiness as well as humor, with the quick release of the pressure in addition to the funniness of the situation. But it can be said, without attributing the wit to anything in particular, that we had some good laughs. Barry and Brockway did their part in the first platoon; Larson and Klein were consistently good in the second; Mobley came through in the third. In no sense, of course, was levity the continual order of the hour. It was, merely, that we got in our laughs . . .



on the way to field training was a thing we'll all remember, too. It seemed in every truck there were voices to make what was, more or less, harmony. "Take Down That Blue Service Star, Mother," et al. . . . Yes, the man in the shower is Brockway—he had just delivered a boy: Seven pounds, eight ounces.

In a certain sense each week had its own unity and its own destination. Twenty-two weeks was too great a length of time to be used as a measurement. We therefore established as our yardstick, the week. The goal became the weekend. The weekend meant various things to various Candidates. To some it meant climbing into the sack to catch up on some sleep. To nearly fifty per cent of the company — those with fewer than nine demerits — it meant the thickest steak they could find followed by the Columbus Room or the Chicasaw Club (our investigations reveal that a few, after much beating of the brush, actually flushed for themselves grouse). And there were those few who, by demerits accumulated up to the region of two digits, found themselves assembled at approximately 1300 on Saturday to reflect on their sins and concurrently to do penance in the Mess Hall. To simply lose the privilege of attending the festivities at the Columbus Room on a given Saturday night was heartrending enough; but to find one's self gigged to the extent of doing labor in the Mess Hall was a calamity. Workers in the Mess Hall, hail to thee! We salute the memory of your tribulations!



Whatever intervals we had away from the driving routine were brief. The good laughter subsided, the weekend ended, the moment of random thought had to be cut short, the first sergeant's whistle always ended the noontime football game. All of these activities had little to do with our job at OCS. The training schedule had to be pursued, the pressure always on us — by its very purpose — could not be relieved for long.





In the several weeks' interval between the finish of our training with the Weapons Committee and the start of our work with the Tactics Committee, we were concerned primarily with such things as Air Transportability, Communications and Logistics. Three incidents, each connected in some way with the three subjects, will probably do the most to tie this time in our memory. The first of these incidents is best preserved by a simple nine-word quote — without any comment: "... Don't take your load adjusters out of the case. . . ." (To savor this memory fully one should repeat this admonition at least nine times, putting different inflections on different words each time, until the sentence becomes a

kind of chant.) The second incident worth preserving is also best noted in the form of a quote — this time with commentary: "... Watch the wire. . . ." Whether this warning, rippling as it did down the column of the company, in mock-serious repetitions to each Candidate in turn behind the other, had its origin with the Communications Committee we do not know. But it was the kind of indigenously funny remark which, in the memory of it, will immediately set our twenty-two weeks aside entirely for us — our own experience. To attribute humor to such an inane remark as "... Watch the wire. . . ." seems, except to us, pretty weird; but it was

the humor of a certain very special situation, and, rather than the words, the situation made the funniness. These situations were our own — so much so we established our own definition of what was funny. . . . The third incident, to get in a final blow for Logistics, might be titled "The Great Mess Hall Inspection." Trying (if you'll remember) to appear as much as possible like inspecting officers, we one day marched off to investigate the relative status of the battalion's mess halls. We are informed one company's mess steward, unaware of the scheduling of the event, likened our sudden visitation to the coming of a great pestilence—locusts, probably—and took the

highly appropriate action of dispatching from all available doors this inexplicable onslaught of Candidates. This difficulty was soon straightened out, however, and we continued on our appointed way. Our whimsey would give us to believe, incidentally, that this mess steward, at our arrival on that scene of such culinary peace and orderliness, must have feared in the corner of his mind where sergeants harbor such fears so restlessly, that the beautifully precise machinery which delivered us so smoothly from one class to the other each day had suddenly gone berserk. . . .

This is a good time for a plug. Our inspection of the battalion's mess halls revealed our own to be up with the best. Many of us, as a matter of fact, who had been heard to make the usual cutting remarks about our watered orange juice, etc., were hard to top in their praise of our mess hall after the inspection. Brockway's lively description of our mess in class before the inspection, and his recantation following it was only one of many similar conversions. For our part — we've gained ten pounds in the last four months.

Many other things were happening during this time too. Along about the sixteenth week we had our first Tactics classes, and with their advent the sense of at last approaching the home stretch. The following two weeks sped upon us and we prepared for our senior parade, thought about uniform buying, sweated out the eighteenth week Boards and made plans for the coming Christmas leave.

As we stood as the right-most company that cold December 22nd, and waited to pass in review for the final time at OCS, we felt, I'm sure, the beginning sense of arrival. Four more weeks were ahead, but the undeniable index of our advancement — our having come steadily up the line of classes in the parade month by month, now being the newest blue helmeted company — made us feel bigger, made us understand the time already spent and the little time left.





Now as we near the end of the story (and, incidentally, as this is being written, the end of the course), we are fighting the natural editorial tendency to sum up. We say "natural tendency" because, for all editors, there is a compulsion to try and reach out for conclusions at the end of a story. Conclusions which in some fashion would establish the true meaning of the experience, and at the same time point to a road ahead. We say "fighting the tendency" because, for a number of reasons, it is a bad idea to go around assuming what is in other people's minds. First of all, you see, our experience of OCS means many things to approximately one hundred and thirty of us. And for the other thing, we are not oracles: we have as much trouble as anybody else peering into the future. So, having admitted our inability to read minds or to divine the future glories of the members of this class, just what can we add without detracting? Perhaps we might say a few things commonly in all of our minds. . . .

. . . OCS was a lot of hard work and, further, a strain on the psychodynamics. We're sure no one enjoyed their twenty-two week stint. After a few days the novelty wore off, followed quickly by whatever Warner Brothers element there was about it. Before we ever had our first class, as a matter of fact, we discovered OCS was going to be a considerable trial. Why then, if it was so unpleasant, did one hundred and thirty of us voluntarily knock ourselves out to make the grade? We think if there is an answer it can be found by considering two facts: 1) We came to OCS because we wanted to come; and, 2) the OCS we put in for was Infantry OCS, a branch not noted for its easy go. We came here, then, to prove something to ourselves. By the fact of our commissions, we have at least proved this thing to those who now see fit to commission us. And even in our own minds we are aware we have toughened physically, added very considerably to our personal military knowledge. But, and let this be our only really editor-like comment, the real trial is still around the corner. And if you ever ask yourself about the importance of your commission, first, before answering, look around the world a bit, then answer that you and your commission are important as anything—and try to live up to that importance.





We were almost there. All of the wonderful complications of uniform buying. The terrible mathematics of buying within the allowance. But this was a minor problem, have no doubt about it. There was still packed days ahead, but, at last, the end was in sight. So close were we to the end, in fact, that the days began to drag. We counted the days and then — very near the finish — counted the hours.





The ceremony itself . . . the oath of office . . . the unbelievable shiny new bars . . . the incomprehensible realization of having actually gotten through . . . the too hurried leave taking . . . It is impossible to sum it up, to make any sense out of it now that the final moment is here . . . But it has arrived, this great moment . . . Don't attempt to figure it out now, Lieutenant . . . Take the fifteen days and live in your moment . . . Figure it all out later . . .

Governing functions were handled by student groups, namely the Student and Honor Councils, with representatives elected at large from each of the three platoons. Here at an informal gathering, candidate Grabelsky makes a point to president Pye as council members Pavey, Thompson, Lewis, Toth, Vernon, Winston, and Barnard weigh its merits.



Student Council



Cadre

The Cadre, to whom we are indebted for their excellent handling of the administrative matters concerning our twenty-two weeks. To them, from all the members of the class: thanks, best wishes—well done.

Classbook Staff



At left is rare photo of class book staff in one place at single time—the result of a forty-five minute roundup. Standing is editor Burlingame, vaguely following point made by artist McCarey (left profile). Center is Bill Reeves, high - priest productionwise. Right is photo of D. L. Ferguson (posing), con-man and chief coordinator. Lower right is Robert Reich, BMOC, muse, Voice in Wilderness, lay-out, managing editor.

Burlingame



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Oklahoma



Rodney J.
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