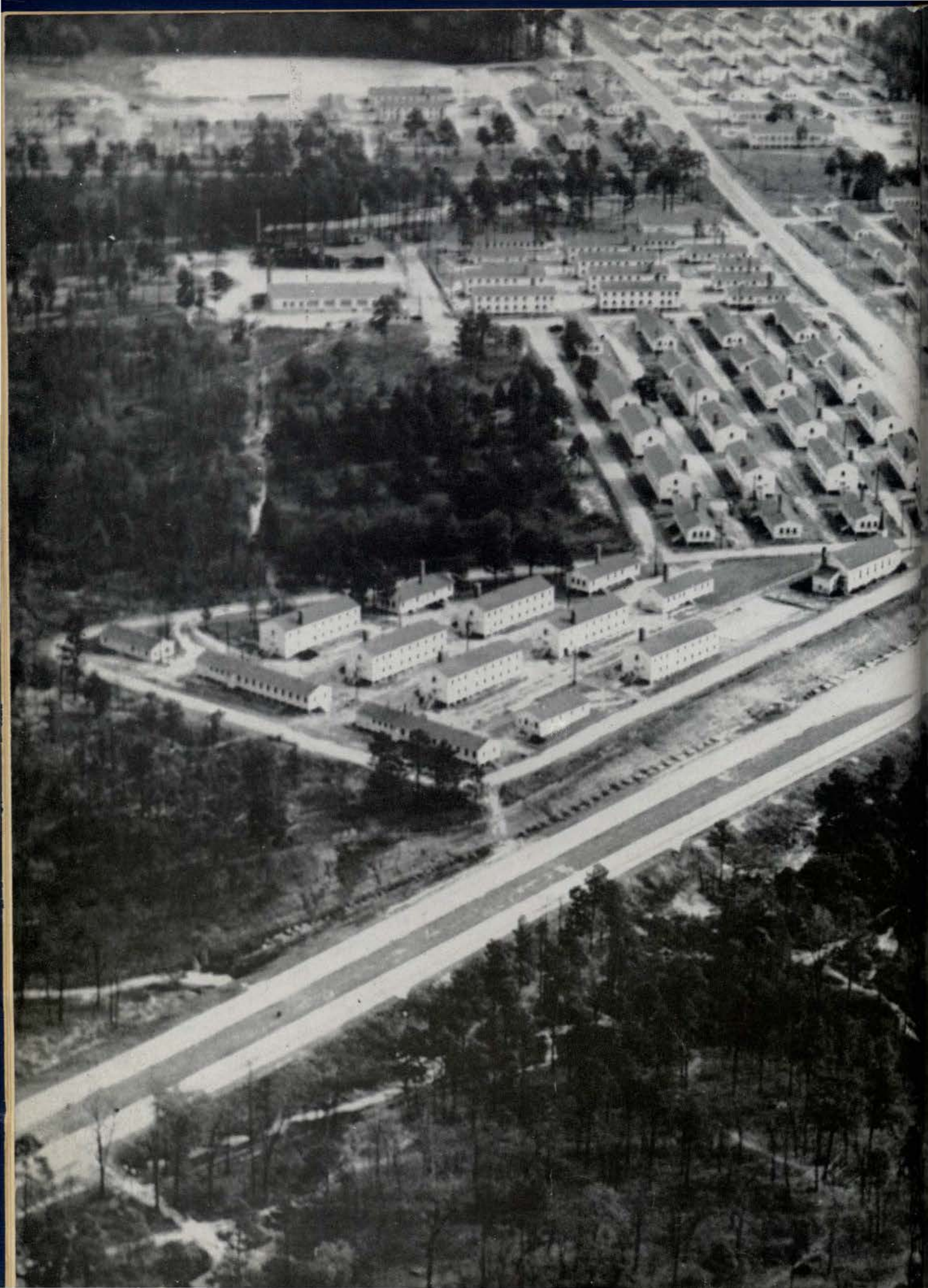


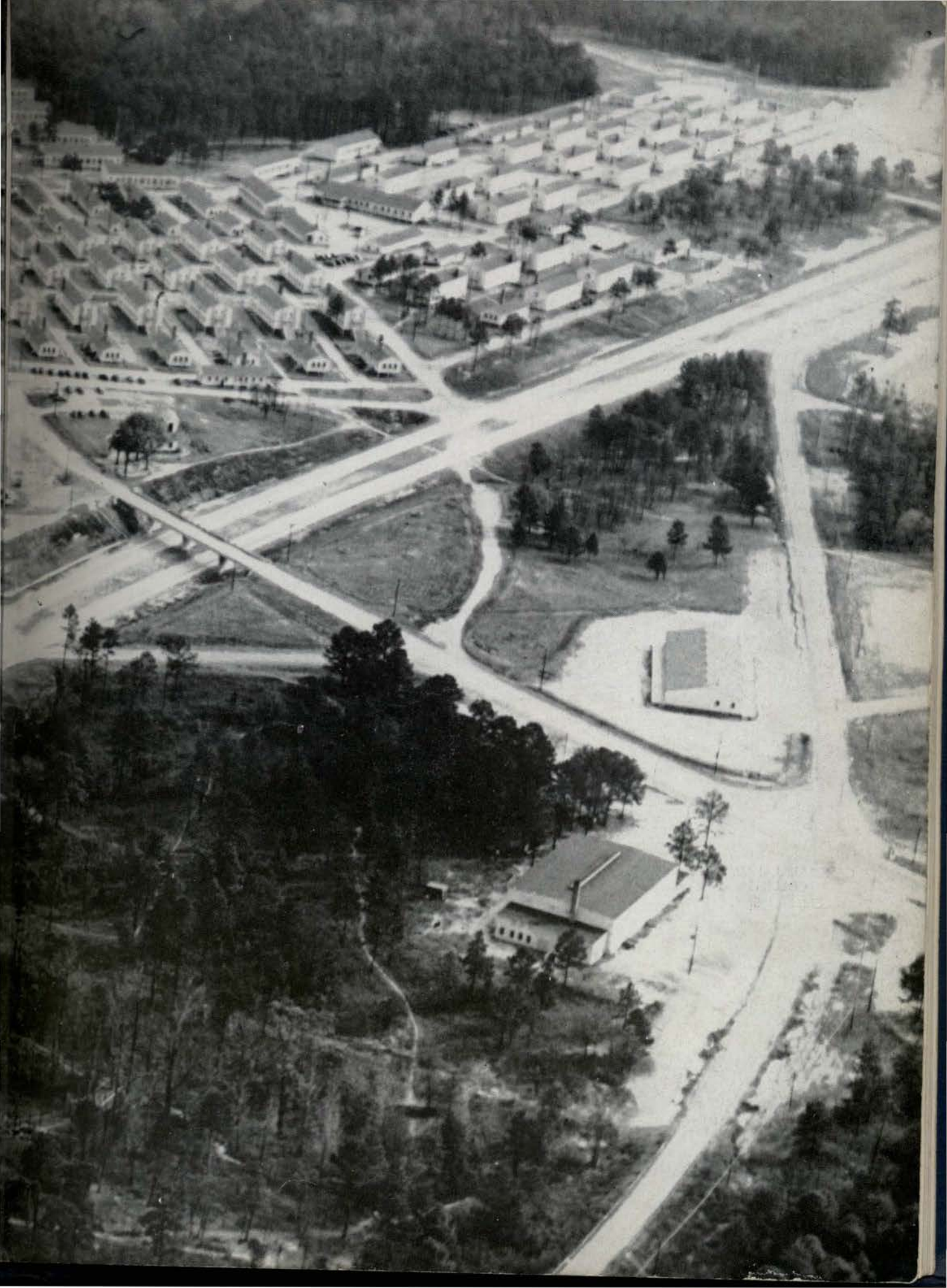


**OFFICER CANDIDATE SCHOOL**



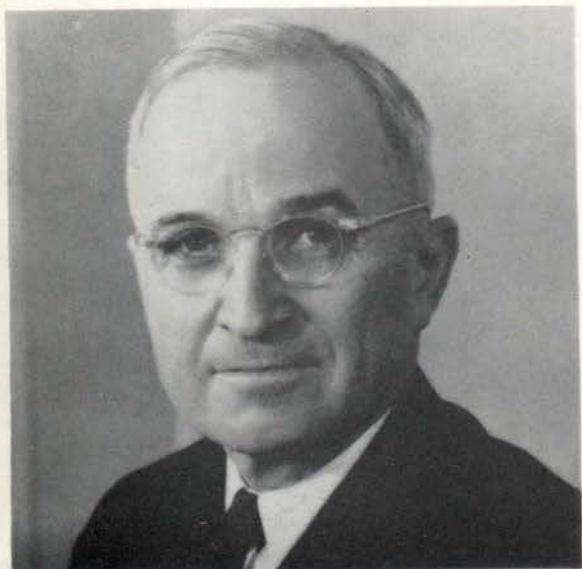








# CHAIN OF COMMAND



HARRY S. TRUMAN  
Commander-in-Chief



FRANK PACE  
Secretary of Army



GENERAL J. LAWTON  
COLLINS  
Chief of Staff



ROBERT LOVETT  
Secretary of  
Defense



GENERAL JOHN J. HODGE  
Commander Third Army



MAJOR GENERAL  
JOHN H. CHURCH  
COMMANDING GENERAL  
THE INFANTRY CENTER



BRIG. GEN. GUY MELOY  
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT  
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL



COLONEL SEVIER R. TUPPER  
COMMANDING OFFICER  
1ST STUDENT BRIGADE





COLONEL J. F. REED  
Director of Officer Candidates

COLONEL HARRY M. GRIZZARD  
Commanding Officer  
3rd Student Regiment



# THE WAY OF A LEADER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What makes you want to become an officer?"

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

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

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

Let's Go the Way of a Leader.



LT. COL. LAMB  
Battalion Commander

CAPTAIN RALPH E. CHANDLER  
Battalion Executive Officer





*We Came . . .*



# *We Saw . . .*













# *We Conquered*



BURTON

*"I, having been appointed a Second Lieutenant, Army of the United States, do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same, that I take this obligation freely without any mental reservations or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office upon which I am about to enter; so help me God."*





Officers of the Second Officer Candidate Company I want to commend you for a job well done. You have worked hard and have achieved the goal which you set out to obtain twenty-two weeks ago. The course has been difficult but you as a class have set new records in your many undertakings. No obstacle has been too stubborn for you to tackle. If your ability is measured by the yardstick which you have accomplished here while in this company, success will be yours in what ever you undertake. Congratulations, and may God Speed you in your career, in your future Army assignments, and service to your country.

CAPT. JOHN F. HARE

Officer Candidate Class Nine will long remember its commanding officer, Captain John Hare. The tensions of many a day were dissolved for us at 1700 or thereabouts, by the sight of his springy walk and the sound of his crisp "Parade rest." A smile of understanding and good humor would follow. Then Officer and Candidate would share a companionable laugh. With this, it would be back to business again. The law being laid down and the candidates carrying out their various and sundry duties with renewed vigor.

Here was an Officer who knew his men. And with good reason. Captain Hare lived and sweated in these same barracks as an Officer Candidate in 1943 and 1944.

He spent the remainder of the war with

the 6th Division in the Pacific, making his promotions with that unit.

The civilian career he returned to at the war's end was that of custom Service manager. His home is Elmira, New York, although he still feels the urge to return to Florence, South Carolina. Captain Hare's wife is also a South Carolinian. They have two daughters: Barbara, 7; and Johnnie Louise, 4.

He received his B.S. at Clemson Military Academy, where his father was a professor. He participated in sports in general, getting his letter in swimming. Swimming remains his chief hobby, with photography a close second.

All of which brings us up to date on our Company Commander, an officer who richly deserves the respect and admiration we all hold for him.





### THE TACTICAL OFFICERS OF OFFICER CANDIDATE CLASS NINE

*A leader must set the example for his men. This school solution finds expression in the conduct of the tactical officers of Second Officer Candidate Company, who have ably met the requirements of military leaders.*

Lt. John Garrison, tactical officer of the first platoon, served with the 83d Division in the Second World War, meriting a Battlefield Commission, the Silver Star, and a Purple Heart with cluster. Lt. Garrison is a graduate of the University of North Carolina. His outstanding record truly marks him as a capable leader.

Lt. Houston M. McMurray, second platoon tactical officer, graduated from West Point with the class of '48. After a stay in Japan, he was sent to Korea with the 24th Regiment, 25th Division. After a short time he received the Purple Heart and C.I.B., and was returned to the States, at Fort Benning. Perfection in thought and action makes him a man among men.

Lt. Joseph A. Eagers Jr., of the third platoon, served as an enlisted man in Europe during the Second World War. He entered the United



States Military Academy at its conclusion, graduating in 1949. He then received a course in weapons and tactics at Fort Benning, prior to joining the 25th Infantry Division in Korea, where he saw eleven months of combat. An officer who has set his goal high, and is attaining that goal.

Lt. Hayes, fourth platoon, is a graduate of Fort Riley O.C.S., '49. He joined the 27th Infantry of the 25th Infantry Division prior to its entrance into the Land of the Morning Calm. Lt. Hayes served eleven months in Korean combat, as platoon leader, executive officer and company commander, before returning to Fort Benning. Among his decorations are the C.I.B., the Silver Star, and the Bronze Star, which marks him a capable officer for the training of future officers.

Lt. Robert Coleman, who is now commanding officer of H.Q. and Service Company, 1st Student Brigade, on this post, had the role of executive officer at Second O.C. for the first twelve weeks of Class Nine's course. During this time he initiated and governed the conduct of both the Student Council and Honor Council. He conditioned the thoughts and ideals of our company in such a manner that he will be unforgettable.



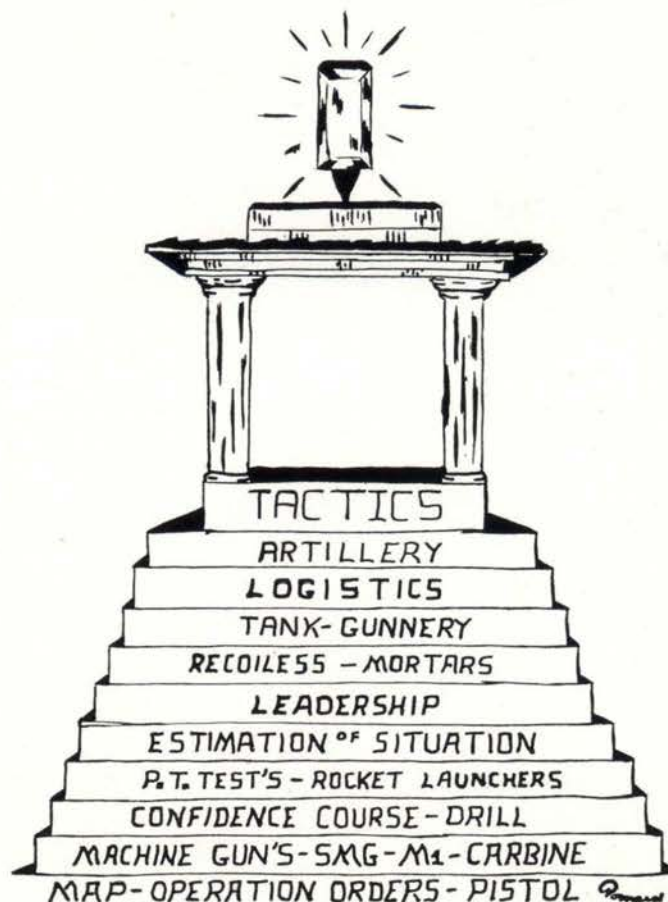




One evening shortly after our arrival at 2d Officer Candidate Company, Captain Hare introduced our cadre to us in the following manner. "Here is your first sergeant, who has the best orderly room in the regiment, ably assisted by the company clerk, your mess sergeant, who has the best mess hall and food in the regiment, your mail clerk and I&E NCO, who has the best day room in the regiment." This continued until we had been introduced to the supply sergeant and his outstanding supply room, cooks and firemen, and don't you know it actually turned out that way. Naturally, we have the best regiment.



# O.C.S. CLASS 9



## STAFF

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*Associates*—H. H. Smith, S. C. Peifer, J. V. Bochiard, J. W. Strongin

*Business manager* . . . . . H. E. Allen

*Photography* . . . . . A. R. Kroehs

*Art editor* . . . . . R. R. Romard

*Color guard* . . . . . E. E. Kitchen



# Dear Mom:

Dear Mom; I guess it might be odd  
To write to you this way,  
And though the news is rather scarce  
I had to write today.  
Directly after I talked to you  
On October twenty-two,  
I went back to the Barracks—  
What else was there to do?  
The Assistant Officer of the Day  
Was giving the boys a time.  
His look was rather mean, I'd say;  
Last night he was at his prime.  
No one dared to move a hair.  
We stood at attention straight.  
He cast a glare at each of us—  
A look of awful hate.  
He strutted up and down the aisle  
To see what he could see.  
We had our gear in perfect shape,  
As neat as it could be.  
A chunky guy was the first in line  
To get the third degree.  
The "Beetle" asked him of his name—  
"Moore", he told the A. O. D.  
"Is that the way to answer  
"A Senior Candidate?"  
"No, Sir!" was o/c Moore's reply.  
He was now a "Beetle's" bait.  
He made Moore yell his name out loud  
Until his face was red.  
He then stepped up to a guy named Mac,  
And this is what he said:  
"Who is the commander of this place,  
"Give me his name and rank!"  
We knew that Mac did not know;  
And then his strong heart sank.

When the A. O. D. left the place  
He left it not quite the same.  
Those who quoted not the BOOK  
Were shouting out their name.  
We could not help but laugh  
At men who were elected  
To shout their name and read the BOOK.  
Wonder we weren't detected.  
We laughed. Then acted out  
Each thing that he had done.  
He hadn't scared us a single bit,  
In fact, we thought it fun.  
Barbee was standing straight and tall,  
But it happened to be his luck  
To hear the "Beetle" shout at him:  
"Suck in that TREMENDOUS GUTT!"  
We laughed and shouted and laughed again,  
Reliving out past days.  
But all knew what was coming,  
We'd have to mend our ways.  
At ten that night an inspection came,  
We had to clean the place.  
At eleven fifteen ATTENTION! was called,  
And in he marched with haste.  
His ruler-back and look of scorn  
Forwarded us of our fate.  
He did not heed, nor feel a need  
To excuse his being late.  
The Hawk (as he was fondly called)  
Was famous for these tours.  
His eyes shone fierce, his hair shone red,  
The night was no longer yours.  
He ripped the bedding from the cot.  
(He had us 'neath his spell)  
He'd look the o/c in the eye—  
"Does that look parallel?"  
He giggled us all, except a few,  
For bedding N. A. P.  
I have a hunch who those few are—  
Sons of gods? Could be.  
Here we are for five months more  
To live a killing pace.  
With only this goal in our mind—  
Gold Bars, then leave this place.



#### THE HONOR COUNCIL

**Sitting, Left to Right: Candidates Spain, Sykes (President), Boone.  
Standing, Left to Right: Candidates Meeks, Haynes, Durfee, Overstreet  
and Guthrie.**

### *Honor Creed*

We believe that to live by honor is to guide ourselves by the highest principles of morality, integrity, and endeavor . . . to strive fearlessly and unstintingly without thought of rest or reward for that which we know to be right, to be honest in all dealings, truthful in our words, to comport ourselves with dignity at all times, and to place the cause of our fellows before consideration of personal advantage or advancement . . . and this irrespective of cost and regardless of who is, or is not watching. We hold conduct in accordance to these to be honorable, and any thought, word, or deed which falls below this standard to be dishonorable.

#### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

**Standing, Left to Right: Candidates Hoyt, Jones, Leach.  
Sitting, Left to Right: Whitehead (President), Sandel and Leitch.**





Department of History  
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL  
Fort Benning, Georgia  
OFFICER CANDIDATE CLASS NINE

Advance Sheet

1. PURPOSE:

The purpose of this conference is to clear up the minds of those who want to remember what happened in the last six months.

2. STUDY ASSIGNMENT:

Read and be familiar with the information which is contained in paragraph 3 below, and the four platoon stories. Study the pictures on the following pages so that you will be familiar with certain faces which you will come in contact with at a later date.

3. SUPPLEMENTAL MATERIAL:

*"You men are no longer enlisted men or officers, you are officer candidates!" Thus one sunny day on 24 September 1951 we started our hard role to achieve success in the Army in the form of a commission. At these words various thoughts ran through our minds as to what actions being an officer candidate involved. Before any definite actions could be thought of we heard, "Your hair will be kept no longer than one half inch, shoes will be shined and all equipment ready for inspection at all times. "Men," he continued, "each of you were selected for this school because you have some ability to lead men which we can further develop at this school. This is serious business, one of leading men into combat. Some of you men will not make it through this school." At these words, we looked around estimating our chances with those of our fellow candidates, wondering who the unfortunate ones would be.*

*"I'm Captain Hare, your company commander," the voice continued, "and our primary job here is to train and help you men, not eliminate you from this school. Keep your nose clean, work and study hard, do what you are told and there is no reason why each and all of you cannot graduate." Thus*

*we started our course at Class 9, The Infantry Center, Fort Benning, Georgia, with spirits and hopes high for our graduation date of 17 March 1952, which was 6 long months away. The next week was one of processing in which we squared away one of twenty-two academic weeks, which was to pass as quickly as a jet plane overhead. We arose at 5:30 every morning, stood reveille, went to chow, standing at parade rest until we entered the mess hall. We were practicing "Self Discipline", which we would all come to appreciate eventually. We had to endure all the hardships and privations that we ever expected our men to undergo. We learned the fundamentals of Military Leadership, how to lead men, not push them, not to say, "Go Ahead", but "Follow Me"! which was the motto of the "Queen of Battle", the United States Infantry. We learned to read maps, use a compass and orient ourselves in any kind of terrain in day or night. We started 20 hours of Drill and Command, in which we learned to properly train and drill men. We learned to set up a physical training program for our men and also condition ourselves at the same time. Our sore muscles in the evening were evidence of this fact. We launched into our*





*study of all weapons in the Infantry Regiment, spearheaded by that priceless weapon, the United States, M-1 Rifle, air cooled, gas operated, clip fed, semi-automatic, shoulder weapon. We studied the functioning operation and actual firing and qualifying with this weapon as we were to do with all our subsequent classes with weapons.*

*We graduated from the M-1 Rifle to the M-2 Carbine and also learned the techniques of rifle, how to properly distribute fire onto enemy troops. We quickly followed this up with instructions on the Browning Automatic Rifle, sub-machine gun and 45 calibre pistol. By this time our heads were swimming with facts and figures, details for inspections, study references for future classes, but we were on our way. We were starting our sixth week. We tightened up our belts and dug into Combat Intelligence, how to get information that*



*would save lives, interrogation of Prisoners of War and all other details that would aid our primary mission of closing with and destroying the enemy. We followed this with hand grenades, 2.36" and 3.5" rocket launchers, rifle grenades, portable flame throwers and classes in night vision. At this time we were running around the battalion area in the morning to increase our physical fitness and then came the first of five physical fitness tests. Will we ever forget our five famous exercises: pull ups, squat jumps, push ups, sit ups and the exhausting 300 yard run. We now continued our*



*weapons with the 30 calibre light and heavy machine guns, the 50 calibre machine gun, 80 long hours, on the 60, 81 and 4.2 inch mortars, M-10 plotting boards and actions as forward observers. We studied the fundamentals of company administration, the 57 and 75 millimeter recoilless rifles, company supply, signal communication, logistics, bayonets, hand to hand combat, and the 90 MM gun.*

*At this time we thought to ourselves, we were entering our 13th week. We were no longer plebes but intermediates, we had completed all the weapons in the Infantry Regiment: where they were located and how many of them existed in the Infantry Regiment, how far they could effectively fire, their capabilities and limitations and*





all pertinent information regarding them. We had come a long way, with still a great distance to cover. Then came the welcome break of Christmas vacation, oops, pardon me, I mean Christmas leave, in which we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and came back ready to once more knuckle down to the life of a potential officer. In passing through we owe a sincere note of appreciation to the very wonderful instructors, Captain Ryan and his yo-yo; Lt. Hynes and Lt. Dobbs, Captain McKeon and his wonderful mortar committee and to all the other committees, a vote of thanks for a job well done. We quickly progressed through Air Transportability and coordinating all previous knowledge we started tactics, which was the inevitable goal of all previous instruction. We learned to effectively control men in combat, always seeking a



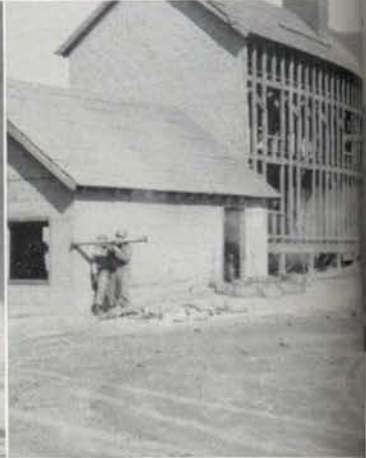
logical solution to our problems. We sweated through offensive tactics and then came the triumphant feeling as we became senior candidates. We were treated as officers by all junior candidates, we corrected junior candidates in all their short-comings. This brought back memories of the days when we were harassed by senior candidates, commonly referred to as, "Blue Beetles".

With a will we swung into defensive tactics and worked harder than ever and one morning, March 17, 1952, Saint Patrick's Day, amid the eyes of our parents, sweethearts, wives, friends and classmates we were commissioned 2nd Lieutenants, Infantry, the United States Army.

END











*Allez-oop!*



*If it stops moving, I'll eat it.*



*Tossing grenades, 2D O.C. style.*



*"She crawls on her belly".*



*Mana la ka wa, I think.*



*His pocket IS unbuttoned!*



JOHN E. AGAN, JR.  
*But, that's no rumor*  
807 Johnson St., Elmira, New York



GERALD P. ALEXANDER  
*The goner*  
1591 Andrew S.W., Union, New Jersey



JOHN C. ALEXANDER  
*Hey, fellas, my wife had another baby*  
15 Dolphin Green, Port Washington, N. Y.



HARRY E. ALLEN  
*Why, even Little Jim can do it*  
218 W. DuBois Ave., DuBois Pennsylvania



WILLIAM H. ANDERSON  
*I maxed it*  
3703 Pelu Place, Honolulu, Hawaii



DAVID E. AUE  
*I'm going gung ho*  
59 Rugby Rd., Cedar Grove, New Jersey





LESTER L. AVRITT

*Sure nuff, ahm from the South, why?*  
1006 Lapsley Street, Selma, Alabama



JAMES M. BAIRD

*You've had it*  
1416 Otto Blvd., Chicago Heights, Illinois



HARRY BARBEE, JR.

*Don't laugh, my hair is coming in good now*  
824 Standish Ave., Westfield, New Jersey



CLIFFORD BARNEY

*But, I applied for Q.M., Sir*  
1 West Street, Simsbury, Connecticut



KENNETH L. BEAUMONT

*Don't growl at me*  
6144 Raleigh Dr., Indianapolis, Indiana



GILBERT L. BLUE

*Sir, Candidate Blue*  
Box 512, Hardisty, Alberta, Canada



JOSEPH V. BOCHIARO

*Dad, or Old Grandad*

12 Garfield Ave., Garfield, New Jersey



JACK R. BOISSEAU

*Let's see your imitations of an ape*

201 So. Rosemont Street, Dallas, Texas



DANIEL T. BOONE

*Why do they always call on me?*

P.O. Box 240, Elkridge 27, Maryland



ROBERT E. BOSTON

*It's only a tank, fix bayonets*

Weleetka, Oklahoma



WINFRED E. BRIDGES

*Dad*

1735 Clifview Ave., Baltimore, Maryland



ARTHUR E. BROWN

*No powder in Korea!*

2823 Walnut Ave., Altoona, Pennsylvania





JOHN S. BROWN

*I'll never smirk again*

West Main Street Rd., Batavia, New York



LEE R. BROWN

*What about the baby?*

316 North Leavitt Street, Brazil, Indiana



HENRY A. BUTTFIELD

*Henry A.*

452 West 8th St., Plainfield, New Jersey



DON CARLSON

*Got a cigarette, pal?*

157 Lakeview Ave., Lakewood, New York



LESTER E. CARROLL

*Suh, Candidate Carroll*

154 College Lane, Springhill, Alabama



WILLIAM F. CASE

*There you go*

201 Park Street, Winfield, Kansas



HAROLD J. CASSIDY

*I feel combattish today*

52 North Ave., Attledoro, Massachusetts



EDWARD J. CAPUTO

*Hood*

50 Hilltop Road, Hamden, Connecticut



SAM G. CHERONE

*Let's go a mile*

6633 23rd Place, Hyattsville, Maryland



DONALD C. CHESTNUT

*Over the wall, I'm a Benning man*

996 Summit Ave., Macon, Georgia



DALE E. CLARKE

*Columbus is that-a-way*

5 Ward Ave., Bordentown, New Jersey



ROBERT M. COLEMAN

*But the ratings were frozen*

1538 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Missouri





MARSHALL G. COMBEST  
*"Nana"*  
5016 Vickery Blvd., Dallas, Texas



DONALD W. CONNELLY  
*Just a sec., it's here in my notes*  
923 S. Orme Street, Arlington, Virginia



JOHN S. COYNE  
*Let's soldier, men*  
122 E. Plymouth, Tampa, Florida



NORMAN L. DAVIS  
*All right, what are you doing?*  
411 Miner Street, Plymouth, Indiana



GEORGE C. DIXON  
*Gaylord*  
2959 Quinton Street, Shreveport, Louisiana



JOHN S. DOYLE  
*I'll take Kentucky over Tennessee and 7*  
42-50 27th St., Long Island City, New York



ARTHUR E. DUNN, JR.  
*Thirty-one Dun*  
2386 Na. Rd. Elm Grove, Wheeling, W. Va.



EDWARD P. DURFEE, JR.  
*I'll fight for you*  
129 Westeruelte Ave., Temafly, New Jersey



ROBERT M. FERGUSON  
*Who's a Dr. Jerkel?*  
1323 Fayette Street, Connerville, Indiana



DONALD R. FIORE  
*The Army's sure changed*  
RD #1, Box 22, Greensburg, Pennsylvania



WILLIAM D. FREEMAN  
*What have I done? Walk!*  
146 E. 19th St., Apt. 11, Indianapolis, Ind.



STEVE D. GANN  
*Want a ride? I can take twelve*  
3306 N.E. Ave., Portland 12, Oregon





GEORGE W. GASPARD, JR.

*Pride of the Marines*

Box 502, Niceville, Florida

HARRY H. GATES

*The boy with green boots*

118 Hastings Street, Greenfield, Mass.



DONALD L. GIBSON

*Nix it's Vienna for me*

1104 N. Pennsylvania, Shawnee, Okla.

GEORGE H. GRADE

*No more ski troops for me*

1421 Pleasant St., Jamesville, Wisconsin



RAYMOND J. GROH, JR.

*I'm a lover, not a fighting man*

833 North 82nd St., East St. Louis, Illinois

DOREPHAS B. GUMMOE

*What's the idea of this?*

RD #2, Honesdale, Pa.





JAMES B. GUTHRIE  
*It's terridous, you all*  
Plantersville, Alabama



HENRY A. HASSEL  
*Skates*  
Box 142, Menlo Park, New Jersey



JAMES F. HAYNES  
*Pentagon Pete*  
1539 Mt. St. Eagle Place, Alexandria, Va.



ALAN W. HOLLEY  
*Have you heard the latest?*  
Grandview Ave., Little Falls, N. J.



DAVID G. HOLLIDAY  
*Shore miss the farm*  
RFD #1, Pana, Ill.



ROBERT J. HOYT, JR.  
*Everybody out of the barracks*  
Rt. #1, Ruston, La.





WILLIAM C. JACOBS  
*This ahmies all right*  
90 S.W. 1st St., Homestead, Fla.



ROBERT C. JAMES  
*The fluent professor*  
277 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



EDWIN C. JOHNSTON  
*The case rests*  
438 N. 15th Street, Sebring, Ohio



IVAN R. JONES  
*Now, I may be wrong, but . . .*  
Rt. #2, Medora Rd., Valley Station, Ky.



JAMES R. JONES  
*The sleepy deacon*  
53 Eugene St., Prichard, Ala.



BRUCE M. KINNEAR  
*How about letting me sleep*  
649 Ovington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



ELDON E. KITCHEN  
*The Washington Cop G-2*  
1535 D Street, N.E., Washington, D. C.



ROBERT E. KOTZBACHER  
*No more hot rods*  
Rt. #3, 1617 W. State St., Alliance, Ohio



CHESTER W. KREBS  
*We don't have to color OUR oranges. Yah!*  
13461 E. Rosecrans Blvd., Norwalk, Calif.



WILLIAM H. LACY, JR.  
*Early to bed*  
291 Alberta Drive, N.E., Atlanta, Ga.



ROY G. LANIER, JR.  
*Who uses blankets?*  
403 Brunswick Ave., Waycross, Ga.



WILLIAM F. LEACH, JR.  
*So you don't like supply sergeants*  
1723 Perkomen Ave., Reading, Pa.





DONALD F. LEE  
*Rascal*  
RD #2, Newton, Ill.



WILLIAM E. LEE  
*Yeh, he's my 12th cousin*  
4621 Bayside Blvd., Tampa, Fla.



DYNES L. LEITCH  
*Lt. Coleman says . . .*  
4672 S 34th St., Arlington 6, Va.



BERNARD LEVINE  
*What! Practice tonight?*  
2601 Ave. L, Brooklyn 10, N. Y.



FRANK C. LEWIS  
*I got the best deal*  
1122 East Ida St., Tampa, Fla.



RICHARD B. LOCKWOOD  
*Who's going for hamburgers?*  
808 Oak Terrace Point, Pleasant, N. J.



SERGIO O. LOPEZ GONZALES

*Can anybody hear me?*

Box 232 Yauco, Puerto Rico



CECIL H. MEEKS

*Let's get a big crowd outside*

202 7th Street, Corbin, Ky.



PAUL J. MERRILL

*Regular armie!*

9358 Olympic Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.



DWIGHT E. McLEOD

*Well, I'll tell you*

1513 Jefferson St., Kerrville, Texas



BYRON C. McCLUNEY, JR.

*It can't be like Florida*

2406 North B St., Tampa, Fla.



JOHN R. McCORMICK

*That's the first gig ever, on my boots*

RD #2, Canisted, New York





HERBERT MITNICK

*The Hawk*

5226 Pennway St., Philadelphia 24, Pa.



ROBERT N. MITTRY

*Stand tall, Candidate*

704 Mariposa Ave., Los Angeles, California



DOUGLAS G. MOORE

*O.C.D.G.*

Rt. #3, Stoystown, Pa.



DONALD R. MONEYHAM

*Turn over, John*

111 Flint St., Asheville, N. C.



PATRICK F. MORAN

*I'm really going A.P.O.*

289 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.



DOUGLAS M. MORIN

*Nix, Clyde, let's do it this way*

643 Grove St., Irvington 11, N. J.



ROBERT L. MORTON

*Spark Plug*

Lehi, Utah



WILLIAM A. MULROY, JR.

*"Gigs"*

12 Noyes Street, Utica, New York



BENJAMIN J. MUSSO

*Follow me, men*

Grahamsville, New York



LYNN R. NELSON

*The entertainer*

107 N. Vine St., Kewanee, Illinois



CLIFFORD NORDLUND

*Glad to have you, Cliff*

512 E. Pear St., Centralia, Washington



CHARLES R. OGLE

*"Oogie"*

4451 Station Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio





ALFRED A. OSTROSKI  
*Still waters run deep*  
529 Orchard St., Hoosic, Pa.



ROBERT C. OUDERKIRK  
*Ichabod Crane*  
181 Hawthorne Ave., Buffalo 23, N. Y.



BEN OVERSTREET  
*The book was better than the movie*  
14 W. Raymond Ave., Danville, Ill.



THURMOND C. PARR, JR.  
*Go easy, stranger, I'm a Texas ranger*  
2303 W. Mistletoe, San Antonio, Texas



RICHARD H. PECK  
*Tarzan*  
321 Sanford Ave., Hillside, N. J.



GORDON R. PEDERSON  
*Huuuuuwee!*  
Box 7, Wall, South Dakota



STUART C. PEIFER

*Watch it, I'm a guerrilla now*  
1017 Union St., Reading, Pa.



MELVIN D. PETTIT

*Pep it up*  
RR 5, Hamilton, Ohio



LAWRENCE M. POPLANS

*I'm mentally ill*  
2575 Gaston Ave., New York New York



ROBERT A. PRESCOTT

*Shine away them bootsies*  
22 Quince St., Natick, Mass.



JOHN E. PRESTON

*I'm resting*  
RFD #3, Box 99, Wilmington, N. C.



SCOTT F. REID

*The new S-2*  
2739 E. 6th Ave., Columbus, Ohio





WILLIAM J. RICHARDS, JR.  
*But, 22-5 says . . .*  
1025 Jackson St., Scranton, Ohio



WILLIAM N. ROBINSON  
*Arkansas Flash*  
Rt. #2, Monticello, Arkansas



ROY R. ROMARD  
*Hello, ladies*  
Box 287, Mastic, Long Island, New York



JAMES F. ROYSTON  
*Drew it on the last card, too*  
20 N. Hornell St., Canisted, New York



ERNEST A. RUBSAMEN, JR.  
*A man from a boy*  
127 Evans, San Antonio, Texas



ELLIS M. RYAN  
*Sirp, Candidape Ryap!*  
1805 Market St., Wilmington, Delaware



DERRELL W. SANDELL

*At this last meeting . . .*

523 E. Rich, Norman, Oklahoma



HENRY J. SCHNAKENBERG

*Anybody care for a cigar?*

25 Colling Ave., Rochelle Park, New Jersey



FRANK F. SCHOELCH

*The Nazi*

57 Court Street, Bellmore, New York



RICHARD G. SEARS

*New York Hot Shot*

Sterlington Bassison, New York



WILLIAM C. SHAW

*Don't let my size make a coward out of you*

311 S. Wapella Mount, Prospect, Illinois



REYNOLDS W. SMITH, JR.

*I can't help it, sir, it sounds so funny*

13 Dubuge Street, Manchester, N. H.





ROBERT C. SMITH  
*"Bull"*  
1012 20th St., Waco, Texas



TAYLOR F. SNELLING, JR.  
*Mother*  
3133 Caruth Blvd., Dallas, Texas



JAMES M. SOKOLICH  
*Back in school*  
40 Overlook Ave., Cliffside Park, N. J.



WALTER B. SORRELLS  
*Ozark*  
3300 Poplar Street, Pine Bluff, Arkansas



JOSEPH W. SPAIN  
*Two time loser*  
North Lewisburg, Ohio



KENNETH A. SPENCER  
*Strictly R.A.*  
1809 Market Street, Ashland, Pennsylvania



JOSEPH T. STANLEY, JR.

*Just plain quiet*

1712 McConnell Street, Greensboro, N. C.



WILLIAM E. STANLEY, JR.

*"... That's all mama's got*

921 South Duval Street, Tallahassee, Fla.



RICHARD H. STILES

*We had boocoo kicks*

1408 N. Blvd., Tallahassee, Florida



JOHN O. STINSON

*Say, Jim what's headspace?*

Lowell Action, Massachusetts



JAMES W. STRONGIN

*Does anyone have a dime for Mounds?*

Sherman, Connecticut



JOSEPH A. STUBITS

*H. Truman, G. Washington, E. Pinza; we*

*all come from Plainfield*

432 Darrow Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey





BRUCE W. SUTTON

*Jelly Fish*

14 Patterson Road, Dayton 9, Ohio



EARL R. SYKES

*Yer winders are dirty*

2310 N. Madison St., Arlington, Virginia



JAMES L. TAYLOR

*Waxey*

584 N. 3rd East, Provo, Utah



WALTER M. THOMPSON

*Baamma*

Cubrief Heights, Gadsden, Alabama



ROBERT A. TOMCZAK

*Who left that locker open?*

649 Ovington Ave., Brooklyn 9, New York



ROBERT L. WHITAKER

*Still waters run deep*

Rt. #3, St. Joseph, Mo.



EDWIN H. WHITEHEAD

*I wish I could sign up for life*

1705 Van Tassel Terrace, Cheyenne, Wyo.



ROBERT G. WILLIAMS

*That's not the way they do it in Oregon*

P.O. Box 682, Astoria, Oregon



LAWRENCE E. ZIMMERMAN

*Hey, dad*

RD #1, Box 150, Girard, Ohio



JAMES O. VANCE

*Sir, I am slightly bowlegged*

345 Van Buren Street, Ridgewood, N. J.



DONALD M. VAUGHN

*Let's get hep, men*

Rt. #10, Box 556, Indianapolis, Ind.



ARTHUR C. VOERG

*Killer*

7620 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.





MORTON Y. JACOBS

*Glad to have your with us, Morton*

1625 E. 24th Street, Brooklyn, New York.



## THE FIRST PLATOON

On one hot Sunday afternoon, September 23, 1951, there reported to the Second Officer Candidate Company, Fort Benning, Georgia, the Ninth Officer Candidate Class (Branch Infantry) plus the First Platoon. Most of us came as late as we dared—though the more eager or more broke arrived days earlier. From all Army Districts, from all backgrounds, with all varieties of training and lengths of service we were here with one purpose—to become Combat Infantry Platoon Leaders — though many secretly envisioned quartermaster jobs with their innumerable cups of coffee and special service niches with chorines and side field trips.

Ex-Master sergeants, desk operators, training cadre, and solons of training committees were shorn of their rank—and hair. Fuzzie-wuzzie, sheik, and curly top took on the coif of the monk,

convict, or Officer Candidate. All too soon we were introduced to the cadre and to our tactical officer, Lt. Garrison, whose razor gaze and unnerving ability in discovering oil on front sight and string on bedding were soon experienced. Humbled, neither enlisted man nor officer, fish nor flesh, we were Candidates, distinctly fowl. Yet it was not without a certain pride that we paraded around the stadium that first Friday night at the football game, and it was with much pride of association that we watched the trick drill team of the Senior Candidates—those dreaded Blue Beetles. The game was soon forgotten, memorable mostly for the brilliant blocking and obscuring action of peanut vendor and soft drink salesman. The next day's inspection obliterated all.

Platoon personalities made them-



selves known. Gentleman Jack Doyle, interested in the improvement of the breed and all sport, Miami Jacobs with his quavering cry "This Ahmee's Aaall-Right". Quiet John Kiernan—who organized a pool on the M-1 rifle marksmanship which he speedily copped; L. R. Brown's resounding battle-cry "What about the baby?" "Gaylord" Dixon, Louisiana, lawyer and cardsharp; Groh with his stories of bright college years at Stevens; Tex Bull Smith; and failure to mention Candidate Aue would be improbable, Candidate Aue's shout "I am going Gung-Ho, R.A. all the way." Sentiments alas not always belied by actions. Though much admired was his class on Dismounted Drill.

The first four weeks' restriction was not without incident and excitement. Who will forget the executive officer's pronouncement, question, and the mystery never to be solved of "who put the key in the Doctor Pepper Machine?"

Then came the runs. At first a short constitutional around the block, soon to be doubled, then tripled—almost envied were those of our number who fell out with the awkward squad to go through contortions in murky darkness on Stroup "A" field. Finally with holidays and respite gained by bloodgiving the runs lapsed to be revived with groans after the Christmas leave. There were to be found many who cursed that the Army did not understand the simple Euclidean truth that the shorest distance between two points—barracks and messhall—is a straight line.

For the first few months our representatives on the Honor Council, Haynes and Spain, and those on the Student Council, Jones and Leitch, were busy drafting bylaws and solving the problems of the universe. One of our number, James, composed an Honor Creed which no one understood, but

which was adopted.

Few will forget the day that wall lockers, foot lockers, and our horrid secrets were bared. Unfortunately for the powers that be it was a rainy day, and ponchos covered a multitude of sins, oranges, boots, and victrolas. A good soldier must improvise, and we proved good soldiers that day.

Then there was the inspection when Captain and Tactical Officer, victorious, unearthed string on mattress only to overlook a chair which sat unconcernedly on top of the desk throughout the ordeal. Crud on rifle, garbage in wall locker, and of course there was the ever shifting chain of command . . .

Tactical Officer: Who is regimental commander?

Candidate: Sir, Colonel Brizard.

T. O.: G as in George—Grizzard.

Candidate: Sir, Colonel George Brizzard.

Finally they gave us passes, but recall the announcement of Company restrictions — "First platoon — none." "Sir Candidate Dunn" and one sad Candidate, though demeritless, stays in all weekend, wondering why. His not to reason, but to do. Passes showed us quite different aspects of each other. We had little suspected that in our platoon we had forty lovers, forty Fred Astaires, and forty Ray Millands. The midnight returns from those first escapes were scarcely Cindarella-like.

One hundred and sixty-four days and sixty gallons of wax later we ceased being Candidates and became Officers. We left the school which "nobody loves" but for which we are all grateful . . . Memories . . . memories . . . memories . . . ah, memories . . . comment here.





## THE SECOND PLATOON

Here's to the men whose sweat and polish form layers of matter on the 2nd platoon barracks floor. Where the cry of "Over the wall" still rings through the remote corners of some obscure cubicles. Where the colonel—with cigar—sounded with no mistake of authority, "Let's get a big crowd outside." Where Dartmouth, Columbia and the U. of K. fought again their fiercest grid-iron battles. Where sweet South-of-the-border music flowed like wine. Where "Parade rest" meant more than meets the ear.

We'll never forget the glistened floors of those barracks whose walls have shook with both squat jumps and laughter. The six months home for the "Follow Me" men, Mac (na) Murray's band. A band so united that even the North-

South war stood still for moments at a time. Where the condition of suspense existed in silent wonder over the Dr. Pepper Key mystery.

Our third week was one of note! We took a poll to see who smoked what. Tampa Nugats took first place, and being a distinguished lot we voted Pall Mall into second. Half of us college men and only one pipesmoker. Hummm. It was this week out at the technique of rifle fire problem that one of our lads from New Jersey (and we have quite a few) dropped his spectacles—broke them. We had to elect a new squad leader; he couldn't even see his front sight. It was also on Saturday's inspection of this week that this went on . . .

Lt. McMurray: "Rust Candidate?"



Candidate: "Dust Sir?"

Lt. McMurray: "Rust Candidate!"

Candidate: "Rust Sir . . ."

We were a cosmopolitan platoon: Insurance salesmen, electrical engineers, printers, scholars, lovers, rebels and damnyankees, even one from Puerto Rico—and it is said, one digger of ditches. Thirteen of us were married, and the rest of us wanted to be.

In our sixteenth week we again filled out P.I.O. forms. Our candidate from Dartmouth under the heading, "Hobbies", stated that his were "Love, golf, skiing and books." (He's not a fighter . . .)

We had a small group of Pinochle players, who almost every night played their hands upstairs. One night they tried the game of Canasta. Had to give it up after about 45 minutes though—one man melded 300 pinochle and 100 aces.

In early December, on a cold night, a Senior Candidate, from next door, walked in:

S.C.: "Candidate, why are you not at attention? Can't you get your legs any closer together?"

Candidate: "Sir, Candidate Vance, No Sir . . . I'm slightly bow-legged, Sir."

S.C.: (to another Candidate) "Why are you looking at the ceiling?"  
(no response) "Are you looking for Divine guidance?"

Candidate: "Sir, Candidate Morin, No Sir."

S.C.: (to still another) "Candidate, what is your name?"

Candidate: "Sir, Senior Sergio Orlando Lopez Gonzales Marcias, Sacarras y Golembo."

That's the last we saw of that "Beetle".

Some of us still remember the day that Barney was giggered for dirt under his bed. This wouldn't have been so bad, but for the fact that under his bed is Agan's. This was about the same time that Candidate Murphy was given two demerits for dirt under his wall locker. Candidate Murphy had left the company only eight weeks before.

Candidate Connelly, it is said, is going to ask for another 1/4 ton truck over T/O & E when he gets into combat. His notes cover thoroughly every word in the instruction for six months. We can't remember which Tactical Officer accused Candidate Lopez of chewing off the end of his shower clogs. Or our house full of "G" and "S" 2s, Reid, Kitchen, McCracken, Gann; Kitchen won.

One Candidate liked to get up a little early; so he kept his alarm clock by his bed. One night we set it a little early. The next morning Lee (not Robert E.) was up, shaved and dressed at 0230 hours. The blue haze cleared two weeks later. And talking about blue hazes there was also one the day the Captain found Candidate Garrison's wall locker open. When checking the standing files he found sox under 'S' and under 'T' shoe trees. (Wonder where he puts his ties).

And though we remember the few days and nights of extra training as members of the second platoon, we will think of our platoon in particular as being well trained, and well versed in the role of an Officer.

Now that we have those golden bars we can look back to the billets we all called home for six months—and say—"Well done!"





## THE THIRD PLATOON

On the 23rd of September 1951, a group of weary sergeants straggled into the 2nd O. C. Co. They were carrying with them, their duffle bags, memories, their hopes and ambitions. There was a look of grim determination on each one of their young faces. Their hearts were sullen, and their eyes shone with anxiety for the six long months to begin.

These men had assembled here from throughout the U. S. as well as overseas. There were Yankees, Rebels, and even a native of Hawaii.

The majority of the men had been in the Army for a short time; others had considerable service, and a few were veterans. Here, they resolved themselves to equality, and combined their

efforts toward the long six months ahead.

A few days later it did begin with a mighty roar. We were indoctrinated suddenly into the strict policies set forth by the School.

The day we were separated into cubicles the fun really began. Peifer, the tulip growing Pennsylvania Dutchman, was quartered with Cactus-Eating Texas Parr. They never failed to give us a show every night before we sacked out.

Ortel set up his home-made barber shop and was a life saver. Were it not for Ortel, we feel certain that the gig lists on Saturday would have been slightly larger.



We'll always remember the night of our first night patrol problem, when Musso, or Hard Rock, lost the patrol and the Committee Officer in Charge.

Neville's humor was always welcome after a hard day in the field, and Graham's "latest news" also added to our comfort.

We had two members of our platoon on the basketball team, and we all think that Stubits and Baird made the team.

Every night around 11 we'd see a streak headed for the mail room. That would be Strongin going for his Mound's Bar.

Stiles never could pronounce "Reader's Digest" correctly and to this day he still doesn't know we were only pulling his leg.

Then of course we had the illustrious pair—Leach and Mittry. Their floor shone like glass—but woe to the man who walked on it.

It was always a great occasion when Polans got a box of baggles from home. Lanier, Fiore, and Romard always got their share of the packages too, and had many buddies—Yum, Yum.

How Case ever made reveille in the morning is beyond us—he was the last one up every morning.

Anderson, Baird and Beaumont have a Democratic cubicle. They take a vote on everything—even waxing. Andy and Baird say no, Beaumont says yes, so . . . Beaumont waxes.

We always took our problems to D. A. Johnston, or Old Brunson, who by the way was the only one who got a direct commission in the class prior to graduation.

Guthrie always had a ball story for us at night, and we laughed heartily at his jokes and pantomimes.

Chestnut, Kalb, Zimmerman, and Wheeler were the Pinochle fiends of the platoon, but they were beaten quite often.

Holly says he won't eat the eggs in the morning; says "Mother spoiled me, and used to cook 'em."

Leach the vet, never failed to put on three or four pair of long johns on cold days, but Lanier was satisfied with just a T-shirt.

We'll never forget Cherone and his shower clogs at the crack of dawn. He and Parr were always ready to go before the rest of the platoon jumped out of their sacks.

We appreciated Speed Coyne and his wit, although he did take half an hour to state his name.

Pickens the Pic had a way of marching all his own, but he was good natured and took our ribbing with a smile.

We shan't forget too, that good humor artist Smitty and his various talents for entertainment. Just having him around was amusing in itself.

We had our quarrels and we had our jolly times. We all became fast friends, and I imagine from this day forward we'll remember our buddies of the 3rd Platoon. We'll remember too the Blue Beetles and their kindness. The hot coffee on hot days and the lemonade on cool days.

We've come here for a purpose and we've accomplished it. We've earned our bars, and in the meantime, we've made some fast friends whom we'll long remember.





## THE FOURTH PLATOON

"Quite an Outfit" . . . Sometime in that long, long infinity that described our stay at Benning, an organization was formed. In fact, four organizations breathed their first breaths at about the same time. The one that is referred to here, is that group in the last barracks—the big and haughty—and sometimes maligned; but undeniably proud Fourth Platoon.

Married men and single, entertainers, laborers, farmers and men representing almost every state in the Union. Men who ate together, slept together, laughed and griped together. All of us reaching for one goal: to make the fourth the outstanding platoon. Yes, that was the spirit of our platoon.

At this reading, we can look around and see it—yes, live it. When we read this as you are now, it will serve as a reminder of those days that we hope will prove well spent. We'll always be proud of our Durfee and Levine who led our volleyball and basketball teams to victory with their coaching. The teams and our representation in them came along at an ideal time—when everyone to a degree was searching for a bit of recognition as an individual or as a group. The players from the captains on down, all attained a certain amount of distinction; but more important, the platoon rallied behind them and sunk their teeth into the idea that this was "Quite an Outfit."



An incident that surely will be long remembered is that of the night raid of the senior candidates (more commonly known to us of O.C.S. as "Blue Beetles"). "Brace Candidate, reach for the floor, did you read the student guide? ? ?" was the cry, and the answers were just as brief, "Yes Sir, No Sir, No excuse, Sir" were all that we could utter. Four men reading the manual aloud simultaneously, while others did push ups; and the remainder of us stood biting our lips to keep from laughing while waiting our turn to be harassed. But we learned that night that Senior Candidates were there to help and guide us. They told us so.

The fourth platoon also boasted many experts with pillows when the upstairs engaged in a fight with the short range, down filled, rounds. After which they made a strategic withdrawal to the orderly room. We'll never forget Warren Schuchart, the thief chaser who almost saved our barracks from robbery and got the upstairs out of a Saturday inspection. Candidate Kroehs is still looking for working capital. Is this the Army, Al? ? ?

Candidate Schnakenberg sent up many a smoke screen with his well known cigars and George Gaspard, "The pride of the Marines", would still be telling us his story. Bob Kotzbacker is probably still wondering whether or not to bring his wife with him. Surely all will remember Lacy and Kinnear, the early to bed and late to risers. Daniel Boone had many razzings because of his ancestry. Probably, Joe Stanley still sits quietly playing chess, only now with a bar on his shoulders . . . and Candi-

date Hassell is no longer worried 'bout the next board. Maybe Candidate Gardner can answer the question of who sported a white sweater about the barracks and the Princeton Charlie Lockwood is still griping to Grandpa Spencer. Has Preston convinced anybody yet about "Jack Daniels"? What has Sears to say on life in Columbus, Ga., in comparison to life in the big city? Lynn Nelson was no longer suspicious when his girl hadn't written for three months when he met some home towners. We knew Nels just couldn't tell you. Who can speak of the fourth platoon without mention of "Mother" Snelling, the original "Don't cry Joe". Candidate Combest earned for himself the nickname of "Nana". Rube and Boisseau could be heard any time of the day or night beginning their conversation with "Well, Texas has."

We'll have a glee club . . . We'll really shine. This was fun thinking about and partaking in. Many a night the strains of "Swing Low" or "Hey, Good Looking", came from the barracks and as nothing was heard from our surrounding candidates, we took it to mean that it might have been appreciated . . . Anyhow, we enjoyed it.

Remember those first ten weeks? They went awfully fast, then slowed down to what seemed a standstill. "How many days 'til Christmas?" This and the answers to it were heard every day for a month before we left on our vac . . . (oops) leave. And what a leave. If one were to listen to the single men upon their return, he just might have been led to believe that this was indeed, "QUITE AN OUTFIT".





## THE VOLLEY BALL TEAM

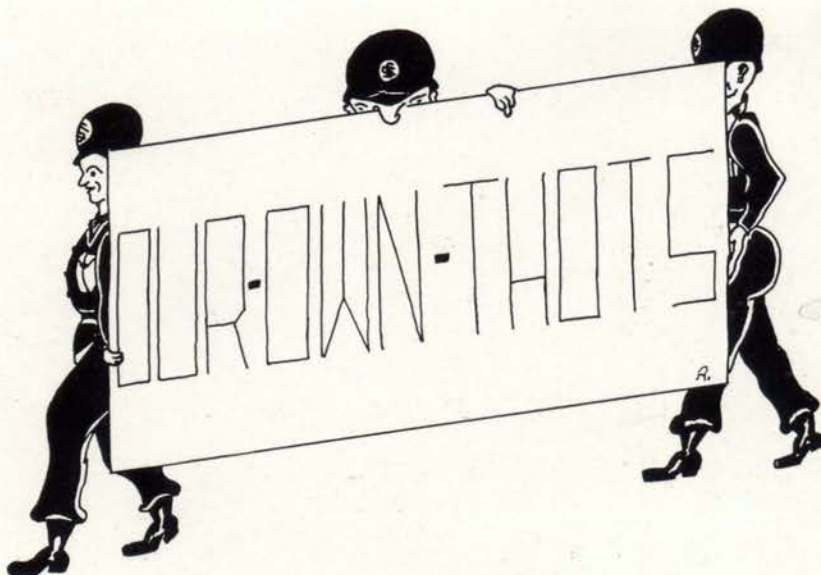
From left to right, seated: Candidates Tomczak, Snelling, Hoyt, Sears, Boisseau. Standing: Gaspard, Stanley, Combest, Durfee (the team captain), Lockwood, Alexander, Sokolich.

## THE BASKET BALL TEAM

From left to right, sitting: Candidates Baird, Royston, Stubits, Lee, Nordlund. Standing: Nelson, Tomczak, Levine, Alexander, Sokolich, Jacobs, Gaspard.







*The Forms called one . . .*

Something on which to write, "No excuse, but . . ."

*Authorized literature . . .*

Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest, Student Guide or Colliers; not See, Night and Day, or W. Somerset Maugham.

*The D.R.O.s . . .*

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute"

*The honor council . . .*

I move that we vote ourselves innocent.

*The fourth platoon . . .*

Forty-two individualists.

*The weather . . .*

If you don't like it now, wait a moment.

*The wall lockers . . .*

There isn't a man in the company who hasn't got a screw loose somewhere.

*Haircuts . . .*

We feel the subject too short to mention here.

*The bayonet . . .*

Shonnieeeeeee . . .

*The morning run . . .*

For the birds (or beetles) OR "Not to the pond, I want you back by eight."

*The Marines . . .*

"Give me ten men"—(eight must have their press cards).

*The barracks . . .*

Some of us even called them home.



*not to a man, nor to a group of men; but to the  
courage and understanding of these who will lead their  
country to triumph . . .*