

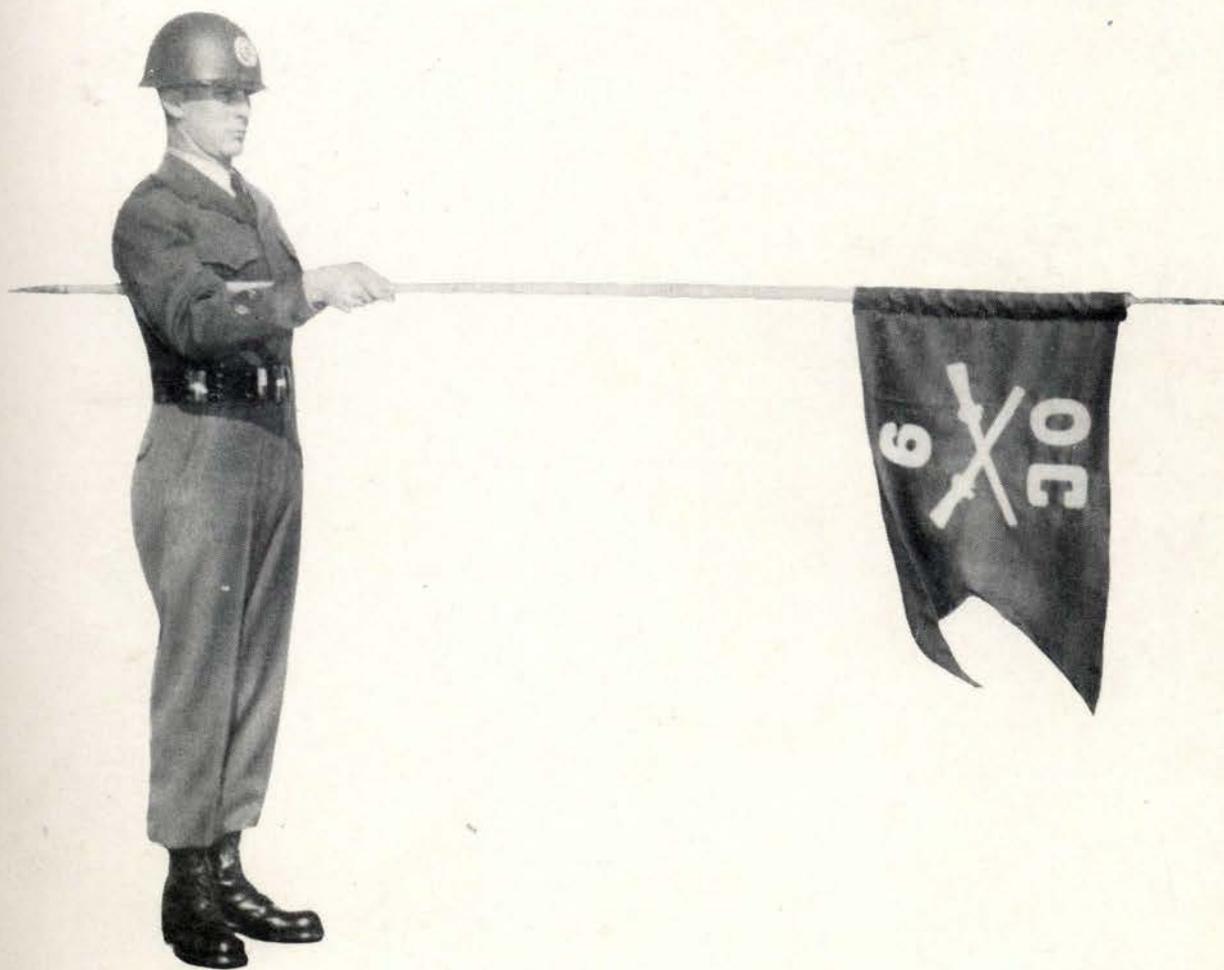


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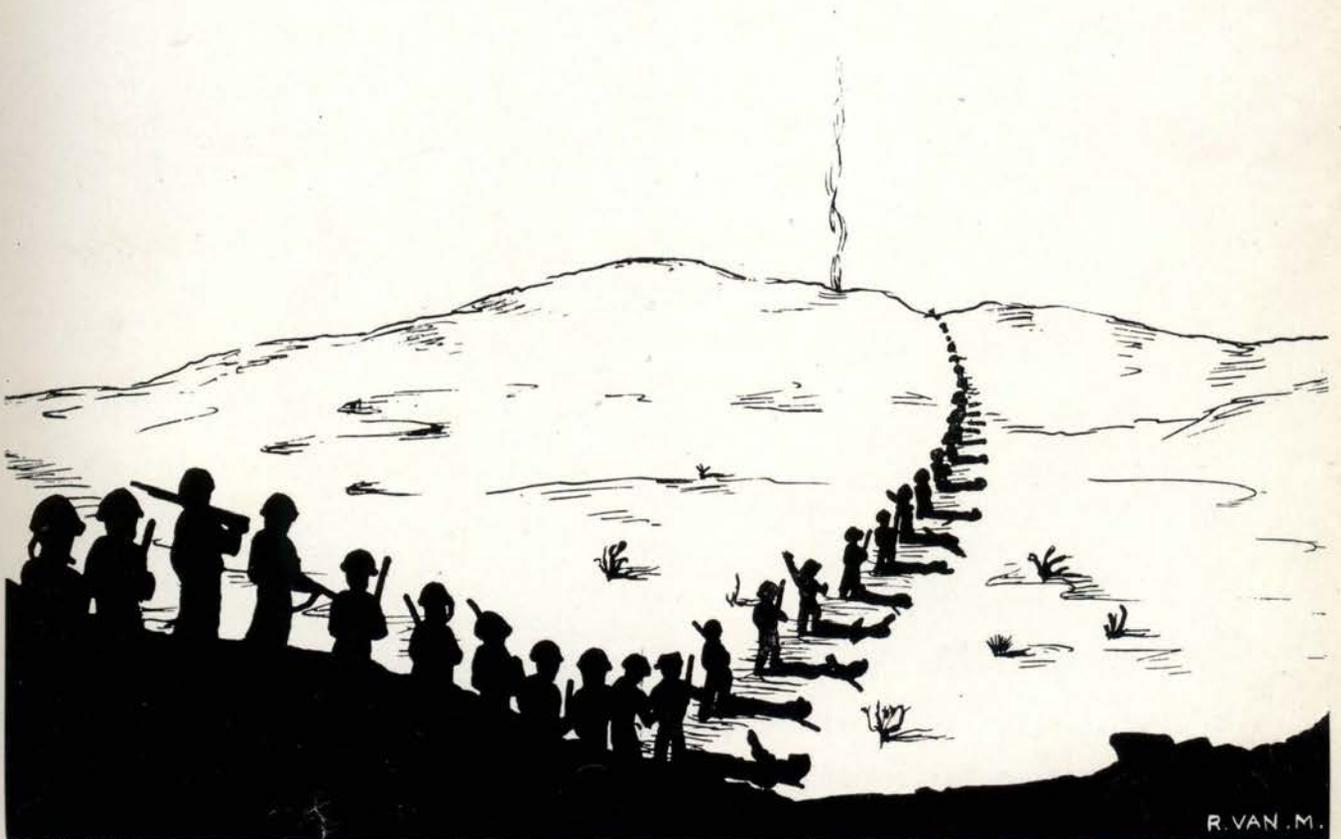
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

9th Officer Candidate Company



8th Officer Candidate Class

To all men of all ages who
have walked to the places
where they fought: to those
who, as fields of battle
changed, have been left
behind; and to those who,
leaving them, have walked on.





**MAJOR GENERAL
JOHN H. CHURCH**
COMMANDING GENERAL
THE INFANTRY CENTER



BRIG. GEN. GUY MELOY
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT
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COLONEL SEVIER R. TUPPER

**COMMANDING OFFICER
1ST STUDENT BRIGADE**



COLONEL HARRY M. GRIZZARD

**COMMANDER
3RD STUDENT REGIMENT**



COLONEL J. F. REED

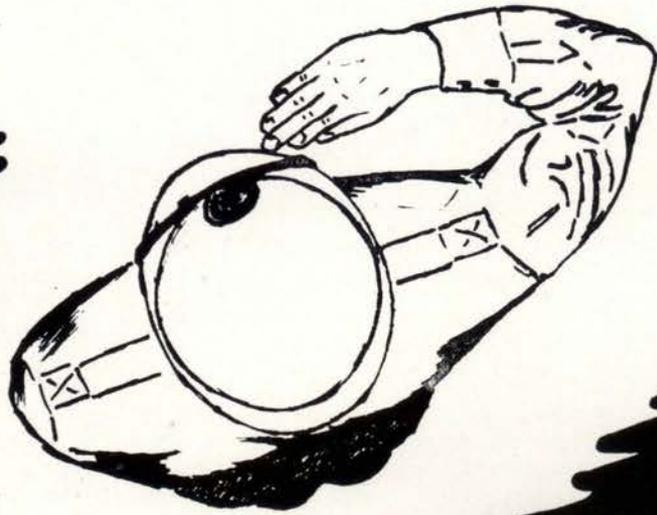
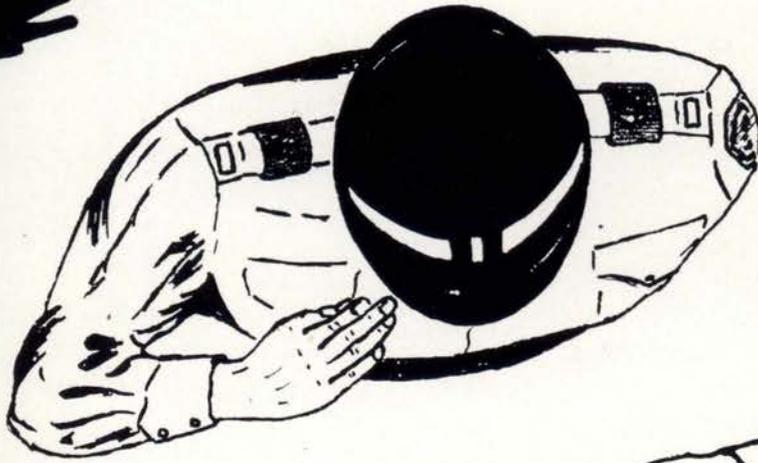
**DIRECTOR OF OFFICER CANDIDATES
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL**



LT. COLONEL SIDNEY MARKS

**COMMANDER
2ND OFFICER CANDIDATE BATTALION**

Company Officers



To The Graduates:

It has been a real pleasure, and has afforded me much self satisfaction to have commanded Officer Candidates of your caliber.

The cooperation and support I have received from you is all any Commanding Officer could expect. Your spirit and attitude towards your work has been exceptional. Having been the first Company of a new Battalion was a difficult task; but one which you have met admirably.

Your record, both in the Officer Candidate Regiment and also with the Academic Department, as Officer Candidate Class Eight of the Ninth Officer Candidate Company is one of which I will always be proud.

As you leave this School, Second Lieutenants, United States Infantry, I sincerely wish for each and every one of you a very successful career as an Army Officer. Your job at O. C. S. was a tough one, but now as Officers you are on your own and will face many hard and difficult tasks, problems, and situations; I am sure in my own mind you will meet these occasions in the manner that will reflect great credit upon the Officer Corps of the United States Army.

Thomas H. Mitchell

Captain Infantry
Commanding



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WILLARD M. MITCHELL, CAPTAIN INFANTRY**

Captain Willard M. Mitchell brought to 9th O. C. Company a combat record that reads like a litany of all the awards the Army can offer. The Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star, Bronze Star, Philippine Citation, and the Presidential Citation is a list that only begins to tell the story of his record as a good soldier. But he brought a good deal more than a record of past achievements, he brought a design for the future—our future, as Platoon leaders.

From the day the first candidate jumped at the sound of his commanding voice, until the booming loud speaker christened us Lieutenants, there was never any doubt but what Captain Mitchell was designing his candidates to be—"The best Infantry Platoon Leaders in the world".

Unfortunately, on such an assignment, he doesn't carry away with him any formal citation from 9th O. C. Company; only the citation of an unseen salute that is carried in the memories of "His" Candidates.



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"AT EASE, MEN . . . I'm your new Executive Officer. You are all restricted until further notice!" These were the first words spoken to the Company by Lt. Ralph Homesly, who became our Executive Officer after Christmas holidays.

This restriction was something of a shock coming so soon after our leave, but our housekeeping gradually rose to the standards of O. C. S., and we were soon released.

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For his concern and consideration, for a difficult, sometimes painful, often thankless job well done, we of the Second Platoon wish to say thanks.



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Lt Hartigan lost little time in making the candidates realize they were no longer enlisted men, but future officers, and that their conduct henceforth would be a reflection of the highest traditions and standards of the United States Infantry.

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When looking back over these six months, we remember the many inspections, physical fitness tests, classes and field problems. We have so much to recall that we tend to overlook the everyday things that added to our comfort and convenience while at 9th O/C Company. We will remember these things, and know how much work it takes to make such items as mail, bedding, passes, and three meals a day, commonplace everyday things.

The members of the Company wish to extend a word of thanks to the enlisted cadre who served us during our stay at Benning. Upon our arrival, our class was for the most part, composed of men who were civilians not too long ago. After classes on Company management, personnel management, and logistics, we came to realize administrative work in all its intricacy. We want to take advantage of this opportunity to remember our enlisted cadre in our Class Book.



1ST



2ND



9T.H. CO.



3RD



4TH

FIRST PLATOON



Early in September, all members of the 9th O. C. fell out in an assortment of fatigues, khaki, civilian clothes, and a still greater assortment of headgear (which we immediately took off so we could be sized). A group of the tallest men was picked, a few short ones were thrown in as garnish, and the First Platoon was formed to the later horror of the officers.

The members of this infamous, incorrigible group started stirring around the barrack, making friends, and impressing each other with varied abilities. It soon was plain to see that there were fifty leaders, no followers, and one of the noisiest groups ever known to man assembled in the first barrack. But we of the First Platoon soon began to be great friends and to have good times together. We laughed, joked, sang, failed miserably in inspections, stacked up demerits, and provoked such comments as, "The company looked pretty sharp today, the Second and Third Platoon barracks are approaching O. C. S. standards. Of course the First Platoon was in its usual state."

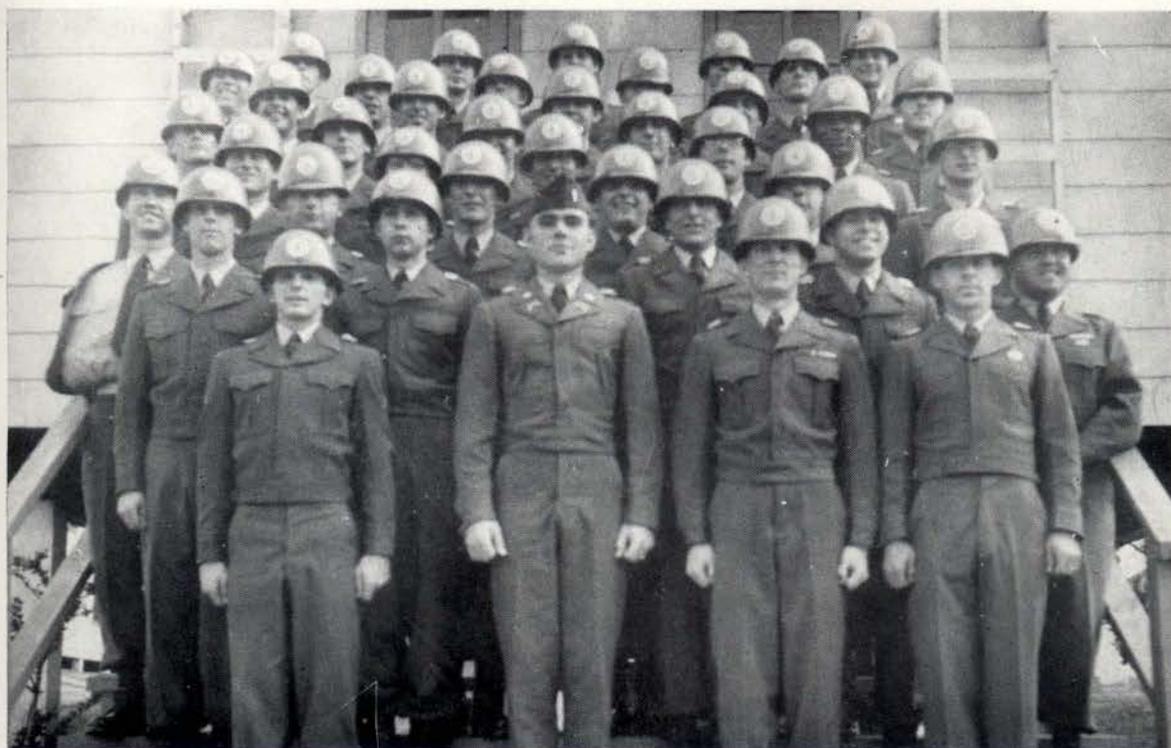
Our glorious state of slovenliness was short lived, however, as the officers took a dim view of our reveling in squalor. The tall ones soon were in the grasp of the Tactical officers, who were believers in the possibility of our redemption.

Gradually we began to lose our distinction as the "Double in Demerits" platoon through the discovery of paint. We painted tables, chairs, beds—everything paintable. When something got dirty, we painted it! Slowly but surely we began to rise from our base state through a fog of paint, a stench of turpentine, and the gripes and groans of the other platoons.

We still kept many of our characteristics, though. We kept our noise, our many, many complaints, the songs by our own "Barry-tones", the up-till-eleven-at-night-but-never-up-till-three-minutes-after-the-first-whistle-in-the-morning attitude; and most of all, the characteristic of always having the most fun possible at all times.

So we say to the First Platoon, OC Class No. 8, "All Right Men! Let's move out and give the barracks orderlies a chance.

SECOND PLATOON

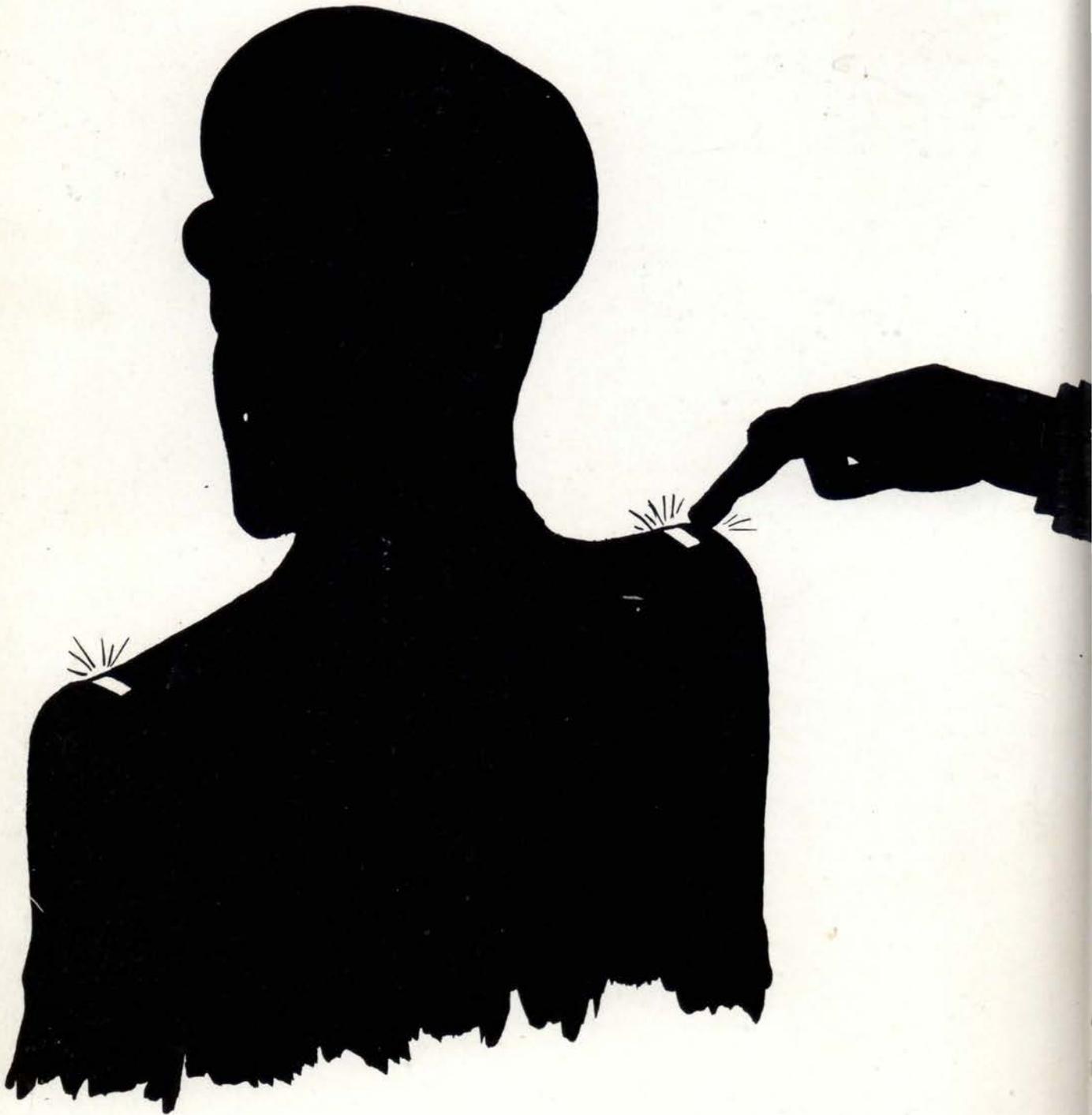


CLASS P-52

It wasn't that the Second Platoon lacked conscientiousness. It was just that it was tired. Its men liked fences. They wanted a fence around their walk. They were going to build it. When Lieutenant Wenck came down the street with four saws, three hammers, a large sack of nails, and a cord of potential pickets in his arms, they just decided to build it a day or two sooner.

The Second Platoon showed real spirit. Primarily it was because there was one quality that every man in the platoon shared with every other. It wasn't like the First Platoon, where three of four of the men were only pretending to like to paint. In the Second Platoon every single man agreed with every other—they were all tired. They woke up in the morning tired, and they went to bed at night tired. A man in the Second Squad perfected a method (which he shared with the rest of the platoon) of starching clothes by which he could leave his uniform at attention and let his body fall out. A highly educated member of the Third Squad (he took 5th grade arithmetic three times) computed that if every man in the platoon lay down in the platoon area with the long axis of his body at an angle of approximately $32\frac{1}{4}$ degrees to that of the man on his left and $37\frac{1}{2}$ degrees to that of the man on his right, all of the area of police could be reached by swinging the arms in arcs whose planes were parallel to and flush with the surface of the earth. It worked fine, but one day one of the tactical officers arrived in the company area before time.

The real spirit of the platoon showed best, though, when it came time to fall out for class. The work all done, the men were usually to be found curled up on their foot lockers, catching a few minutes' sleep (they had discovered they could get to their feet and dust off their foot lockers with one motion, if that motion were executed deliberately enough). When the last whistle blew, the bodies would stir, squirm, and begin to rise. And in the instant before they began to move toward the door, thirty-odd voices would be raised loyally in honor of the platoon: "Why me."



JUST A MOMENT, LIEUTENANT

So it's over. Done with. You're through, and your shoulders, though heavier by the weight of small, 14-karat gold filled bars, are just a little straighter than they ever have been before. You stand just a little taller than you ever have before. And probably you'll always stand this way now. Because you won't forget.

But before you go, lieutenant, before you turn away, do a little more than just not forget. Remember.

Remember the 9th of September, 1951. Sunday it was, and hot. The sun was a fierce yellow oppression. When you moved, if it were only from the first barrack to the orderly room, the sweat gathered on your legs and trickled down into the blouse of your trousers. Your face dripped constantly, and you discovered, during the few odd moments when there was no need to move, that not even motionlessness helped. The sweat gathered and slid, and you mopped and cursed.

It was all right, though, wasn't it? It was all right because you were finally at Fort Benning; you were finally at O. C. S. You had worked hard to get here—filled out forms, wired home frantically for birth certificates and transcripts, typed and erased and re-typed. You had controlled your nervousness before the boards, and you had stuffed cardboard into every hollow in everything you owned for eight weeks of Leaders Course. Now you were in Class No. 8, Infantry Officer Candidate School, and you belonged body and mind to the 9th Officer Candidate Company. A little sweat wasn't going to slow you down now, was it? You scrambled around to get a bunk with all the springs on it and you fell out every other minute—platoon assignments by height, haircuts, records check with Personnel, purchase of coveralls, pencils, rulers, files. You moaned about the heat and the restriction that wouldn't let you so much as take your clothes to the cleaners. Snafu reigned supreme and uncontested, and processing was under way.

Fall out. Fall in. Draw foot lockers. Draw wall lockers. Draw shelter halves, tent pegs, mess gear, canteens. Orientations by the regimental commander, the company commander, your tactical officer. Welcomes, suggestions, S. O. P.'s, warning. . . .

In spite of it all (or because of it—you couldn't tell which), when classes started on Friday things had somehow begun to take shape in your mind. You returned to bar-

racks from those first classes amazed at the high level of instruction you had received, enthusiastic over the material, more than a little appalled at the amount of territory these Infantry School instructors could cover in an hour. There was no doubt in your mind: these would be twenty-two very busy weeks.

Rifle inspection in ranks the next morning was a kind of symbol for the fact that it had begun in earnest. The routine was fixed. A steady forward motion began.

The weeks ticked off, one by one. For awhile there was no time for anything but what the school prescribed. You grunted and grumbled your way out of bed at 0500 trying valiantly to convince yourself that it was great, just great, to be alive, to be a soldier, to be an officer candidate. The days were a mist of motion at double time and classes in which you took notes so fast you didn't have a chance to read them. At night, after study hall, you brushed your teeth and suddenly wakened the next morning to wonder how you'd got from the latrine to your bed. For days on end you didn't seem to have time to produce a decent thought for yourself. . . .

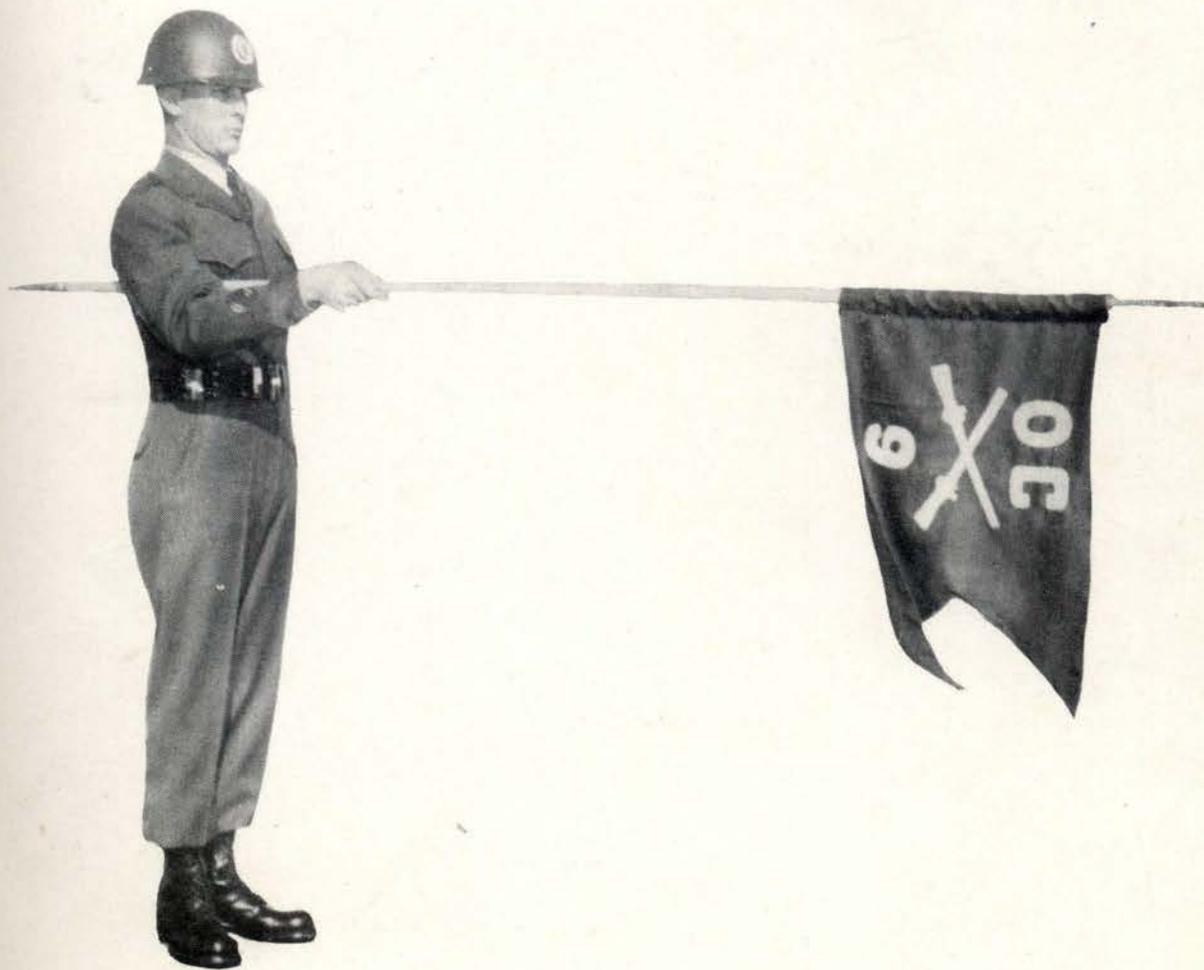
"A map is a line drawing, to scale, of an area of the earth's surface. It shows objects and features by conventional signs. Although drawn to scale, it is not absolutely accurate because . . ."

Little by little you began to gain control. You began to get a feel for the system. You did the right things at the right times and discovered that here and there in almost any given week you might suddenly find yourself with an hour or two that were your own. So you began to think about yourself and Fort Benning, Georgia, and The Infantry School. And one morning you woke up tired, irritable, already angry, to discover that you were squared off face to face with yourself and one of you was pointing an accusing finger at the other and asking in an unbelievably obscene tone, "What the hell are **you** doing here?"

You staggered out of bed with the question still ringing in your ears. You looked at yourself in the mirror as you shaved, and the other you was leering over your shoulder, the question still hanging on slightly open lips. You fell out to go to class, and the voice was still there.

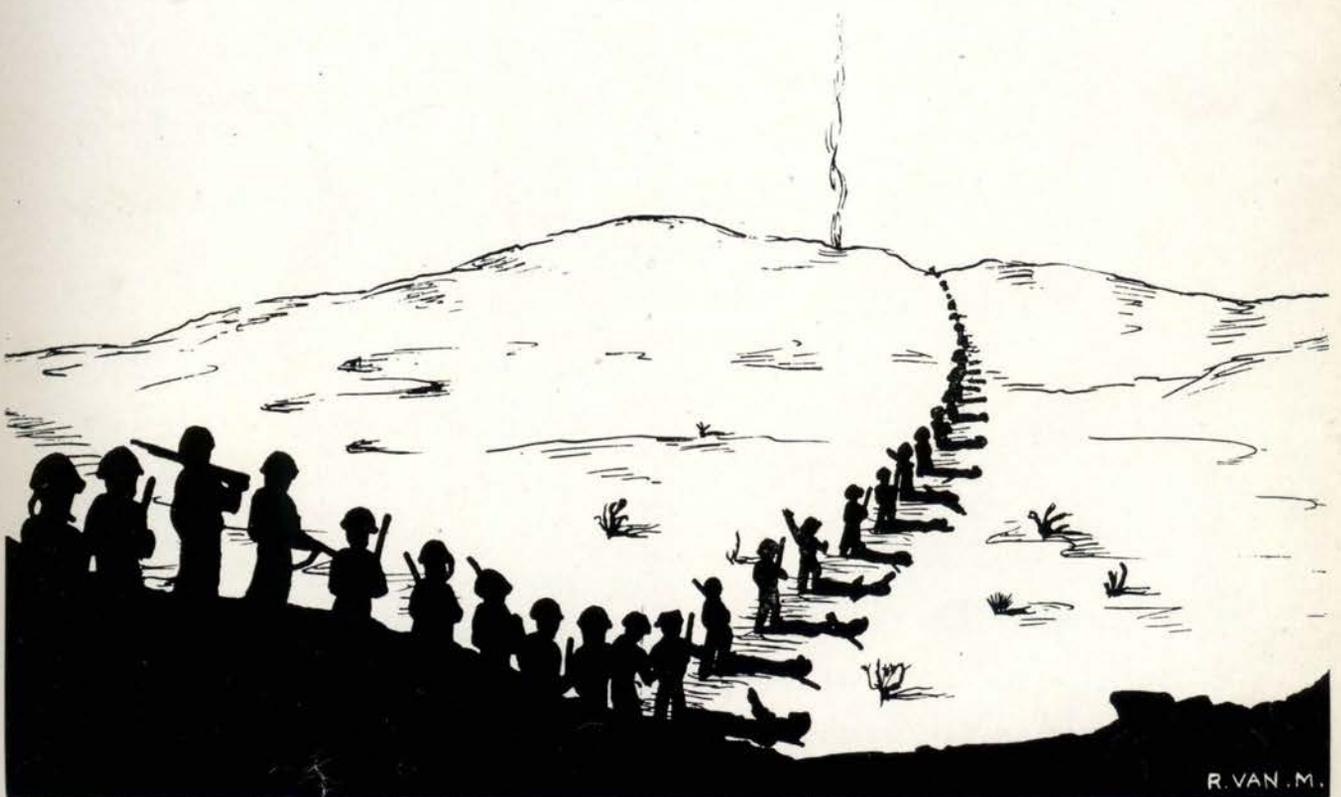
It wasn't that you'd never asked "Why?" before. You had. You'd thought the whole thing out, in a way, before you ever turned in your papers. But it had been remote then.

9th Officer Candidate Company



8th Officer Candidate Class

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have walked to the places
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R. VAN. M.



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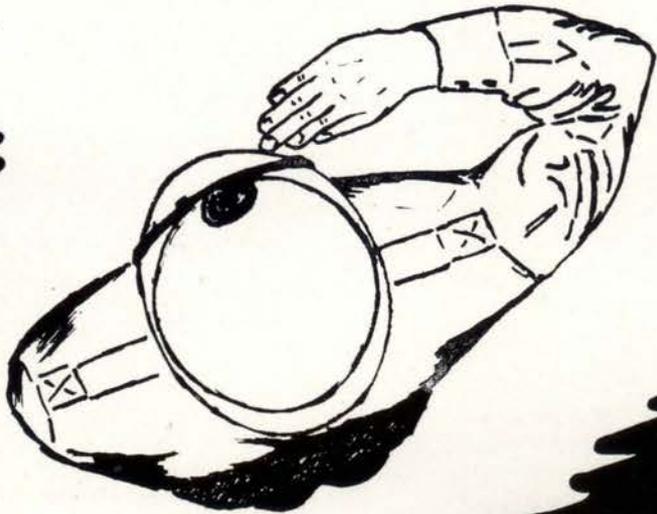
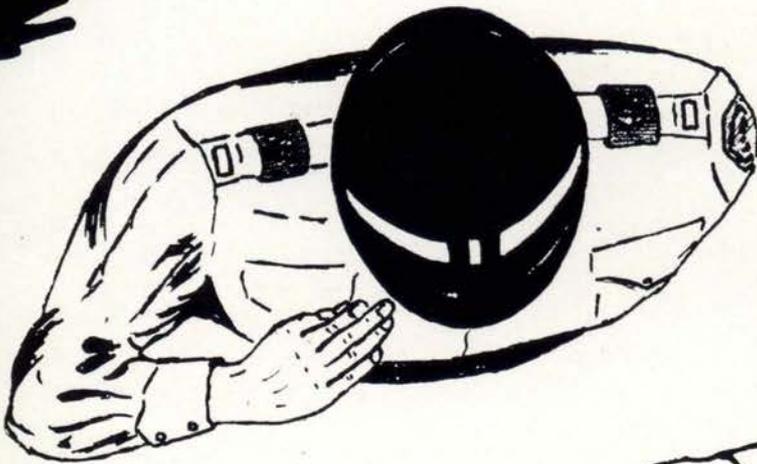


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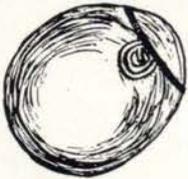


2ND



9T.H. CO.

3RD



4TH



FIRST PLATOON



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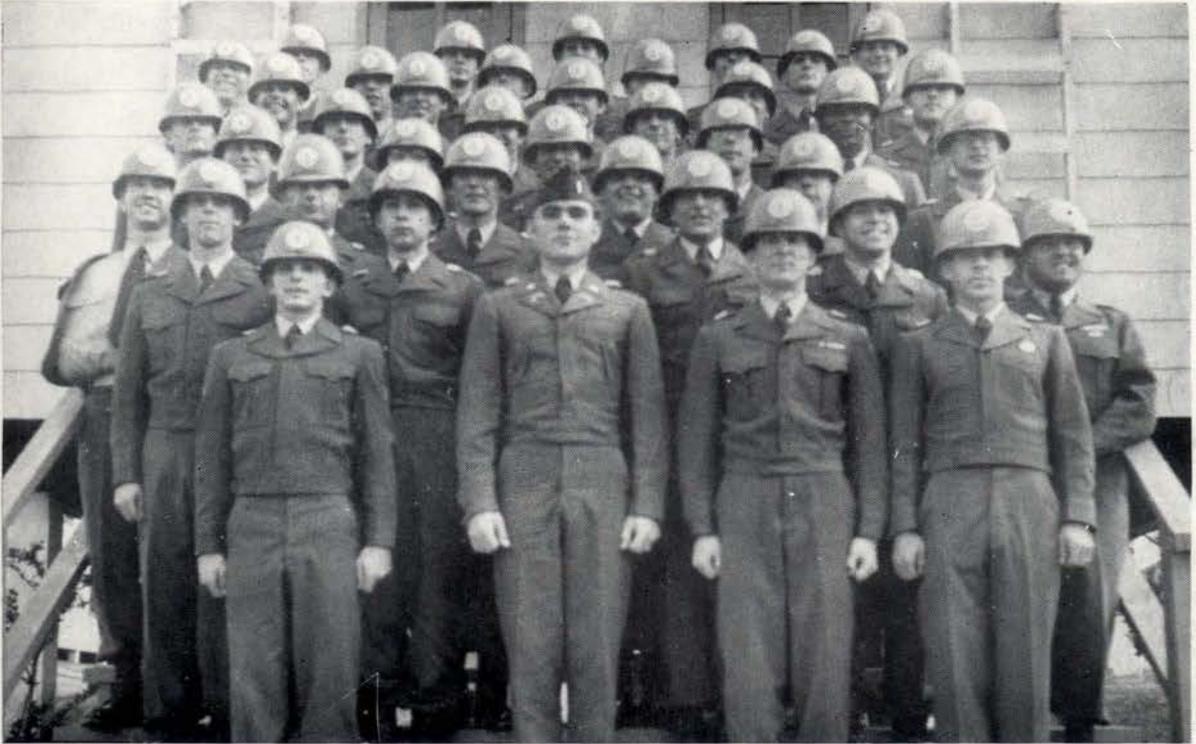
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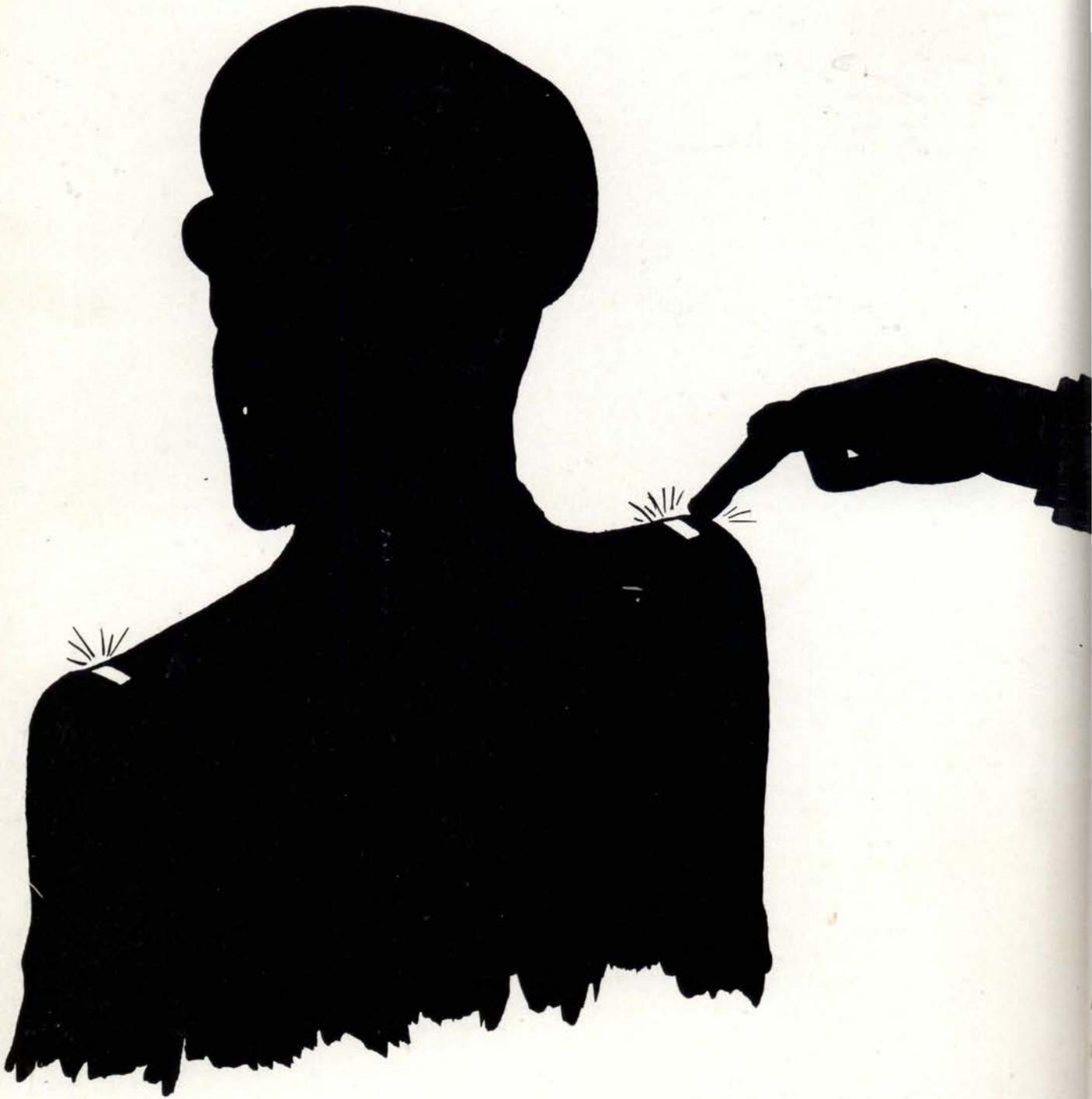
SECOND PLATOON



It wasn't that the Second Platoon lacked conscientiousness. It was just that it was tired. Its men liked fences. They wanted a fence around their walk. They were going to build it. When Lieutenant Wenck came down the street with four saws, three hammers, a large sack of nails, and a cord of potential pickets in his arms, they just decided to build it a day or two sooner.

The Second Platoon showed real spirit. Primarily it was because there was one quality that every man in the platoon shared with every other. It wasn't like the First Platoon, where three of four of the men were only pretending to like to paint. In the Second Platoon every single man agreed with every other—they were all tired. They woke up in the morning tired, and they went to bed at night tired. A man in the Second Squad perfected a method (which he shared with the rest of the platoon) of starching clothes by which he could leave his uniform at attention and let his body fall out. A highly educated member of the Third Squad (he took 5th grade arithmetic three times) computed that if every man in the platoon lay down in the platoon area with the long axis of his body at an angle of approximately $32\frac{1}{4}$ degrees to that of the man on his left and $37\frac{1}{2}$ degrees to that of the man on his right, all of the area of police could be reached by swinging the arms in arcs whose planes were parallel to and flush with the surface of the earth. It worked fine, but one day one of the tactical officers arrived in the company area before time.

The real spirit of the platoon showed best, though, when it came time to fall out for class. The work all done, the men were usually to be found curled up on their foot lockers, catching a few minutes' sleep (they had discovered they could get to their feet and dust off their foot lockers with one motion, if that motion were executed deliberately enough). When the last whistle blew, the bodies would stir, squirm, and begin to rise. And in the instant before they began to move toward the door, thirty-odd voices would be raised loyally in honor of the platoon: "Why me."



JUST A MOMENT, LIEUTENANT

So it's over. Done with. You're through, and your shoulders, though heavier by the weight of small, 14-karat gold filled bars, are just a little straighter than they ever have been before. You stand just a little taller than you ever have before. And probably you'll always stand this way now. Because you won't forget.

But before you go, lieutenant, before you turn away, do a little more than just not forget. Remember.

Remember the 9th of September, 1951. Sunday it was, and hot. The sun was a fierce yellow oppression. When you moved, if it were only from the first barrack to the orderly room, the sweat gathered on your legs and trickled down into the blouse of your trousers. Your face dripped constantly, and you discovered, during the few odd moments when there was no need to move, that not even motionlessness helped. The sweat gathered and slid, and you mopped and cursed.

It was all right, though, wasn't it? It was all right because you were finally at Fort Benning; you were finally at O. C. S. You had worked hard to get here—filled out forms, wired home frantically for birth certificates and transcripts, typed and erased and re-typed. You had controlled your nervousness before the boards, and you had stuffed cardboard into every hollow in everything you owned for eight weeks of Leaders Course. Now you were in Class No. 8, Infantry Officer Candidate School, and you belonged body and mind to the 9th Officer Candidate Company. A little sweat wasn't going to slow you down now, was it? You scrambled around to get a bunk with all the springs on it and you fell out every other minute—platoon assignments by height, haircuts, records check with Personnel, purchase of coveralls, pencils, rulers, files. You moaned about the heat and the restriction that wouldn't let you so much as take your clothes to the cleaners. Snafu reigned supreme and uncontested, and processing was under way.

Fall out. Fall in. Draw foot lockers. Draw wall lockers. Draw shelter halves, tent pegs, mess gear, canteens. Orientations by the regimental commander, the company commander, your tactical officer. Welcomes, suggestions, S. O. P.'s, warning. . . .

In spite of it all (or because of it—you couldn't tell which), when classes started on Friday things had somehow begun to take shape in your mind. You returned to bar-

racks from those first classes amazed at the high level of instruction you had received, enthusiastic over the material, more than a little appalled at the amount of territory these Infantry School instructors could cover in an hour. There was no doubt in your mind: these would be twenty-two very busy weeks.

Rifle inspection in ranks the next morning was a kind of symbol for the fact that it had begun in earnest. The routine was fixed. A steady forward motion began.

The weeks ticked off, one by one. For awhile there was no time for anything but what the school prescribed. You grunted and grumbled your way out of bed at 0500 trying valiantly to convince yourself that it was great, just great, to be alive, to be a soldier, to be an officer candidate. The days were a mist of motion at double time and classes in which you took notes so fast you didn't have a chance to read them. At night, after study hall, you brushed your teeth and suddenly awakened the next morning to wonder how you'd got from the latrine to your bed. For days on end you didn't seem to have time to produce a decent thought for yourself. . . .

"A map is a line drawing, to scale, of an area of the earth's surface. It shows objects and features by conventional signs. Although drawn to scale, it is not absolutely accurate because . . ."

Little by little you began to gain control. You began to get a feel for the system. You did the right things at the right times and discovered that here and there in almost any given week you might suddenly find yourself with an hour or two that were your own. So you began to think about yourself and Fort Benning, Georgia, and The Infantry School. And one morning you woke up tired, irritable, already angry, to discover that you were squared off face to face with yourself and one of you was pointing an accusing finger at the other and asking in an unbelievably obscene tone, "What the hell are **you** doing here?"

You staggered out of bed with the question still ringing in your ears. You looked at yourself in the mirror as you shaved, and the other you was leering over your shoulder, the question still hanging on slightly open lips. You fell out to go to class, and the voice was still there.

It wasn't that you'd never asked "Why?" before. You had. You'd thought the whole thing out, in a way, before you ever turned in your papers. But it had been remote then.



It had been a hazy conglomeration of rumors, of fragments of letters, of remarks let fall by officers in your outfit. It wasn't remote now. . .

"Fall in!" "You're at attention in there!" "What's the matter, Candidate, are you sick?" No, sir. "Then close your mouth!" Candidate, I don't want to see a shoe lace twitch when you're at attention in ranks!" "Stop that elbow-break when you're marching." "Stand up, Candidate—you're falling out all over the place." "Six to the front and three to the rear!" "Gimme twenty-five, Candidate! "Suck up that gut, Candidate. We're making second lieutenants here, not first sergeants." "Sound off, Candidate!"

Sometimes it started off quietly. "How long have you been at O. C. S. now, Candidate? Ten weeks? And fourteen weeks of basic training? And eight weeks of Leaders Course?" But mostly it ended up loud. "WELL, HOW LONG CAN IT TAKE A MAN TO LEARN HOW TO DO INSPECTION ARMS? IMPROPER MANUAL! THREE AND TWO!"

No, it wasn't remote now. It was so close that you had to pull back to get a look at it. You had somehow to force some part of yourself to get up and above far enough so that when you turned and looked down what you saw was not just personal antagonism, but a pattern in which tension had its place, a plan by which you were to prove yourself capable of action, intelligent and decisive, at a time when the surface of things was a writhing amorphous confusion.

"The U. S. rifle, caliber .30, M1, is a gas-operated, clip-loaded, air-cooled, semi-automatic shoulder weapon. It weighs approximately 9.5 pounds. The bayonet weighs an additional pound. The ammunition is loaded in clips of. . ."

What happened in the classroom and the field helped. Map reading was past now, and you could find your way to work. The tools of your new trade began to come into focus as a major concern. Rifle, carbine, pistol, machine guns, mortars — one by one you came to know them, became intimate with them. And as you did, the first hint of continuity began to form itself out of the haze — the power of squad, platoon, company, battalion, regiment began to mesh into a coordinated pattern of force.

But the ultimate question, the great ineradicable why that would place you in relation to what you had learned and were learning, was still in the mirror each morning, was still a part of what slept with you each night. . . .

"The rifle company is the basic infantry unit with tactical, administrative, and supply functions. It consists of. . ."

Tactics. Daylight attack. Conduct of night attack. Attack of a river line. Defense



of a reverse slope. Now you were coming to it. Now the form was completing itself.

"The platoon leader is responsible for the training, discipline, control, and tactical employment of his platoon. He develops responsibility and leadership in his squad leaders by giving instructions through his chain of command."

The pattern of force that you had seen, dormant for your study of its parts, was coming into being as a mobile, controlled, integrated impact of men and firepower. Your part of it was 40 men and their weapons. 40 men and their tactics. 40 men and yourself. You would live with them, work with them, eat with them, sleep with them, train them. And when the time came you would lead them into whatever lay ahead. "Follow me," the words were. They were in the mess hall, on the rostrums in the classrooms, on the sign at the traffic circle outside

Columbus. They were in you, now. They were coming to stand for everything you had learned. They were coming to stand for maps and rifles, machine guns and mortars, attacks and defenses. They were coming to stand for the manuals and the problems, for the advance sheets and the school solutions, for the great puffed expanding file that you had seen bloating its way inch by inch across the floor of your wall locker. They were coming to stand for the 40 men in relation to what you had learned—to what you still knew and to what you had already forgotten in the rush of too many facts. They were coming to stand for the months ahead whose nights and days you would spend trying to bring all the facts finally together into the unity of complete knowledge. So that when the time finally came to say the words out loud you and the 40 would all know without doubt that you were saying them in certainty, in confidence, with the ability and the courage to carry them out as they must be carried out. . . .

And now here you are, walking this day with for the first time, the little gold bars on your shoulders. It's behind you now.

Still—why? Why you, lieutenant? What made you stick it out? What made it so important to you that today, when the twenty-two weeks are up, you're still around. Even today it isn't easy to answer, is it? And you spent a good part of the twenty-two weeks trying to figure it out.

Look once more. Isn't the figuring to pay off now? you're beginning to understand, aren't you, that it's what you **are** that brought you here, not what you wanted? Look back over it

all and back over all you can remember of all the time that was before the Army, before Fort Benning, and you can see the things in you that have always pointed to this day. You can see all that your family made a part of you, all that you learned in all the years you went to school. You can see the growth in yourself of yourself, yourself as an individual, a thinking feeling creature, a creature of intelligence. Somewhere along the line that intelligence became obligation. Somewhere along the line, because of all the things you learned and all the things you were taught, the nation that gave you birth became obligation, too. And now, on this day and the days that led up to it, but particularly on this day itself, the nation has made her claim, and her claim has made both obligations suddenly one.

—Dowaliby



The Academic

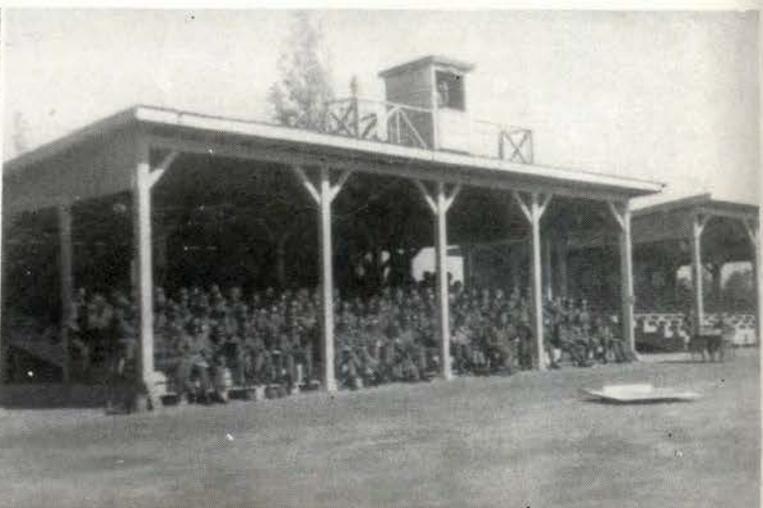
If you were to ask the graduates of 9th O. C. Company their sentiments on leaving the Infantry School, you would undoubtedly get as many different opinions as there are candidates, for the checkered pattern of hard work and enjoyment here at Harmony Church has given each of us reason to remember the scourge of demerits, observation reports, and rigid inspections,



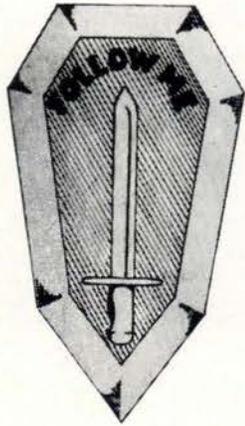
as well as the deep-seated enjoyment and virile sense of humor found only in an OCS Class.

Regardless of the many and opposing sentiments gathered in the past twenty-two weeks, there is not one of us who does not carry away with him a deep respect and admiration for those men of the Academic Department who were bold enough to challenge the tower of soldierly ignorance that confronted them on our first day in OCS.

Each day, since the first one, has been an opportunity and a challenge for both instructor and pupil. Each day has been characterized by



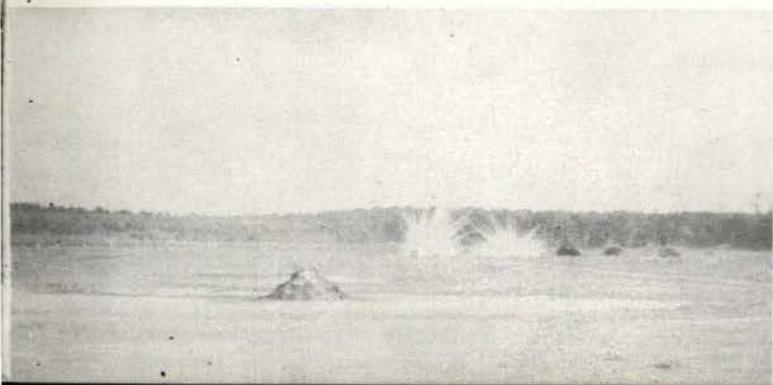
Department

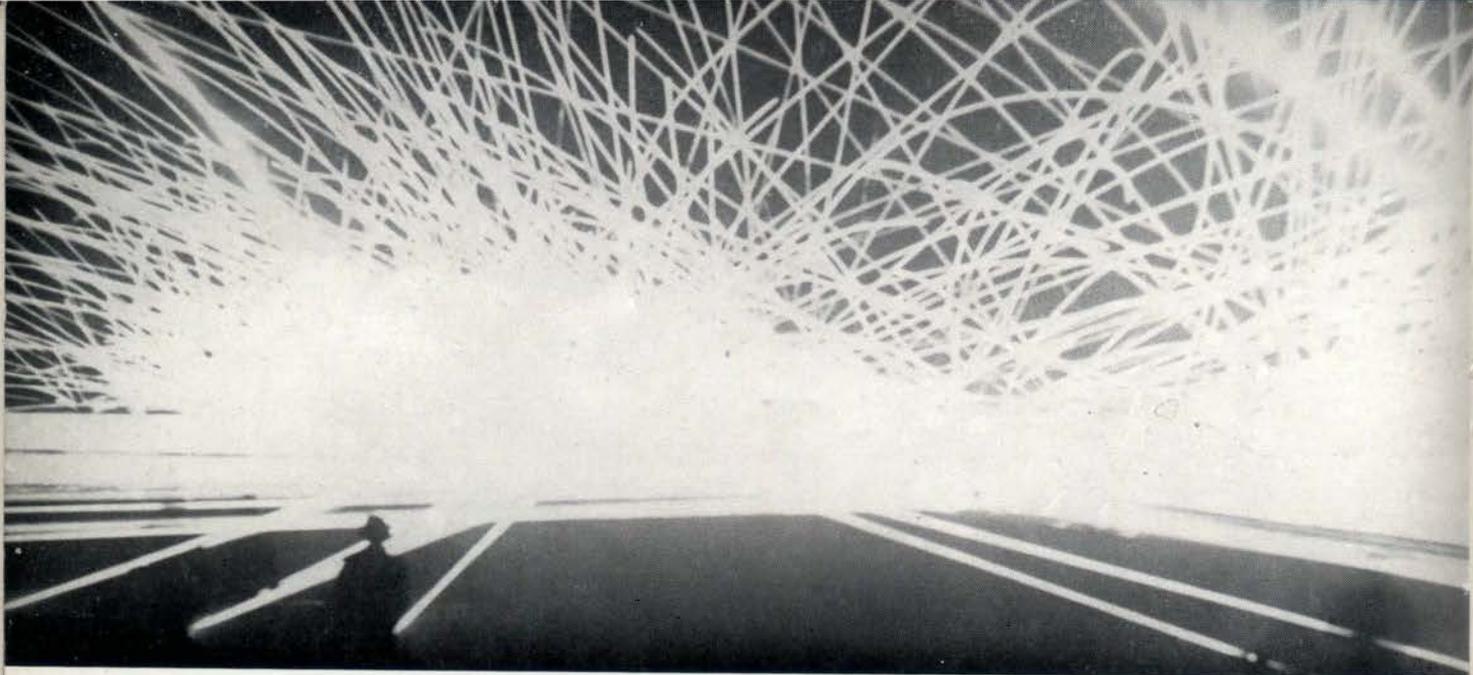


the labored process of teaching, demonstrating, checking, and testing. Then, slowly and methodically, every detail in the Science of Arms began to click into its place in the machinery of modern warfare. From the individual rifleman with his fearful courage, to the coordinating planning board of the General, we saw what two centuries of men had learned through hardship: the right way to run an army. But more than this panorama of knowledge, we saw in the Academic Department men who were fighting hardest, not for war, but for peace through power.

Each and every committee has fitted itself into a gigantic mosaic that represents the finest fighting force in the world. We have been given the best training that the world has to offer only because the men of the Academic Department were conscientious enough to make it the best.

It would hardly be adequate to thank these men with nothing more than carefully chosen words on the glossy pages of a class book. The confidence and knowledge they have given us only yesterday were written on the cold pages of a disinterested field manual. Today they are etched on the hearts and in the minds of the men between the covers of this book. Tomorrow they will be proved in the decisions we make with men and steel. Our tribute and thanks to the Academic Department will be recorded, not on these pages, but by two small words on a crumpled morning report . . . **MIS- SION ACCOMPLISHED!**





FIRE POWER

Plus

"KNOW-HOW"

Means — COMBAT SUCCESS

LEFT TWO ZERO . . . DROP TWO-FIVE . . . FIRE FOR EFFECT!

"THIS IS FOR RECORD"





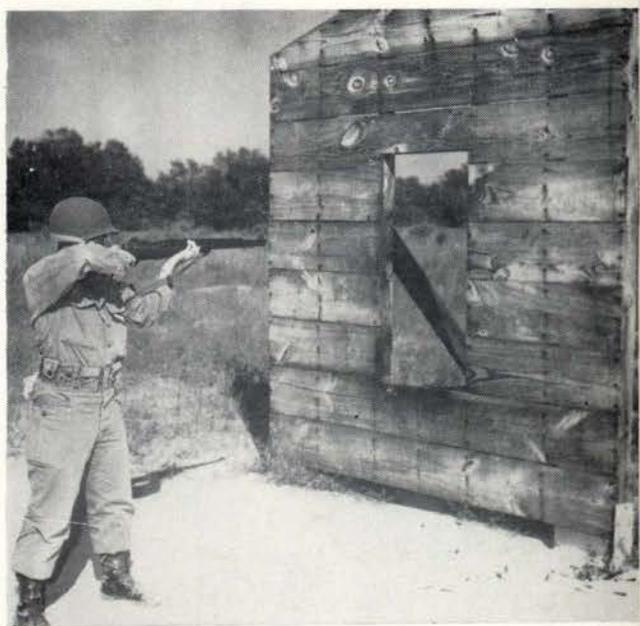
Squeeze Them Off



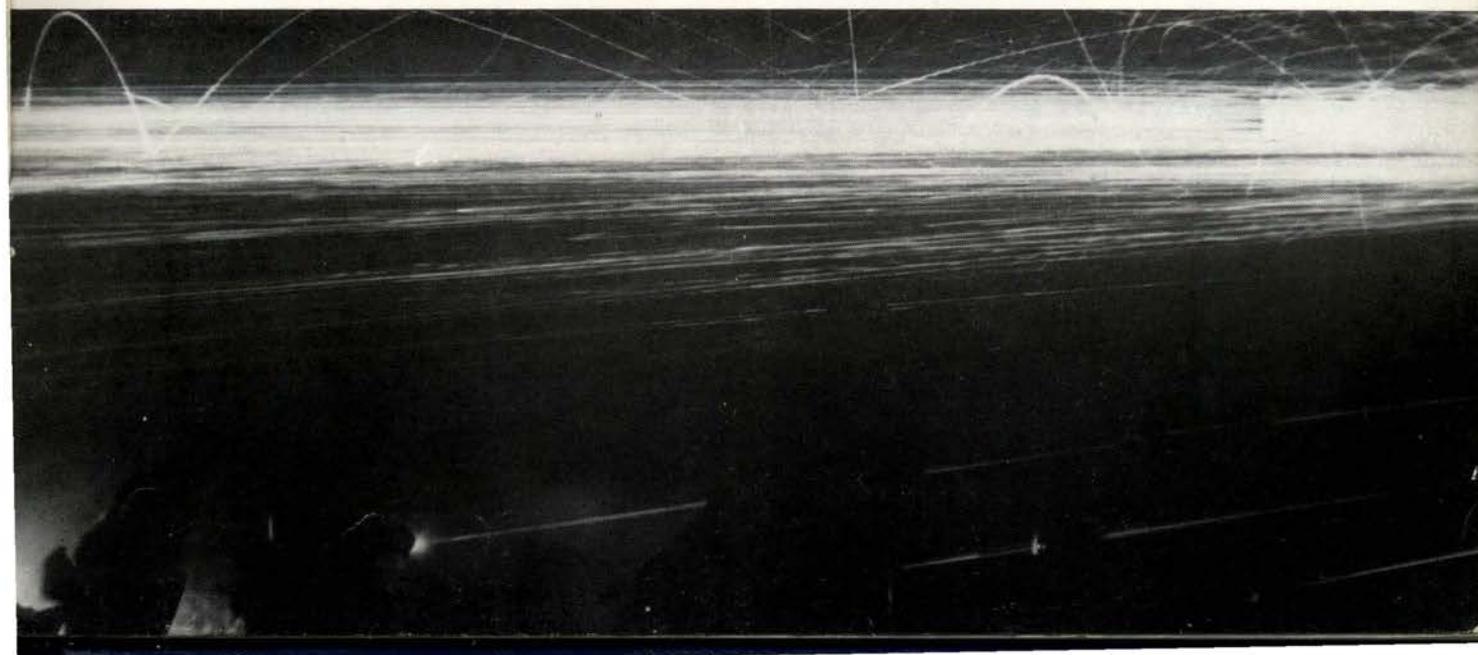
"ON THE WAY"



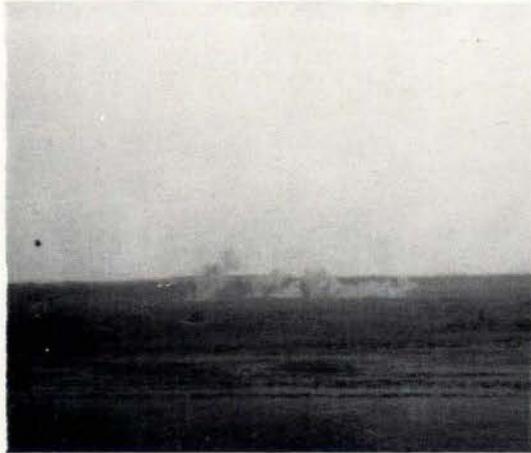
You Get a Bang Out of This



Come On In



TEAMWORK



FIELD ARTILLERY

AIR



FORCE

ARMORED

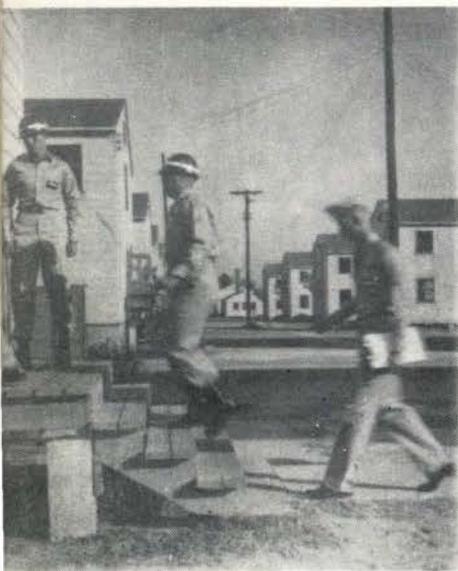
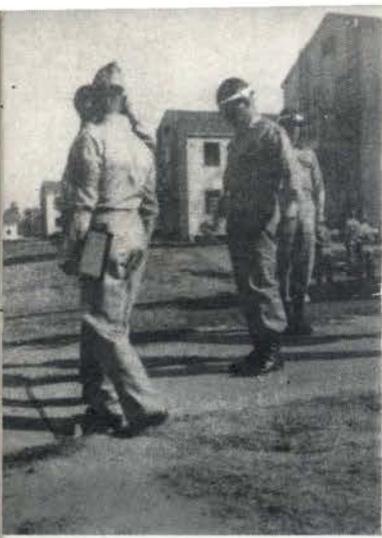
SUPPORT



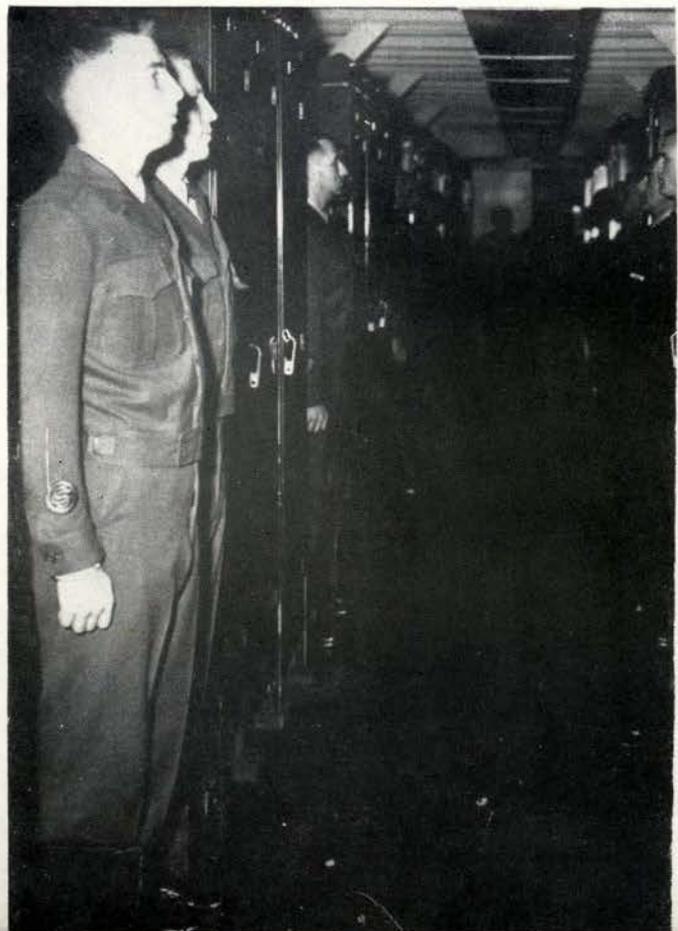
Inspections



"HMMM--DUST!"



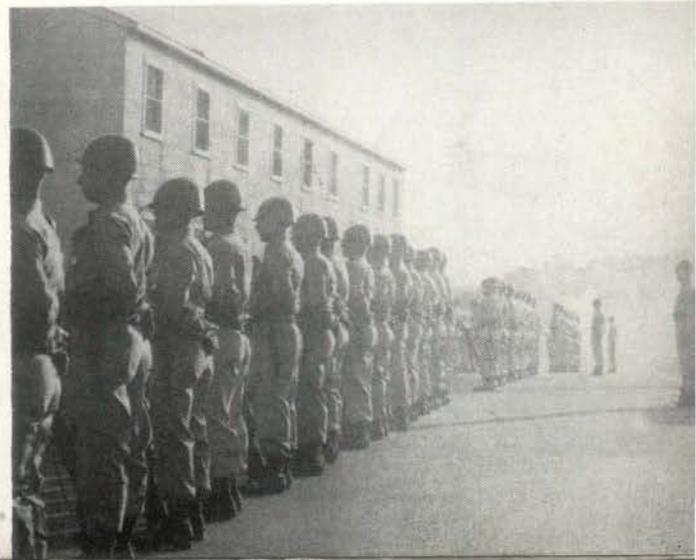
**NO MAN IS FIT TO C
THAT CANNOT CO**

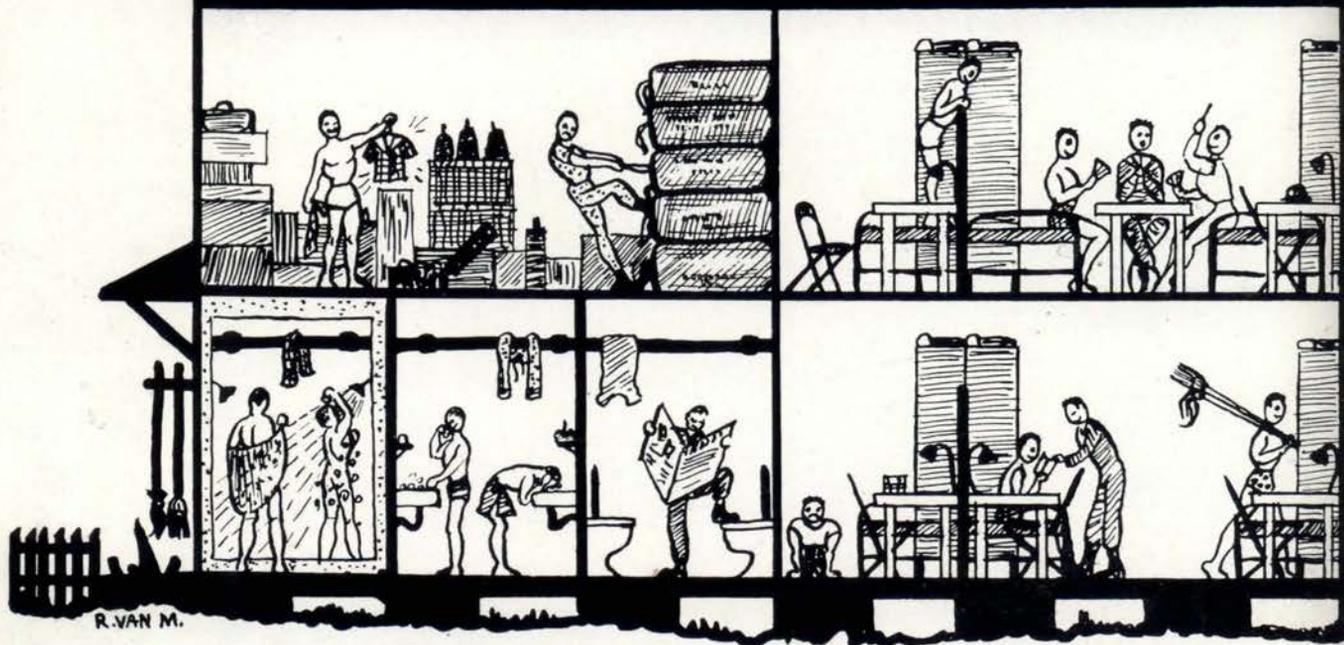




COMMAND ANOTHER,
COMMAND HIMSELF

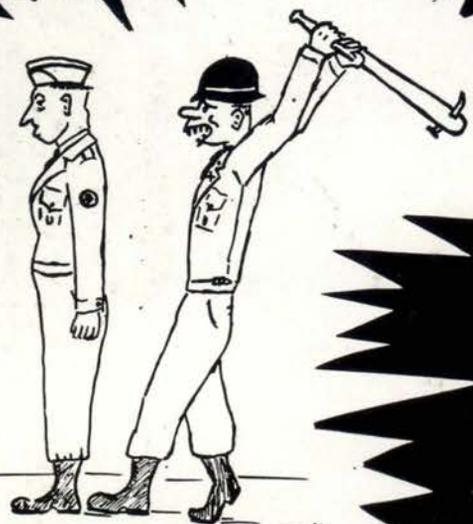
—PENN





R. VAN M.

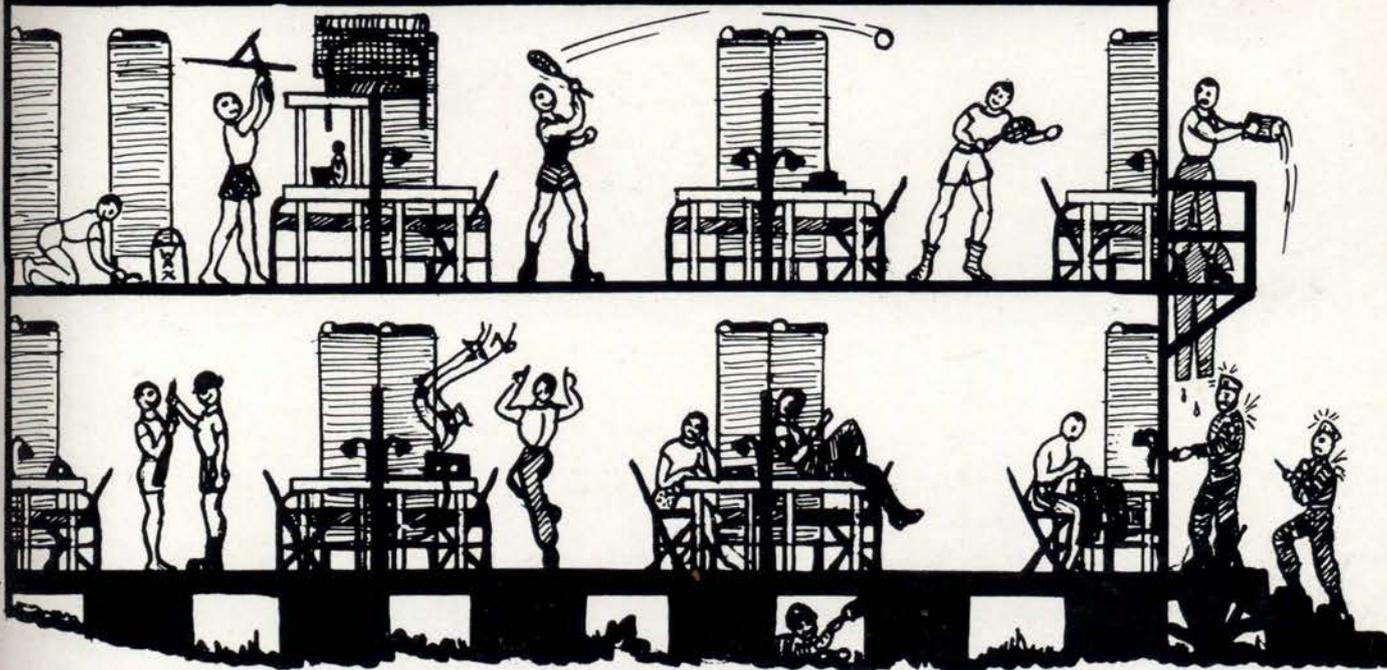
at home



"MAY I TOUCH YOU, CANDIDATE?"



"WELL, I'LL BET I WROTE UP MORE GIGS THAN YOU DID THIS SATURDAY."



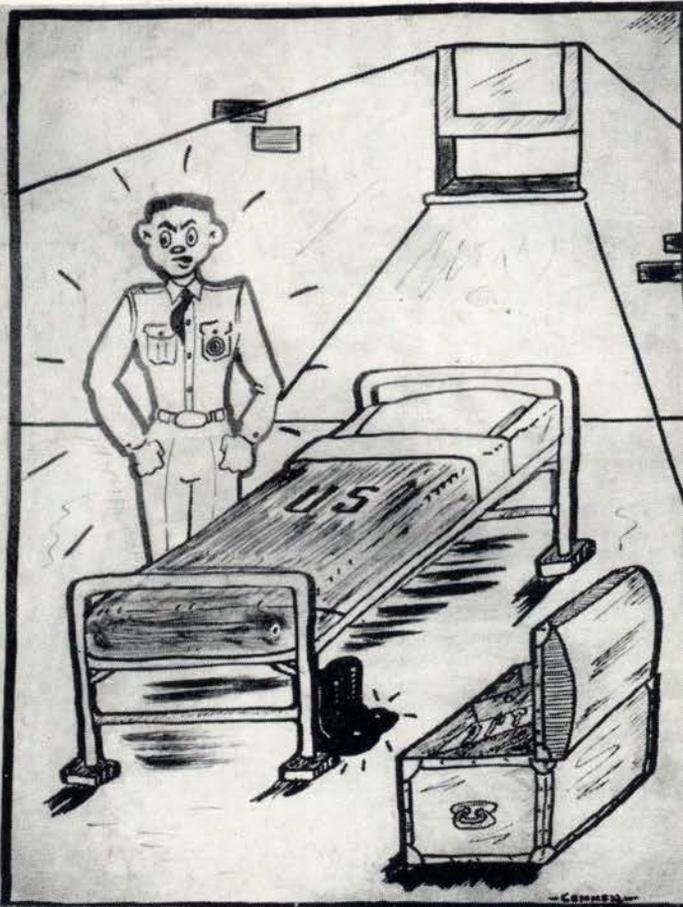
with 9th O.C. Co.



"SHINE YOUR SHOES TODAY CANDIDATE?"



"YA WANNA STOP NOW SIR? YOU HAVE HIM RESTRICTED UNTIL THE 3RD OF MARCH 1953."



Saturday Morning

What's the matter with that First Sergeant? Is he buckin' for somethin'? It couldn't be past 3:15 an' he's out there tootin' that whistle! Brother! I could sleep a week. . . . I think I'll just close my eyes a second. . . . MY GOD. . . . IT'S SATURDAY!! . . . Whew! This floor's cold. . . . That couldn't have been five minutes! . . . Oh well. . . . It will all be over at noon. . . .

Where the hell is that 1st Platoon! If they get out here, I can get back in and get ready for this inspection. . . . Let's see, it's 6:00 now. . . . inspection at 8:15. . . . taking time for chow and police call. . . . let me see. . . . that gives me about an hour and a half. Say! I got plenty of time. . . . I have to. . . . what is that C. O. saying? If he gets out of here, I have it made. Wonder what's the matter with him anyway? Is he whispering? . . . Ah! dismissed. Now, where was I? . . . I got an hour and a half. . . . that gives me plenty of time to clean my. . . . Who hollered chow? . . . Whoops! I forgot to take off my helmet liner. . . .

This standing at parade rest is foolish. . . . let's see. . . . First I'll make up my sack, then I'll. . . . Oh-hell!!! I forgot my foot-locker last night. I didn't even touch it! Good thing I have plenty of time. . . . what's the matter with those cooks, anyhow? . . . Well! So we're going to get to eat at last. . . . Now if this ain't great. . . . pancakes.

Say, that being a senior candidate is going to be great. I like this walking back from chow.

Guess I better start on this stuff. . . . I sure hate this foolishness, I don't see why we have to be so exact. . . .

m-m-m-m-white collar, let's see, 20 inches down. . . . 8 for the collar. . . . ah! that has it. . . . What's that whistle? Say! we don't have to go. We ate last. Boy! am I lucky. That gives me even more time. . . . My gosh! It's 7:30. . . . That time sure gets away. . . . still have plenty left though. . . . I sure wish I had a cubicle mate who was able to do something. . . . look at that! He hasn't even started to sweep and mop. . . . It's a good thing he was gung-ho last night and got his stuff done. That will give him time to clean the cubicle. . . . Quarter to eight!! My Lord! I haven't even started my footlocker. . . . Better get it. . . . I don't think it's too bad. I just have to straighten my shav. . . . SHAVE. . . . I HAVE TO SHAVE! Boy, this cuts it down. Make way. . . . No hot water. . . . Just like mowing a lawn. . . . How can you keep your face from. . . . Who does that latrine orderly think he is? . . . He doesn't own this place. . . . Gotta shave. . . . I'm not in his way, anyhow. . . . Hell! I forgot my towel. . . .

Well, what do you know????? He finally finished mopping. . . . Let's see. . . . tooth powder left, shaving brush, shaving stick. . . . that has it. . . . what am I going to do with this collar stay? Whoops! Gotta dress. . . .

Eight o'clock. . . . My gosh! . . . Pants need pressing. . . . maybe they don't notice. . . . OOPS. Lint on floor. . . . got it. . . . I'll put it in my pocket. . . . Better straighten that towel. . . . Church. . . . General Post. . . . Meloy. . . . Meloy. . . . what's he? . . . Got to get that lamp dusted. . . . Honnen. . . . nope he's gone. . . . Anna Rosenberg. . . . better straight. . . . ATTENTION! PREPARE FOR INSPECTION!



*"At Ease,
Candidate!"*



All Work, No Play,



M. O. S. VAT—69



READY EXERCISE

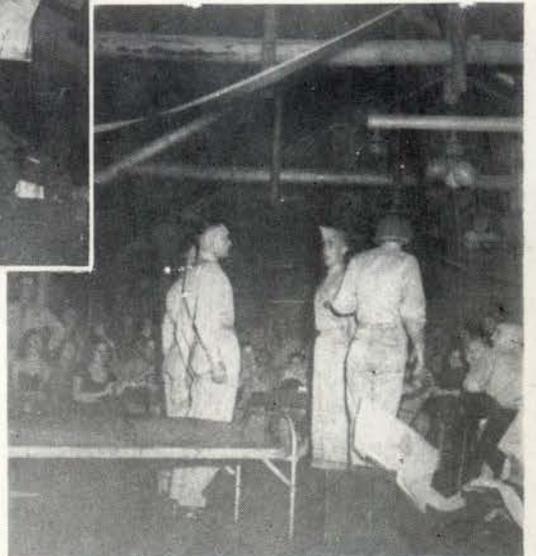
LOCK AND LOAD



AND THEN I MADE
THEM DO 25 PUSH UPS!!!!



HERE'S HOW!



WE TOLD OUR SIDE!

Makes



1ST SGT. AND HIS 1ST LADY



THE CAKE, SIR!, THE CAKE!!



THE MUSIC WAS GOOD, TOO-



IT'S REAL!



MEET COL. MARKS, CANDIDATE



"PASS THE SALT"

The Honor Council



Honor is an intangible thing, very difficult to set down in black and white. Even though we have difficulty in defining the word, pin-pointing its meaning in specific situations, we are all able to recognize that which is honorable and that which is not. The honor of an Officer in the United States Army must be exemplary, above reproach, and this standard must necessarily be maintained in Officer Candidate School.

It has been the duty of the Honor Council to see that this standard was maintained. They made no final dispositions of the cases that appeared before them, but conducted investigations and made recommendations to the Company Commander regarding the cases which involved points of honor. These meetings of the council were impartial and conducted in strict confidence.

The members of the council were elected at the beginning of the course by popular vote and could be replaced at any time by the same kind of vote. Each platoon sent two men as its representatives, and we feel that we have had a group of men of the highest caliber in Class 8, a group of men who have performed their duties with a deep understanding of the problems confronting them, a great amount of integrity, and a sincere desire to keep honor in that plane in which it belongs. The ones who failed to meet these standards are no longer with us. We are pleased that such cases have been few in number.

Our council has been successful. We owe its members a vote of thanks for the manner in which they have accomplished their mission.

Class Book Staff



The class book staff—how can one describe the long, patient hours of work enthusiastically donated by this group of men in order to make this class book the collection of wonderful memories it surely will be? On some cold winter night somewhere in the far distant future, as we are warming ourselves in front of our pleasant fires and thumbing through the class book of O. C. 8, chuckling to ourselves over forgotten incidents and scenes, we'll remember the nights the lights remained on in the study room of the First Platoon barracks much to the chagrin of the company charge of quarters. We'll think of the howls of indignation and fury coming forth from this same room as one member violently disagreed with another over some point that probably was in reality very insignificant. How could we ever forget the extra minutes we were required to stand in formation after five o'clock in the afternoon while various members pleaded with the company to turn in informal pictures and sundry other articles? Or the Saturday afternoons lost while we had our pictures taken as platoons or as a company?

The staff worked for many weeks in preparing this book for publication. Of course, there was the usual mad rush during the week preceding the publisher's deadline, but after staying up until reveille the last few nights, the work was completed in the customary O. C. S. military manner. We of Class 8 are certainly indebted to these men for the excellent job that they have done in giving us this book. It will go forth with us as a constant reminder of the trials, tribulations, and successes we have experienced as members of 9th Officer Candidate Company.

We should like to say to the staff, "Thanks very much for a job well done!"

O/C BUCKLEY, Editor—LT. HARTIGAN, Advisor



Regimental Champions



"Shoot Luke, the sky is full of Candidates" was the motto of the Regimental Champions; found in 9th O/C Company. The team went all the way to bring the prized trophy from the hands of the Regimental Commander, Col. Grizzard, to its resting place, the hands of its faithful follower, Captain "Hoss" Mitchell.

The work of this school is tough enough, yet these men of our Company, in their spare moments, were able to form a team which defeated

the best in all of Officer Candidate School.

The Candidates did not work alone. Lt. Hartigan and Lt. Branum gave of their time and experience. It was these Officers who coached the team. They ironed out all the wrinkles, molded teamwork, and boosted them to victory.

We, of the 9th O/C Company are very proud of these men, for they showed another example of the best of the best, on the drill field, the tactical problem, or in sports, we stand behind no one.

LT. BRANUM, Coach; H. PARSON, J. BIGLIN, Co-Capts.;
LT. HARTIGAN, Coach.



COL. GRIZZARD AWARDS THE REGIMENTAL TROPHY.



Lt. Hartigan's Chains

Now, there is this to be said about Lieutenant Hartigan's chains—they were like no others we had ever run across. Think for a moment about chains in general. Some clank, some do not; some hang down around the wearer's ankles, some just barely come to below the second eyelet of a jump boot. All keep the blouse in trousers neat and round. Most hang quietly, unobtrusively, doing their jobs without intruding themselves to any great extent on the personalities of their wearer or his associates. But not Lieutenant Hartigan's chains!

Lieutenant Hartigan's chains leaped into the consciousness of the beholder and held him in their grip. They dominated the room or building they entered as a whip dominates the mind of a prisoner, writhing on the floor of his cell. Wherever Lieutenant Hartigan went, the chains preceded him by seconds, and when he left, their presence remained palpable, metallic, imposing a hush over everything that had been witness to their passing.

The sound the chains made was a muffled yet piercing ring that teetered on the threshold-perception edge between hearing and feeling. The ear was aware of their coming, certainly. But that was only a small portion of the total. Every nerve, every muscle in a man could feel the approach of those chains. The sound hit the ear drum, penetrated the middle and the inner ear, strung a thin wire to the center of the brain and danced along it in high frequency vibrations, then spun in a freezing chill up and down the spine.

Day after day we had sat in the mess hall, trying to eat, while behind us the chains paced up and down the room, the barbed-needle sound of them jabbing into hands and minds, producing huge gaucheries and monstrous indigestions. Meal after meal we had sat, not daring to turn as they passed behind us, unable within ourselves to meet them face to face. But sometimes, as the sound of their moving faded, we threw hasty looks after them, trying to catch a glimpse of the hard, black, glistening boots with the steel toes and heels that we knew in our hearts must accompany the sound of those shiny links gnashing themselves together. But all we ever saw was the comfortable, somehow not quite reliable brown of Lieutenant Hartigan's Corcorans.

What of Lieutenant Hartigan himself? No one knew. As an example, let me quote the day the student company commander (blissfully anonymous in my mind at present) began an announcement by saying, "The following men will report to Lieutenant Chains immediately after this formation. . . ." The poor guy didn't even know he'd blundered until Lieutenant Hartigan stepped out from behind the formation. You see, we couldn't tell where the chains left off and Lieutenant Hartigan began. The great harsh voice, the heavy piston stroke of the boot-heels against the ground, the flashing eye—were these the man's, or did they belong to the chains? We didn't know. The biting comment, the square set of the shoulders—were these things of brain and flesh, or were they of some strange hard steel, forged under heat and pressure not to be measured with the familiar instruments? How could we determine these things?

And then there was the day (19 October 1951, it was—ask anyone in the class) when Captain Mitchell addressed the company at the evening formation. We could see real worry in his expression as he stood there before us, and we wondered at that. Captain Mitchell is not a man to get upset over trivialities. When he spoke, his voice was stern. "Effective immediately, no personnel, either candidate or cadre, of this battalion will wear chains for blousing trousers."

A tremor ran through the company. In complete stony silence we were dismissed, and in silence we returned to our barracks.

Later, in small, quiet groups we discussed the matter. What did it mean? We couldn't tell. That it meant something, there was no doubt. The possibility of agony left us uneasy, restless, tense. There was going to be a conflict of wills, and the result could be tragedy. What was the hold the chains had on Lieutenant Hartigan? In the separation, which would dominate? Without the chains, what would be left? A crumpled, hollow, beaten thing? Or was there, compressed, bound, held in beneath the power of the chains, a creature of flesh and intellect, of strength and grace and dignity—a man?

The next day Lieutenant Hartigan looked pale, a little shaken, but otherwise much as usual. His silent, chainless steps were completely unnerving. The second day he seemed a little unsteady on his feet. The third day his hands shook and a slight spasm tugged irregularly at one corner of his mouth. We were sure that we would not see him the next day.

But we did see him the next day. And the day after that. Thin, haggard, but battling for superiority. And we were with him, as all men must be with their own kind in a struggle against the powers of the great outside. We **wanted** a man. We wanted to help, and if the power of thought is tangible in some realms of which we are not certain, Lieutenant Hartigan did not wage his war alone.

During the days that followed, the man began to make his return. Lieutenant Hartigan's hands steadied themselves, his mouth relaxed, the old dark fire returned to his eyes, the old harshness to his voice. A weight lifted from the shoulders of an entire company. We each of us had carried his own vision of hell at the top of his heart for weeks. We each of us gained new strength, new confidence in the manhood of all men, through Lieutenant Hartigan's victory.

What was the power of the chains? or rather, what **is** the power of them? What is the secret of the force they exert? We do not know. We have neither seen them nor heard them since that memorable 19th day of October. And yet they cannot be spoken of in the past tense. They are not gone, really. They never will be. Tossed aside, hidden, reviled, they will never be really repressed. Hung on a wall in some obscure dark corner of a cellar; flung, perhaps, grotesquely sprawled, onto a heap of smouldering ashes on some remote part of some remote army post—the black dank clinking sound of them will still and forever stamp through the barracks and the mess hall of the 9th Officer Candidate Company.

We Became Senior Candidates



THE GENERAL
CAME
AND
SAW

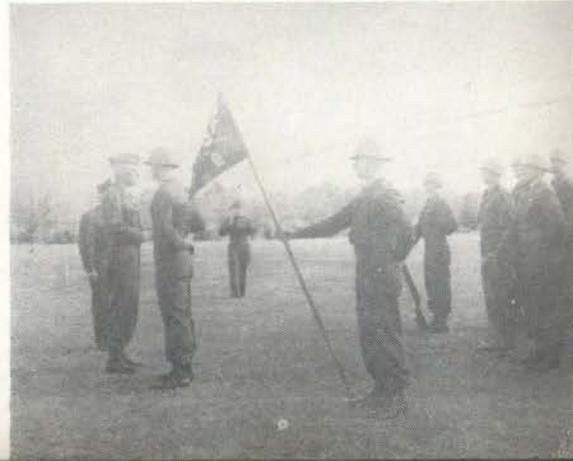


"THIS WAS IT"

IT WAS OFFICIAL



WE GOT SOME GOOD ADVICE





THE DRILL SQUAD



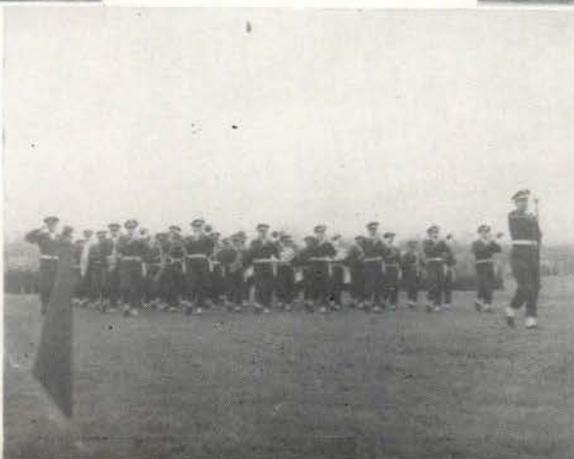
EXCHANGE MANUAL



THE COLONEL LIKED IT



"QUEEN ANNE"



Graduates





SYDNEY H. ACKERMAN. "Ack-Ack," the two-time loser, (twice drafted) was born in Canada. Our immigrant classmate, now a citizen, speaks fluent Canadian Club. He now lives in Detroit and is the sole pedestrian in the motor city. As Class Book Treasurer he has been under surveillance ever since a brochure of "Beauty Spots of Mexico" was found in his foot locker. Thanks Sid for a swell job on the Class Book.



JOSEPH J. ALEMANNI. Joe was among the polishingest members of the Company; always he seemed at work. But this was scarcely surprising; few more conscientious men can be found. Joe has had several years experience with the Artillery behind him. He also has a brand new wife (courtesy of Christmas leave) and a disconcerting tendency to pop up and boom out, "Sir, Candidate Alemanni", just when the rest of the Company was all ready to go home for mail call.

THOMAS E. ANDERSEN. "Singing Andy" gave many of us thrilling moments in music—a sort of velvet smog. When he came out of his usual daze, all he could think of was his avenue of approach to a certain young lady's house in New Jersey. A member of the Honor Council, he never forgot to exclaim after every meeting, "I'm glad I found that out." Andy's ability to carry himself, the BAR and the BAR man is a new theory for tactics—and they're working on it! General Motors will welcome Tom back, for his voice blends with the hum of moving machinery.

JOHN OLIVER ARNN. Jack, the homespun cowpoke with an Ipana smile, possessed one of the most enviable war records in the Company. During World War II, he served with the Second Infantry Division long enough to earn three battle stars, plus an enviable reputation as a scout. At home in Arizona, the Arnn family owns a ranch on which Jack used to practice for rodeos between days spent punching cattle. An injury received from trick riding, and perhaps his charming wife and daughter, have caused Jack to keep away from cattle recently; but if his Army career turns out as well as we expect, Jack won't have much time to think back to the old days in the saddle.



FOREST ARNOLD. "Basso Profundo" will not be forgotten either for his performance at our first Company party, or for his barracks barnyard vocalistics. A graduate of Emory Junior College, "Les" plans one day to return to school, where he will specialize in the study of citrus fruit raising. Before coming into the Army, he was supervisor of an orange grove. This, incidentally, is a rather difficult job; among other things, it involves laying down smudge pots during the cold season. When once again situated among the citrus, Les will not have to hit low "C" all alone, for soon after graduation, he will add another to make a duet.



MICHAEL BACH. Croton - on - Hudson's representative at Benning, Mike spent the twilight days of civilian innocence studying at Rochester Institute of Technology. After enlisting in 1948, Mike took Basic Training at Fort Dix, following this with a hitch at soldier heaven: the Recruiting Publicity Bureau in New York. The First Platoon always will remember the Bach bacchanalian humor, and the fact that "they never gave the Barracks Orderlies a chance".



LAWRENCE W. BARSS. Larry, slowly balding and of slightly devilish mien, blames Boston for both birth and accent. Schooled slightly at Andover and Princeton, he spent most of his pre-Army time meddling in politics while trying to become a writer. Should the military one day release him, he may well return to padding manuscripts and stuffing ballot boxes; or he might set himself up waxing floors.



JOHN L. BAUSANO. "Yip" was an old hand about Benning, having completed the Infantry School's Weapons Course shortly before entering O. C. S. Initially, he had been sent to Georgia by the California National Guard; rumor hath it that he liked the Southern climate more than that at home, so he decided to stay. While a civilian, John attended San Bernadino Valley College, where his singing sax made him a standout member of the band. Here at Benning, he specialized in another reed instrument; his command voice left nothing to be desired. Somewhere in the Georgia clay, Yip one day discovered an acre of diamonds. The profit he realized on his windfall made it possible for him to fly home to his wife Nancy during Christmas leave. It is said that he almost didn't bother to come back to Benning after making the trip.



JAMES E. BIGLIN. Jim comes from Nebraska, and he brought with him a great ability of being himself in all circumstances. Jim was the perfect gentleman of the First Platoon, and was one of the most popular men in the Company. He was Captain of the basketball team which had a grand record. We all hope that some day we can have the honor to serve with men of his caliber. Jim, thanks a lot for being yourself, and good luck to you and Mary Ann.



THOMAS BINFORD. The Memphis Hot Shot will give anyone an argument at any time. He could often be found holding a forum in his cubicle, expounding on the finer points of the Tennessee Hill Billies. Before arriving at O. C. S. he took Leadership training at Camp Breckenridge, Ky., where he also handled a tank in second phase. While here, as a member of the Littleton and McCusker cubicle all that can be said is that many laughs were had by all.

DONALD R. BROWN. "Big Sleep" is one of that group which had to sweat out fatherhood as well as O. R.'s. Born in Maryland, his moves back and forth between College Park and Washington early gave him the ambition to get about rapidly; the result was that he left the University of Maryland in 1950 and enlisted for paratroop training. While still young and supple, he served with the famed 82nd Airborne; but now, old and less mobile, he has become 9th O/C's best supporter of sleep.

ROBERT BRUCE. Bob is one of our Airborne representatives—he was formerly stationed at Camp Campbell, Ky., where he was a member of the Airborne Dept. He joined the army in July, 1950, and went to Fort Dix three months later in order to attend the Leaders' Course. He came to 9th OC from the Airborne Dept. here at Fort Benning. Since the start of the course, Bob has been offered an appointment to the USMA. I dedicate this to all of you who remember the little ditty "Hurrah for Bruce."



MICHAEL NAUGHTON BUCKLEY. This is "Buck's" book. If you have enjoyed it, thanks largely are due to monster Michael. But he deserves your gratitude for more than the printed page you are scanning now. Buck it was who knew that anonymous gristle, when covered with gravy, equals meat. Buck gave the Tac Officers someone to look up to. Buck kept an incredible foot locker. Out of that foot locker came the skeleton which, now fleshed, forms your permanent record of O. C. S. 8. We hope you are pleased with the effort. If you are, don't forget. This is Buck's book.



DAVID H. BURNS. Dave learned about soldiering at Valley Forge Military Academy; then he picked up a scholarship during two years at the University of New Hampshire. However, these pursuits lacked the color which typifies him, so Burnsie followed the kleig lights to Hollywood in 1950. A period of employment as a Technicolor technician was interrupted by fireworks in Korea; Dave's now in the Army. But when it's possible, back he'll go to the land of greasepaint and Hollywood sunsets.



GEORGE BURTCH. Probably the happiest day of this young man's life was spent right here at OCS. It is doubted that he could ever forget the day of days—the day the New York Giants won a pennant. The rifle range lit up—and it wasn't from tracers—it was the smile on George's face. As rabid a fan who ever came South, he kept the company posted on all major sports events. If Lippy ever tours the Far East, we're sure George will be there to guide him.



LOUIS H. CAMPBELL. Louis first sounded off in Raeford, North Carolina, but Ashboro—where he went to school—is just as anxious to claim him as a favorite son. In 1946, he began college at Mars Hill, but one windy year was enough to convince him to transfer to the University of North Carolina. In 1948, after three years of college, Lou started working in a clothing store; even in a uniform, he still makes a fine clothes horse. After Basic Training at Camp Atterbury, he attended Leadership School at Fort Leonard Wood. Then, a furlough which doubled as a honeymoon, and finally the smiling Scot found his way out to Harmony Church.



EARL F. CHAMBERS. Earl was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and, after graduating from Central High School, enrolled in the University of Connecticut. Three years there were enough to decide him to enlist for O. C. S., so, on January 15, 1951, he began learning to soldier at Fort Dix.



RICHARD E. CLARK. Dick once worked in a Dayton bank, and he also served at Fort Knox—where the gold is stored. So naturally, we feel "R. E." is destined to know a bright future both in the Army and out. Checking back over Dick's Army career, we find that he was inducted in early 1951 and took Basic Training with the 3rd Armored Division. It was with some surprise that we met him at O. C. S. Knowing that he had at one time worked for Frigidaire, we felt that it was unusual for him not to want to stay with those metal boxes of the Tankers.

STERLING E. CLAUS. We didn't have to go to the North Pole for our St. Nick, because from Santa Monica, California, Sandy used to tell us how much trouble he used to have during Christmas time. All the children for miles around called him and began their lists of presents. He not only promised them delivery, but he assured them faster means than the old "up the chimney" method. As a qualified expert on the "flying things" he kept the 1st Platoon well informed on the bird life in the South. He was our own Audubon Society.



BENJAMIN LEWIS COLLINS. Regular Army from Reveille to Retreat, and a regular guy always. Ben is one of those Navy men who saw his mistake. Midway through the Second World War, Ben put to sea, remaining a sailor for four years. A transfer to the Army, a wife and two children back in California, completed the picture of this soldier **par excellence**. In the future, when we think of Ben, our minds will rest upon excellent bearing—and most of all, on a perfect command voice coming out through a mouthful of potatoes.



THOMAS D. CONRAD, JR. Having spent most of his life in Pittsburgh, Tom came to us a little smudged. His background is distinctly hazy, though through the smog we have been able to discover that he spent two years studying Business Administration at Penn State before his National Guard unit was activated. Being a good huckster at O. C. S., Tom set up a large operating business based upon the auditing of gigs for a "minor consideration". He might have made a mint had it not been necessary for him to spend mighty hours getting his own record straightened out. We expect him to do better on his first assignment business wise, however, so don't be surprised if you see an orderly driving him about in his "Catalina."



WILLIAM T. COOPER. Will was the voice of the First Barracks. During his stay in school he became the healer of the blues for 9th O. C. Not only did he keep a spirit of cheer in the men, he also contributed his many talents to this Class Book. The cartoons in this publication are the work of W. T. C. We will always be grateful to have had the opportunity to meet one of Jerseys finest sons. We will miss you, and we are sure that the management of the Columbus Room feels the same. Good luck, and keep on smiling.



HARRY COWAN. Harry struggled through High School, strove through a B. A. degree from McMurry College in Texas, and was sweating out an M. A. in Literature when the Army temporarily dampened his hopes. All this took place, naturally, in Texas. Once his tour of duty is completed, Harry plans to return to Grad School in order to gain his P. H. D. After that, he will start teaching people that Shakespeare grew up in Stratford-near-Dallas, rather than at Stratford-on-the-Volga. And, of course, he will be right. No Texan ever glorifies his state dishonestly.



NORMAN L. CURRY. "Rebel" was one of the Atlanta contingent who faced transportation problems at the time of Christmas leave. Some of us didn't really mind, for Norm is a one-time "Yellow Jacket"—and there are those among us who prefer the Auburn War Eagle to those Rambling Wrecks from Georgia Tech. Actually, as any real Southerner will admit, the Reb is no more than carpet bagger, for he attended High School in Bloomfield, New Jersey. Be that as it may, we are happy to be able to report that Norm succeeded in dogging his brother's footsteps through O. C. S., for he really wanted a commission. Whether the future will see Norm in the Army or on Civie Street depends upon the world situation, but he has hopes someday of settling down in the capital of the Deep South as a civil engineer.



RAYMOND M. DANCHAK. "Bubbles," an embryonic M. D., expects to continue his medical studies if he ever leaves the Army. But we doubt that he will do this, for Scranton, Pennsylvania's, contribution to the 28th Division and O. C. S. is R. A. nearly all the way. Ray was a member of that unfortunate trainload of Guardsmen from the Keystone State who were wrecked shortly after being called back to active service. The mark stays with him, and we feel he is motivated partly by a desire to do the job of each of the thirty-odd crash victims. By this, however, we don't want to suggest that he is somber and serious. "How about that, Ray?"



GERALD A. DAVIS. Sfc. Davis (he never told us how that happened) came from Fort Ord, California. He took his basic there, and when time came for him to go to Leaders School, G. A. took the course twice—he liked the "spit-and-polish." He is one of the men in our Company who will be in the Army when most of us are treading under the toils of civilian life. Good luck, and we know that you will do credit to any unit you may serve with.

HERBERT R. DAVIS. "Buckets," as Herb is affectionately known by the Fourth Platoon, was not only the playmaker of the company basketball team, but a stalwart on the squad volleyball team, too. Whether he's to be remembered longer for his witty remarks or his new "store teeth" is hard to say, but Herb was always a fighter. In fact, he fought harder to stay awake in class than any other man in the company!



LEO A. DEKLE. A native of Mobile, Alabama, and a true flag waving "Rebel" from the Deep South. He is happiest when he is with a jovial group partying, or spending his time taking part in water sports along the Gulf coast. In civilian life he was associated with his father's brokerage firm. He was mobilized with the 31st "Dixie" Division prior to coming to Ft. Benning. His plans for the future are, marriage in March, and becoming an infantry officer.



PHILIP A. DIRKX. Phil received his early education in a one-room country school. He also had his skull fractured at an early age. These things are no excuse. For higher education, Dirkx worked in a grocery store, operated a machine in a cannery and sold magazines to the great American public. He also starved (we can't say he made a living) working a magic act. Finally, much to his parents' relief, he was inducted into the Army.



KENNETH R. DIXON. "Dix" won't let anyone talk down the Golden Bear, for very Californian is he. At the same time, not even Western sunshine could keep Ken at home after finishing High School in 1946. With three years ROTC experience behind him, he enlisted and served with the 25th Division in Japan. For thirty-two months, he acted as an Occupation Military Policeman; perhaps in the Far East, he learned to jut that determined chin. After returning to the United States, Ken decided to put his experience—and his chin—to work as a lawyer. To that end, he enrolled in the University of California, but Korean hostilities determined his return to the Army.



ADRIAN R. DOSS. Adrian, a member of the Honor Council, is one of those rare but worthy twenty-year men. With seven years in already as a paratrooper and former member of the 101st, Adrian is able to look back to combat jumps into France and Holland. Perhaps, however, he is most proud of his wartime honors gained with the Piccadilly Division. Though grounded for a while at O. C. S., Adrian nonetheless was able to fly over and drop in on his wife at the Guest House intermittently.



BERNARD W. DOUGLAS, JR. "Bill," who laughs when people ask him where he's from (Hohokos, N. J.), entered the Army at Fort Dix in early 1951. Before that time, he was a student at Ridgewood High School, and Pace College in New York. The scholastic experience stood him in good stead at O. C. S., for few men in the Company were able to rival the accuracy and completeness of his class notes. Looking something like the wise old owl, "B. W." presided over pre-exam seminars in the Third Barracks with a skill unsurpassed since Socrates. But those cram sessions are not the thing Doug best will be remembered for. Rather, pictures will long rise of his face as Saturday's inspecting officers approached nearer and nearer his cubicle.

JOSEPH P. DOWLING. "Suicide" (a name gained from thirteen deaths received in one day as aggressor in Leadership School) was sure death for five years as a civilian haberdasher. If you remember correctly, we have another ex-haberdasher about who began his career as a Second John. Joe may not possess Presidential possibilities, but he does have the best attributes of the politician. Smiling Joe, the glad hand lad, could sell you a horse blanket with no trouble at all. We hope he never comes around trying to sell us the idea of one up, two back and throw 'em C rations.



RUSSELL A. DRAKE. Rus will be remembered for the fine job he did at the Company party. As a cook before the war, he gave of his time and talent in making the feast of the candidates like a Roman party. He was also a member of our very proud Drill Squad, which made all the brass stand up and take notice of the talents of 9th O. C. Co. Good luck, and we will see you as one of our future field commanders.



FRANK W. DOUGLAS. Senator Douglas went swimming on Christmas Day—and don't think the rest of us in the Fourth Platoon didn't know about it. He's as great a publicity agent for the beaches of Florida as an ad in "Life" magazine. Only one other city can compare with Clearwater—Columbia, S. C.—and we don't think it's because of its beaches, Frank. Fort Jackson will be a big step in the right direction. Good luck, Senator.



JAMES M. DOWALIBY, JR. Jim, who escaped from Brooklyn to Roswell, New Mexico, at an early age, may have been the most original member of the Company. It was pretty original of him to turn his back on the Dodgers intentionally; it was just as original to come back East to Dartmouth in 1946. His talents were directed in unusual lines, also. He painted with the rest of us—on picket fences—but when able, off he went to draw. He sang the ribald Company songs; when possible, however, his voice would lift in Spanish accent. One thing he didn't seem to do was write many O. R.'s, but he more than made up for this by his work in the Class Book. Last, but not least, "Sir, Candidate Dowaliby" was among our ablest and most intent soldiers.

JAMES DUBBERLY. "Dub" wants to be remembered for his quiet, mild manners—and, above all, for his deep Southern drawl, you-all. But we will think of him in quite a different context. True, he was impeccable in speech, and only Lt. Hartigan could make him raise his voice above a soft slur; but nevertheless, the fact which will remain is that "The Tiger" was one of those strange people who used to make a practice of not being gigged from Monday to Friday night. Saturdays were something else again; perhaps they could have been less disastrous if Moultrie, Georgia's, favorite son had learned how to sound off.



EUGENE V. DUWELL. The young man from Cincinnati who counted the days between sights of his beloved. "Smiley" never could be taken seriously, for he always had a crack on hand. He will be remembered for having learned the hard way how to wipe a smile off his face. Educated through the second year of college at Xavier University, Gene found O. C. S. to his liking because at Benning he had all the time in the world.



THOMAS M. ECONOMOS. "Eeky" enlisted in the Army upon completion of High School in 1949. Some say he did this because the weather in Chicago was too cold for him, but we personally doubt this. More likely, he was following a psychic magnet to Fort Riley, or more particularly to Junction City, Kansas, where lives his lady love. Riley was where "Eeky" learned sharp soldiering, first as a member and then in command of the Fort Riley Drill Team. At O. C. S., "the economist" put all he had learned into practice by whipping into shape elements of the Fourth Platoon as a dashing drill squad.



WILLIAM ENCHELMAIER. "Ench" found it pretty quiet in his small New Jersey home town, so he tried to liven things up a bit tootling on a trumpet and squeaking away on a violin. So proficient did he become, eventually he graduated from High School with Musical Honors and membership in the All-State Band. Upon leaving school, Bill began to build and race automobiles. He had learned to experience some success in this field prior to entering the Army, but we doubt that he will ever again return to hair-breadth turns and driving jams. His wife, Blackie, has something to say about it, and it is evident she wants him to settle down. Every time we turned around at O. C. S., we found him filling up on another box of food brought by his loving spouse, food which definitely made one think of slippers and a chair by the fire.



ROY ENSMINGER. Blood—sweat—and tears—and painting tables. The boys in the Third Platoon will remember Roy most for the paint. Nothing more has to be said, does it, Roy? An Infantryman all the way—and it isn't rare when he is found reading some realistic campaign story. However, we are inclined to believe that there is a soft spot in his hard heart for the "Pennsylvania Ridgerunner."



WALTER E. EVERHART. A very quiet member of the class who, during the time here, worked very hard to attain the goal of an Infantry officer. He came from "up north," and is very anxious to return to the land of tall buildings and beautiful women.

ROBERT M. FIELD, III. Bob took the usual steps from New York, to Groton, to Harvard. He completed his formal education in 1950. On Friday the thirteenth of the same year, he was inducted into the Army at Fort Benning; over in Sand Hill he spent many months. While all this was going on, Bob's mind was lingering in Wakefield, Massachusetts, where his fiancée lives. Perhaps it was his girl, or perhaps his conservative background was to blame; but no matter who was responsible, we shall long remember Bob as that member of the Company who was most able to do most things for least money.



JACK J. FREET. Jack tried to get into the Army while still in short pants, and for awhile he succeeded. After being born in Hanover, Pennsylvania, in 1929, he chomped at the bit through grade school and grammar; after three years of high school, he sneaked through an induction station. In 1946, Jack was given a minority discharge, but he immediately joined the Naval Reserve until old enough to enlist again. When the time came, re-up he did, and from 1948 to 1950, Jack was at Valley Forge Hospital as a pharmacist. Then he moved to Leadership School at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and, with a short time out for a wedding, moved on to O. C. S.



JAMES J. GAFFNEY. Jim, from Rochester, maintained a terrific sense of humor during his six months of O. C. S. Although very quiet, one night the Duty Officer almost incited him into a mass awakening of the Harmony Church area. We will never forget the morning when Jim appeared at inspection with his cap on backwards; also Lt. Barry will not soon forget it either. Jim, was the offense intentional or unintentional?



SAMUEL C. GARNER, JR. Sam hopes you will remember him by his boots, and well we should. However, there is more than shoe polish in this Lone Star's makeup kit. He is quietly assured, studiously intent and a pretty good man with wee drappee o' somethiing. Before coming to O. C. S., Sam groped his way through Camp Chaffee sand storms—a job, incidentally, for which he was well prepared. Before entering the Army, he worked as a theatre manager, and everyone knows that no self-respecting Texas theatre ever has lights installed.



JAMES L. GEMMELL. "Jim, the dancing Candidate. He tap danced from "Kiss Me Kate" on Broadway to the pine floor of Victory Lodge. His abilities are not restricted to terpsichorian efforts, he plays the trumpet, he sings, composes, and charms colonels as well. Jim will be the only 2nd Lt. to do a shuffle off an assault boot and still keep smiling.



OLIVER GILL. Oliver Twist said many things—Oliver Gill says but one, "The best of everything comes from Florida." A native of the Sunshine State with a recent bride of the same vintage. Ollie will be immortal with the "C" Committee on Tactics for his immortal stand, "I don't care what they say—I still take by 60's with me."



DONALD W. GLUCK. Don was discharged from the Army in 1945, after serving two and a half years in Europe as a Medic. During his stay in the outer world he played pro-football, and was in the construction business. Don aided this book in its birth, and through his efforts as the Business Manager, we can see the quality of work he gives. Thanks, Don, and keep them all happy at the Smile in New York.



HENRY GLUCK calls the "Friendly City" home, and it must have imported the characteristics of its nickname to Hank. Hank always had a smile, and the door of the big red Buick was always open to the foot ridden members of the Company on week-ends. There were many whispers about Hank being R. A., but until press time we have been unable to confirm these, yet Hank states no with a definite, "I'm U. S."???

CLAUDE E. GREEN. "Callibrated Claude," a firm advocate of Ma Benning's School for Boys, hails from Tennessee. At the tender age of two, he began to learn about governmental procedures—not Army, but rather the "Revenooors." C. E. left a definite mark on the Company with his 14½ AAA's and his Southern fried wit.



WALTER GRZYBOWSKI. Walt missed out on a great many Observation Reports because the Tac Officers could not spell his name. We were amazed those few times when "Griz" was called on in class, for most instructors just didn't have nerve enough to tackle the group of consonants following number 73 on the Company roster. Bloomfield, New Jersey, saw the beginning of this avowed Polack, and though he says he hopes to return there at the end of his tour of duty, we know that "Griz" always will be a loyal R. A.



JOHN HOXIE HAAS, JR. Whether singing lusty German songs in some Yorkville Brauhaus, taking his leisure in Kansas City, or slogging about in Georgia's mud, Hoxie—an anthropologist from ivy'd Yale—can almost always be found in some sort of discussion, from the mess hall's chow to the future of the West. His efforts on the I & E Board, his burning the midnight oil, and his pet expression "What a Gluntz" (eight-ball) will perhaps best be remembered by the Fourth Platoon.



LEONARD MARTIN HANZER. "Lenny" spent three years overseas with the 101st during the last war. After his discharge and return to New York, he went about picking up a degree from Drake University. But now he is back in the Army, and here he will stay because "civilian life proved to be an incompatible existence." Noted for frankness and a slightly sardonic approach, 9th O/C's "Little Caesar," "Ghenghis Khan" or what you will had that unusual ability to command which will make him an excellent officer.



WILLIAM A. HART. From Norwood, New York, to Fort Benning, Georgia, came "Wild Bill" Hart. In the sunny South, Bill lived up both to his nickname, and to the upper wilderness in which is situated his home town. Whenever gunsmithing or hunting was mentioned around 9th O/C, "Billy the Kid" was right in there pitching his line. We never were quite able to learn what quarry he stalked, but we do know he used to go out after something. Evidently, he would like to again, for he plans one day to move to Bangor, Maine, right on top of some of the best game forests in the country.



RAYMOND J. HAUSER. Ray hails from Buffalo, where, prior to his enlistment in the Army, he attended South Park High School and Albright Art School. Upon completion of his tour of duty, he expects to return to the employ of Chevrolet-Buffalo, a Division of the General Motors Corporation. However, we expect that Ray will leave the Army and retire. Seeing that he never was willing to kick out a quarter for the newest Mickey Spillane—preferring instead to read the latest dime dreadful—Ray should by 1953 have quite a few pence stashed away in his barracks bag.



HUGH HENIG. Hugh was born and raised in Newark, New Jersey. He is a graduate of (this is really how it's spelled) Weequahic High School, as well as Rutgers University. When he wasn't impressing his companions with his erudition, Hugh—Ft. Benning model—played old professional by being a Yankee fan. Baseball is all very well, but the Yanks did not engross our Hughie nearly as much as did his family. A proud papa, Hugh's thoughts ninety-nine per cent of the time were with his wife, Barbara Joan, and his son, Jeff.



JACK HERNSTROM. "Hook-Up," the Airborne is here to stay. As a "jump boy" Jack took this course in stride, and came out on top. We have one comment, Jack, did Larsson ever do any work in that cubicle? Good luck in the future, "sticks," you may lead.

MELVIN HILL. Another one of us who gave up the beaches of California for the red clay of Georgia. Mel claims it won't be long before he's back at the only fort in the country—namely Fort Ord. He might be forced to go by way of Maryland, but we are sure he is willing to make the sacrifice. No matter where you end up, Mel, a good job will be done.



KENNETH S. HILLYER. Ken's proudest moment since arriving at O. C. S. occurred on our third day when he learned he had just become father of a baby boy. The new father was born in Brooklyn—just like his son—and with many of the class, he had a difficult time facing life after Bobby Thomson's home run made it "wait till next year" for the Dodgers. A graduate of Colgate, Ken entered the Army in 1950 and served awhile with the 43rd Division before being transferred first to Ft. Knox, and then to Benning.



JOHN R. HUGENBERG. "Chic" fast became the class confidence man, even though he was hampered with Heffer Dust from the Midwest. An Omahan with a World War II, College and Radio background, "Hughie" will be remembered for his tall tales, and for his knowledge of most of the answers. Before he has his first assignment, we expect he will have become second in command of a household.



HOMER HUNGERFORD. Homer was the only member of the Company who wore Sergeant's stripes in the last war and Corporal's chevrons in this one. He was attending Princeton University when yanked up the first time and was just getting settled down as President of the Hungerford Insulation Company when Philadelphia's City Troop was called to active duty as part of the 28th Division, in September 1950. We will remember him in two places: firmly planted behind the speaker's desk after breaking through the "invisible barrier"; and sitting in the parking lot with his wife and his two boys aged three and five.



HOWARD M. HUPE. "Huppy" comes from Pittsburgh, but Ft. McNair and the 3rd Infantry are home to him. When he wasn't making us sorry we hadn't served with the show troops, Howard led us through the intricacies of O. C. S. with steady hand and quiet smile. Rumors batted here and about made us wonder whether "The Hoop" might not be all Army; but when we first saw his wife, we knew his heart was in the right place.



ERNEST H. JOHNSON. "Ten good Airborne men could lick a Russian Division," so speaks one of the 82nd's most proud sons. Ernie came to Benning after serving a long and shining record in the Army. He was one of the top men in the class, and is destined to be one of the Army's future greats. As a native of Maryland, he and his Mrs. will remain in the "Noble Infantry" until he fades away. Good luck, Pop, and you gave us all a good example of leadership.



ROBERT KEARNEY. Bob owns the distinction of being our sole classmate from North Dakota. His home state took care of his schooling—twelve years at St. Mary's Academy plus two more at the University of North Dakota. Bob enlisted in 1949 so that he might see the world at taxpayers' expense. And he has, if our land constitutes the world, for Basic Training at Fort Ord was followed by Finance School in St. Louis and subsequent assignments to Fort Devens and Pine Camp. Now, Fort Benning—and then Bob Kearney will start dusting his monicker for use in tomorrow's history books.



ROBERT KEYSER. Just give him his motorcycle and a three-day pass and Bob would be willing to make this man's army his career. He might give you a little argument on this point—due to a little influence back in Canton, Ohio. However, those who know laughing boy are willing to bet he combines both and it will be RA all the way for Bob.

RICHARD V. KEUPER. This mis-placed Gator from New Jersey will probably always be remembered for his abilities as a cheerleader extraordinary, and president of the 9th O. C. Co. Fraternity Clubs, Inc. Dick was a promising young undergraduate of the University of Maryland when the sudden urge to enlist in the U. S. Army overcame his better judgment, and he enlisted in the Infantry. When he left his home in Asbury Park, and came to Benning, he began to initiate us in the deep dark secrets of the Brotherhoods of Fraternities.



MERVIN L. KIEHL. From the middle of the barracks at five in the morning we were enchanted with the tones of this individual and his sweet, quiet music, from the works of Eddie Arnold, to Lefty Frizzell we got the complete Hillbillie history. Lee has seen service in Japan, and was sent back to the States when the gates of O. C. S. beckoned him. He is always ready to show, with just pride, the small collection of a few thousand pictures of his wife Jane and his baby daughter.



DONALD KINGTON. Don reported to 9th Company from Fort Breckenridge, where he experienced the rigors of Basic Training, Leadership School and cold weather. "King" previously had lived in Madisonville, Kentucky, which probably explains why the Stars and Bars are tattooed on his heart. Don's ability as a crooner and "uke" picker gave music to the First Barracks; if all goes well, the rest of the Company may be able to hear the King, first in Special Services shows, and later on Broadway.



DAVID L. KIRKHOFFER. Dapper Dave, the Gold Dust twin with a Golden Gate smile, rings the bell as a native Westerner but makes more noise with a Southern siren. "Kirk" will hold his place in the annals as that lad who—though a Yankee—was quick to become one of "Scarlet's" most loyal sympathizers.



DONALD T. KIRWAN. Lanky Don Kirwan, the sworn Southern sympathizer from Maryland, ranks third in 9th O/C shoe sizes. Prior to placing big foot prints in the Fort Jackson mud, Don put in four years picking up a degree from Washington College. Further, he was associated with a Washington, D. C., finance company, where he did "something" administratively. Pleased with the Army, our Northern Rebel today seriously contemplates saying goodbye to civilian life for all time. A man his size figures that if the shoe fits it should be worn.



FABER C. KNEPPER. Sam bugled his way through Valley Forge Military, and sometimes we feared he might pull a Jericho by trumpeting down the walls of the Third Barracks. He was among our sharpest soldiers physically and in dress, which is hardly surprising since he came to O. C. S. from Austria and the U. S. Forces Honor Guard and got to Europe only after doing more push ups than anyone else in military school. We don't want to forget his enthusiasm for weapons and weapons training, but we are afraid that any comment on "Nepp" and the low angle of fire might bring back memories of his day with the Heavy Machine Gun.



GEORGE W. KRAUSE. "Christy," from unpronounceable Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania, was studying to become an architectural engineer at the time of his call to the Army. When he is discharged, he will return to his straight edge and drawing board. When Christy was around, it was necessary to be on a perpetual lookout for the birdie, for he and his camera were inseparable companions. There was not anything he would not do for a picture—and frequently he did the impossible. In future years, we shall think of Christy, twisted by some horrible contortion, squeezed into a corner advantageous to picture taking.



CHARLES LARSSON. Ronnie is the spirit of Jersey City. A future protector of the law, he will go on the J. C. P. D. upon discharge. He came to the South with his wife "Slim," his car "Peter." Best of everything, and don't forget—two up—one back and feed them a hot bedroll.

DANIEL A. LENZ. Dan was the quiet spoken person of the 1st Platoon. We often thought, even until graduation that he was never known to the watchful eyes of the Tac Officers. A native of the state of Quakers, Dan worked "On the Railroad" before he came into the Army, and during his time here he was one of the faithful men to leave the "Ivy Colored Halls" of our campus. He will never know how he kept his demerits down.



LEON LEPICIER. Lep comes from Massachusetts—however, due to a short stay in Korea he hasn't had much of a chance to enjoy little old New England. He is one of the few among us who doesn't have to ask questions on what it is like over there. His French would even fool a Frenchman—but his experience will be of great value to his men—this time as their platoon leader.



THOMAS E. LETT. We never quite knew whether "Tommy" was laughing at us, or whether he really did have some difficulty saying "March." At any rate, Tom's knowledge of things military made life not overly difficult for him, for know of the Army he did. After attending Barret Manual Training School in Henderson, Kentucky, Tom entered Wentworth Military Academy, from which he was graduated in 1950. Not long after, Tom enlisted in the Regular Army, and after the normal progression of events, down he came to Fort Benning.



DUANE LEWIS. For this man, we have only the most vital of statistics. . . . Son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and born in Elmira, New York. . . . Adopted San Antonio, Texas, when mature enough to reason. . . . Likes women, skiing, brandy alexanders. . . . Dislikes waxing floors. . . . Schooled in Rochester, New York, and Kansas City, Mo. . . . Net worth: 160 lbs. at \$.0035/lb, or 57c. . . . Civilian occupation: air-lines agent . . . military career: three years in Naval Reserve; several more in the Army. . . . Future: the University of Zurich; Travel Agency; frequent vacations.



ROBERT JOSEPH LEYH. The "Senator" had a disconcerting habit of telling one why commands were indistinct, or throats hoarse. But this was hardly surprising, for after attending Columbia and N. Y. U., Bob became a speech clinician in New Jersey. The little man of Hackensack and Bloomfield, Bob aged the wood of the second barracks ten years with his potent, black cigars. Further, he amazed those in the rear with his peculiar and personal method of double timing. Most of all, however, we shall think of Bob in connection with guns and hunting, for this new career officer loves to live out of doors.



THOMAS L. LISKER. Tom, who does not believe in the jacket, field M-1943, was last seen heading for Mrs. Lisker in Brooklyn. The date was March third. Tall Tommy spent four years at State Teachers College, Albany, N. Y., where he received his B. A., and added one more at Columbia University to complete his M. A. in 1950. Sophomore English classes in New Jersey had him on the run a year before his O. C. S. double timing began. If things turn out as Tom wishes, it will be Mr. Lisker cracking the whip while wilting students quail in 1953.



JACKIE LITTLETON. "Well, we did it this way in the Tennessee National Guard"—9th OC's gift from the foothills of that great state. If you ever heard Phil Harris sing, "That's What I Like About the South" there is only one thing missing and that is Little John. A true believer that the South will rise again. However, until it does, Jackie can be found doing a serious job for Uncle Sam.



HENRI-GERARD MALLET. With so complicated a first name, it is easy to see why he prefers to be called "Pete," but no one seems to know where this alias comes from—least of all H.-G. He will answer to "Red," "Frenchy," or even, especially during duty hours, "Hey you." In a company equally divided by Messrs. Mason and Dixon's Line, Pete made a point of remaining strictly neutral, preferring stories of the storming of the Bastille to the shelling of Fort Sumpter. He claimed once to have been an English major at the University of Virginia, but we noticed that he worshipped Mike Hammer, Private Detective, far more than Shelley or Keats.

DRED W. MARTIN, JR. "R. A." all the way, and he proved it during this course. He worked very hard, and in doing so, he has assured his future, as an Infantry Platoon leader, of being bright with success. Good luck, Dred, and we will see you in future years as one of the Army's field commanders.



OFFA S. McCOLLUM, JR. "Somebody wake up Mac; the class is over." During the past six months Mac had more of the School's solutions than the school had. We will remember him for his infamous foot-locker, the six o'clock riser, and the famous hammock above his bed. He had the secret of success at O. C. S.; that is the ability to know when to work and when to play, and he did both in grand style. Good luck Mac, and don't let those fruit flies get out of hand.



HENRY W. McCUSKER, JR. After facing the world from a Bronx hospital, "Rick" moved off to Florida for a change of scenery. It was in the land of the Orange that he received most of his schooling, but after a period at the University of Florida, Mac went back to New York and an insurance school. Now qualified to insure peoples' property, possessions and health, the Korean situation made Mac feel that he ought to take on a bigger job. So here he is, helping insure American freedom.



RICHARD J. McNALLY. Dick is a noble son of Holy Cross, and a proud resident of the big town, New York City. He was a member of the Class Book Staff, and in between barks of the Editor, he was a member of the "three up-two back, and feed them a hot basketball" set. Dick will return to the East Side and claim his bride, Mary Jean, and start his Army career. We are sure that he will live up to all the proud history of the Infantry, founded at home as well as at Benning.



JOHN C. McRAE. "Mac", the Chess-board technician, came to us from L. A., California, fellows. An old Marine, Mac said O. C. S. wasn't like the Corps—but that's okay. If he weren't in the Army, he'd be doing advertising work, inspiring prospective clients with that well known phrase, "Archery, anyone?" Mac made a conquest at O. C. S. and we know he'll make many more before returning to civilian life.



ERIT B. McTERNAN. Mac joined the New York National Guard some time ago and was called into active service in August of 1950. It is a long way South from Queens Village, but, surprisingly, his first assignments were to Fort Benning and Fort Jackson. Despite the weeks spent in the same area as O. C. S., Mac never learned prior to entering the School that one just **doesn't** talk in the chow line. A string of Two-6's taught the lesson, however, and before graduating, the fair-haired one had learned pretty well how to keep quiet at meal time. It's a good thing to know, Mac, because when you go back to selling insurance, you will be at a definite disadvantage if you try to sell people twenty-year endowment policies just as they are sitting down to a thick steak.



JAMES F. MEISSNER. Jim is an old hand at it all, having served in the E. T. O. with the Signal Corps. During this period, his job took him into Air Force installations, and if you ask him in the right way, he may admit that his major duty was to wig-wag gremlins in for landings. After the war, Jim began work as an accountant, but a marriage in 1947 led him the next year to enroll at Pennsylvania's East Stroudsburg State Teachers College. After two years, he was activated with the 28th Division. Along about the same time, he became father of a baby girl—which places him high on the list of those competing for the title of class father.



THOMAS G. MIZELL. The soft, drawling tones of Tom Mizell are unmistakably those of a native of Birmingham, Alabama, Georgia Military College started Tom on his soldiering career, but neither there nor at Camp Chaffee were The Powers able to make of Tom the artilleryman they desired. After catching our boy dreaming of the Infantry School during ten minute breaks, he finally was allowed to come East to Georgia. By the way, stop in for a round at the Chickasaw some night. And while you're there, call "Tweetie Pie" quietly, for ten to nine says Tom will be the one who turns around.

WALTER J. MOULDER. Walt's birthplace, Westchester, Pennsylvania, was left early enough for him to attend Ferguson High School, in Ferguson, Missouri. After graduating in 1943, he entered the Merchant Marine, serving at sea until October 1945. He contracted malaria in 1944, yet despite recurring attacks was able to work for a casualty life insurance concern until 1948. In 1947, Walt began studying in the evening division of St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia; and in 1948, he started working for the Hoover Vacuum Cleaner Company. In September 1950, the Army claimed Walt; from that time until September of 1951, he was stationed at Fort Jackson.



ALISTAIR D. MUNRO. Don is best known for his comparisons of Boy Scout lore and Army procedure. Having been a scoutmaster in his native state of New Jersey, as well as having served in the Army for more than three years, he is well qualified in both fields. During his six months at O. C. S., Don impressed us equally with his firmness in correcting the pronunciation of his name ("Candidate **Mun-ro**, sir"), and with his knowledge of Governor Island's Golf Course.



WILLIAM T. NAILEN. "Willy" comes from Elmira-where-they-fly-gliders-New York, which may explain his like for lots and lots of air. Being proud of his home town, he spent hours and hours at O. C. S. pouring over the most recently arrived newspapers from home. We liked to watch "Shawn" checking through the columns, not because we enjoyed his expression when he discovered that another old flame had walked to the altar with someone else, but rather because all his newsprint made excellent cover for newly-waxed floors. And besides this, it was always pleasant to see a Candidate not too worried about reading his FM's.



WILLIS D. NESMITH. "Willy" was among the best of the Company's weather prophets—even though Mac McRae might contest the title. Being a native Georgian from over Cochran way, his predictions of "clear, colder and probable showers" were almost always correct. But nonetheless, Will was much frustrated. Having been a used car dealer in civilian life, every view of the parking space above Battalion made his eyes water and his heart pound. He will do well in the Army—if those Staff Cars ever are released for public sale.



JOHN GORDON NICKS. John's dad was a major, and he'll stay in the Army until he attains at least the equivalent rank. He served in Japan with the 45th Infantry, but shipped Stateside shortly before his unit went on to Korea. There were days at O. C. S. when "Nickso" wondered at his alleged good fortune. Marriage and a child are two of his many accomplishments.



ARTHUR J. NIEDZIELSKI. Ski had one of the names in the Company which gave the instructors a run for their money. This wasn't a real problem until he and Grzybowski were placed in the same cubicle. This combination kept them safe from any direct questions, the Tac Officers weren't sure if they could make the two names at one time. His tactics were placed into application during O. C. S., Ski was a great Chess player, and often could be seen with two Pawns up, the Knight back, and a hot meal on the way.



WALTER T. NORMAN. "Slick" Norman, one of the very few Candidates who does not quail before a hair-cut inspection, began it all in Oklahoma City. This is something of a secret, for he soon moved to Texas and invariably associates himself with that Republic. Prior to Army service, he graduated from North Texas State College, following a 1950 degree with a teaching job in mathematics. After giving up books for guns, he served at Camp Chaffee prior to coming North to Benning.



VINCE J. ODDI. Vince, a native of Columbus, Ohio, completed two years of Ceramic Engineering at Ohio State before being called to the cause. He has an active interest in ceramics even yet, which may explain those periods he spent in the latrine measuring floors and walls. Once Vince becomes a Company Commander, every latrine in his command will be redone in tile—and won't it be a nuisance keeping the extra crockery spotless. Seeing that Vince is quite likely to wear more than railroad tracks before he becomes a civilian again, perhaps the rest of us should buy into the **Bon Ami** Company. Looks like they should begin to show a tremendous profit, one which will increase with every increase of the rank for the "Odd One."

RICHARD J. ORMISTON. Out of the fabulous Medford Lakes district of New Jersey came Dick, reenlistment papers in hand and a ticket to Fort Benning. What with a background of an unusual job in Washington for C. I. C., two years education at the University of Pennsylvania, and more than a little swimming ability, "Ormie" was a natural for Fort Benning. Now having vowed eternal enmity for civilian living, Dick plans to go on forever in the Army. However, despite hostility against the man in the sack suit, Dick retains a few civilian attachments.



WILLIAM E. PAGE. Bill began being R. A. only one hundred and five months ago. During this short period, he has served in nearly all branches of the Army, preferring the Infantry to all others. While experiencing eight months of combat with the Blue and Grey (29th Infantry) Division, Page picked up a healthy amount of salad for his chest, including the Combat Medic's badge. Though he was born in Columbus, "Gung Ho", Mrs. Page and their two children are looking forward to leaving again that Georgia climate.



JOSEPH F. PALCHAK, JR. "Hold it . . . Snap!" and another picture was done for the Class Book. Joe gave up his time and his talents to the building of our book. As a native of the state of Pennsylvania, Joe will take that long walk up the center aisle right after graduation. He plans to head to the west coast, and he and David K. will have a hard time keeping their minds on the rigors of Army life. We found Joe to be one of the outstanding students in the class, and he was always willing to give his time to any cause from a raid on the Columbus Room, to the on the spot coverage of the Regimental Duty Officer's inspections.



LAWRENCE J. PANIPINTO. He was born in Rochester, New York, on February 3, 1931. He attended grade school and high school in Rochester and spent a short time at Brockport State Teachers College. Upon leaving that institution he worked as manager of his father's construction company. He entered the Army in March 1951 and took basic training at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and went to Leadership School there also. In September 1951 he came to Fort Benning and OCS.



HARRY L. PARSON. Harry, the non-preaching parson, is a 1950 graduate of Talladega College and was attending Law School at the University of Cincinnati before being drafted. His O. C. S. excellence in P. T. was grounded upon membership in college basketball and track teams. If we are to believe his words, "Parse" is one of the most diligent of dramatic devotees, but at O. C. S., we knew him more particularly for his skill at the ping pong table. We also used to find him in conference with Buckley; the two of them studied North African Arabic in preparation for their overseas assignments to Korea.



JOHN H. PATE. Forsaking the Air Force to come to Infantry OCS from the 413th Ord. Hv. Maint. in Texas, John heaved a heavy sigh of relief when the early morning runs stopped. Some candidates thought he was collecting demerits in earnest, but when Capt. Mitchell told him he had the cleanest rifle in the company, we weren't so sure. Ever since his boy Johnny was born in November, the Fourth Platoon has had a day by day report on the young gentleman.



MAURICE J. PECKINPAUGH. "Peck" is a Hoosier who has a love for farming and the rustic life in general. But that's not all. As an outstanding football player, he made All-State Center in 1945; and as an athlete and a scholar of parts he almost became a basketball coach in 1951. The Army changed his plans, but this has not much bothered the "Bushel." When asked of his future, we learned that Peck may well stay with the Infantry forever—providing his wife or something unexpected doesn't intervene.



CLARENCE A. J. PIERCE. Jack was born in Nacogdoches, Texas, in 1928, and although he does not much resemble the proverbial long, lanky range hand, his home state's Chamber of Commerce missed a bet when they did not hire him. "Texas" attended the University of Houston prior to entering the Army in December, 1950. He was inducted, and received Basic Training at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. It was here that he developed the habit of squinting slightly, smiling, and muttering "where I come from, we don't do that, Stranger." It is our belief that, even in Texas, people do not make a habit of having their heads shaved intentionally, Jack.

JAMES E. RAST. Jim is from Birmingham, Alabama, that is. And he went to school in Alabama before being called with the activation of the 31st—Dixie—Division. Here's a man who truly saves his Confederate money. If he can't run those "Damn-Yankees" out, he'll surely one day buy them off. Or maybe he'll make them so ashamed, they will want to go back home—for certainly he can put across any idea which enters his mind. Beyond his power of speech, Jim can work wonders with a bayonet, a broom or a blonde. Which puts him in a rather enviable position, we feel.

NORBERT F. RAYTER. Burt the Baker was born in Buffalo just before the depression began. Nevertheless, dough did not become important until after graduation from High School. At this time, "Foxy" joined the butcher and the candlestick maker, serving with the General Baking Company until called by Uncle Sam in 1951. Well he learned his art; will anyone ever forget his cake at the Company Party? Membership in the Bakers Union does not mean very much to the Army, so after Basic Training and Leadership School at Fort Dix, Burt worked his way into the Infantry at Ft. Benning.



ROBERT REITHER. Bob, a native of Columbus, Ohio, took Basic Training and Leadership on top of the Fort Knox Gold Standard. Bob was among the Company's most eligible bachelors, we are told, and he was quite famous for his Valentino-like activities. He also could hang from a chinning bar by his feet and look for all the world like a monkey. A truck driver and diesel mechanic in civilian life, Bob eventually will own a large fleet of trucks whose sole job will be to deliver **Wheat Chex** to the 9th Company Mess.



BILLIE G. RIERSON. Big Bill has been fighting it out for months with Hupe and Rutherford for low man on demerits in the Fourth Platoon. Having gone West to Omaha from his home in North Carolina, Bill came to OCS after a year's service from the 40th Infantry at Camp Cooke, Calif. Both quiet and thorough, Bill will be remembered for his fatherly care (everyone is "son") of Jackie Littleton, a fellow Rebel.



RONALD W. RIES. After two years in the Navy, "Big Foot" enlisted in the Army, took Basic at Camp Breckenridge, Ky., Leaders Course at Indian Gap, Pa., and ended up in the 1st Armored Division. He is an expert on sonar devices; the Communication Dept., today is trying to develop a TO/E prescribing sonar organic to the Infantry Regiment. If the Army had not come through with some size 24 shoes in mid-February "Big Foot" would have had to graduate barefoot. At O. C. S., Ron found it difficult to understand why the Army doesn't employ submarines in double envelopements, even though famous FM's state "ver batum" it impractical, for it's not always raining.



LLOYD H. ROBERTS. Roberts was studying Structural Engineering at Sacramento College when he received his call to arms. He was stationed at Fort Ord, 120 miles from his home, Richmond, California. His plans for the future are to make a good Infantry Officer, and then return to California and resume drafting, on a table this time. He will be remembered for his command, "Build little house, build."



GEORGE B. ROBINSON. "Robbie," the Fulton, Mississippi, rebel, was among our most avid bridge players. Good at the game besides; he was a quick man with a trump—and a quip. Robbie's tall tales wrought turmoil in the Third Barracks. As did his nose, which was a conversation piece. Robbie was probably the nicest man in the Company upon awakening—and very frequently someone felt overcome by the desire to shake him into consciousness. It is not that his snore was not melodious—it was only too loud.



ROBERT E. ROGERS. Bob's were the boots which started that game of "button, button, did they mark them today." It really was not surprising that his footgear was outstanding, for Bob has been G. I. for several years. His story began in Lawrence, South Carolina, and after studying there as well as at the University of South Carolina, he was called into the Army in 1944. In 1946, he was sent abroad, and in Germany he took Paratroop training. In 1948, "Rog" returned to the United States, where he soon was married. Not long after the big day back he went to Germany, there his son was born. In March 1951, Bob again returned Stateside and began preparing for entrance to O. C. S.

FRED ROTHMAN. Fred was born, bred and raised in the clutches of Father Knickerbocker. He is a graduate of N. Y. U. and was headed for his C. P. A. and an eventual law degree when induction altered his plans. Once D (for Discharge) Day arrives, "Irish" once more will be found rooting for the Yankees and leading landing parties off the Staten Island Ferry.



THOMAS M. RUGGLES. "Trailer Tom," the sandwich and milk concessionaire, hails from the birthplace of the Navy: Marblehead, Massachusetts. He is equipped with a beautiful wife, Janot; a dog, "Wiggles; and a mobile abode parked not one-half a mile from O. C. S. during his days at school. Of our society of happy husbands, Tom proved his joy by breaking into song at any and every moment. Along with his above-named interests, Tom was an avid reader, and sometimes went by the name of "read-a-page, rip-a-page" Ruggles.



EDWARD C. RUTHERFORD. Ed is one of the secret agents yearly sent out by the California Chamber of Commerce. We weren't quite sure why he picked Ft. Benning as his operating area, for few of us were free to follow the sun to the land of perpetual sunshine. At one time, Ed was exiled from his beloved homeland, being forced to spend four years in High School at Henderson, Nevada. Probably, he would have run off from school had he not been sure that a diploma would send him home to San Bernadino Junior College, and later to Redlands University. After he gets out of the Army, you may be sure that Ed will make tracks for the West. If you want to find him in 1960, look for him in Yosemite National Park.



YOULON D. SAVAGE. "D. D." came to O. C. S. from Ft. Jackson's Leadership School, but as far as soldiering was concerned, D. D. felt dumb-dumb. However, hard work and commendable bearing have served to overcome the greenness; and though we never enjoyed waking up to his electric razor, we could not help but feel impressed by the early bird of early birds.



JOSEPH B. SCARBOROUGH. "Skeebo" began his military career in 1945 by entering The Citadel, South Carolina's military college. In 1948, he decided he should get into the real thing, so Joe left college to enlist in the 82nd Airborne. From 1948 to 1950, he served with the 325th Regiment. Then came a period of civilian living until Korea brought Joe back into the Army—and straight down to Fort Benning. Before entering O. C. S., Skeebo was a member of the Drill and Command Committee. Now the proud father of a daughter born during our fifteenth week, Joe should do well as a career Army officer.



JAMES M. SCHIAVO. Jim won't see much of Stamford, Connecticut in the future; he is in the Army for life. The idea is not a new one, however, for Jim joined the Ninth Infantry at Ft. Dix in 1947. Since that time, it has been "R. A. all the way." At first, we wondered at Jim's ability to carry out a mission, for he is one of the strong, silent fraternity. Still, give him a job and it will be done. When he does speak, his words carry vital power.



BERNARD J. SCHMIDT. The New York State Conservation Department lost a promising young Ranger when Smitty enlisted in January of 1951. Taking Basic and Leadership at Fort Dix, Smitty had only one complaint, "The only difference between my job and the Army was, that our bivouacs weren't tactical. As a student of Rutgers he majored, "in trees," known to us as Forestry. The application of his studies came when he tried to make shoe polish out of pine resin, because it would stick.

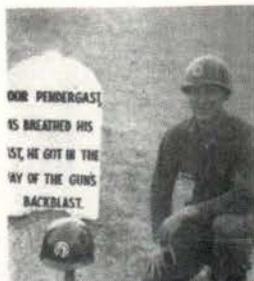


JOSEPH SCHULER. "Little Joe" closely contested Len Hanger's claim that he was the smallest man in the Company. Perhaps his size was brought about by his birthplace—one of those arid Indian reservations in Oklahoma—f or certainly Texas would never let a native son grow so small. Joe is a Texan by choice, you know, so we imagined him as being much bigger than he actually was. The fact that Joe most eminently proved is that quality, not quantity, counts most. Should a Kremlin G-2 happen to forward this book back to the steppes, we hope this fact will be underlined.

ROBERT G. SCHAEDEL, JR. Bob is from Memphis, and his colouring reminds one of that other famous Tennessean, Boss Crump. Having been a member of the R. O. T. C. in college, "Shade" did not find the course at Benning particularly difficult. Despite this, we doubt that Bob will stay in the Army forever. Possibly, he will return to his job as Field Representative for G. M. C. More likely, however, one will find him again among ivyed walls—or else drowned in the Columbus Room.



WILLIAM SHULTS. "Shultzie" was the one Yankee member of the Company possessed of a real Southern drawl. We wondered why and how come, but no amount of questioning ever brought out the reason for this tremendous trait. A Buffalo, New York, Bill took Basic Training and Leadership at Fort Dix-in-the-Garden-State before coming to Benning. Prior to entering the Army, he acted as a plant supervisor for a Buffalo uncle.



RICHARD P. SMITH. "Smitty" graduated from High School in 1944, and, after attending Iowa State College for a short time, enlisted in the Army. Since then, he has been strictly Infantry—though he admits having made a small mistake in 1948 when he spent two whole weeks as a civilian. The duties of Dick have taken him pretty much around the Orient. Not only was he in Hawaii, he spent some time in Okinawa, Korea and Japan—as well as at various posts in the ZI. Today it looks as though all of us may have a chance to learn from Smitty all about Geishas. If he plans to act as our guide, we hope he will grow a new set of dentures first.



ROBERT P. SNASHALL. Just give Bob his rod and reel, a couple of good flies and a lazy summer day, and he will work up enough energy to take a two week bivouac. He was one of the members of the 2nd Platoon who worked extra hard for those week-end passes, where he spent them with his bride in Columbus. We are sure that Bob will be one member of our class who will be a credit to the men he serves with and to the Infantry.



LESLIE J. STOTTLE. One of the members of the Second Platoon, Les hails from Elmira, New York. He took his basic training at Fort Dix, and also attended Leadership School on the Jersey shore. He was a source of many of the good times had by the men in his barracks during the past six months. Les owns a farm and intends to return to the soil as soon as the call to arms is over. We are sure that his future will be bright, and that his career in the Infantry will be a credit to the service.



WILLIAM R. STRATTON. Perhaps "Big Head" is the most democratic member of our class. Remember that miserable morning in ranks when his voice boomed out "let's take a vote on it?" It is possible that all this is inherent, for Bill was born in that center of Democrats: Kansas City. Out in Truman's territory, Bill received his schooling, finally leaving the University of Kansas in 1951 to enlist in the Army. Before reporting to Sunny Georgia, he was stationed at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas.



THEODORE C. SWAILS. Working as a lumber man in the Mid-west, Ted was quite broken up when the command "Build little houses, build!" was given by another candidate who probably wasn't even a termite. Always on the go, Ted was ready to fall out before the rest of us, and became a harassing element by hovering about the aisle. Life at Camp Breckenridge, Ky., and Fort Benning, Ga., leaves Ted undecided as to a career in the Army.



CHARLES W. TALBOT. Leaving a pretty wife and Elsberry, Mo., in January, 1951, Dick was inducted at Fort Sill. He missed becoming a cannoneer, but "show me" he wanted—so off he moved to the branch where he might see his bullets strike. Whenever Chas wasn't on detail—and sometimes when he feared he might be—out he went to the skeet range on the Main Post. Hunting and knocking down clay pigeons were among his greatest loves; if given a good 'coon dog and a jug, he was able to find anything from a squirrel to a bear—and a bar.

WILLIAM TATU. "Terrible Tactical" Tatu came to us from Buffalo, New York, via Fort Dix, New Jersey. Bill waded through the usual basic training and attended Leadership School on the Jersey coast. Many was the night we would listen while this silver-throated Irishman gave forth with old favorites as, "I Had a Hat When I Came In" and "Mother McCree." After graduation Bill will be a proud parent of another future John McCormack.



WILLIAM E. THOMSEN, III. Bill came and took the past twenty-two weeks in a very normal stride. He was always willing to join the men of this class in any adventure from a trip to the Columbus Room to nearby college campus. Good luck, Bill, and stay just as you are.



JOSEPH E. TURNER, JR. Joe was a tobacco farmer from Kinston, North Carolina. He first entered the Army in 1948, and he went through basic and then was sent to Europe with an Engineer outfit. He built bridges and drank dark ale during his tour of "the other side." A big bridge awaits him after graduation; the matrimonial one, that is. Good luck, Joe.



RICHARD D. VAN MARTIN. Dick was born in Tiverton, Rhode Island, but won't sell short the smallest state. Before coming to O. C. S., he was an art student; one may see evidences of his skill throughout the class book. But not his drawings, nor his work in the Mess Hall will make Van M. live in our thoughts. Rather, that 1942 Lincoln, the **Black Mariah**, will remain. Dead or alive, no less than twenty-two men could be squeezed into its cavernous interior.



ROGER F. VERSTEGEN. "Manor" comes from the little town of Little Chute, Wisconsin, but so did many of our greatest Generals. Come from small towns, we mean. He entered military service at Fort Knox, and after completing Basic Training served twenty-six months with the 82nd Airborne at Fort Bragg. At O. C. S., Roger's position was assured once we learned that he actually had found a soft spot in the Jumpers. That spot, incidentally, was the top of someone else's chute, which "Manor" quite cleverly thought might be a good place to rest during a drop.



WILLIAM H. WACKERMAN. "Wack" deserted his job as life guard on Hamlin Beach, New York, in 1950 so that he might serve with the 278th R. C. T. Advancement through the ranks and finally O. C. S. rewarded him with a commission. Bill's only answer to questions of the future is a small smile and wise silence. However, no one who knows him at all would be surprised to learn of the wreck of his famous frigate (Kirkhoeffer and Palchak, cabin boys) somewhere South of the Florida Keys.



EARL N. WALKER. The "Heaper" from up-state New York, was noted for his excellent command voice—especially his pronunciation of the command necessary to face the Candidates to the right. We were always amazed when we would hear the high-pitched "Roight Face!" come forth from Earl's chest. We will remember the quiet tones of his radio in the early hours of the morn; "The Death of Old Man McGoon," a classic by one of the "Hill-billies" of the ridges.



FORBES A. WALKER. "Dusty" comes from the Garden State, that crossroads of the nation which acts as bedroom for New York and Philadelphia. At the time of being inducted, he was in the midst of his education at Springfield College in Massachusetts. Springfield is one of those brawn and muscle places which specializes in Physical Education; strangely, "Walk" was attempting to pay money to learn how to do pushups. He did not know that he would be on salary while learning to do the same thing at Fort Benning. Having discovered that being a perfect physical specimen is a source of income to many other than Mr. America, Dusty may well stay forever in that Army which pays so well.

JACK D. WALKER. Jack, a true member of the Infantry. He had the major problem of "Walker, Walker, which one of the Walkers." We must give him credit for out-foxing the remaining three of his clan. Good luck, Jack, and best wishes to you in your future Army career.



LEO M. WALKER. Leo was a member of the "split-up" Fourth Platoon. He comes from the wide west and during his stay at O. C. S. he was a very quiet on-looker at the going ons of this school. Good luck, Leo, and we know what you went through living with Binford.



HARVEY D. WALSTON. Harve tried to claim he was the old man of the Company, and if pates were any indication, no one equalled him other than Slick Norman. Born in Woodbury Connecticut. Harvey's schooling ended in 1941, at which time he graduated from Woodbury High School. For the next two years, the Connecticut Yankee worked as a mechanic and on a farm; then, in 1943 he enlisted. A year's construction work in England with the 29th Combat Engineer Battalion led on to Normandy, the run across France, and finally Berlin. In 1946, Harve was discharged. From 1946 to April 1951, Harvey worked in the construction business, part of the time owning his own company. At that time, he returned again to the Army, this time enlisting for O. C. S.



STANLEY N. WALTERS. "Stash" is a career soldier with two hitches or six years under his belt to date. Nothing, he claims, could be finer than service in Germany; hopefully, he looks forward to returning. As well as his excursion to Europe, "Walt" has visited the Pacific and Labrador courtesy of the U. S. Army. While he was pushing his way through the 'teen years, Stash worked in his Dad's business as a meat cutter and slaughterer. If any man of the Company is qualified to be a bayonet fighter, Stan's the man.



EDWIN HUGH WILLIAMS. "Bill" is a product of Georgia Military Academy and the Naval Reserve. Presently, he spends his time serving the Feds, but one feels he might better live under the Stars and Bars. Whenever he has a chance to, he does; he returns to his wife in Atlanta, and together they plot the destruction of all Yankee accents. Of course, it is all in jest—and for just such jesting will we long remember Jeff Davis' principal supporter.



WALTER C. WILSON, JR. "Walt" was a member of the Honor Council and carried out that job in the best traditions of O. C. S. He was also a member of the 2nd Platoon's famous "Let's never paint" group. But most of all we will remember him for "Hey, Joe, how about a little game?"



WILLIAM L. YOUNG. "Red" is that man from Reading who best knows why the Regular Army is the only way of life. After attending Wyomissing High School and Albright College (both in Pennsylvania), he served in Italy with the 88th Division. Later he was transferred to Germany, where living was really HIGH. This doesn't mean that Bill regularly stepped beyond the bounds, for, as a matter of fact, he was an M. P. But he knew what went on—and so now do we, since he kept us hilariously involved with the state of the Occupation Forces during the famous ten minute breaks.



MICHAEL N. ZABYCH. Coming from Ashley, Penna., Michey is well versed in climbing the high mountains of Georgia. Having an interest in painting and interior decoration, he was able to exercise his ability a great deal here at 9th OC. His nobility crest has crossed paint brushes astride a brass trumpet. He says the trumpet is for the years he spent playing the horn in school and as a soloist. You hear of men who sang for their supper; well, Michey sings for his rides. You can hear his voice above all others as the trucks resound with that old barber shop music. The boys at Fort Dix did a good job of selling the Army, for Michey has decided to make the Army his career.

To the Reader:

You have come to the end of the story we have tried to tell you of our lives here at Officers Candidate School. The finished book will be told in the near future, when we of the 9th O/C Company are called upon to apply the lessons at Fort Benning.

Let this book therefore act as reminder of our heritage and our obligations as Infantry Platoon Leaders.

In the make-up of this book, there are many people to whom I am indebted. To the members of the Class Book Staff, to the 140 Candidates, the Tactical Officers, and to Mr. Kunze of the Columbus Office Supply Company, all I can say is thanks for making the job a pleasure, instead of an ordeal.

MICHAEL NAUGHTON BUCKLEY,
Editor