

CLASS 6-1953



*fficer  
andidate  
chool*



FORT BENNING, GEORGIA



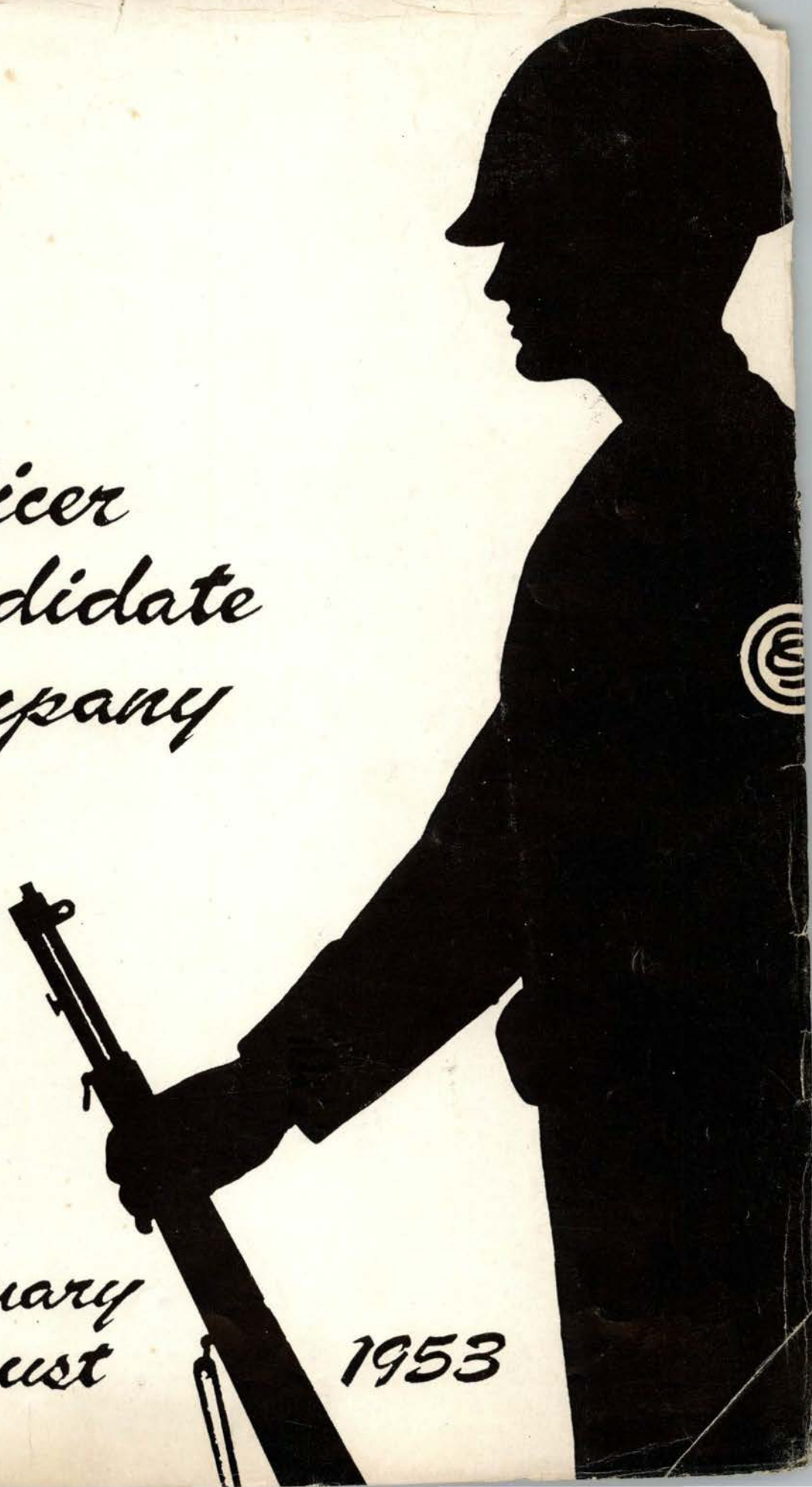




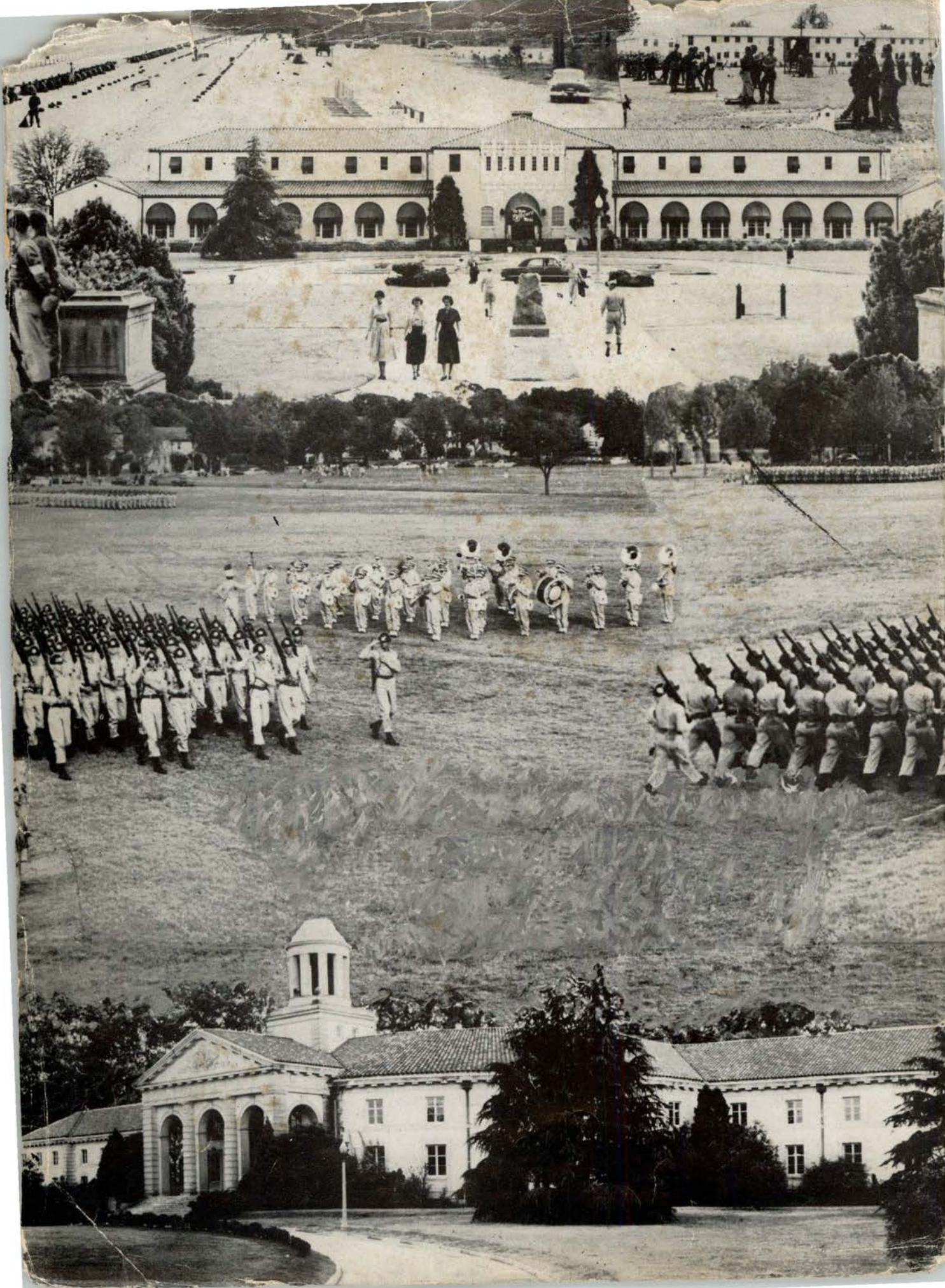
*6th  
Officer  
Candidate  
Company*

*February  
August*

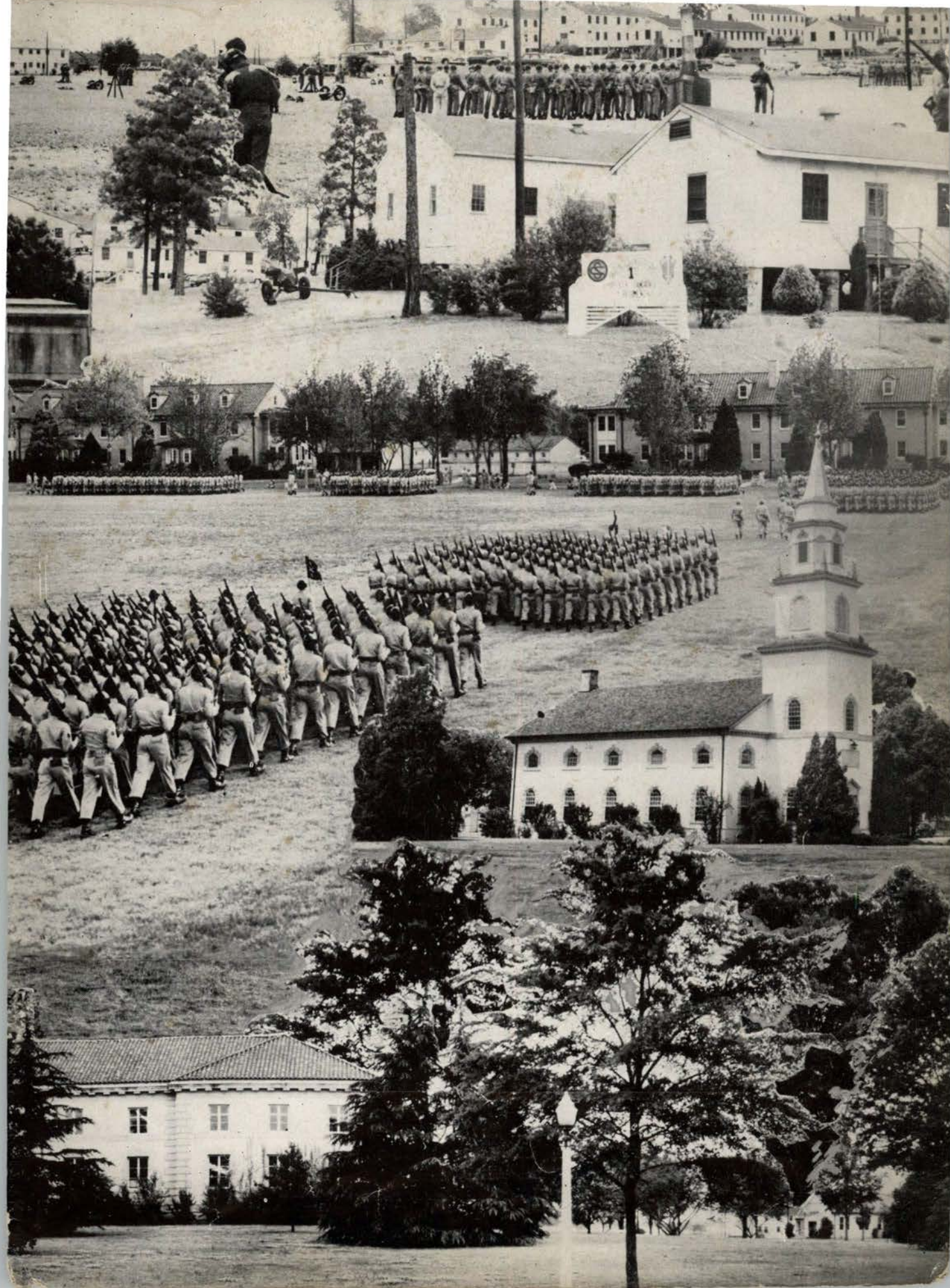
*1953*













# *The Infantry*



MAJ. GEN. GUY S. MELOY, Jr.

Commanding General

The Infantry Center

Commandant The Infantry School

# School



BRIG. GEN. CARL F. FRITZSCHE  
Assistant Commandant  
The Infantry School



COL. HARRY M. GRIZZARD  
Commanding Officer  
1st O. C. Regiment





**LT. JONES**

The judge and jury of our company, the "Old Man" was the supreme being in our lives. He could make a few words say what others would have written speeches on. After a parade he could say, "You looked very good," and the outlook of everybody looked better. He could say, "You're falling off," and we would look for the nearest rock to hide under.

# COMPANY OFFICERS

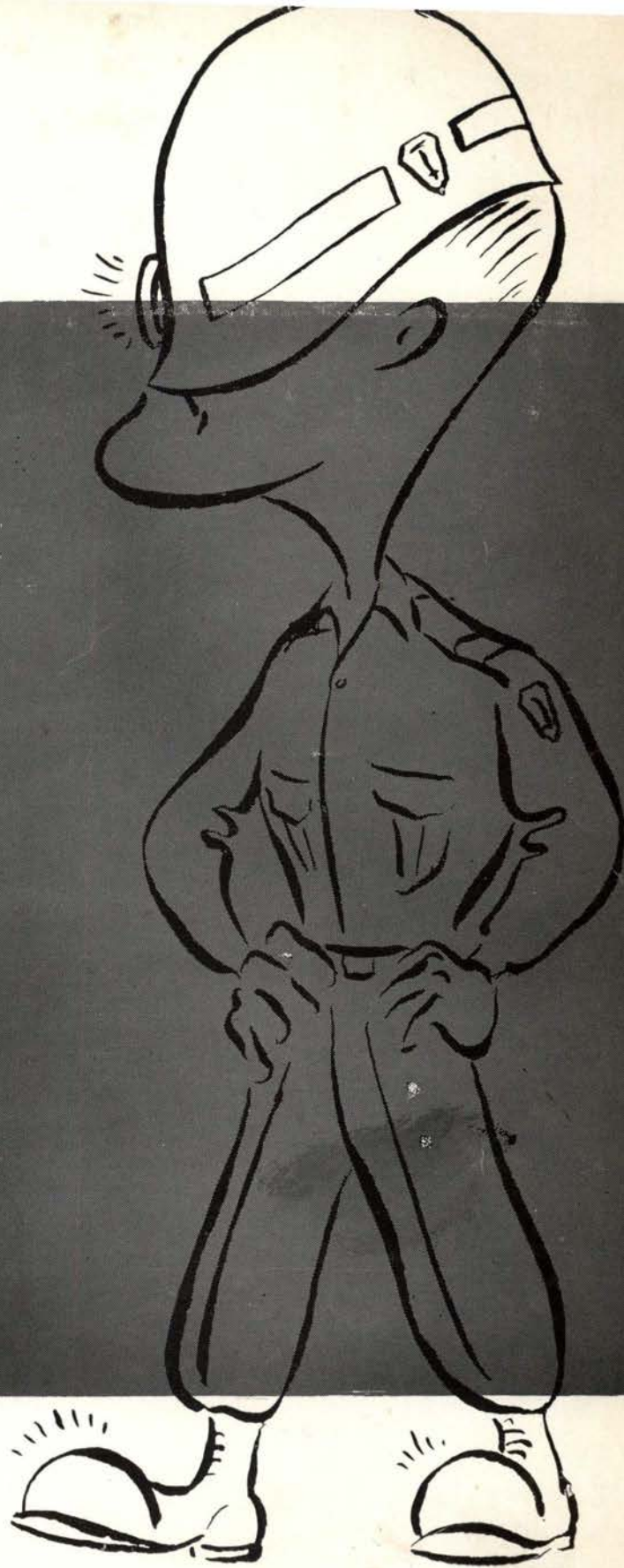


**LT. CODY**

Our favorite for several reasons: we seldom saw him, he was calm and not too chewful—another who tried to make us believe we were alive. Secondly, he paid us. Of course there were fifteen charities to contribute to before we left the day room, but he paid us. He was developing into a good volleyball player—but he paid us. Nobody ever had a complaint against him—he paid us (proving how little it takes to make a man popular). But to the boys on the Classbook staff he was more than Paymaster. "Too many gigs? Sure you can see the printer this weekend." We tender our thanks for his invaluable support.



*at  
work*







### LT. YAVERSKI

The old soldier of the T. O. Corps at 6th OC, Lt. Yaverski at all times proved himself fair and impartial in meting out punishment—everybody got it at one time or another. He was the only man we have ever known who could stop or speed up a clock. The longest minutes in the world were spent in his office while getting a UOR, as were the shortest when receiving an SOR. Any casual observer could tell when he was in the area. His section stood about two inches taller at such times. Called "Uncle Joe" when he wasn't around and if any of us ever slip by the boards he will still be "sir."



### LT. CHRISTIE

"Boots and Helmet" was possibly the most feared of "Murderers Row." When his chin went out, ours went in. We never actually saw him laugh, (it was rumored that it was forbidden in Detroit during prohibition and was never repealed). Some of us are afraid of cemeteries, some of speeding, some of women, but all of us would walk around 14th Co. if necessary to avoid a head-on meeting. But his humor with "his boys" was a winner.



### LT. CARMICHAEL

Lt. Carmichael was an oddity at all times; he treated us as human beings. He approached us from a quiet but deadly angle though we almost enjoyed it. For some reason we didn't mind squirming when the hand with the pole had an amiable face behind it. We all hope that we step down from the graduation platform with a bit of his silent force steeped in us.



## LT. GABLER

Lt. Gabler, with a long "a," came to prey on the vermin called candidates when Lt. Goff left us for fairer regions. We had been relatively unmolested while sleeping in class until he arrived. However, it took only a few weeks to accustom ourselves to sleeping at attention with our eyes open. These foul tactics had the end result of allowing at least some of the gems of wisdom cast upon the waters to be assimilated by us. Texas born, we had only to look hard to see his six shooters with the pearl handles. But much Gabler rubbed off onto us before we left.



## LT. KENNER

6th OC's athletic officer—"Keep 'em going" Kenner was, at least, the most well known in the officer ranks here. His cheery words made all of us want to run **every** morning. He thrived on running, and although we wondered how far he could go, none of us were too eager to find out along with him. Woe the many afternoons we noted "Ken" and "Gabe" heading to the field with us—trouble was brewing. His questioning technique was unparalleled as many of his boys can well attest.

## LT. GOODHUE

The upstairs boys of the Second Platoon will always have a place in their hearts for Steve. They knew him as the most jovial of the "Helmets Six"—Steve had that manner which would make a candidate quiver with fear or laughter. His benign calm should have come to all of his boys; we hear that when Uncle Sam's long arm reached down through the hushed corridors of Harvard Steve's words were: "Don't panic, boys, I'll be right with you."

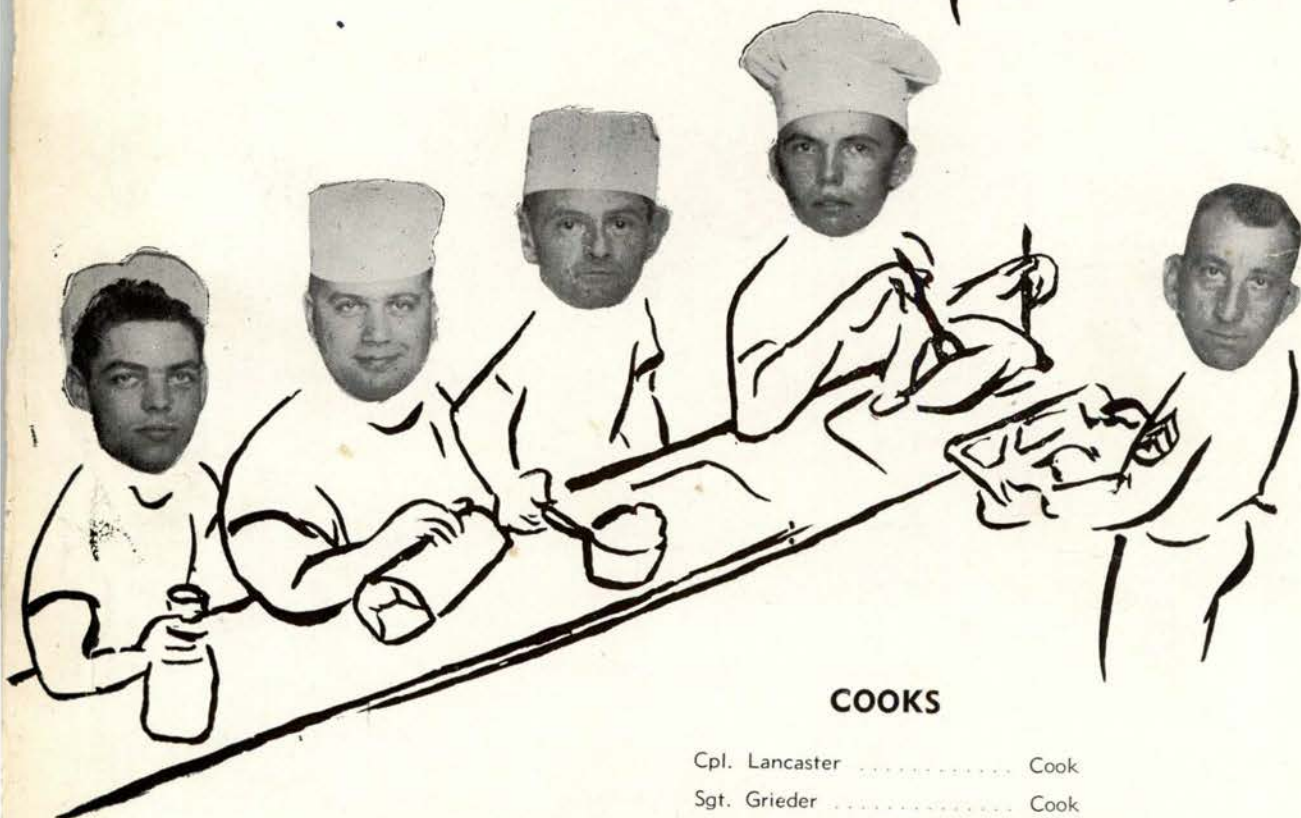






## COMPANY CADRE

M/Sgt. Rogers ..... 1st Sergeant  
 Sgt. Ballard ..... Supply  
 Cpl. Cole ..... Company Clerk



## COOKS

Cpl. Lancaster ..... Cook  
 Sgt. Grieder ..... Cook  
 Sgt. Harris ..... Cook  
 Pfc. Mansell ..... Asst. Cook  
 SFC. Pratt ..... Mess Steward





### **HONOR COUNCIL**

Thiebault, Bailey, C.



### **STUDENT COUNCIL**

From left to right: Stevens, Long, Griffin, Chapman, Baker.



## CHOIR



From left to right: Wright, Willis, Richards, Schrader, Pitts, Robinson, A., McNitt, Krueg, Saunders, Richardson, Swett, Powell. Not shown: Director Meiter.

John M. McNitt.

Whoever said, "Music soothes the savage beast," hadn't heard of O. C. S., apparently, because there was a good bit of griping from the fellows left behind when the 6th O. C. Choir bugged out of details for choir practice. We were immune to their taunts, however, and, smilingly and unruffled, went on to win still more praise for 6th O. C. in the field of music.

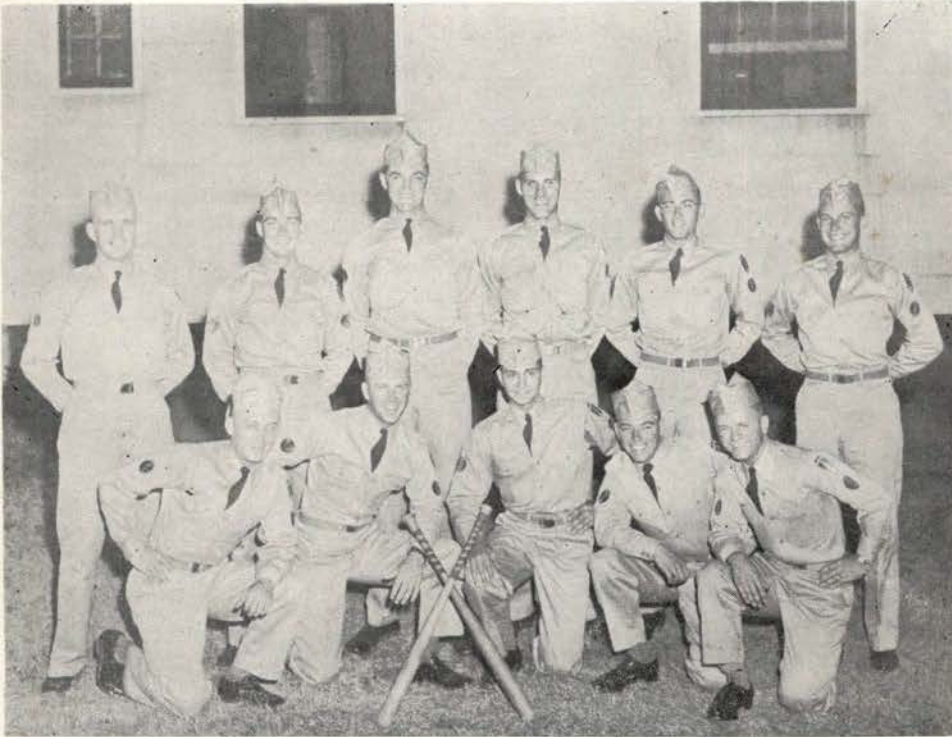
We were born one Sunday in March when Chaplain Marshall put forth a call for singers for the Easter Sunrise Service. Fourteen of us responded and quickly rounded into shape under the guidance of Chaplain's Assistant Stan Russell. Easter morn broke bright but cold, and the chill, together with the fact that none of us had eaten breakfast made us sound as if we should have stayed in bed. We quickly recovered, however, later in the day, with a sterling performance of St. Michael's Mission in the Post Hospital. The people of St. Michael's liked us so well we were asked to become a regular feature in their service.

Not long afterwards we expanded our repertoire from the sacred music, and sang for Colonel Tupper's retirement party at the Main Officers' Mess. We were well received here, and were called back so often that we ended up singing unrehearsed spirituals for encores, under the guise of "Themes from a ten minute break." (Oh, you Third Platoon!)

There were never more than twelve to fourteen members, but we preferred to go under the title of "Choir," rather than "Triple Quartet." Recently we made recordings at Radio Station WRBL in Columbus.

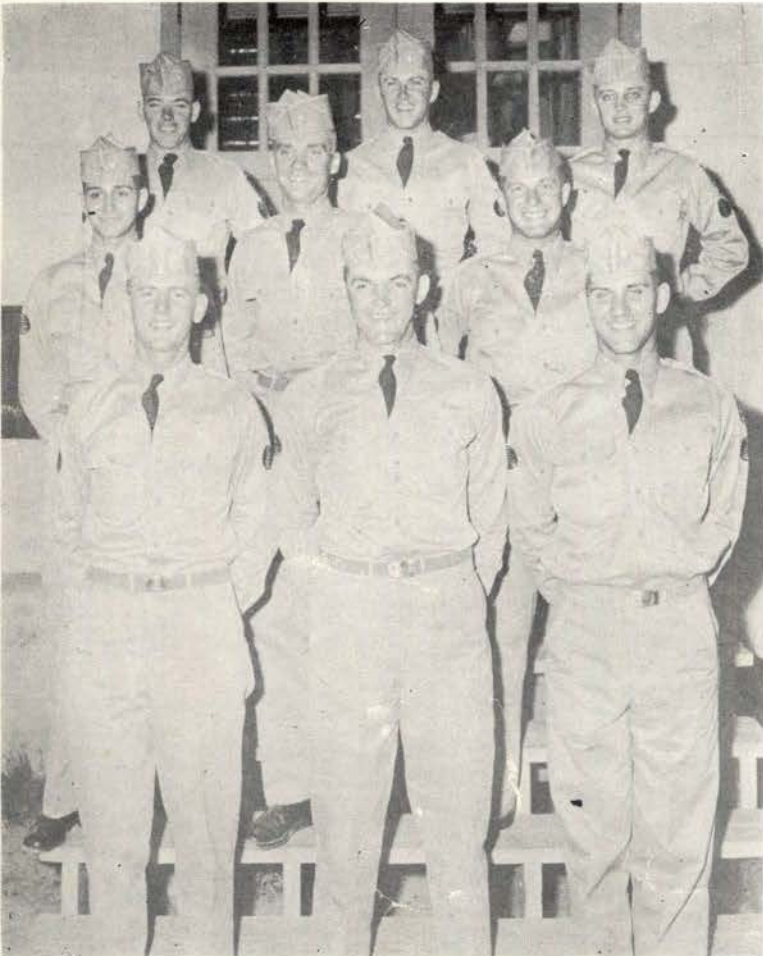
Our last performance was a surprise appearance at Colonel Grizzard's farewell party for Colonel Bush. At this time we sang an arrangement of "Queen of Battle," Colonel Bush's own work. Thus, we brought to a close our spring concert tour of Fort Benning.





### **SOFTBALL TEAM**

From left to right: Standing: Keck, Bailey, C., Barker, Bobinsky, Richardson, Gowing. Kneeling: Dewey, Bolin, Ferrara, Bailey, W. P., Prokup.



### **VOLLEYBALL CHAMPIONS**

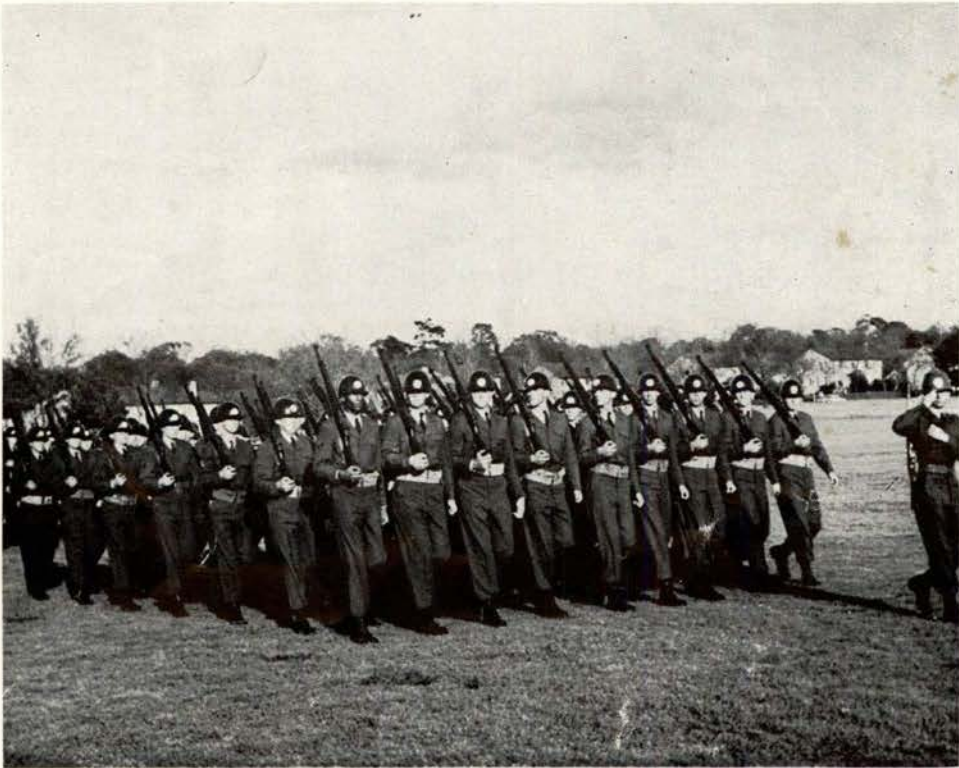
Back row: Bailey W. P., Bolin, Dewey. Center row: Ferrara, Burnett, Dickerman. Front row: Combs, Barker, Bobinsky.



## CLASSBOOK STAFF

Howell, J. S. . . . . Editor-in-Chief  
Maune . . . . . Features  
Lubey . . . . . Art  
Hanna . . . . . Business Manager  
Scheibner  
Evans  
Kuster  
Advisor: Lt. Cody

# WE MARCH IN . . .







## M-1

"Bone Support!" We had to have bone support. "Get the elbow all the way under candidate! Bend it way under! Broke your arm, huh? Too bad, candidate, it will hurt your P. T. score." There was, however, a glimmer of hope for 6th Company candidates, and that was Lt. Haugan who put us through the paces prescribed by the M-1 committee. He could never understand why we always had more holes in some targets than there had been bullets fired, nor could he understand why we could never see the "fish scale" in the sight. No one had the nerve to tell him he had an eye affliction, and he couldn't prove it because he hit the bull's eye from a standing position at 500 yards. Lt. Haugan really had a heart, though. When our shoulders got tired, he let us pick up brass. The long hours of trigger squeeze did pay off in the final analysis, however. Brinson range had the highest score recorded the day we fired for record on McAndrew.



## CARBINE

A special pride is always apparent when an Infantry Second Lieutenant picks up his Carbine. To 6th OC candidates this small but lethal weapon represented not only pride but a wealth of interesting experiences and work. We shall never forget one cloudless afternoon that suddenly turned into a miniature hurricane while we were firing for record on the range. A poncho was useless; steadiness in firing was unknown; even the targets ripped from their moorings and took to the wind. Result—an extra Saturday afternoon's re-firing which is always a pain to the caged specimen of manhood called an OC. Nonetheless, enthusiasm never dropped a bit as witnessed by some of the fabulous scores racked up that afternoon. Barry Long from the 2nd Platoon, who made a miserable score, liked the Carbine because it was light to carry. "Ma" Kuster, also from the illustrious 2nd Platoon, was happy to learn you didn't have to carry it at right shoulder. There are always a few in the crowd. With nomenclature and functioning behind us, we were able through practical range experience to witness the accuracy and fire power of a weapon destined to be our companion in combat. Displays of this kind increased our confidence in the Carbine which is an intrinsic asset in learning to handle a weapon correctly and make it work effectively for us.





## MACHINE GUN



"No, candidate, your FLP is not at Lt. Yaverski's car!" "Why not?" "I honestly can't think of a good reason except that you wouldn't want a range named after him, would you? Don't care? All right, shoot at it, but don't hit the white side-walls I want them." "No, candidate, Victory Lodge is not included on your range card and grazing fire is not pasturage for cattle which has been burned!" "Gentlemen, the water jacket will not put the tracer bullets out. No, there is not a blue wire to be hooked up. Fire a burst of six, right two, drop one. Wrong way. Fire a burst of six, left two, add one. Wrong way. UOR, EDR, PDQ, Casual Company.





## MAP READING

Some of us had a time finding the local pub before we came to Sixth OC, let alone being blandly tossed into unfamiliar terrain and being obliged to struggle back to civilization. But when the second week of training rolled around and Lt. Westcott sprinkled some of his magic powder on us we emerged proficient, if not a bit bewildered, in the fundamentals of map interpretation and compass reading. The interim, however, was marked by much hard work and a great deal of patience on the part of the inimitable Lt. Westcott who by devious means proved to us that map reading could be both practical and interesting. From daylight problems, where most of us spent our time looking for ourselves, we graduated into night exercises where candidates were seen bumping into Lone Pine Trees and yelling, "Sir, Candidate Confused!" And if O/C Hutton hadn't been frightened by that monstrous whale in Ochillee Creek he might still be wading knee deep in water checking his compass every fifty yards. The benefits we received from this instruction will stand us in good stead when we reach the shores of "Frozen Chosen"—our hats are off to the Committee on How to Find Yourself and Others.







## P. T.

The morning runs were to pay off, the big P. T. test was at hand.  
**PULL-UPS:** "Don't climb up the support candidate—only eighteen—UOR for sweating—only ten—UOR for poor physical conditioning—get off that man's shoulders, candidate!"

**SQUAT JUMPS:** "... all the way up, all the way down there—take the last eighty off for bending your back—lost one man who squatted onto the highway—war is hell!"

**PUSH-UPS:** "The correct way is the only way—No, candidate, your coach can't push you back up—start over again for breathing hard—only fifty-two, candidate Barf—you're right, no excuse!"

**SIT-UPS:** "No, you can't loosen your belt—let it cut into your tender flesh—be a man. 113° in the shade? So what, you think it's easy to stand here and watch you? Did seventy-four, eh? You get credit for fifty—Battalion says the scores are too high!"

**300 YARD "WADDLE":** "Run, Latrinski, run! A UOR if it's more than 45 seconds—what's wrong with that man? Blue, swollen tongue, not sweating—no heart beat—give him the Order of the Salt Tablet posthumously—he'll know better than that when he gets down there!"





## DRILL AND COMMAND

"Build little houses, build!" And at the command, "March!" shelter halves flew, tent pins scattered and lop-sided tents emerged. Familiar? It ought to be because it's from that boon to all soldiers called FM 22-5, a small book published by someone who had little to do for a few days. This instruction was designed principally to teach the candidates how to keep their troops from bumping into one another while drilling in the sun with full field pack. The officers found these classes invaluable in creating material for UOR's and in getting a few laughs. As we became more proficient in our role as drill instructor the number of men marched off the road into the "Gulch" lessened and the majority of the company usually got to class on time—if the road guards' body managed to stop the car. The men of 6th OC were choked with sorrow when Drill and Command slipped away with the passing weeks. No more would the mosquitoes chew nor the arms drop from fatigue. No more were the beautiful mornings in the sunlight with only heaven for a roof. Drill and Command—how we loved you!





## CLASSROOM TECHNIQUE

### COMPANY ADMINISTRATION

Morning report: Usually made out in the morning, containing pertinent information if translated properly. "How would you run your supply room, candidate? Pass the buck to the supply sergeant? Right? Slush funds are not for alcoholic beverages.

DA AGO, this and that—turn in slips, turn back slips. You didn't study for this exam? How singularly peculiar, candidate. You didn't either? Odd. Yes, Marilyn Monroe is interesting. She doesn't? Student Company Commander, I'd like to see you after class about Unit Funds.





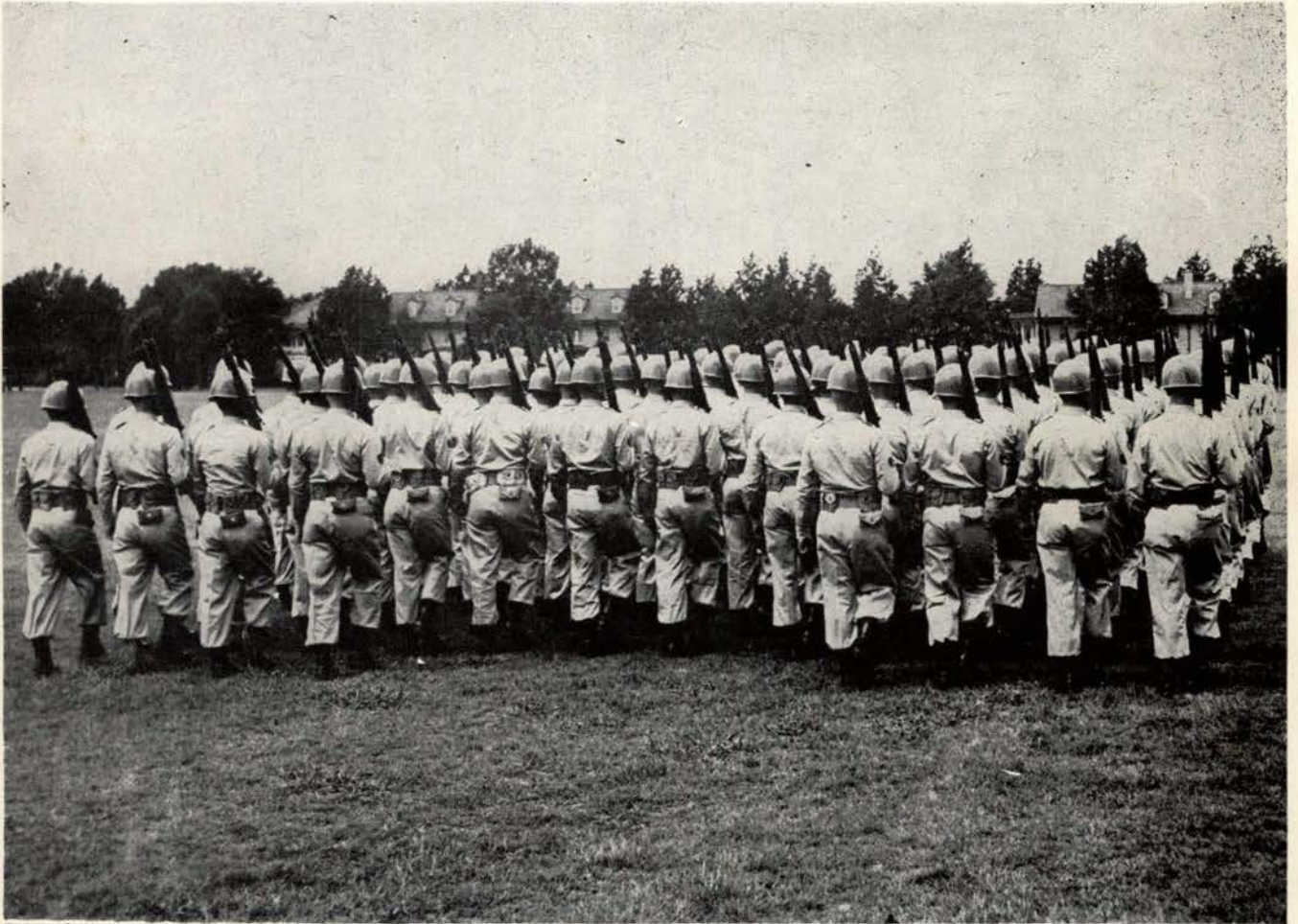


# "THE PARTY"





**WE MARCH OUT . . .**







**Lt. Bruce P. Andrews**  
Elmhurst, Ill.

... "But Sir; I'm big, I need the sleep."

**Lt. William W. Annis**  
Rockport, Me.

Which way's North?

**Lt. Carl F. Bailey**  
Birmingham, Ala.

... "Pogo's got nothin' on me, he's loyal North and South."

**Lt. Wilson P. Bailey**  
Norwich, N. Y.

Did you say WP, Sir?

**Lt. James F. Baker Jr.**  
Everett, Mass.

... To any recruit, the epitome of the 1ST SERGEANT or THE CO.





**Lt. Francis H. Barker**

Jacksonville, Fla.

Bill Howard and I don't fight!

**Lt. Hubert K. Bartron**

Colorado Springs, Colo.

The West is best.

**Lt. William D. Benoit**

Moxee City, Wash.

Dream; "The Rod," Washington, Roberts. . .

**Lt. Ronald P. Bobinsky**

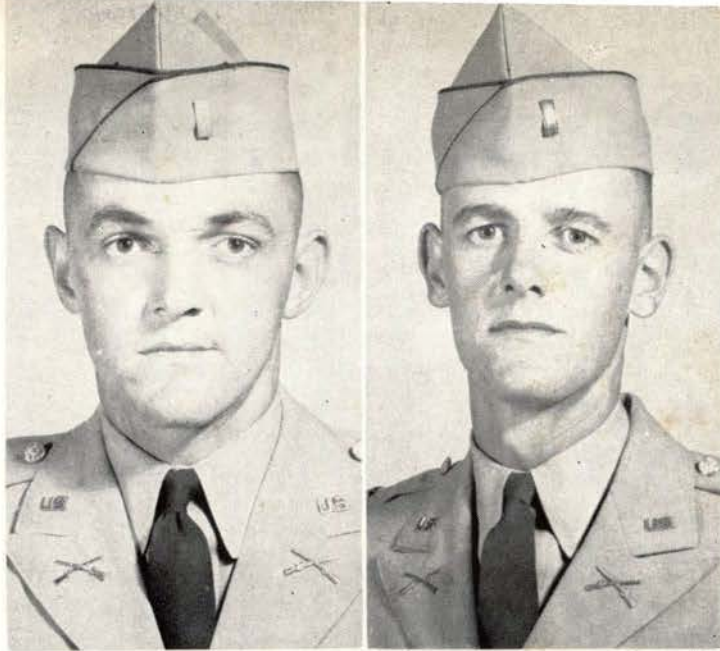
Hammond, Ind.

What d'ya say gang, what d'ya say?!

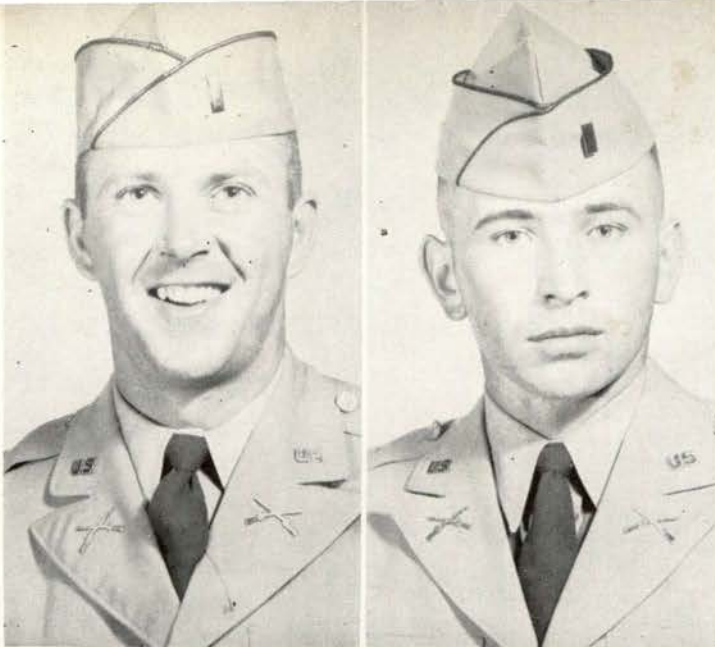
**Lt. William L. Boggs**

Bartlesville, Okla.

. . . From Leatherneck to soldier; it can be done!







**Lt. Arwin M. Bolin**

Greeley, Colo.

Give me the cool mountains!

**Lt. John P. Brennan**

Birmingham, Mich.

I'm always on the town (when I can)!

**Lt. Clark A. Burnett**

Oak Lawn, Ill.

Some people just don't know me.

**Lt. John J. Brill, Jr.**

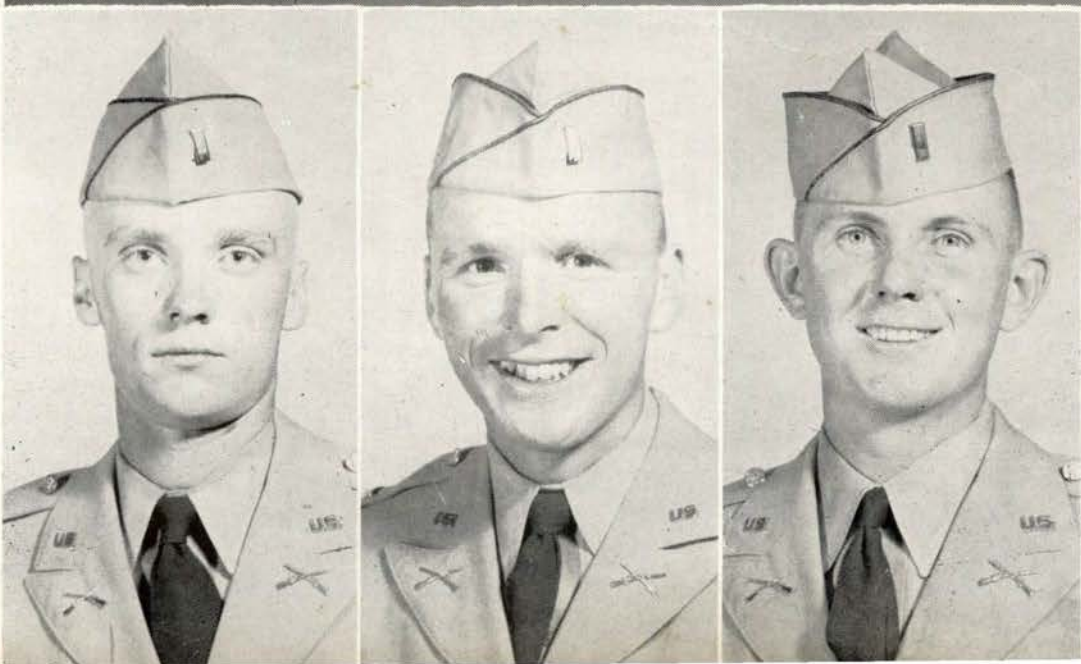
Buffalo, N. Y.

I like to smile.

**Lt. Billy W. Carter**

Wichita Falls, Texas

... "Awright you guys, out of the aisle."





**Lt. Jack Champlin**  
Tampa, Fla.

I never slept in class.

**Lt. John L. Chandler**  
Wheaton, Ill.

It's nice to see a few yards now  
thru the trees.

**Lt. Richard L. Chapman Jr.**  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

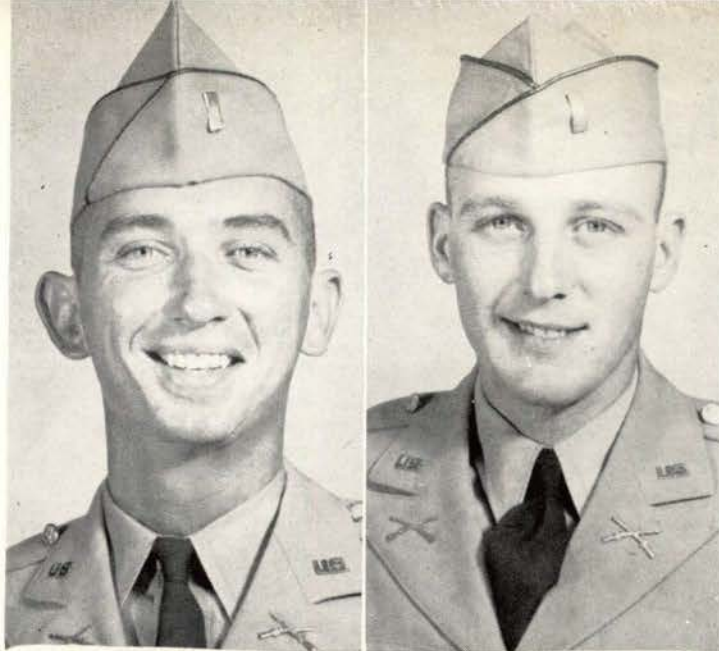
... The South is only a small  
part of the country!

**Lt. Richard H. Cole**  
Bryant Pond, Me.

"Swing for the oyster ..."

**Lt. William W. F. Cola**  
Mineola, Texas

Don't usually say much.







**Lt. Paul H. Combs Jr.**

Miami, Fla.

Dig this crazy Confederacy.

**Lt. Fred A. Darden**

Alhambra, Calif.

Category I, no sir, category VII!

**Lt. Frank H. Davenport**

Ithaca, N. Y.

We got as little wild life as what I like.

**Lt. Billie A. Davidson**

Trenton, Mo.

... "Cubicle Orderly or not, I work all the time."

**Lt. Myron Dean**

Dover-Foxcroft, Me.

Yep, that's the name of it!





**Lt. John William Dewey**

Rochester, N. Y.

Some whisper: He'll be a TAC officer.

**Lt. Norman Dickerman**

Passaic, N. Y.

Old Faithful!

**Lt. Richard T. Dixon**

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Run, girlie, horrible just got out of bed!

**Lt. George J. Doucet**

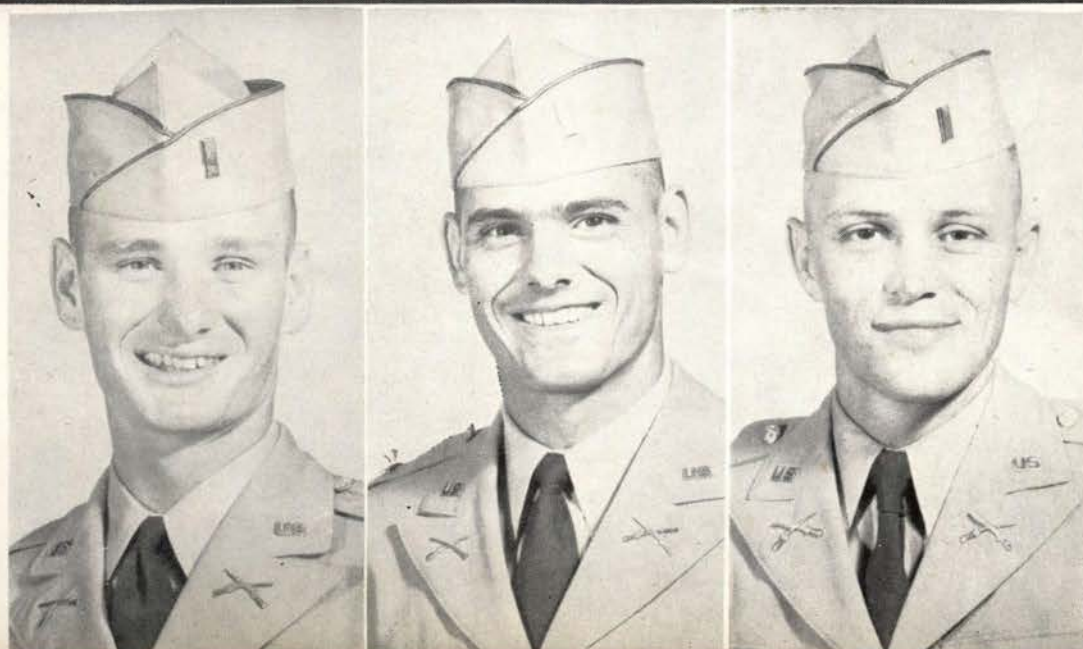
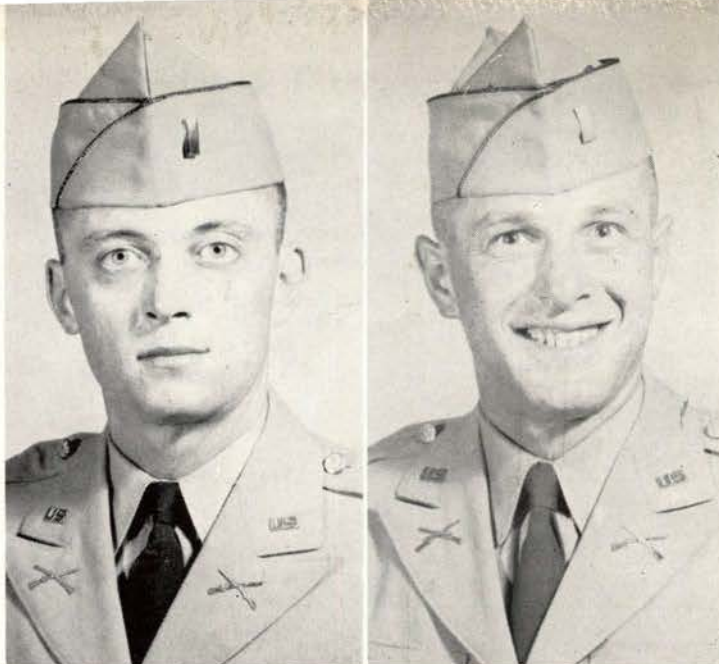
Golden Meadow, La.

Golden boy.

**Lt. Alfred L. Dovre**

Charleston, S. C.

It can be so hard!







**Lt. Roland E. Dutton**  
Sparta, Wis.

... "Yes, this is something like  
the 325th Airborne."

**Lt. Earl M. Etters**  
New York, N. Y.

I'll make it O. K.!

**Lt. Robert M. Evans**  
Nanticoke, Pa.

Yep, I can stay out of trouble.

**Lt. Salvatore N. Ferrara**  
Providence, R. I.

I'm not hard on the boys!

**Lt. Thomas J. Foy**  
Naugatuck, Conn.

Take me home, please.





**Lt. Harold W. Gilden Jr.**

Helena, Mont.

Reference: Lone Pine, tall,  
straight and stiff!

**Lt. James J. Glynn Jr.**

Union, N. J.

I'll make it, Mom.

**Lt. Allison S. Gowing**

Berkeley, Calif.

There was a certain party. . . .

**Lt. Leonard A. Greene**

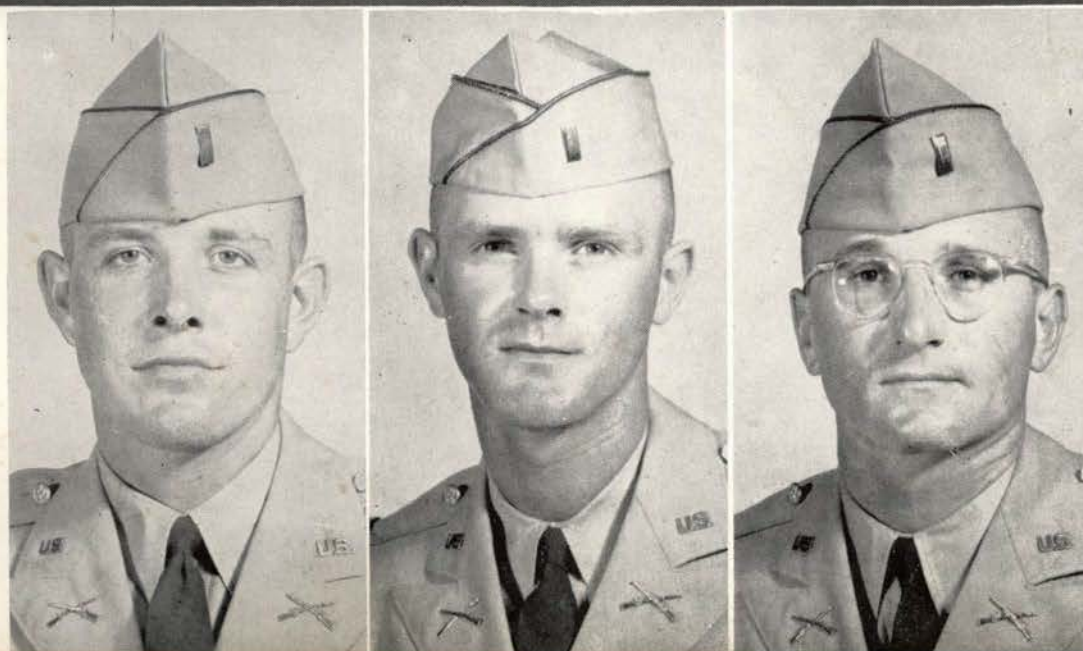
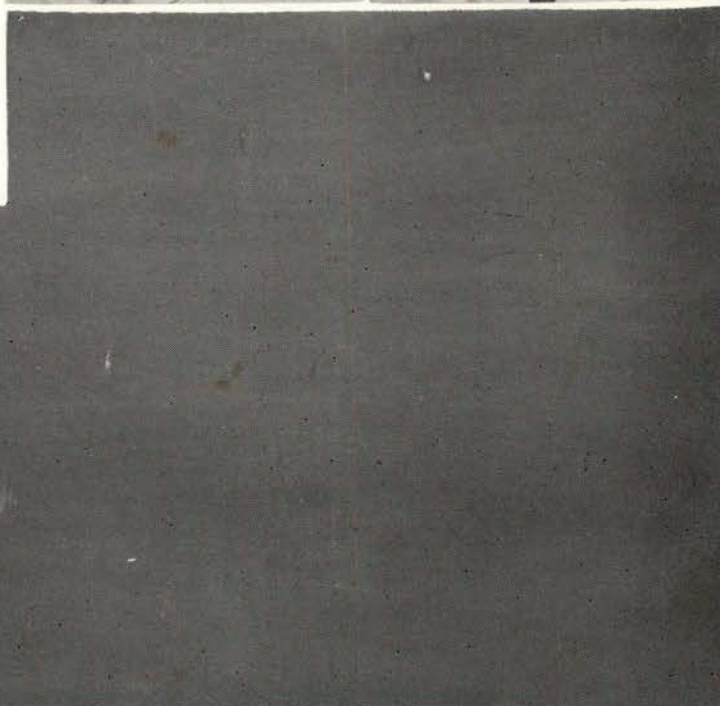
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dat smilin' boy from near da  
Longg Island Sound.

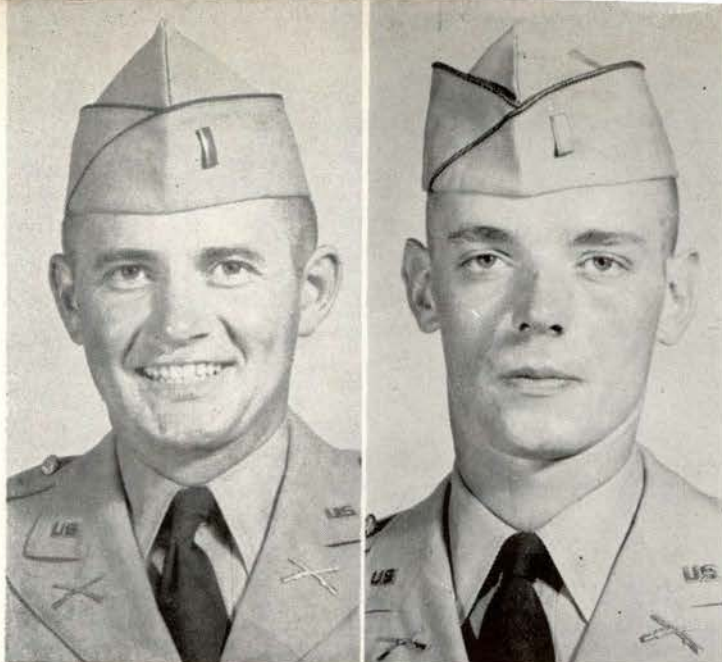
**Lt. Joseph W. Griffin**

Valdosta, Ga.

Big smile . . . what a thrill to  
watch Yankees being tortured.







**Lt. Superd D. Hanna**

Ellisville, Miss.

From the more educated side of life—those talks on "The Armed Forces Officer" had more than one of us floored.

**Lt. G. Bruce Hartman**

Brightwater, I. I., N. Y.

"Bathless"—he proved to his followers that he had the capabilities for something, we never knew what. . . .

**Lt. Robert B. Hazard**

Jacksonville, Fla.

Junior member of "Teen Town" . . . eagle-eying his cubicle mate for signs of insanity.

**Lt. Shelby D. Herring**

Water Valley, Miss.

"Goose" . . . distinctive—can see tactical officers at great range . . . tops in his field.

**Lt. George C. Hodgkins**

South Pines, N. C.

Who's next on the buffer?





**Lt. Vernon T. Holland**

Huntingdon, Pa.

Called "Hey, You" by his more intimate associates . . . has a great flair for hanging from nylon cords.

**Lt. Michael Holtzman**

Chicago, Ill.

Discipline, men, discipline is what counts.

**Lt. William E. Howard**

Mobile, Ala.

Ahm all Dixie, but I'll officer this Yankee ahmee, yas suh.

**Lt. J. Spencer Howell**

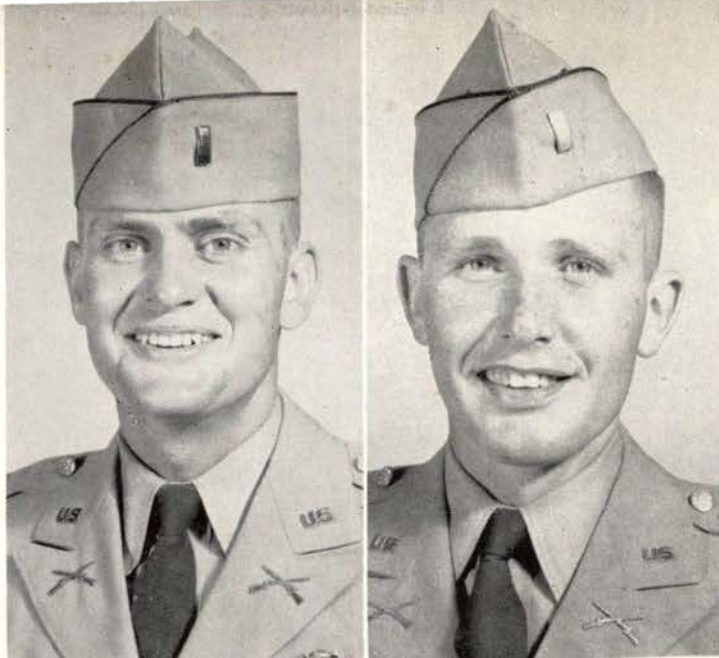
New York, N. Y.

First citizen of "Teen Town" . . . irritant to the cubicles of Blithitburg . . . BWOTCBS (Big wheel on the class book staff.)

**Lt. Phillip W. Howell**

Canton, N. C.

This man wasn't born, he was assembled, the youngest and bestest among us.







**Lt. Carl O. Johnson**  
 Rapid City, S. Dakota  
 Haircut, anyone??

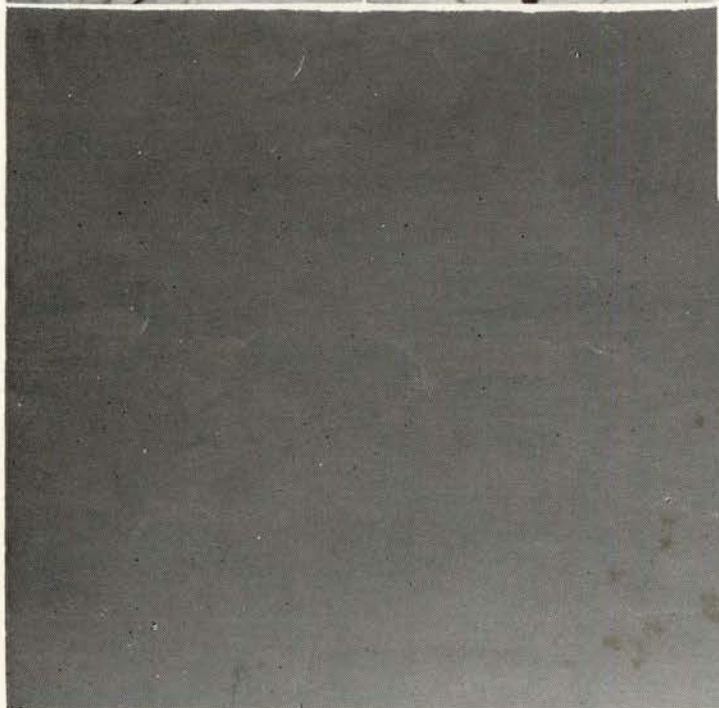


**Lt. Lewis B. Kappler**  
 Carrollton, Ohio  
 Tanker Kap was the only guy  
 smart enough not to put his foot  
 in his mouth.

**Lt. Larry L. Keck**  
 Greeley, Colo.  
 Motivation: A wife resemblin'  
 Maureen O'Hara.

**Lt. Manfred Kelman**  
 Paterson, N. J.  
 A senior idiot (paratrooper) . . .  
 heavy drops and hard stops.

**Lt. Benjamin C. Kennedy**  
 Berkeley, Calif.  
 Green Packard . . . he never  
 missed a pedestrian he aimed  
 at.





**Lt. Jimmie B. Kinder**  
Yakima, Wash.  
I'm getting fat!

**Lt. Karl H. Kress**  
Los Angeles, Calif.  
They're saving me for tactics!

**Lt. Ellery E. Krueg**  
Lodi, California  
Panic!

**Lt. C. Phillip Lasseter**  
Red Level, Ala.  
Aw right, you guys, let's fall  
out.

**Lt. Garrett S. Livingston Jr.**  
Chicago, Ill.  
C'est la Vie!







**Lt. Norman P. Lober**

Pittsburgh, Pa.

It's been claimed that he thought the sprint to the pond was easier if one duck-walked.

**Lt. William B. Long**

Phoenix, Ariz.

"10 o'clock men, I'm going to bed."

**Lt. Bennie J. Matusek**

Wharton, Tex.

Let's hit the sack, men!

**Lt. Neil F. Maune**

St. Louis, Mo.

We remember the boy decorator for his eye-blinding, breath-taking, somewhat nauseous jasmine yellow wall in the latrine.

**Lt. David E. Mayer**

Rutherford, N. J.

We've got the **shiniest** floor!





**Lt. William E. Meiter**  
Ellwood, Pa.

"Sure I'm going steady, but . . ."

**Lt. Harry Miller**  
St. Louis, Mo.

Just look at that locker box!

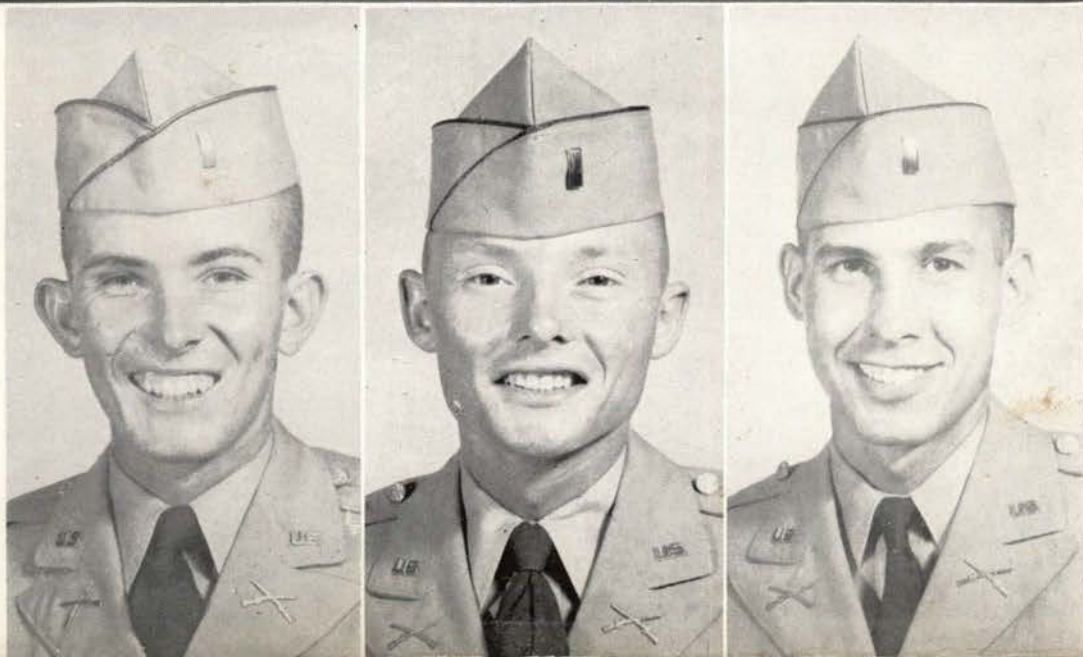
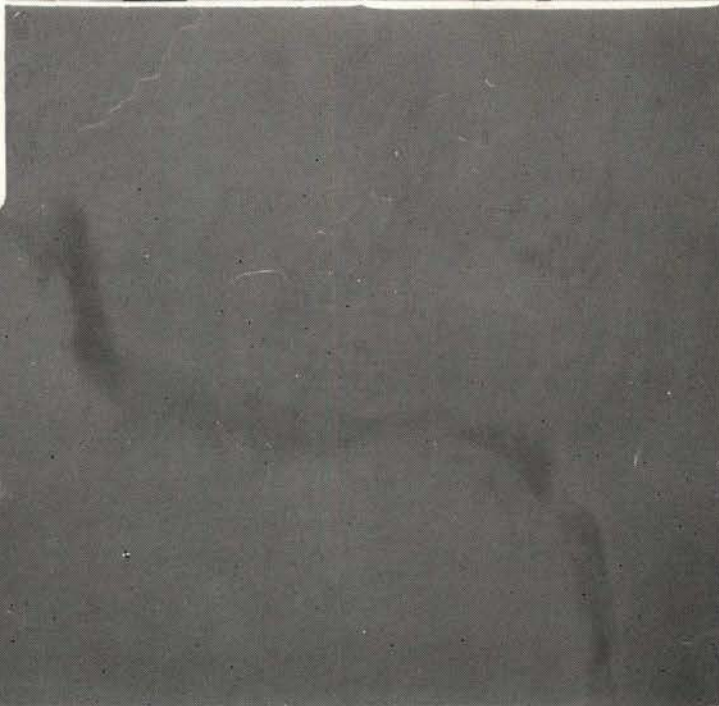
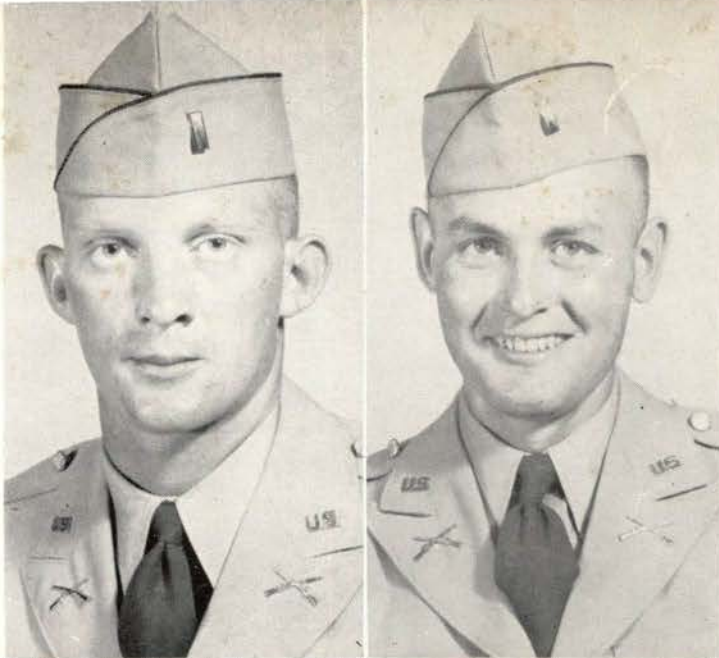
**Lt. John C. Miller**  
Monterey, Calif.

If he can take a "hot rod" up  
Hill "503," he'll be happy.

**Lt. William D. Morgan**  
Sparta, Wis.  
Bow Legs!

**Lt. Myron M. Motsko**  
Plains, Pa.

For all his Russian background,  
"Moscow" swears disappoint-  
ingly little in that dialect.







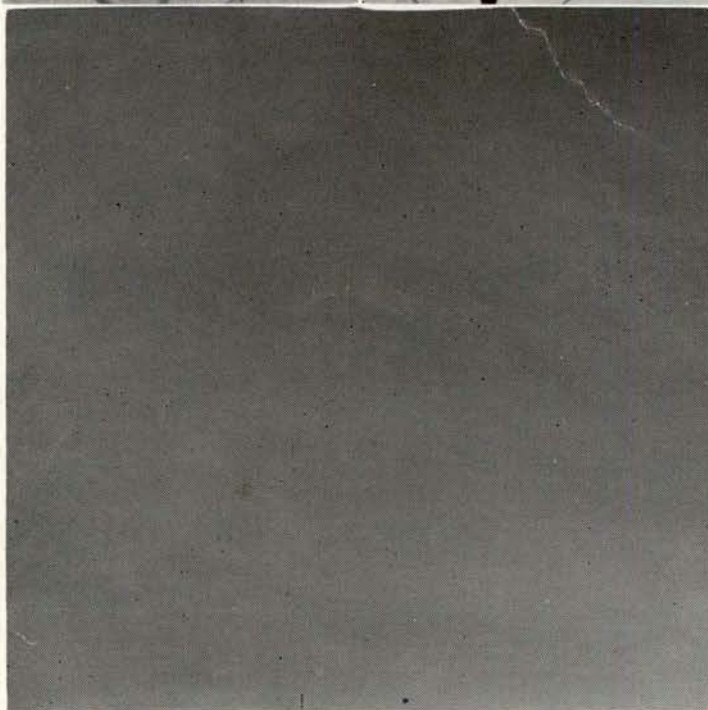
**Lt. Ronald S. McCaul**  
Kalamazoo, Mich.  
But it isn't in the manual!

**Lt. Albert McNair**  
Youngstown, Ohio  
Semper Fi, Mac, Semper Fi.

**Lt. John M. McNitt**  
New Brighton, Pa.  
"I've got four girl friends, but  
they're all married."

**Lt. William G. Nelson**  
Dallas, Pa.  
Take me home again, Kathleen!

**Lt. H. Vaughn Organ**  
Detroit, Mich.  
Candididate Organ, Sir! — A  
condition promoted by horrible  
dreams of command positions.





**Lt. Alvin Ornstein**

New York, N. Y.

It was noon in Russia, So-vi-et!

**Lt. Russell N. Pitts**

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Present Guidons!

**Lt. Wayne J. Prokup**

Mineral, Ill.

"I'm at attention; my fatigues  
are at ease."

**Lt. Galen W. Radke**

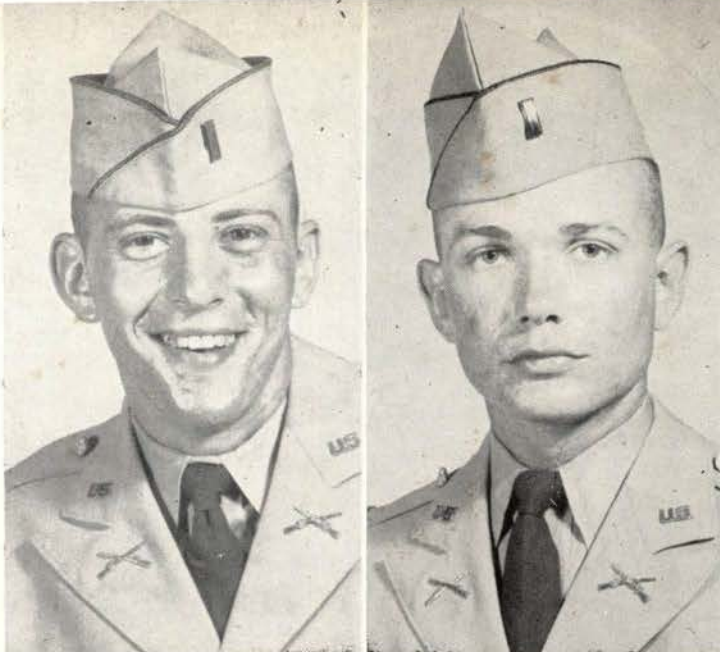
St. Joseph, Mo.

I can always shave in the morn-  
ing!

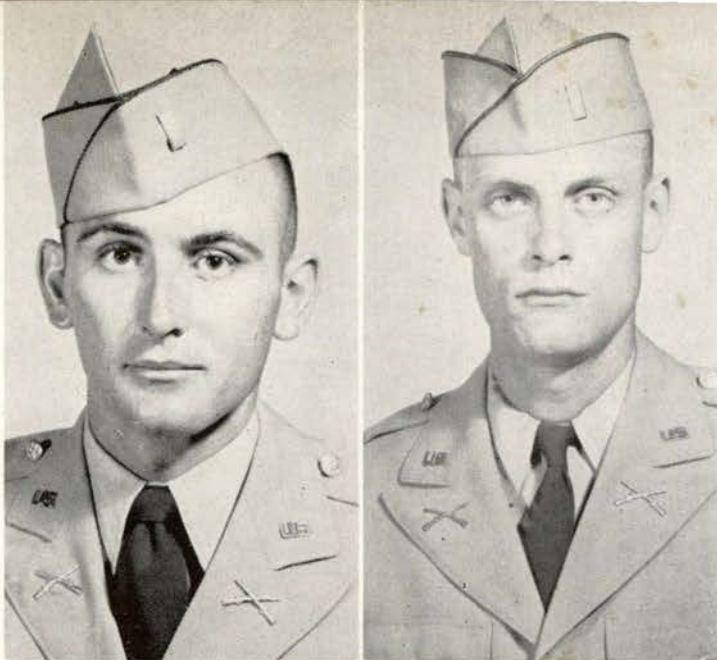
**Lt. William E. Reilly**

Downey, Calif.

My cubicle for a clarinet!







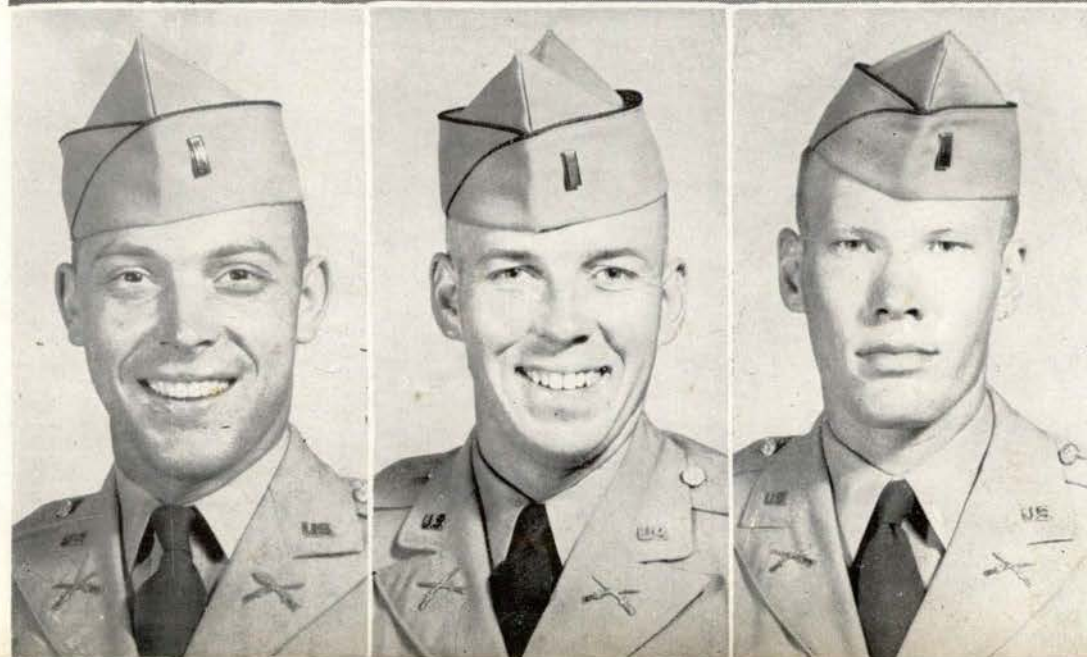
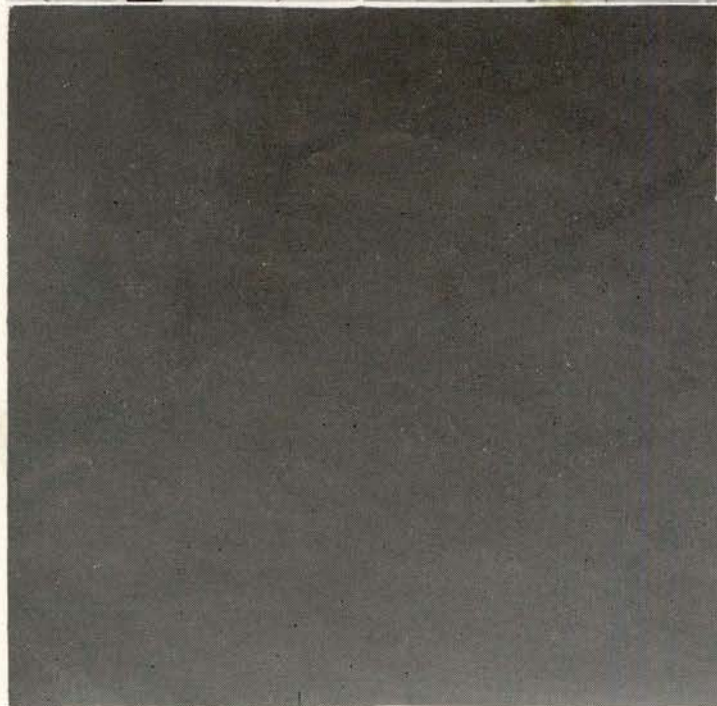
**Lt. John F. Richardson**  
Garwood, N. J.  
Do Lord, Oh Do Lord . . .

**Lt. Albert D. Robinson**  
Rutherford, New Jersey  
Now, men, the T/O and I have  
decided . . .

**Lt. Thomas M. Robinson**  
Gilbertown, Ala.  
Alabama's a gold country.

**Lt. William E. Robinson**  
Oakland, Calif.  
Rust or dust—what's the diff?

**Lt. John N. Russell**  
Watertown, N. Y.  
Big John and Lord Applesby.





**Lt. Robert R. Rutledge**

Portland, Oregon

Come, youngster, FOLLOW ME!

**Lt. Charles L. Sanders**

Evanston, Ill.

Did some one say food?

**Lt. Jack J. Schall**

San Jose, Calif.

Gung Ho, and all that rot.

**Lt. Howard W. Schindler**

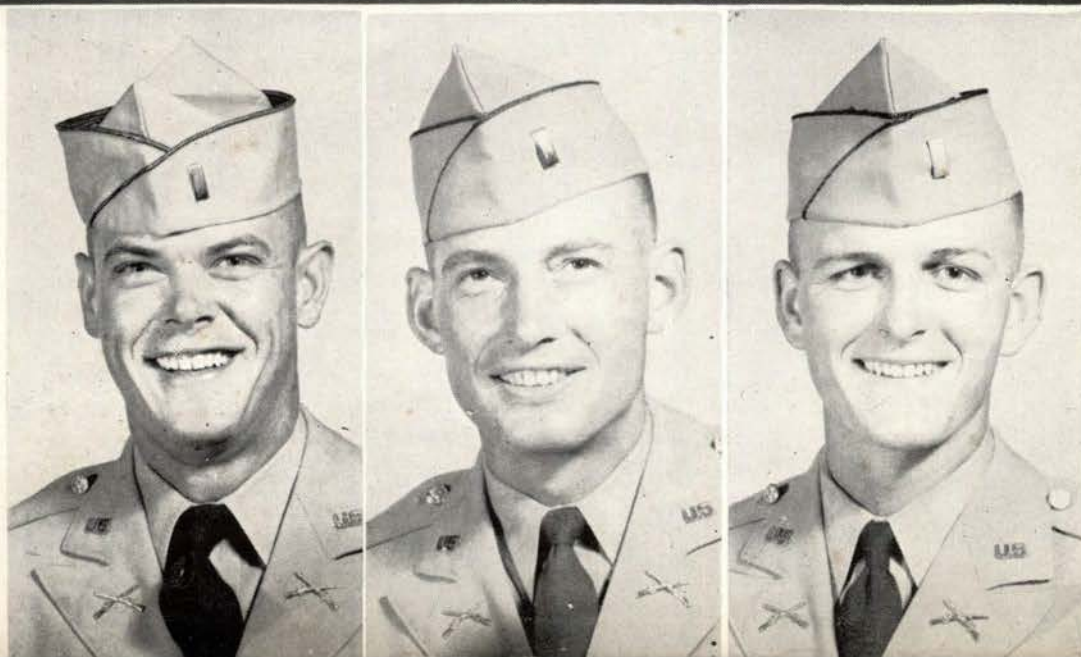
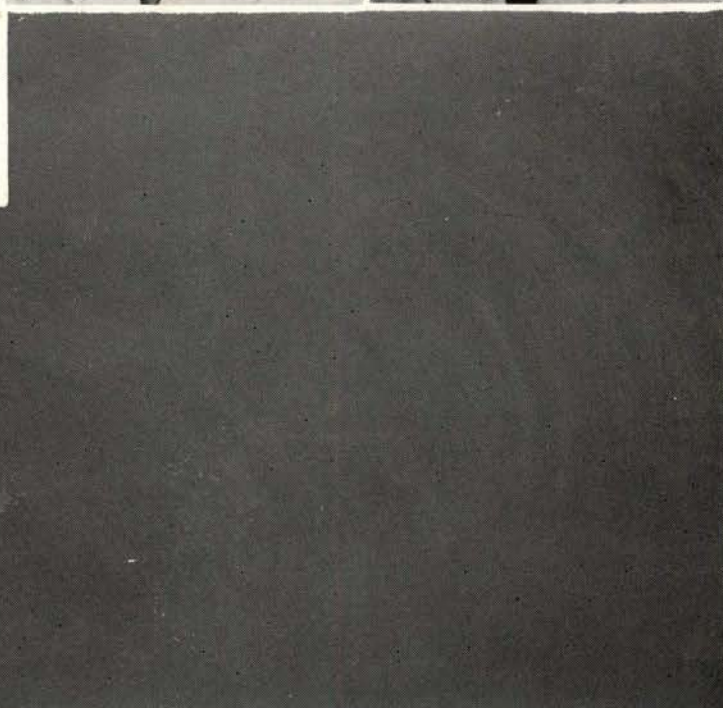
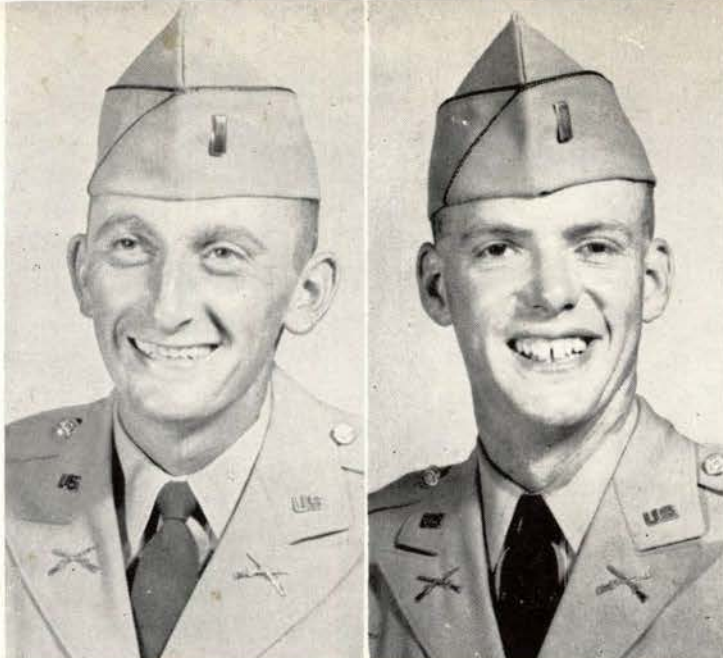
Pasadena, Maryland

I just gotta quit smoking!

**Lt. James S. Scott**

Toppenish, Wash.

"Tiger Jim."







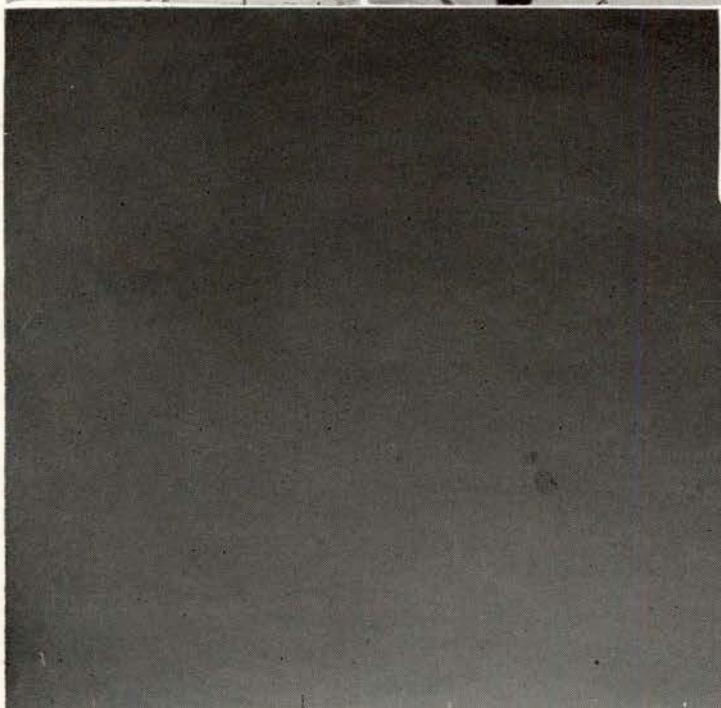
**Lt. T. Segui-Vadi**  
Puerto Rico  
Comrade, it behooves you . . .

**Lt. Wayne E. Shaffer**  
Seven Valleys, Penna.  
Keep calm men; no need for excitement!

**Lt. Robert F. Shea**  
Somerville, Mass.  
The better men are from Boston?

**Lt. Jack Sheets**  
Beallsville, Pennsylvania  
"Sho nuff."

**Lt. Samuel L. Simmons**  
St. Louis, Mo.  
Sir, Candidate Sam.





**Lt. Charles Siragusa**

Houston, Texas

Ex-Maritimer, Grade: "Fog  
Horn" 2nd Class.

**Lt. Paul S. Sisson Jr.**

Seneca Falls, N. Y.

It's in the book!

**Lt. Robert J. Smith**

Swampscott, Mass.

I can study with my eyes closed!

**Lt. William B. Spalding**

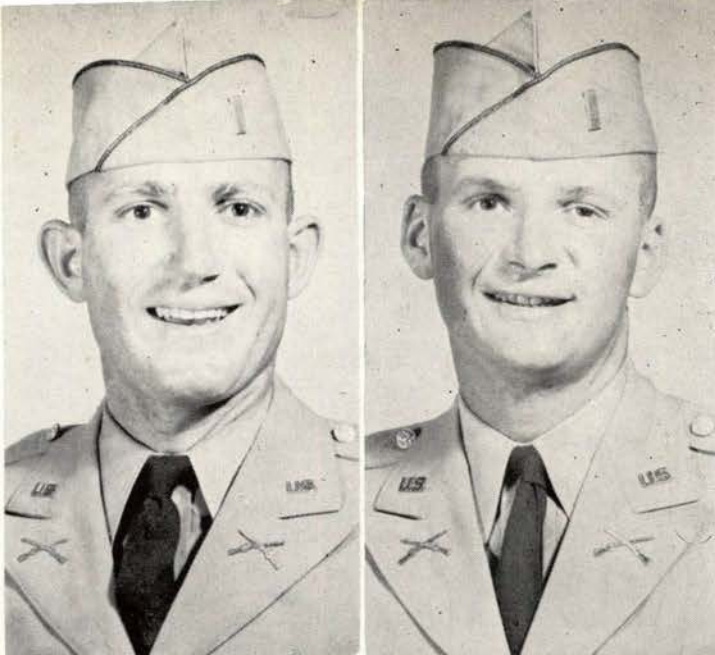
Whitefield, N. H.

At Ease!

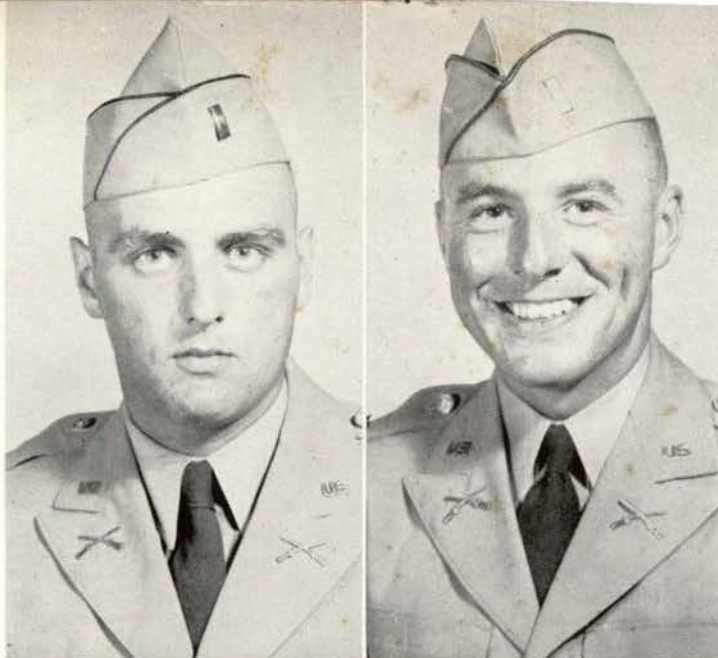
**Lt. James L. Stevens**

San Jose, Calif.

Sirp, Candydate Stevens!







**Lt. Morton A. Sussman**

Fall River, Mass.

Food morning, Candidate Sussman.

**Lt. William G. Swett**

Santa Maria, Calif.

Ole Doc's the Down - Mainer from California.

**Lt. Robert B. Switzer**

Pismo Beach, Calif.

More P. T.?

**Lt. James M. Tajiri**

Chicago, Ill.

Tiger Jim.

**Lt. Claude E. Thibeault**

Hartford, Conn.

An honorable Frenchman and an honorable lover!





**Lt. John E. Trivas**

Trenton, N. J.

The tanks are coming!

**Lt. Harry D. Waldrop**

Easley, S. C.

Hey, Harry! Get up. Huh?

**Lt. Carl Weiss**

Chicago, Illinois

"You shoulda seen the one that  
got away."

**Lt. Richard L. Welch**

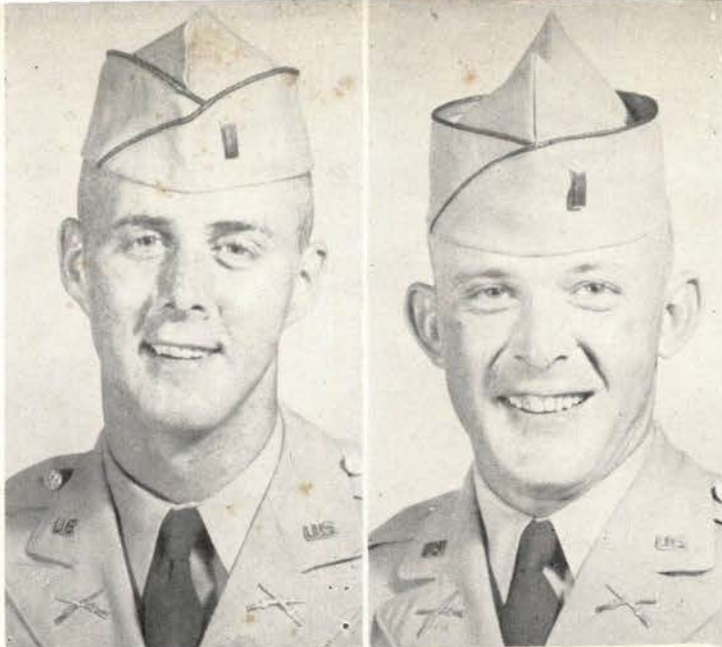
Wellsley Hills, Mass.

Our floor is awful!

**Lt. William O. Wendlandt**

Garden City, Minn.

"Good morning, Morton."







**Lt. Ray T. West**

Hope, Ark.

Well, I'm from near the Ozarks!

**Lt. Joseph Williamson**

Winter Park, Florida

"Good Lord, how do you get up so fast."

**Lt. William J. Willis**

Princeton, Calif.

The offense was unintentional!

**Lt. James R. Wright**

Bonne Terre, Mo.

I'm growing it all back!

**Lt. Charles I. Warren Jr.**

Durham, North Carolina

"We'll all be killed."









COLUMBUS OFFICE SUPPLY CO.  
COLUMBUS, GA.

