



*fficer  
andidate  
chool*



FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

# Officer Candidate School

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

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

—Euripedes.









# *Chain of Command*



MAJOR GENERAL  
ROBERT N. YOUNG  
COMMANDING GENERAL  
THE INFANTRY CENTER





BRIG. GEN. GUY MELOY  
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT  
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL



COLONEL SEVIER R. TUPPER  
COMMANDING OFFICER  
1ST STUDENT BRIGADE



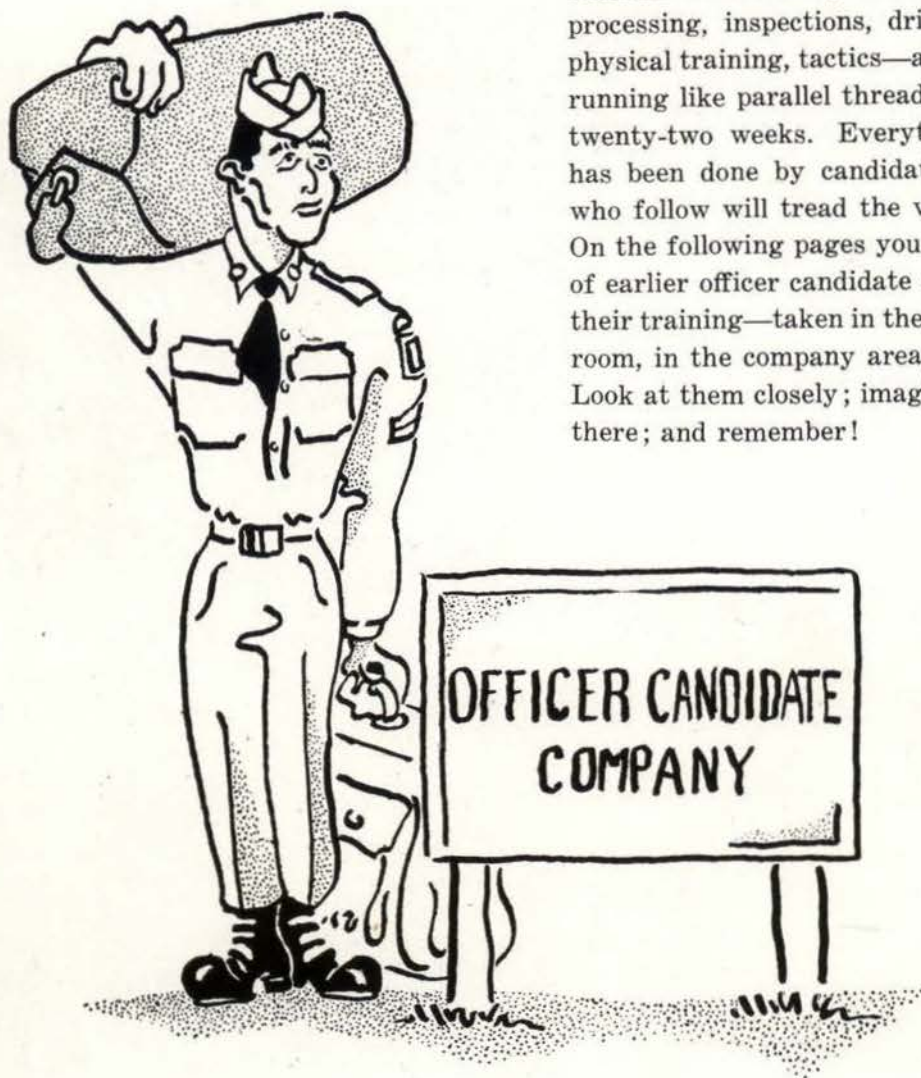
COLONEL HARRY M. GRIZZARD  
COMMANDING OFFICER  
1ST OFFICER CANDIDATE REGIMENT





# THIS WE

Officer Candidate School, because of the urgent need for highly-trained combat platoon leaders, operates like a precise and well-oiled machine. It has developed a standard formula which every OC company follows: processing, inspections, drill and command, physical training, tactics—all interwoven and running like parallel threads throughout the twenty-two weeks. Everything we've done has been done by candidates before; those who follow will tread the very same course. On the following pages you will find pictures of earlier officer candidate companies during their training—taken in the field, in the classroom, in the company area, in the barracks. Look at them closely; imagine our own faces there; and remember!



# REMEMBER



Dismounting—on the double



At Rest—on a break



All this—just to eat



"It's good for you"



# We Came . . .



You arrive the first day . . .

The first few days of Officer Candidate School are said to be the hardest. It's then that the strange new world of OCS bursts open on the unsuspecting candidate, and a hundred menacing faces seem to be there—lurking in every corner. Off come the sergeant's stripes and the curly hair and the carefree smile. On comes the double-timing and the parade rest and the sounding-off. "Give me ten, Candidate" becomes almost a steady chant. "Stand tall, Candidate" and "Look proud, Candidate" follow each other in endless monotony. And then, when the equipment has been issued, the barracks "squared away", the arithmetic test taken, the autobiography written, the processing completed—and it seems as if we've been at school for several months—we realize with a thud that OCS hasn't even begun yet. Our first class is tomorrow!



You say goodbye to old stripes.



And you meet new candidates . . .



The hair goes;



The equipment comes



And more confused



You become just a little bewildered . . .



# We Saw . . .

up the ladder



On the range



down the line

over the top



into the classroom



up to the port





Tactics

Once the routine gets underway, the days fly rapidly by. G-M angles, spot-welds, no-gos going and no-dozes doing, M-10 plotting boards, "burned-off nubs," monstrous 90 mms—they all become part of the whirl. We learn: (a) What to do with a dirty soldier; (b) Where the cucumber-slicer is kept in a well-run mess-hall; (c) How many kitchen trucks are organic to the Infantry Regiment; (d) Why we shouldn't be insulted when someone calls us Pin-Head over the sound-powered phone. The primary principles of tactics become familiar strains—"You got to sucker 'em in and clobber 'em" and "Two up, one back, and feed them a hot meal"—and we become haunted by the inevitable words, "The demonstrators today were from A Company, 30th Infantry." We're inspected, re-inspected, and then inspected again, and just when beginning to weary of the whole affair we awake one morning and find ourselves with shiny blue helmets and a new lease on life.



Rocket Launcher

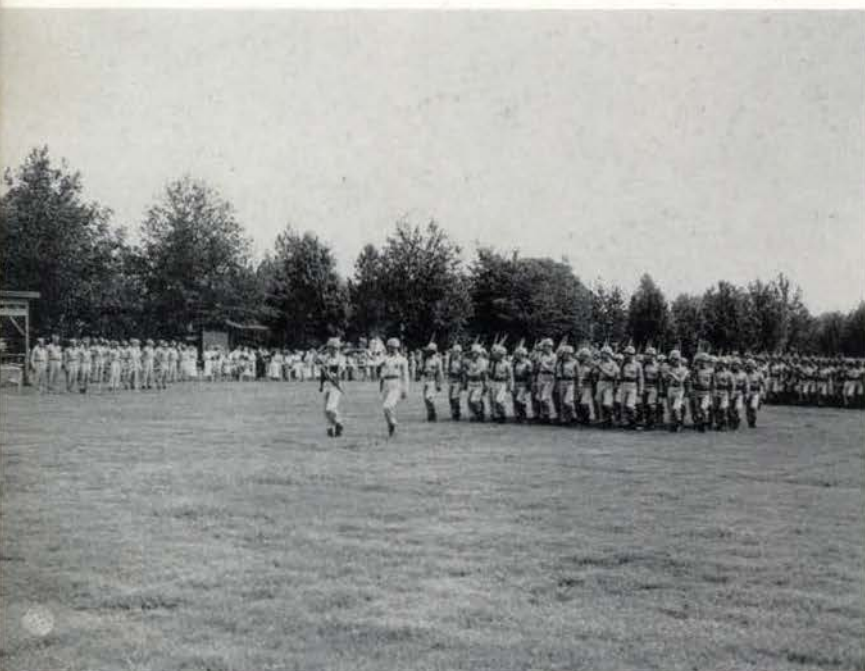
Hand-to-hand combat



Mess in the field



# We Conquered



Pass in review

Senior Status is a long-awaited and highly-coveted event, and when it finally arrives we feel there are five stars on our shoulders instead of simple blue tabs. We return salutes and inspect junior companies and complain bitterly to our friends that "we were never **that** bad!" Then the uniform fever grips us and the conversation revolves around pinks and greens and then pinks again. And then, when that wonderful day of graduation finally arrives, we ponder thoughtfully what the past months have meant. We realize that we have trained, like a boxer for a fight, long and tedious hours. We haven't enjoyed this training, of course; neither does a boxer. But we know that our pride will be in the results we've achieved, in the product of our work, in our success as Infantry Officers. We know that our pride will be in the ever-growing knowledge that during these months we have earned our mark as a man.



"Can this be ME?"





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

the story of

OCS

Class 46

20th O. C. Co.



## Dedication

To the Infantrymen we will lead in the future . . . we will not forget or shirk our responsibilities.





Lt. Hunt

## COMPANY COMMANDER

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# EXECUTIVE OFFICER



Lt. DeVane

Who was it that gathered us all together in a little group around the first barracks steps, talked to us in his own humorous Georgia drawl, and, smiling all the time, would tell us that the men that were restricted for the weekend (and a few more) would be needed to move the equipment out of one mess hall and into another . . . again? Why, who else but our own Executive Officer, Lt. William DeVane. This true son of the south was born in Atlanta but now calls Albany, Georgia, home. He attended North Georgia College and immediately upon graduation in July 1950 entered the Army, obtaining his commission through his efforts in ROTC while in school. Does that month, July 1950, sound familiar to you? It should, because it was at that time the Army found a big job on its hands, and they had big plans for Lt. DeVane too. He was immediately sent to FECOM. He served with the 7th Division and with the Military Police, receiving his promotion before returning to the United States in January 1952. He came to the 20th Company as a Tactical Officer in February and with the start of our cycle in August he took over the post of "Exec".

The guiding hand of "The Old Man" and "The Exec" has been felt by every member of OCS 46. Although personal contact has been limited to perhaps an orientation on "buddy" reports, the gig policy, or when the mess hall was to be moved again, every candidate knew these two officers were devoting their every effort to seeing that the process of becoming a 2nd Lieutenant was going along smoothly. Their devotion to their job and their personal interest in the welfare of every candidate will be notched permanently in our memories.

O/C Wilfred R. Colley  
Editor

## The Company Commander's Story . . .

1st Lieutenant Jim H. Hunt assumed command of the 20th Officer Candidate Company in June of 1952, marking another phase of his military career that started with the coming of the war in 1940. It was then that he enlisted in the old Army Air Corps and was soon assigned to Hickam Field, Hawaii, where he was a radio operator when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

War with Japan brought a third stripe and flight duty on a B-17. Hickam Field remained his home base until after the battle of Midway when he flew out of Guadalcanal, New Hebrides and New Guinea.

After more than a year of combat duty his Fortress was shot down by the Japanese in the Pacific. His crew drifted for sixteen days on life rafts, finally landing on the Carteret Reefs, forty-three miles north of Japanese-held Bougainville. The nine man crew lived among the natives for fifty days, dodging periodic sea and air patrols. By using an outrigger canoe his pilot left the Reef and contacted an American outpost. Radio summoned a Navy PBV with a fighter escort which picked them up and returned them to friendly soil.

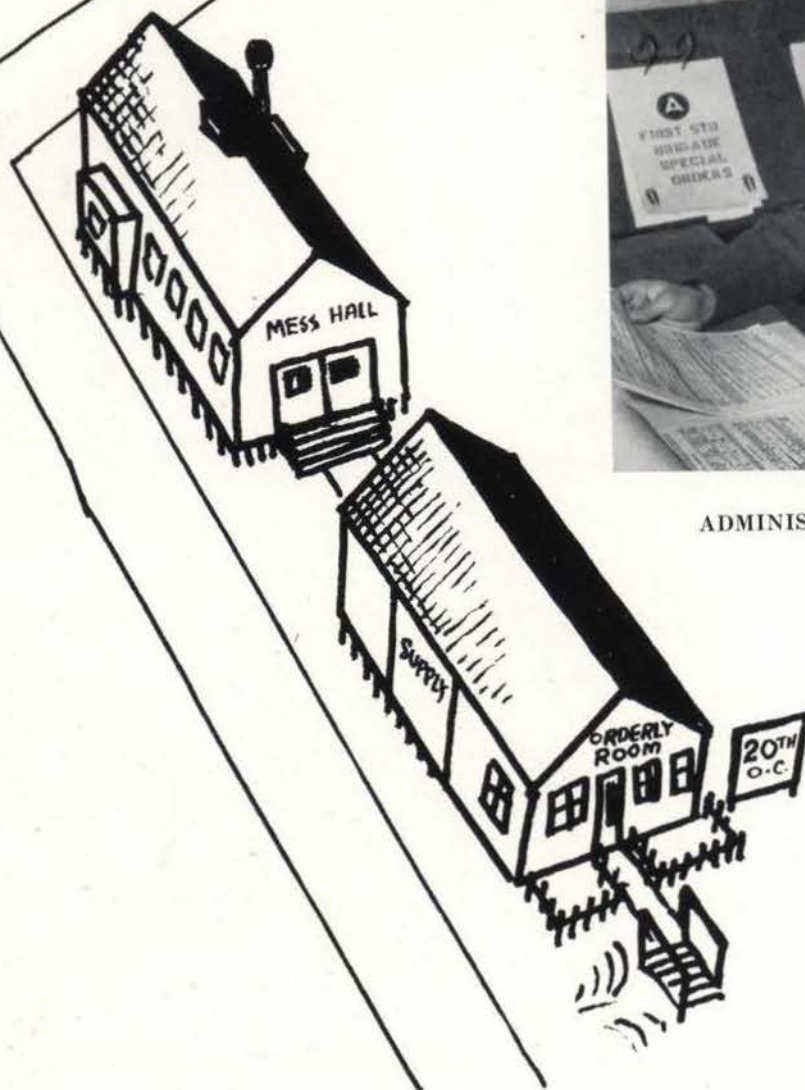
From Guadalcanal Lt. Hunt flew to the United States in May of 1943. After two years of Stateside duty he was discharged in May, 1945.

He then entered Eastern Illinois State College as an accounting major. In 1948, while in college, he received a reserve commission in the Infantry. He was called to active duty and attended associate basic training at Fort Benning. From here he was sent to the 21st Infantry Regiment in Kumamoto, Japan and went to Korea in August 1950, early in the days of the Korean fighting.

He served as battalion adjutant for over a year. In September of 1951 he returned to Fort Benning and began his work as adjutant of the 3rd OC Battalion.

The sincere interest of Lt. Hunt took in all candidate activities and his little talks around the steps of the first barracks will long be remembered and appreciated by all. With his fine example, drawn from many years of military experience, he has shown us in these past few months the true quality of leadership.



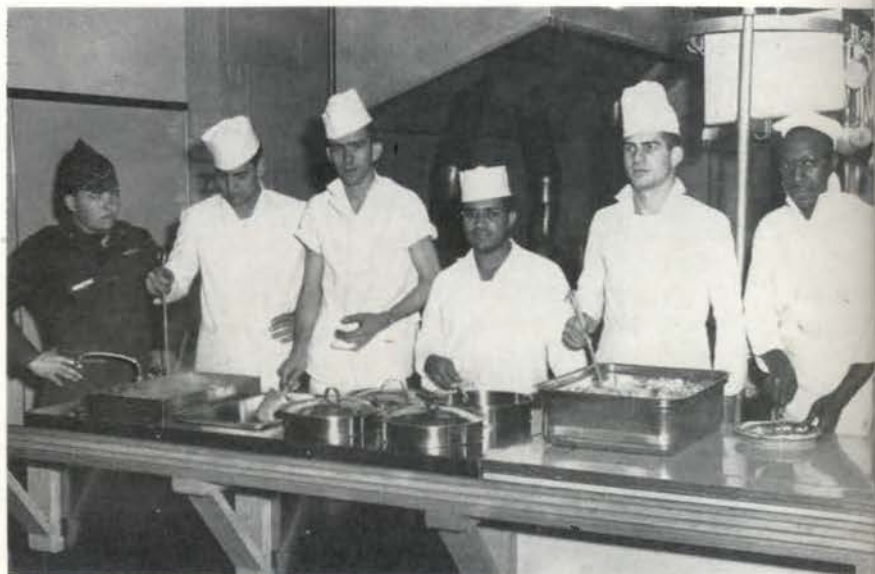


Sgt. Compton  
ADMINISTRATION—First Sergeant

## COMPANY PERSONNEL

SUPPLY PERSONNEL are not pictured on this page. With a new supply cadremen coming in quite often during the 22 weeks, it was almost impossible to know who would be taking the linen, securing field glasses, or handing out insect repellent. However, our thanks go to Sgt. Thomas, Pfc. West, and Pvt. Glass.

Also, a big thank you goes to Sgt. Compton and Cpl. Clark in the Orderly Room and to all Mess personnel, even if the hot cakes were not hot occasionally and the B-2 rations short.



MESS PERSONNEL—L. to R., Sgt. Clark, Sgt. Street, Cpl. Johnson, Pfc. Fernandes, Pvt. Brock, and Sgt. Davis.

Telling the story of an officer candidate class, with the many events and humorous incidents that take place in 22 weeks of concentrated study and work, is a difficult task. The classbook staff of Class 46 set for itself the goal of presenting this story; we think we have succeeded to a certain degree but feel that a book of many more pages would be required to offer the full story.

The collecting of copy and pictures for this book, the editing, and the selling of the finished product took place on ten minute breaks and during the "free" time we found during these past weeks. As editor I wish to thank all candidates involved in the job—even if it was just posing for a picture. Special thanks go to Assistant Editors Donald Thompson and David L. Huntley and Photographer Howard M. Rosenfeld.

Finally, I wish to say that although the editing suffered occasionally because of the many duties an O/C encounters in the process of becoming a Second Lieutenant in the Army, the staff enjoyed the additional work. And when the book is opened a few years from now, we'll enjoy reliving all the experiences found only in the Harmony Church area of Fort Benning.

O/C Wilfred R. Colley  
Editor

# C l a s s b o o k



On behalf of the Student Council, I would like to express my sincerest gratitude to the officers and candidates for their cooperation and participation in the varied "problems" which confronted the council. I offer my hope for a successful tour of duty as an officer and the realization of your every ambition throughout future years.

O/C John F. Mahar  
President

## Student Council

# H o n o r e



Vernon and Huntley



Back Row, L. to R.—Davis, Canan, Bartushak, McGuinness, Madon, Olson, Huntley, Assoc. Editor, and Vernon. Front Row, L. to R.—Weinrib, Thompson, Assoc. Editor, Colley, Editor, Angel, Rosenfeld.

Back Row, L. to R.—Davis, Spruth, Peak, Finney, Yos-pyn, McMillan, Kenyon, Siddall. Front Row, L. to R.—Grandstaff, Baker, Mahar, President, Robertson.







# Signing Out

The 20th OC Company, Class 46 belongs to the ages now. The candy machine in the dayroom stands unused, and the supply room is stacked high with blankets, bottles of insect repellant and other items necessary to the Officer Candidate. There are no longer any candidates either. Most are Lieutenants, and others are Sergeants, Corporals, Peaeffcees, and Private-Twos. The course has been completed, successfully by most, and the Tactical Officers are probably finding somebody else to harass.

It was not always so. On 18 August 1952 gold bars were somewhere on the edge of the horizon, very small but infinitely dazzling. They seemed small consolation for a traumatic experience in a barber chair and endless hours of dismounted drill in a Georgia heatwave. But there were few who faltered. After all, there were only 22 weeks to go.

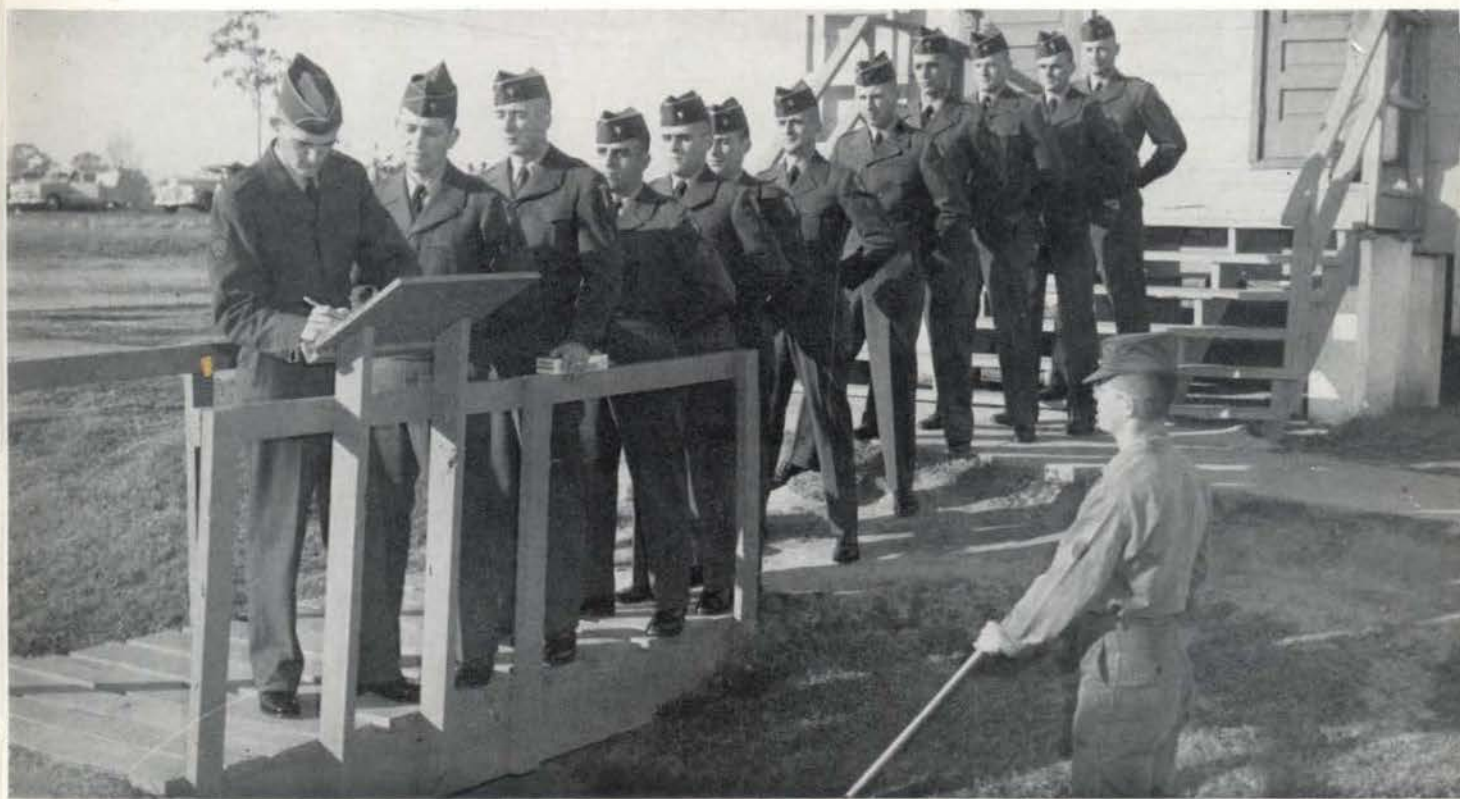
Some day, let's say in 3953 A.D., a scientist is going to start digging in the red clay of western Georgia, only to discover the ruins of a strange institution for American youngsters, known to its best friends as the Benning School for Boys. He will find vast tracts of scrubby ground, interspersed with colored sticks protruding from the earth. They will probably be meaningless to him. Well, just so that he doesn't feel badly about it, it can be stated here that the sticks were just as meaningless to a great many of the candidates (Class 46) who took a map-reading examination in September of 1952. For the preceding two weeks an amazingly courageous and good-natured officer named Lieutenant Schaeffner had taken his sanity into his own hands in order to teach some 200 candidates the mysteries of contour lines, azimuths, and grid coordinates. And today many well-scrubbed new Lieutenants have good cause to be grateful to the brave Schaeffner. They can find their way anywhere in total darkness, even to the point of being able to get around Phenix City completely blind.



Read a sheaf of weekly schedules of Class 46. They are not too much different from the schedules of Class 45 or Class 47. There were some 300 hours of weapons training, about the same for tactics, over 100 for the Staff Department, and a few more hours pledged to the Communications experts and the Airborne lads. But the schedules contain some startling omissions. They neglect to mention Lieutenant Zaruba's inspections ("Give me 60 ha-ha's candidate"), Lieutenant Hunt's little talks around the steps of the First Platoon barracks, Lieutenant May's formations ("What's funny candidate?"), or Lieutenant Langstaff's peptalks ("It behooves you . . .").

Infantry Officer Candidate School is not the easiest thing in the world to be sentimental about, but if one is going to become nostalgic, the Classbook is the place for it, so here goes:

Lieutenant, do you remember your class party in the twelfth week, or was it the thirteenth? Do you remember Emcee Garlan Davis ("There y'go"), or Charles Vernon, the lank Mississippian drawling sadly, ". . . and then there were five." Can you remember way back to Labor Day 1952, when the PX seemed as distant and exciting as Times Square? How about shooting down Victory Drive on a Saturday afternoon in the Fall, with six hours ahead in the great metropolis of Columbus? Lieutenant, do you remember sipping (Is that the word?) an amber drink at the Lodge? You probably do.



Lieutenant, you don't only remember the weekends, if you are a lieutenant now. You recall fighting off drowsiness between the hours of 1300 and 1500. Was it tank gunnery or how to spend unit funds? Do you remember being Student Company Commander? Where else but at OCS could you ever have been Student Company Commander? "As you were, candidate." "As you were. Close. . . MARCH." Lieutenant, do you remember being squad leader? What did your squad have? Was it the latrine or the center aisle? What did the platoon have? Cleanup or serving? Who's got the buffer next? How many did you get wrong on the signal exam? Would three wrong get you an A? You doubted it, and you were right. What is it going to be this morning, the Army Dozen, wind sprints, or a run to Victory Pond? Coveralls or fatigues? Restricted or free for the weekend? What kind of an OR? Thought it was going to be an S, but it turned out to be an A. Will I be boarded? How am I going to rate that man? How is he going to rate me? Do you remember, Lieutenant? Do you remember?

Refresh your memory, Lieutenant. You thought it was tough when you went through it, but now you are rather proud of it, proud that you went the whole way. You wilted under the heat of August, shivered in the damp cold of December, hated to go on guard, and bore the weight of the blue tabs lightly on your shoulders. You sweated through parade rehearsals but you marched proudly and almost joyfully down on French Field. Yes, OCS molds men. Are you molded, Lieutenant (Inf.)?





Inspection Tomorrow



Five Minutes 'Till Reville



Awaiting Mail Call



High on the sides?





How about the other men? How about your cubicle-mate, the men in your squad, your platoon, your company? Some day you're going to meet one of them by accident in Alaska, Korea, Frankfurt or Camp Roberts, or on the streets of New York or Sioux Falls, South Dakota. How are you going to feel? What are you going to talk about? You know. You shared OCS as two old State U. men never shared dear old State U. You shared demerits for your dirty windows; you shared details, laughs and tactical officers.

Now, the things that were tough then, are only worth a chuckle. OC 46 is a memory of a hard 22 weeks and friendships made. It is a tale to tell the grandchildren. And some good officers were produced. To the Regiment, the Army, to the typists at Headquarters and the file clerks at the Pentagon, OC 46 is only a number, a statistic . . . but you know better.









Class in the Field



Seats!



At the Classroom



Study Hour

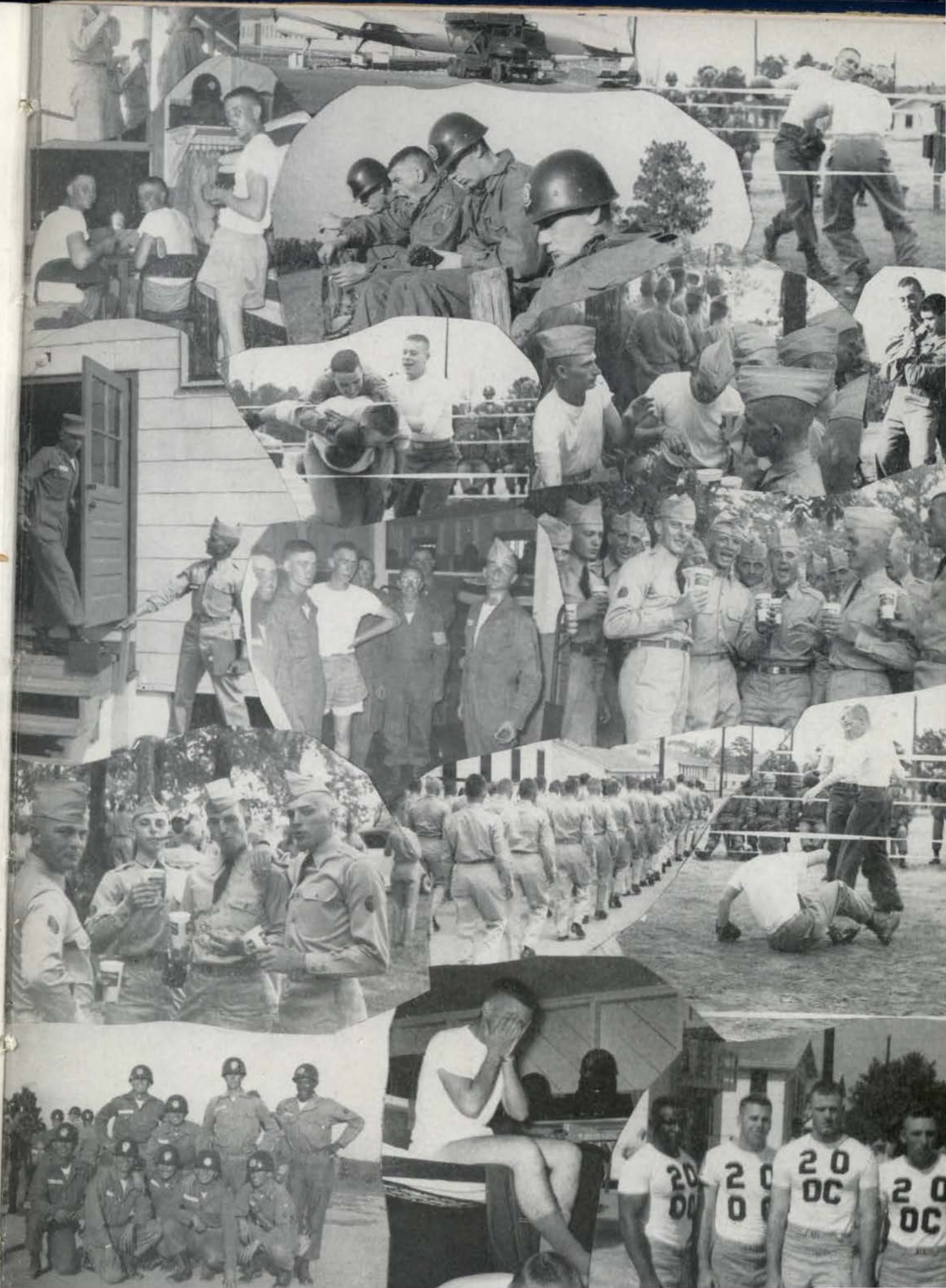




# A Day Passes . . .









# Weapons...









# Class Party





Relaxin'



Night Out



At The Party



Welcome



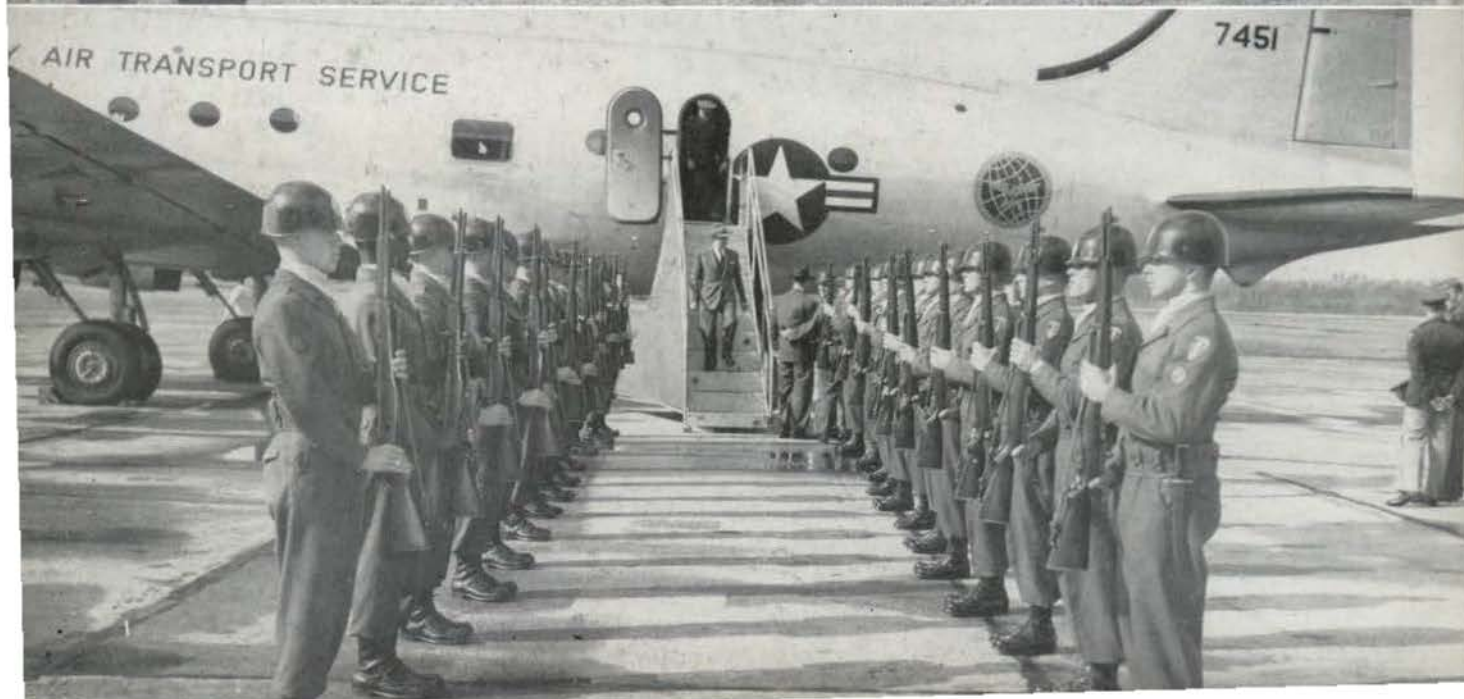
The OCS Lounge Opens



Eats on The House



# Honor Guard...







# Turning Blue . . .

*First Platoon*



*Second Platoon*



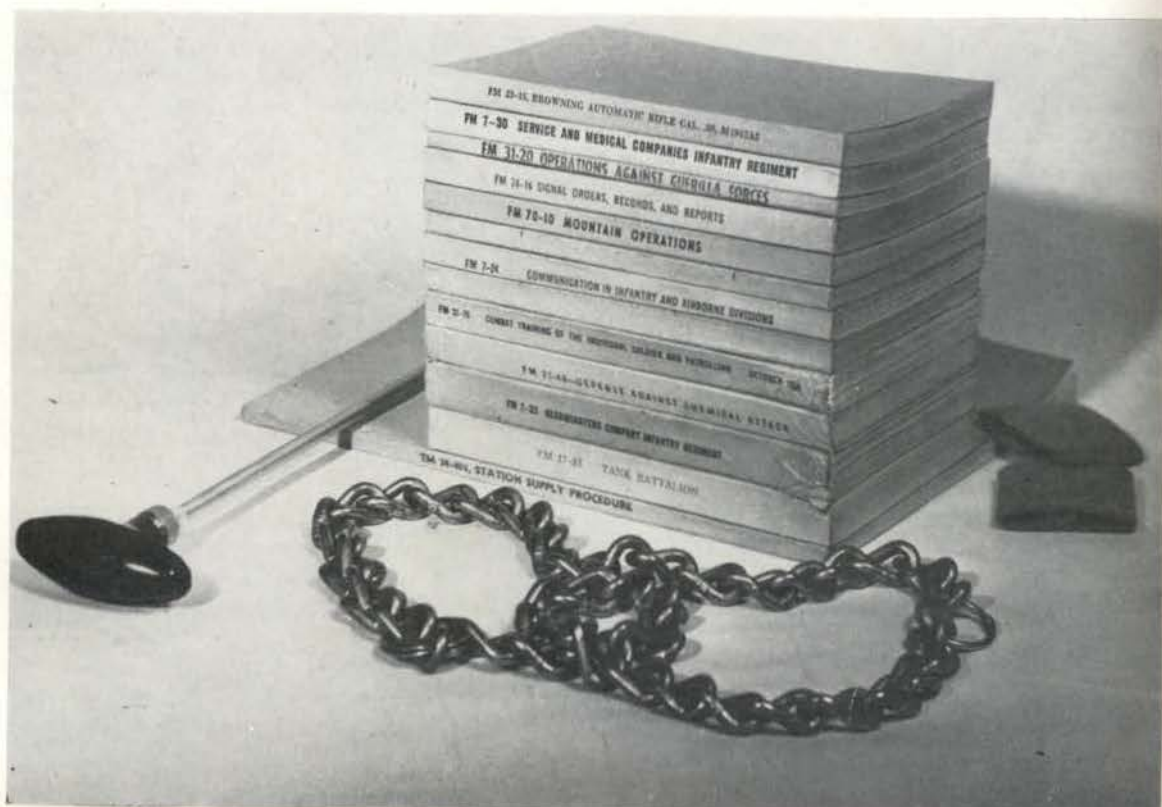
*Third Platoon*







*Your Tactical Officers . . .  
And You . . . .*



# First Platoon



Lt. Kachel

Lt. Peter G. "The Salute" Kachel, Tactical Officer of the First Section, First Platoon, is a product of the Keystone State, Pennsylvania. He attended the University of Pennsylvania prior to induction in April of 1951, and went through the major courses (basic and leadership) offered at Indiantown Gap Military Reservation.

Known company-wide for his energy conserving salute, Lt. Kachel came to the First Platoon from the 21st Company where he had been Tactical Officer after being graduated from OCS.

First platooners looking for a bit of encouragement or a "candidate to Tact Officer talk" found the study room of the barracks the place to seek out Lt. Kachel in the evenings. Many topics were usually discussed but one question was never answered by Lt. Kachel. "Who kept the black convertible cleaned so thoroughly?"

## Tactical Officers

Picture yourself again walking down the company street, your thoughts many miles away, when suddenly you hear that gentle reminder, "YOU DON'T WALK IN THE COMPANY AREA, CANDIDATE!" It isn't hard, is it, to recognize the soft Georgia accent of Lt. Edwin M. May? It is said that his stance, minus the clipboard, and profile are still remembered in Augusta, his home and at the University of Georgia which he attended prior to his enlistment in 1951. After being graduated from OC 18 he came to us, not only in the capacity of Tactical Officer for Second Section, First Platoon, but also as a guide on those early morning tours to Victory Pond. So here's to Lt. May, his competitive spirit (danger fresh paint), his P.T. (eighteen repetitions), and that dog-gone forty inch stick.



Lt. May

One are we in our company,  
And in P.T. we shine brightly.  
Here for but a while, united we are,  
And though we may travel very far,  
Whether it be with women, or raising a thirst,  
They'll always remember . . . "The Fighting First."





ALBIN, JAMES F.  
Hastings, Nebr.  
"Gig sheet! How many did  
I get?"



ALLEN, CHARLES A.  
Fort Lee, N. J.  
"What's wrong with hill-  
billy music and Georgia?"



ALLINDER, JOHN C.  
Cabin Creek, W. Va.  
"If you wax sufficiently  
you can 'slide' right  
through."



ANDERSON, NILS B.  
Norfolk, Va.  
"Detail! I just had a de-  
tail ten days ago."



ANGEL, JOHN  
Berkeley, Calif.  
"Baker says Arkley is go-  
ing to a masquerade."



ARKLEY, JOHN E.  
Delmar, N. Y.  
"Baker, has Angel got the  
inspection stick? Foot-  
locker needs arranging."



**BAKER, THOMAS N.**  
Terrell, Tex.  
"If only they'd understand  
that everything in Texas  
is bigger and better."



**BARTUSHAK, ANDREW**  
Manville, N. J.  
"The many friends I have  
met I hope I can keep for  
a lifetime."



**BATCHELLOR, R. G.**  
Loogootee, Ind.  
"I wouldn't have missed a  
minute of it unless I had  
the chance."



**BONEY, DANIEL C. JR.**  
Raleigh, N. C.  
"A little cooperation goes  
a long way."



**BORROR, RONALD G.**  
Clarksburg, W. Va.  
"I shall always remember  
these days of laughter, for  
I know no other task so  
vastly told."



**BROOKS, CARL W.**  
Shepherdsville, Ky.  
". . . shined boots and  
Starched fatigues,  
Saved we troops,  
Lots of gigs."





**BURNS, HUGH R.**  
Steubenville, Ohio  
"Let 'Fix Bayonets' be  
your motto whenever you  
fight."



**CANAN, JAMES W.**  
New Castle, Pa.  
"From weapons, tactics,  
the bayonet, supply, no  
end is happier to graduate  
than I."



**CANTU, JUAN JR.**  
Sinton, Tex.  
"A real school. You learn  
something about every-  
thing."



**CARPENTER, T. S.**  
Glastonbury, Conn.  
"It can be done."



**CHAMPION, R. L.**  
Waverly, N. Y.  
"And my wife told me I  
was too old."



**CLEARY, WM. O.**  
Savannah, Ga.  
"I can't understand why  
these damyankees don't  
like Georgia."



COFIELD, J. D. JR.  
Cleveland, Ohio  
"I was US when I started  
but I'm RA now."



COLLEY, WILFRED R.  
Roanoke, Va.  
"Virginia, the Mother of  
Presidents and another  
Army Lieutenant!"



CONDON, JOHN F.  
Lomita, Calif.  
"Alaska was never like  
this."



CORBUTT, PAUL J.  
Jersey City, N. J.  
"Famous last words: I'm  
glad I'm going to Georgia  
this winter."



DAVIS, LAWRENCE D.  
Detroit, Mich.  
"Five foot two,  
Eyes of blue.  
A good officer too."



DAVIS, NORMAN D.  
Richmond, Va.  
"Brings out qualities you  
never knew you possessed."





DOON, THOMAS  
Henniker, N. H.  
"Dust? I'll star it."



DYE, MELVIN C.  
Adrian, Mich.  
"After you on that broom."



FAIRBANKS, WM. J.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
"Six months of OCS was  
equal to the last six years  
of my life."



FIELDS, BUN L.  
Humble, Tex.  
"As we say in Texas, 'It  
sure was rough, pardner'."



FINDLEY, HARVEY D.  
Savannah, Ga.  
"Hey! I'm supposed to  
have that buffer next."



FINNEY, DON E.  
Memphis, Tenn.  
"Superior instruction, very  
good curriculum, and com-  
panionship unsurpassed."



FRANA, F. J. JR.  
Irvington, N. J.  
"13 February 1953, From  
this day forward, Follow  
me."



GAGNON, THOMAS M.  
Cohasset, Minn.  
"One never knows what  
fate may befall an O/C."



GRAHAM, CHARLES M.  
Portsmouth, N. H.  
"Yes Si-r-r-rr!"



GRANDSTAFF, D. E. JR.  
West Columbia, Tex.  
"By the numbers or in nor-  
mal cadence?"



GRANT, THOMAS J.  
Bronx, N. Y.  
"I will try to apply all I  
have learned and serve my  
country faithfully."



GRIMSHAW, D. A.  
Kimmswick, Mo.  
"OCS was great, but let's  
not do it again."





**GUZMAN, DON G.**  
Camden, N. J.  
"Mighty glad to have  
found a twenty year job."



**HANSON, DANIEL E.**  
Detroit Lakes, Minn.  
"It's a great life . . ."



**HARDIN, JAMES M.**  
Eaton, Ohio  
"It was a hard struggle  
but I made it."



**HARTER, ALFRED B.**  
Rockville Centre, N. Y.  
"The first profiting step  
forward in my Army career."



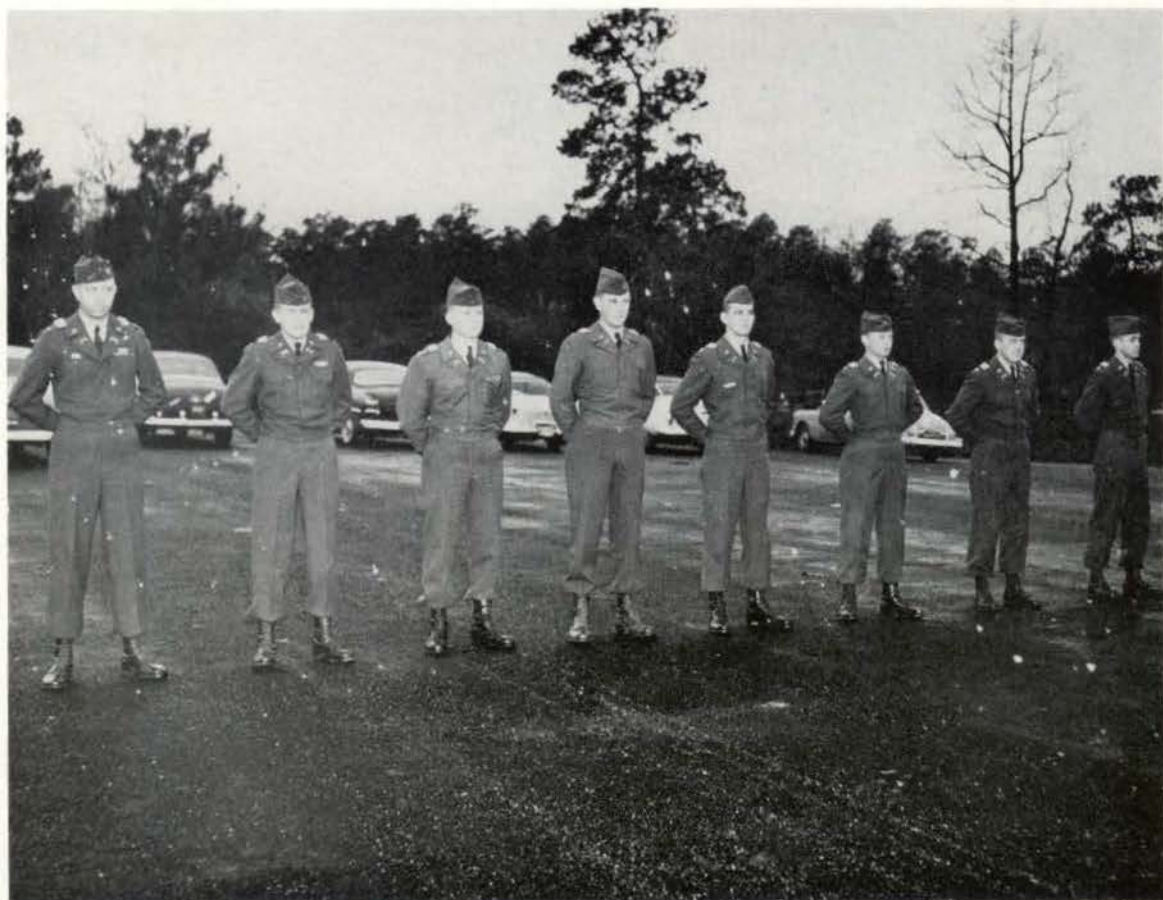
**HAWK, PAUL W.**  
Hammond, Ind.  
"As I was!"



**HAWKINS, ROBERT W.**  
Columbus, Ga.  
"The hardest thing to take  
in OCS is 'Open Time'."



HENRICKSEN, R. J.  
Duluth, Minn.  
"Now do you see the big  
picture?"





# Second Platoon



Lt. McJilton

Lt. Robert B. McJilton, our senior "Tac" Officer, hails from Ft. Worth, Texas. As an "Aggie Cadet" at Texas A & M, he attained the title of Distinguished Military Student. He enlisted in 1950 and later again earned military laurels as both Honor and Distinguished Graduate of OC 7. Many men of the company, in addition to his own First Section, Second Platoon, have cause to be grateful to "Silent Tex" for the good advice, and the fine example he set. There are men that swear that he is the only man in the world that can keep his eye on YOU, and write OR's at the same time. Seriously, thank you, Sir, for showing us real leadership.

## Tactical Officers

Lt. Alfred C. Zaruba, affectionately known as . . . , well, affectionately known as Tactical Officer of the second section, Second Platoon, was born and raised in Ohio. While in high school he starred in both football and basketball so it was only natural he would impart his knowledge of physical training to his platoon. (Oh, my aching back!) An old soldier, he enlisted 'way back in 1949 and after learning the ways of an EM he came to OCS, completing the course as a Distinguished Graduate. It is certain we will all remember Lt. Zaruba for his pep talks, inspections, and almost fantastic powers of perception at a distance of 50 yards or more. i.e., "Stop that milling around in the Second Platoon!"



Lt. Zaruba

Two is our place in the line,  
We are rough and ready, spit and shine.  
We wax and we buff, we yell and shout,  
The floors in our barracks are almost worn out.  
But when in battle we are backoned,  
They'll be able to count on "The Ready Second."



**HEIN, WALTER J.**  
Maspeth, N. Y.  
"Guardian angels (Tactical Officers): ten eyes and a P.A. system for lungs."



**HEMPLE, BRUCE C.**  
Alameda, Calif.  
"Chow! Out of this world!"



**HEMSLEY, L. R.**  
Washington, D. C.  
"Hey, John, is Huff back from chow yet?"



**HIGHNOTE, JOHN R.**  
Columbus, Ga.  
"Wake up, Hemsley! This may be important!"



**HUFF, KENNETH E.**  
Bellwood, Penn.  
"But Sir, I just dusted my wall locker!"



**HUNTLEY, DAVID L.**  
Los Angeles, Calif.  
"Now it's up to us."





**HUTTON, ROBERT J.**  
Bristol, Tenn.  
"Hey, Huff, how are Penn  
State's flower gardens  
these days?"



**ISLEY, WEBB R.**  
Rinelander, Wis.  
"Do you think this will  
pass inspection?"



**JASIENOWSKI, T. W.**  
Holyoke, Mass.  
"It beats me Jim."



**JOHNSON, BRUCE A.**  
Portland, Me.  
"You guys go out, I'm go-  
ing to stay in and write  
my girl."



**JOHNSON, CORNELL**  
Jackson, Miss.  
"The course is one of the  
best in the Army."



**JOHNSTON, BOBBY G.**  
Neptune Beach, Fla.  
"39-Ha, Ha-40-Ha-Ha-41-  
Ha-Ha-520000-Haaa Ha!"



KARPICKY, J. P.  
Throop, Penn.  
"Hey, Mace, tell us about  
Fort Ord."



KENYON, RUSSELL D.  
Wickford, R. I.  
"May our efforts in the  
past serve us well in the  
future."



KIENHOLZ, PAUL J.  
Columbus, Ohio  
"Hey, Russ, do you think  
the floor really needs to be  
waxed again?"



KUBES, ALBERT J.  
Chicago, Ill.  
"I never had it so soft and  
relaxing until I came to  
OCS."



LANG, ERNEST D.  
Savannah, Ga.  
"What do you mean, Geor-  
gia won't win?"



LANGER, CHARLES E.  
Cresskill, N. J.  
"As long as I have my  
wax and buffer, I'm  
happy."





LANPHEAR, PHILIP L.  
Seattle, Wash.  
"How many more hours,  
Dale? But I already feel  
like an old married man!"



LAYFIELD, R. L.  
Baltimore, Md.  
"Happy to finish."



LESTER, JOHN R.  
Houston, Texas  
"The happy go lucky one."



LEVIN, ROBERT  
Philadelphia, Penn.  
"OCS was a wonderful ex-  
perience."



LILLARD, DAVID H.  
Clinton, Ky.  
"If I get gigged for a  
haircut..."



MACE, ROBERT C.  
Waterloo, Iowa  
"Where's Madon hiding?"



**MADON, REGINALD J.**  
Chicago, Ill.  
"Don't just stand there  
Candidate, say something,  
even if it is goodbye!"



**MAHAR, JOHN F.**  
White Plains, N. Y.  
"Early to bed and early to  
rise, makes a man healthy,  
wealthy, and a 2nd Lt."



**MAHLER, HAROLD C.**  
Four Oaks, N. C.  
"What a fraternity."



**McCANN, RICHARD D.**  
Plainville, Ind.  
"I think OCS is very  
rough, but I always man-  
age to have a laugh a day."



**McCOY, ROBERT E.**  
Akron, Ohio  
"Mighty proud to have  
been here."



**McGRATH, JOSEPH P.**  
Jersey City, N. J.  
"The work, the studies, the  
gigs, the laughs, and now  
a commission."





**McGUINNESS, T. A.**  
New York, N. Y.  
"Glad I started OCS.  
Proud I finished."



**McKENNEY, J. N.**  
Portsmouth, N. H.  
"OCS is the greatest place  
in the world to test a  
man's physical and mental  
endurance."



**McMILLAN, WILLIAM**  
Detroit, Mich.  
"It has been a hard road,  
but an interesting one."



**McMULLEN, WM. L. JR.**  
Maspeth, N. Y.  
"The school builds char-  
acter, prepares us for a  
better civilian as well as  
a military career."



**MERRITT, LAVELL**  
Chicago, Ill.  
"Every leader should be a  
graduate of OCS. I feel  
honored to be one."



**MEYER, KARL F.**  
Peekskill, N. Y.  
"I appreciate and am  
honored to be an OC. I  
would recommend it to  
all."



**MOCK, B. H. JR.**  
Lewisville, N. C.  
"A great opportunity, a  
great experience. The best  
school."



**MURTHA, TIMOTHY M.**  
New York, N. Y.  
"To complete is honor and  
pride unexplainable."



**MYERS, C. E.**  
Montgomery, Ala.  
"Diligent effort enables us  
now to proudly bear the  
title: 2nd Lt. Inf."



**NESS, JOHN G.**  
LaCrosse, Wis.  
"No Sir! Yes Sir! No ex-  
cuse Sir!"



**NORDGREN, GORDON R.**  
Rib Lake, Wis.  
"A real test to determine  
whether or not you're a  
man."



**O'CONNOR, HENRY J.**  
Whitewater, Wis.  
"The first step has been  
reached. It is only the  
start, 20 more years to  
go."





**OLSON, DONALD F.**  
DeKalb, Ill.  
"Cooperation and common sense are the key to a commission."



**O'NEILL, MARTIN M.**  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
"Hey, Marty, did you get Joan's picture yet?"



**O'NEILL, THOMAS J.**  
Peapack, N. J.  
"OCS would try the patience of Job, but it has at least one good laugh a day."



**PALAZOO, JOHN**  
New York, N. Y.  
"They build you up, tear you apart, and put you back together again."



**PATTEN, CASE L.**  
Baltimore, Md.  
"OCS—a turning point at the fork in the road."



**PEAK, WM. C. JR.**  
Americus, Ga.  
"It's a great life, a laugh a day."



**PIEPER, F. F.**  
Indianapolis, Ind.  
"A great addition to any  
man's signature: 2nd Lt.  
Inf."



**PINS, DWANE F.**  
Sioux Falls, S. D.  
"Attending OCS has been  
one of the greatest ex-  
periences of my life."



**PITTMAN, JIMMIE J.**  
West Memphis, Ark.  
"Best studies, best train-  
ing, best officers."



**PLUMMER, JAMES A.**  
Coalton, Ohio  
"Coordination, judgement,  
discipline, and a tremen-  
dous will."



**PODSIADLO, R. E.**  
Bethpage, N. Y.  
"A maker of men among  
men."



**STRUNK, JAMES E.**  
Cleveland, Ohio  
"Get down and give me  
fifty."



# Third Platoon



Lt. Casey

A yellow convertible with a massive smile generating from it means only one thing to the First Section of the Third Platoon. Lt. John P. Casey is around to advise, correct, and encourage his stout men.

Lt. Casey has martial blood running in his veins. At the age of eleven he was watching retreat at Fort Knox, Ky., where his father was stationed. A Distinguished Graduate of OCS on July 11, 1952, he attended Georgetown College and Georgia Military Academy.

Third Platoon candidates are doubly proud of Lt. Casey. Not only is he a respected leader of men, but he has no small reputation as a charmer of the fair but seldom seen (at OCS) sex. As the French say, Vive, Mon Lieutenant Casey!

## Tactical Officers

Lt. Robert B. Langstaff, a Distinguished Graduate of OCS on July 25, 1952, is a native of Paducah, "Kaintucky," but grew up with the Atomic Bomb at Oak Ridge, Tenn. Young Bob fitted in perfectly with the hustle and bustle of wartime Oak Ridge; he kept busy himself at the local high school, playing football and running on the track team. He selected the University of Tennessee for preparation for a career in the legal profession but now finds his attention turned in the direction of the Second Section, Third Platoon.

In his first "office", the study room of the Third Platoon, Lt. Langstaff has faced his first "cases," the likes of which lay far from the realm of neat, codified legal procedure.

It was here in the study room he was prosecutor; here to others he was defense counsel.

The Second Section feels that it "behooves" them never to forget their Tactical Officer.



Lt. Langstaff

Third we may be, but never last.  
Voices raised, troops all massed.  
We did many things we thought were good;  
Other times we knew not where we stood.  
But when tales of valor are heard,  
You'll find the men of "The Terrible Third."



**POTTER, REX M.**  
 Sioux Falls, S. D.  
 "Would you please explain  
 that again . . . ?"



**RADAKER, HERBERT E.**  
 Meadville, Penn.  
 "Whether U. S. or R. A.  
 to reach the commissioned  
 ranks is an accomplish-  
 ment."



**ROBERTSON, P. N.**  
 Elizabeth, N. J.  
 "Lover of Gilbert and Sul-  
 livan which I sing with  
 Poser. Main interests:  
 Metaphysics, Sanskrit."



**ROEBLING, ROBERT J.**  
 Maplewood, N. J.  
 "I am undecided as to  
 whether I shall make the  
 Army my career."



**ROGERS, EMMETT V.**  
 Cynthiana, Ky.  
 "A half-fried rebel with a  
 Yankee way of talking.  
 Word games are my only  
 vice."



**ROGERS, WILLIAM A.**  
 Marysville, Ohio  
 "OCS is mighty fine. With  
 a background like this,  
 you'll get by, anywhere,  
 at any time."





ROSENBLUM, SAUL  
Flushing, N. Y.  
"Someday I'll get a new  
car."



ROSENFELD, H. M.  
New York, N. Y.  
"I don't know what to say,  
for a change."



ROSENFELD, R. L.  
Caldwell, N. J.  
"You fellows get up  
mighty early around here."



RZESZUT, F. W. JR.  
Hammond, Ind.  
"A good place to get a  
good start."



SAEGERT, GEORGE W.  
Lampasas, Texas  
"What, again! Call my  
wife, tell her I'm Company  
Commander on Christmas  
Day!"



SAN SOUCIE, WM. R.  
Adams, Mass.  
"Let's have a little hustle  
here!"



SECHRIST, CLYDE S.  
East Jerusalem, Ohio  
'Now let the Old Dad tell  
you a few things.'



SIDDALL, DALLAS B.  
Phenix City, Ala.  
"Member of the student  
council, I'm from the city  
everyone uses when they  
have a joke to tell."



SPRUTH, THOMAS K.  
Lake Forest, Ill.  
'This is ridiculous.'



STAVISH, LEO S.  
Irvington, N. J.  
"I shall always remember:  
Oh, No! Not five o'clock  
already."



STEWART, BERNARD L.  
Detroit, Mich.  
"Get up, Spruth!"



STUBBS, JOHN W.  
Englewood, N. J.  
"One earns his bars, but  
'Muscles John' rides the  
bar, the pull-up bar, that  
is."





SUAREZ, RAYMOND JR.  
Westbury, N. Y.  
"Write what you want, but  
I do not think anything  
can describe or compare  
with OCS."



SWAFFORD, C. W.  
Cardwell, Mo.  
"His bark is bad, but his  
bite is worse."



TAYLOR, JAMES A.  
Staunton, Va.  
"Preparing for the hazard-  
ous job that lies ahead . . .  
Airborne!"



TEMPLE, ROBERT N.  
Bowling Green, Ky.  
"Anyone want a ride to  
Columbus?"



THOMPSON, D. L.  
Stony Brook, N. Y.  
"If you want me—I'll be in  
the day room."



THOMPSON, G. R.  
Riverside, R. I.  
"Those stairs ruined me!"



**TITUS, ROBERT N. JR.**  
Webster, N. Y.  
"Live from weekend to weekend and rest up during the week."



**TOWNSEND, C. L.**  
Bloomington, Ind.  
"A man's meals are his money."



**TRAPP, LAWRENCE R.**  
Portsmouth, Va.  
"Footlocker inspection tomorrow, Positively!"



**TSANGEOS, JOHN N.**  
Batavia, Ohio  
"It's all done with radioactive isotopes."



**VALENTINE, JAMES O.**  
Milwaukee, Wis.  
"The only thing difficult about OCS is opening the milk bottles in the morning."



**VERNON, CHARLES S.**  
Brookhaven, Miss.  
"Even this shall pass, but I'll always remember—a boy's best friend is his Tac Officer."





**WEINRIB, A. M.**  
New York City, N. Y.  
"You have the wrong idea  
about New Yorkers, en-  
tirely!"



**WEISLER, CHARLES R.**  
Seattle, Wash.  
"What price gold—should  
be our motto, because here  
one earns the equiva'ent."



**WHITCRAFT, E. A.**  
St. Louis, Mo.  
"Someday I'll write the  
great American novel and  
expose OCS to the world."



**WHITE, DONALD A.**  
Huntington, W. Va.  
"Where does one apply for  
a mortar platoon?"



**WILLETT, ALFRED W.**  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
"From being inspected to  
becoming the inspector.  
Think, Candidate!"



**WILLINGHAM, R. E.**  
Joanna, S. C.  
"Sir, if you would look in  
FM 22-5, June 1950, Par.  
16, sub Par. c, you will  
find . . ."



WOOD, WINSTON E.  
Red Bank, N. J.

'Lucky we are stationed  
in the warm South this  
winter.'



YOSPIN, ROBERT B.  
Pittsburgh, Penn.

"Sir, I think it's tragic!"



LOPEZ, LEANDRO  
New York, N. Y.

"Wha'da you going to do  
now, Candidate?"

# REPORT OF OBSERVATION OC FORM 2

CANDIDATE Success

SUBJECT Job Well Done PROB. NO. 0046

AREA Fort Benning, Georgia

DATE Aug. 52 - Feb. 53 PERIOD 22 Weeks

Instructions: In making this rating the actions of the candidate should be compared to those of a successful platoon leader in a combat situation whenever applicable.

Candidate has expressed a willingness and determination to learn. He has proven himself capable in personal force by his initiative and aggressiveness. Through his keen sense of duty and undying efforts to accomplish a task, he has shown appreciation for command responsibility. Through his display of genuine character he has shown the hallmark of leadership-honor. The ten league boots of a leader: confidence, are his.

GENERAL RATING A (See Reverse side for detailed basis for this rating.)

SIGNATURE Robert Langstaff CAPACITY TO