



*fficer
andidate
chool*



FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

Officer Candidate School

Class 63

20th OC CO

Ft. Benning Ga.



Dedication

It is only with deep seated pride and manly humility that we dedicate this book to the men of the 20th—for their patience and forbearance, strength and spirit; for sleepless hours and sweat streaked faces. To those who sought, those who labored, those who won their bar of gold, we present . . .

Chain of Command



MAJ. GEN. GUY S. MELOY
Commanding General
The Infantry Center
Commandant The Infantry School



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



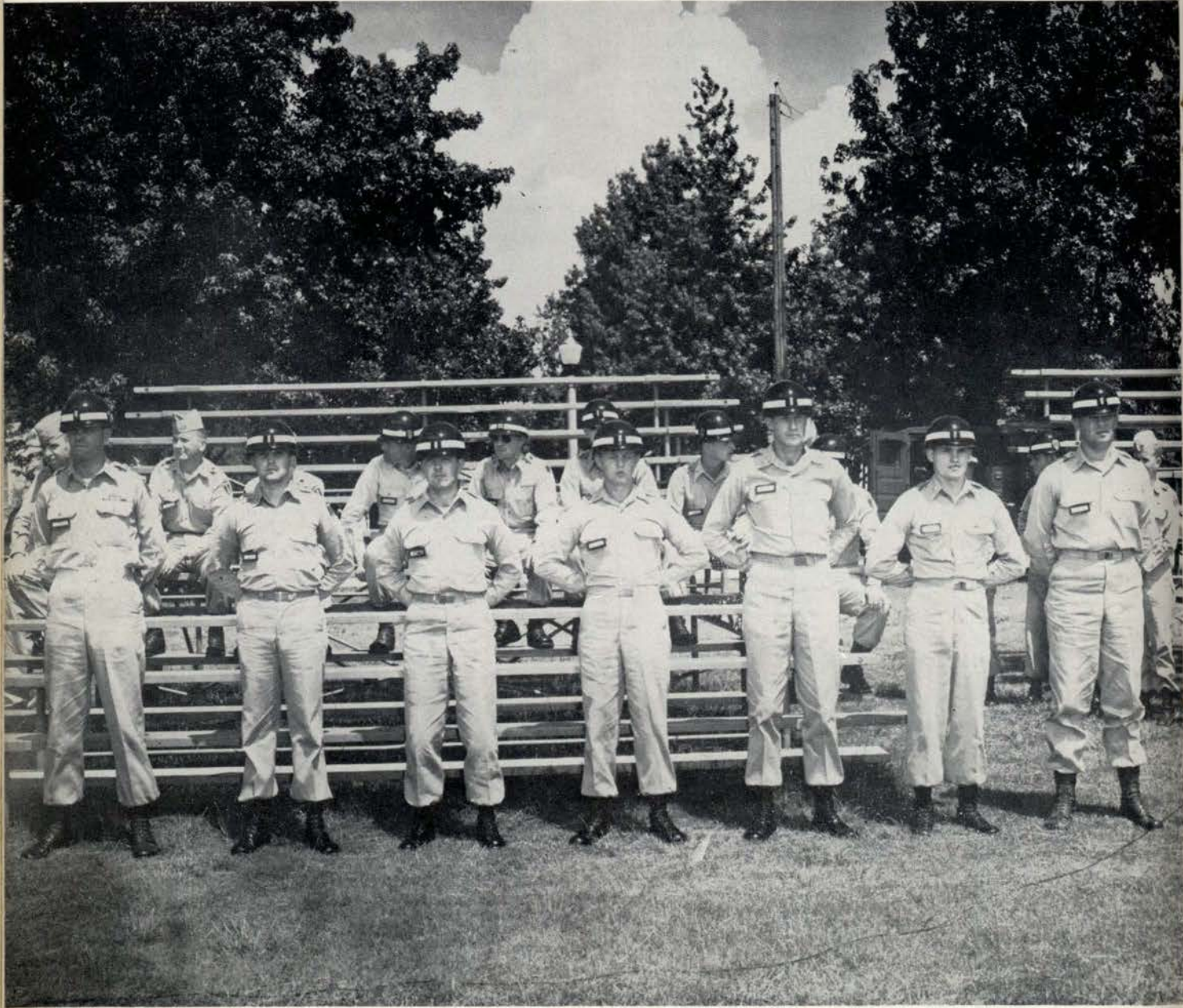
COL. MAX H. GOOLER
Commanding Officer
The School Brigade



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



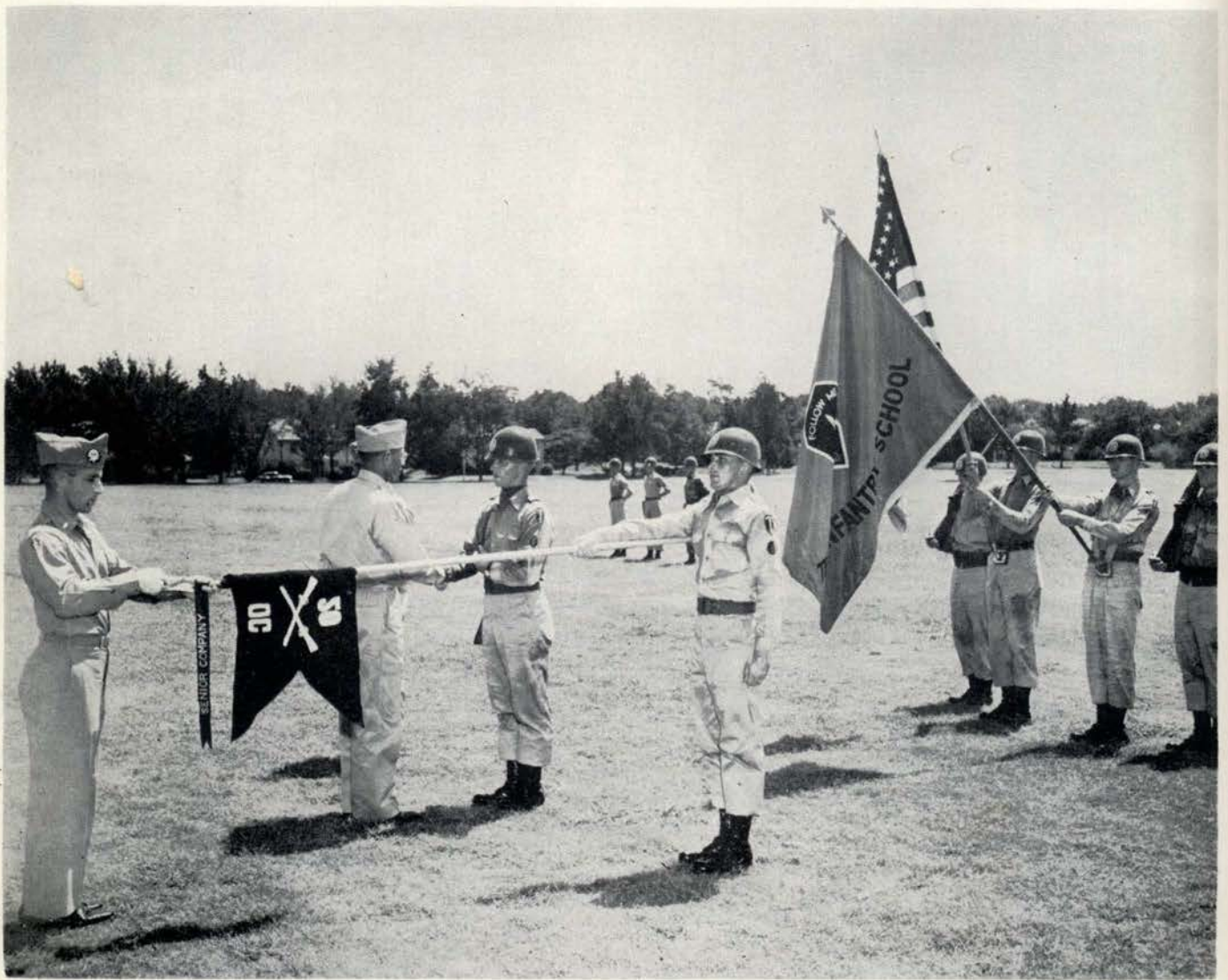
LT. COL. MORRIS J. NAUDTS
Commanding Officer
3d O. C. Battalion



“PA-R-R-RADE, REST!”



WE "63"



The tabs came . . .

*"What do you do in the
Infantry?"*



0527

0528



0529



0530

TRAINING

As military acceleration inevitably follows the outbreak of international hostilities; so in natural sequence follows the demand for combat platoon leaders. Thus was reactivated the Officer Candidate School—an elaborate foundry designed to temper mind and flesh, ultimately pouring the slagless product into an officer's shoes. Hundreds fell out for this formation, with OC #63 dressed and covered.

"Beware the Ides of March" turned out to be the understatement of the year when the men of distinction and rank plotted their first polar coordinate on that sleepless night of 22-23 March 53. With preliminary interrogation temporarily completed, the travel-weary mob "hastened" with aching tonsils to the wooden confines of their new home. As tomorrow's generals, we stood in the midst of utter chaos. We took a long, deep breath, pulled our belts up another inch, and made an estimate of the situation. What follows is the solution which will not soon be forgotten.



*O'er the hills our busses wander
Through the Georgia pines.
Sing ye men of smoke and thunder
Sing of better times.*

*Forward surging, onward urging
Behind and not before—
Give your all without returning
We are men of war.*

*Sing the praise of old Ft. Benning
To the Southland's sky.
Raise a toast of invocation
"Follow me and die!"*

*Bracing ever, smiling never,
Standing tall, tall, tall.
Curse the ground of ancient Dixie—
Die, but never fall!*

RWS



*... and move your men on the busses
Now holding the pin in your left ...
You will see that ...*

— Level



Stripes and curly locks fell by the wayside. Thin, choir boy voices soon changed to emphatic claps of thunder. We quickly learned that double time saves precious moments. We reached for Georgia until our shirtsleeves had to be lengthened. Those seven magic words, "Yes, Sir; No, Sir; No Excuse, Sir" were easy to remember. Cardboard, shoe shine rag, Blitz, wax and polish formed the base of fire element. For attack we were ambidextrous in employing pens, pencils (blue and red), field manuals, and clipboards. Rust was placed in defilade.

What began as an avalanche of seemingly idiotic trivialities was later to manifest itself as a standard formula which systematically and effectively develops leaders of men. In those first few days, we were completely surrounded by aggressor. There were customs and traditions of the Army and the



Rain? Not in Georgia

Up?



A good firing position . . .



Transition



Mortar square?



Chow?



"Even they"



Close to nature



"'s Wonderful"

Officers' Corps to be assimilated. New and intricate SOP fell upon us like a cloudburst from the Georgia skies. Over and over we practiced. Old Doggies learned new tricks. The young ones gritted their teeth and proceeded to assault that tall, tall hill. What seemed years finally ended when the first blow resounded with an empty thump—our first class is tomorrow!

"We had it made after the first eight weeks," at least so we had the misfortune to think. Instead of ten minutes we learned to use five moments as a measuring stick. Each weapon was assembled, disassembled, fired, cared for and cleaned with a fine-tooth comb. We learned that the snatch catch latch assembly follower arm guide plunging spring sear pin camming surface actually performed no organic function, but was merely an innovation by a political patent chaser. We retained such informative tidbits as (1) how many band-aids are TO&E to a reinforced Battalion Aid Station in reserve, (2) the proper interval between latrine screens when properly mounted in the Company Utilities vehicle, (3) what to do with a dirty soldier, (4) spare the push-ups and spoil the candidate.



TO&E



M-1



More rain



"Pineapples, anyone?"



Who's a Tanker?



"Prepare to throw - - -"



Through



Down



Up . . .

In general, the intermediate period was one of kaleidoscopic proportions. The sirens of the "panic button" echoed loud and long, and distribution stood in piles ten feet tall. However, we accepted our mediocrity at face value, and waved "Maggie's drawers" at those myriads of booby traps which guard the great golden bar. Just as numbness began to engulf mind and body, we invaded the pines for a week of "relaxation and rest" under the Rebel stars. Six days and sixteen cases of beer later we emerged 3rd lieutenants, blue tabs et al.

During our last four weeks, instructive criticism of junior candidates was utilized with maximum effectiveness. We found it more than a bit difficult to return salutes properly. The responsibilities and duties of an officer became more evident as graduation day approached. In garrison we became more particular about personal appearance and propriety. We became dust catchers instead of dirt chasers. Uniform fever hit with full force. Post graduation assignments were discussed and dreamt about. "Wedding bells were breaking up that old gang of ours."

As we sit here in Theater #1, with Brass in front and relatives behind, our heads point to the podium and guest speaker. But our minds are recounting those past six months. Each man relives scattered moments when all seemed lost; when he felt like screaming his thoughts 'til they would echo from Columbus to Moscow, from Maine to Cairo, from Tinker to Evers to Chance. But he smiles softly and con-tertedly to himself, proud of his own patience and forbearance. Then follows a faint fear that this is all only one great dream, that soon that shrill whistle will sound, closely followed by the droll words of a 1st sergeant, "20th OC, FALL OUT!" But, as the first man climbs those golden stairs, salutes and grasps the General's hand; then we realize that the climax of 4032 hours of intensive training is soon to be a milestone.



Across



Over

ALERT	CANDIDATES
TYPE AMMO	HE-ANTI TAC
DIRECTION	FUTURE
REFERENCE	FM
TARGET	GOLD BAR
RANGE	22 WEEKS
AT YOUR COMMAND	GRADUATE



"One, ha, ha, Two, ha, ha . . ."



Jason's one-rung ladder



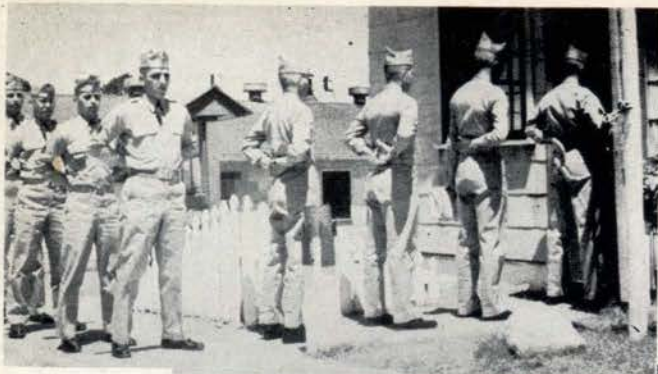
"It's good for you"



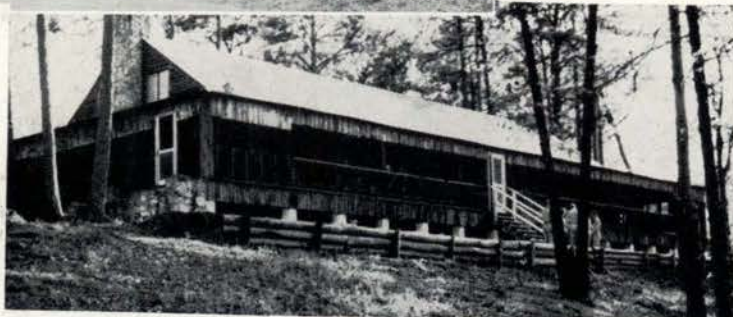
"More chow?"



"44 seconds is 'one solution'"



We signed out



Some were here



Others . . .



To the party

Some were lucky?



Little olympics





Break



Bald



Bushed



Bend



Broadcast



Bad



We cleaned our nails . . .



Watched demonstrations . . .



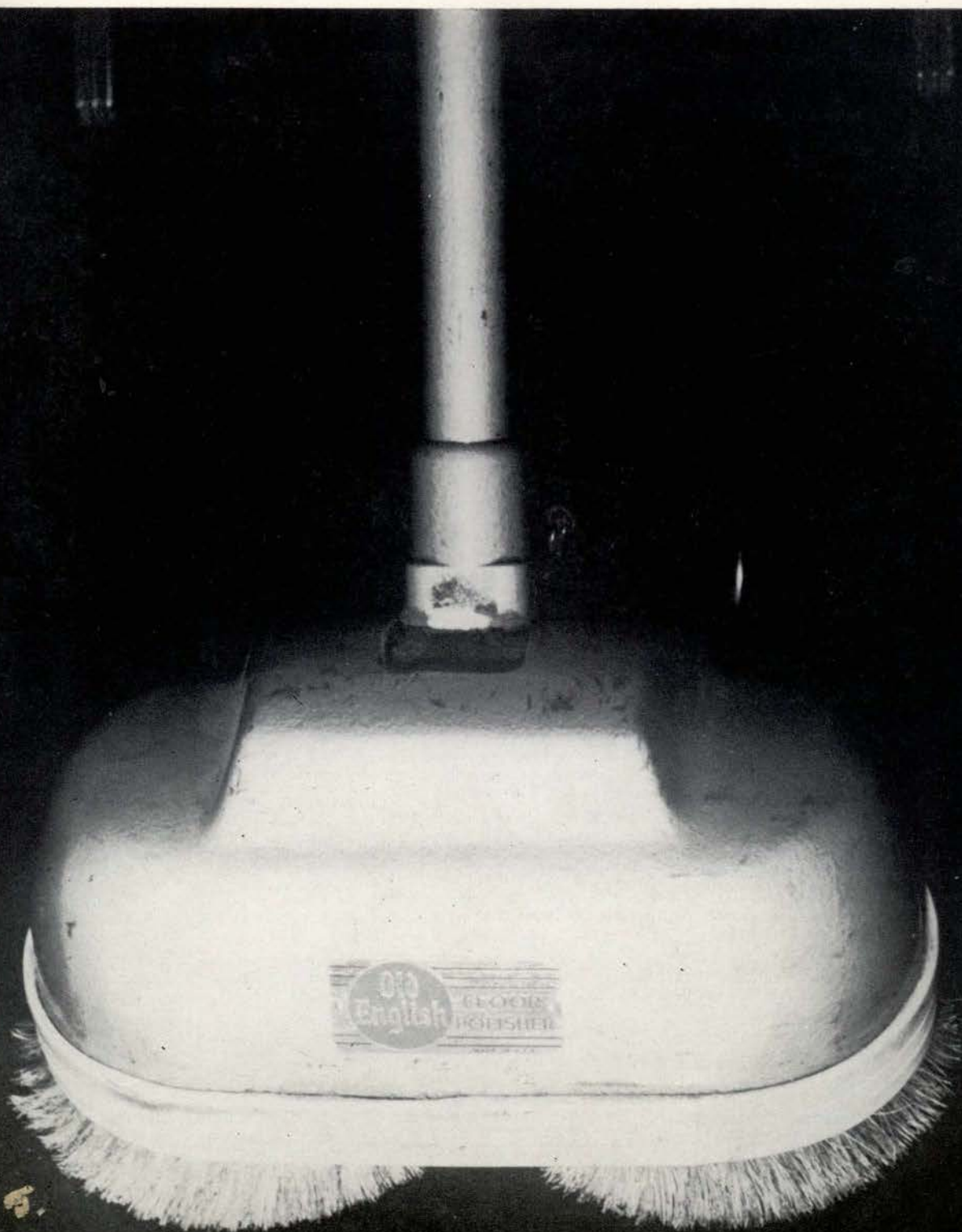
Even had a baby



There were F.L. Inspections . . .



. . . and police calls.



1st PLATOON

STICKS AND CEEGAR CLUB

Lootenant First Platoon, a-tens-HUT . . . R-E-S-T . . . Relax too, because the days of choosing command positions for tactics problems are all over—that word “choosing” really deserved a pair of quotes tac-ed on each end, incidently.

Now that this twenty-two week windsprint is behind us, the chuckles and humor of the Benning School for Boys are the easy things to remember in spite of Victory Pond runs, and squat jumps before lunch for the appetite and the determined efforts of six men so devoted to their job of making life exciting for us. We're glad that those six tactful young men still live in spite of the many predictions to the contrary . . . in fact, but for their constant and never-ending resourceful imagination providing for our continual enthusiasm, this casual and short little synopsis might never have been written. . . . How could so many owe so much to so few?

Remember that first braced line beside the bus when the six little men with white rings around their helmets and the black cloud around their faces got so excited and upset about “sounding off” and the lad that “spit all over me” became our first hero?

And when they assigned you to the first platoon, it's no wonder you were a little confused . . . “Screamin' Mamie” and “Silent Gil” teamed up for a one-two punch that hit you high, low, when you were looking, when you weren't looking and even hit when asleep (the nightmares). Remember the midnight sewing circles with their 100% attendance trying to “Shape up” and “show a little hustle” . . . and the tons of cardboard consumed blocking well nigh everything but the barracks proper and OCS became suspect as the Office of Cardboard Supply. And then they cut our hair and Lt. Zaruba started his cycle-long bucking for warden on local hair raids.

And then there were inspections—when the Lt's found all sorts of things like Gibbons sexy pink shorts, a few cans of shaving cream, a bootful of “shape up” and even a good looking candidate. And the German Security Police, Admirals from the Swiss Navy and darn near everything imaginable inspected the place during the daytime. But remember when Lt. Zaruba blew his tuba about standing at parade rest? And one night there was poor Marv pawing the air with one foot waving and one foot caught with Guder innocently standing at a rigid attention. But after a quick recovery, everyone dropped down for a ripping twenty-five—even tho' the wrong person got caught—which all goes to show that Tac Officers laugh too.

In fact, we all got to the point where we could drop down pretty quickly—But one day Guder dropped down a little too quickly on his footlocker and HE didn't laugh. In fact, he even griped on the II-6 for Failure to Secure Valuables.

And remember those Saturday morning talks on Phenix City . . . and the time Blind Ed descended with forty inches of tapping fury over the dart games candidates had been playing with the sign-out book and pen—probably the only time in the history of the US Army that the CQ was worn out saluting.

But life settled down after a while—we had our fun weekends even tho' Elias griped about the Old Age Benefits Tax. But Garber would always tell us stories—if you wish. Drill and command troubles came and went but for the temporary demotion that Corbett handed Lt. Gilman one day.

Command voice coughs became “the thing” at one time—Harry Bruce took up the command voice crusade and even moaned about his stomach trouble and the I-25 for distracting the troops (although he accepted the offer from the company that makes halloween masks). Guder kept thing humming with his Rolls Royce command voice that never kept them guessing in ranks as to the command.

Then they introduced us to the poison pen—otherwise called buddy reports—but for every “Buddy report,” the great white father had a new floor plan—but then the blast came and the section was maimed and we sure missed those guys at details.

So Harry decided to start the “cooperation movement” and simultaneously started to collect baseball bat handles—but we DID play ball. But Boutilier took the movement to heart—in fact, he even showed up for chow one morning in class “A's” to carry out his weighty responsibilities as head count.

Then came the party—did you say she was your girl? But at least we made much conversation . . . and each young lad did meet lots of new faces . . .

By this time (to the call of O-RRRRrrrrr) many heroes were emerging from their drab and colorless existence. For example ceegars became part of the dreamed-of harrassment uniform came blue tab days. Another favorite came swooping down from heaven—or wherever Tac Officers stay off duty to snatch up a stray helmet liner from under bleachers—or sometimes simply just to give short bits of instruction on “ground-helmet liners” (at normal cadence, as well as by the numbers). Perhaps the greatest day of all came when a feather or two was clipped on the “inspection that almost came.” . . . Lt. Langstaff, gladly did we pull down those tents that day!

But the hero supreme blew through the barracks one Saturday noon and in a tone that Jimmy Cagney would have loved (or was that Peter Lorre?) informed each and all that “I got the Bah—and you guys got the patch . . .” In fact, he strutted around for quite some time—bad habit of drum majors—especially when leading the parade.

Then tactics hit—but dising (or sinking in quicksand as the case may have been) to the situation, Brunner scattered his squad into a diamond formation, the likes of which even the snakes have never seen to become known thereafter by all as “Brunner's Swamprats” (for lack of a printable word). Had Easom been along with him—his job might have been much easier with the aid of a four time CMH winner. For not many miles away, there was the “Load” charging towards the ASP with his trusty AN/PRC-10 at fixed antennae while the “Assistant Load” trudged through the woods with another CMH. But “Killer” Elias had these problems solved cold—in fact, he didn't even get scratched on that bleacher night patrol.

Bivouac came along before we knew it, although we sweated it out for the following weeks and weeks. We found that the grass was not always greener in the other fellow's yard because we had enough to keep it all green—

Yup, those blue tabs sure looked good—and what they didn't do for some people—those poor bewildered Jr. Candidates with the “He was such a nice guy” look in their eyes. . . . And before you knew it, we were full fledged second lieutenants—and, by George, we had a nine inch arm swing.



LT. ALVIN R. ALLEN
"You'd better believe it."

Bob shook a little when he mixed up his dates, but took his time flanking the company as he waved goodbye. Shaving cream fights found him on top—of the shaving cream. As a civilian, he had it made in hometown "Trumanville," Mo.

600 Lakeview
Independence, Missouri

LT. RUSSELL F. ALLEN, JR.
"How tall is she?"

If nothing else, the "loving tanker" has learned the use for paint on mortar rounds although his goal in the army is to fill his tank full of pretzels and beer. He may be small in stature but in bearing he's taller than Adler.

365 Fielding Ave.
Ferndale, Michigan



LT. JAMES R. ANNAL
"Get off my ehah!"

"Carry me back to ole Trieste, that's where the gals warble sweet most anytime; that's where his old soldier's heart am long to go . . ."

North Andover, Massachussetts



LT. CLIFFORD O. BARTLETT
"Now look here, son."

Your old Dad has more war stories than Carter his pills. . . . The only man in the Army who can drive that big black heap and read a field manual at the same time Things have gotta be done right! (The army way.)

5646 Summerall Rd.
Jacksonville, Florida



LT. THOMAS W. BARWICK
"Sir, Candidate Wiseguy, Yessir"

Tom's accomplishments went all the way from winning the Regimental Golf Tourney to starting the "Barwick T-Shirt" fad. Probably the favorite son of the Airborne Department for his "one and only" —he found his at midnight under his helmet liner. "Boots" lent him the panic button, and . . .

5223 22nd St. N.E., Apt. B,
Seattle 5, Washington



LT. JOHN W. BELL
"Did you ever see me waterski?"

Here we have the Florida fish with a built-in belly flop. He dives like a feather and swims like a rock. His favorite pastime is flirting with women, but his one big moment is Joni.

363 Dock Rd.
Closter, New Jersey



LT. THEODORE W. BIGELOW
"Aw Mother, I can't dance!"

At 3 AM: "Harry, look out!—the paint bucket . . . Oh no, the floor!" Most people keep their slings on their rifles but not "Big"—he found his at midnight under his helmet liner. "Boots" lent him the panic button, and . . .

11 Shirley Pk.
Goffstown, New Hampshire

*Thanks for putting the
shirt on my back!
- Lel Bigelow*

LT. RICHARD M. BOUTILIER
"See you in the morning"

"Mr Pushup" will gladly demonstrate at any hectic moment the assembly and disassembly of the M-1 Panic Button. If you watch closely, you may detect a faint resemblance to a Chinese fire drill.

52 Chesbrough Rd.
West Roxbury, Massachussetts





LT. HARRY J. BRUCE
"He's a big eater!"

Harry's favorite directive will someday baffle even the best of trainees. "On my command of AT EASE, STACK ARMS . . . FALL OUT." Even though he plans to be a doctor, "Gershwin" Bruce could compose "20th OC Went Riding Out . . ." and "You Wax the Floor."

Lenoir, North Carolina

LT. JAMES E. BRUNNER
"Oh Myrtle,
I'll never smile again."

"Do you feel run down? Do you have tire marks on your chest?" Join the "Before five" club—Dr. Brunner presiding. If it wasn't for Jim, everyone would be asleep at Reveille.

Leopolis, Wisconsin



*Fuck to you & the
family
Bill Callahan*

LT. GEORGE W. BYRNSIDE
"Now back in Loosiana . . ."

We were always well posted on Louisiana weather—just check Reb's letters from Patsy. You'll find them filed away in FM's 23-25 and 23-32. George maintains Tac Officers will never replace Huey Long.

315 Cherry St.
Lafayette, Louisiana



LT. WILLIAM T. CALLAHAN
"I only got 34 gigs this week
Al . . ."

Mother Hen's favorite pastime is keeping his little chicks awake in class. Cal was RA all the way until he found out it wasn't the Irish Army he had joined to fight England.

401 Kent Rd.
Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania

LT. WILLIAM T. CORBETT
"In sub-paragraph c, paragraph 16, section 1, chapter 4, page 59 of FM 22-5, it clearly states . . ."

Bill is the big quiet man with the command voice that will lift you out of your seat. Will be remembered for his model Drill and Command Classes and his "Sir," my complete is critiqued." Match box inspections are the order of the day.

Route No. 1
Poulan, Georgia



LT. WALTER F. CURNUTT
"Squad Leaders, check your
squads, somebody died!"

Eagerness to cooperate and a pleasant disposition characterize this old Supply Sergeant. "Let me tell you what my boy, Ronnie, did" a byword; "EM have gotta be growled at," a philosophy. Hopes for a transfer to Ordnance after OCS.

Talihina, Oklahoma



LT. JAMES F. DUNN JR.
"Whoop it up"

Spends his Sundays gazing longingly at the jump towers. Operation "Smoothie" ceases in September when a military wedding with Maryann is planned. The change to rip cords should give the handle on the panic switch a chance to cool off

475 Washington St.
Middletown, Connecticut

LT. BRUCE EASOM
"Got it made"

September brings both bars and diapers, when Big Bruce Jr. pops into the world. His easy ways and affable manner help keep the ship afloat no matter who is making waves. The day had to end with a letter to "the wife."

350 Santa Margarita Dr.
San Rafael, California





LT. CLIFFORD E. ELIAS
"What do we do now, punt?"

Tropical Worsteds are NOT authorized off Post, but "Chuck that." Cliff's outstanding soldiering sparkled in spite of the "Company average," and among other things he was "High Register" of Gigs. Bucking for duty as ROTC Instructor (with "jumper badge") at Yale.

329 Oak St.
 Lawrence, Massachusetts

LT. MAURICE L. FOWLER
"The way we did it at Bliss . . ."

Maurice is an all-around athlete and PT specialist. He has a keen humor, but don't mention mess hall cleanup. . . . He seems laughing when serious and often serious when laughing. "Bring on that music, man. . . ."

431 Douglas Avenue
 Fort Wayne, Indiana



LT. RICHARD P. FRANCIS
"Life's too big"

The philosopher of the section, Rich will be remembered for his contributions to command conferences and occasions when ideas were needed. By some magical coincidence, choir practice, PIO meetings, and other demanding appointments seemed to call him away during inspections and details.

828 Huff Avenue
 Manville, New Jersey



LT. CHARLES R. FRASER
"It's the greatest"

Auburn will never replace the Cape although "Chuck" made valiant efforts to drown its standards. "Fraser" filled up the ventilators with the local supply of Posts when Colby finally made the headlines. Topics of conversation varied between women and girls.

146 Pine St.
 No. Falmouth, Massachusetts

LT. EDWIN R. FRENCH
"Are you serious?"

Ted asks, "When are you mediocre soldiers going to shape up?" The only man in line for seconds of sausage patties. His T-shirt same in handy in the care and cleaning of the 75 RR. AOR's are available for "very simple" DD classes.

178 Maine Avenue
 Millinocket, Maine



LT. WILLIAM P. GIBBONS
"Oops, I forgot to shave"

An easy going friendly Bostonian who managed by sheer drive to roll out of bed at the three minute-twenty second signal. Bill started a campaign for a bus line to the golf links on Sundays and an appropriate PM.

527 Canton Street
 Islington, Massachusetts



LT. DONALD E. GUDER
"Illegitimi non corborandum"

Late to bed, late to rise, Don kept us laughing and distracted even while sleeping in the standing position. His stories are legend in the assembly and disassembly of "People I have known." "But fellows, the driver said we could smoke!"

79 Parkwoods Rd.
 Plandome, New York

LT. ROBERT J. LAWLESS
"Rub 'em together a little harder"

Well remembered for his inimitable "sleeve-wiggling" salute and his frequent run-ins with instructors expecting candidates to sound like foghorns. And for some reason he played Pied Piper when we "moved out on the Terrain" . . .

Cliff Avenue Extension
 Byram, Connecticut





LT. FRED H. OLSEN

"C'mon you guys"

Fred established himself on Senior Status Parade—in fact, he walked right into it as adjutant. Even his old five star boss would have been proud of him. If we only had a drill team here. . . .

P. O. Box 176
Flatonia, Texas



"Now, men, CG does not stand for college graduate."



"I feel sick."



"Sir, Candidates Incognito."



2nd PLATOON

BIG TWO BALD EAGLES

On a bleak rainy 23d of March, I first passed through the portals of Fort Benning Main Post. I hesitantly inquired of a nearby M. P. as to the direction of the Harmony Church area. It raised some speculation in my mind as to why the name Harmony was given this area. The weighty problem is still unresolved. I embarked on a rather winding route, destination, my "home away from home," 20th O. C. Co.!!! Then began 22 weeks in which I think you will be interested.

My initial orientation was short and sweet.

I was told by a kindly Tactical Officer that I would be addressed as candidate—and that I should stand nice and tall to better breathe this fine Georgia air, and also that it would be nice if I would jog in the company area to build up my appetite. He suggested ("Get the h— out of here Candidate") that I hustle to the second platoon and start becoming one of the big happy family. Did I say Big! . . . It was. After Candidate Jutz, the man whom I was to report to, coaxed me out of the corner I was in, I saw big ones, small ones, tall ones, short ones, dressed ones, semi-dressed ones and undressed ones all running around in mass confusion. This was the second platoon? The thought hideously went through my mind, "You were never cut out to be an officer, Private!!"

What is it that made the second platoon, the second platoon? Obviously it was the men. It is my purpose in this writing to tell you about the humor and the tears of the "Bald Eagles."

Here is a typical day in the second platoon:

The peace and pleasant tranquility of the early morning is broken only by the assorted pitches of many snoring candidates; then it happens . . . bells ring—whistles blow—horns sound—the lights go on—and a hideous voice, "Get up, Candidates!!!" The snores continue.

First man out of bed is that streak of fire, Candidate Tom O'Neill, closely followed by get up and get out, fast, speedy Leo McKeon. On the lower floor Candidate Huebler is up and running and Candidate Jutz is still snoring. From out of the depths of the black night comes the sound of a whistle. "Eeeh what a sound," and the words "20th O. C., five minutes." It is now that the big "two" makes its move. Among all the hustle and bustle everything is calm and serene, outwardly. But is it? The hint of panic is there as we see Candidate Klauss lather up his ear. Candidate Munns is going through the morning ritual of savagely putting his left boot on his right foot. The whistle blows again, "20th O. C., fall out." Have you ever seen 27 men asleep on their feet—at a brace, yet? The next fifty minutes we shall mercifully omit from this report. It was during this hour that we became the "Hardened killers."

We see the Second Platoon on Police Call. Candidate Helms is having a debate with Candidate Langan on the question of whoatous pickitonus upus matichatus stickmus. Candidates Mathis and Porter are seen slipping back into the barracks to put the finishing touches on their cubicle.

We next see 20th Company winding their way through the maze of bottle openers, bath towels, paint brushes, tooth-paste—and any other equipment concerned with Logistics. Oh! What bright smiling faces, what's this! Candidate Peterson catching forty winks, eighty you say. . . . "Sir! Candidate Murray, six kitchens organic to the Post Hole digging and tree Surgeons section of the Botony Platoon, Yes Sir!"

Ten minute break, Ice Cream truck outside, look out! There goes Candidate Kupau, first in line again. Our next hour, physical training. "Why didn't I go on Sick Call? Candidate Lamphere scored 425!! You're crazy. What is he, another Mathias???"

There goes Candidates Kennon and Owens trying to tell us Yankee boys all the fine points of the South; but, personally, we think the whole south . . . is O. K.

Back to class and here we have Candidate Newton working on Air Transportability, 356 center of gravity? 1562472 moments in an hour times the center of gravity, 363 times the time of day! 1035 times the planes weight equals you don't know! Who does?

Lunch time, hot dogs! "C" rations, Ugh! They can't do this to me. "Anyone want hamburger patties? You do!! Good deal. You have sausage patties? Wise guy, huh!" And so the afternoon passes practically in repetition of the morning.

Back in the barracks we see Candidate Hillman swinging from pillar to post, highly polished linoleum you know. After chow we return to the quiet ordinary evening. Nothing to do but lounge around and polish floors or go to Victory Lodge, or spit-shine shoes, or polish canteens. What do you think we did? "You win."

With laundry in hand we find Candidate Mix off to make another payment on Blumberg's mortgage. Back in his cubicle is Candidate McKnight mumbling to himself, "Who wants idiot sticks? I am a Tanker." And at the same time Candidate Macuk can be heard to say, "All right Candidates line up for food. Hit a brace in this line Candidate!!"

Food—Candidate Hawes, No thanks, have to do my push-ups, another athlete no doubt. About this time Candidate Pardo is hard at work on his rifle. "Rust on this piece, naw, where's the 11 & 6 forms?" Says Candidate Lobrano, "I've been filling out Two and Six forms a nigh on to six months and believe me—I'm sick of it." From the bathroom (Latrine) comes a hideous shriek of anguish, Candidate Kroeger informing the Regiment that we have cold showers. Enters the Charge of Quarters, counting rifles and heads, feet and arms. Once again the second platoon glides into the arms of Morpheus and the peace and tranquility of the night is broken only by the sound of snoring candidates.

If we are good officers, and we believe we will be it will have been due to the efforts of two men, Lts. Vanek and Zaruba, whose prime functions were to amuse—inspect—instruct—counsel—guide—advise and control the second platoon. To these two men (at times our worst enemies and best friends) we owe what we are and what we hope to be, as officers in the United States Army.



LT. HARRY HAWES
"The chick"

Larry, with great exuberance, Hawes hails from Michigan. He too is a "Joe College" who is always running here and sounding off there, especially in ranks. In all he's a swell guy whose heart is with his "Chick" and his memories are of college days.

1212 Jackson St.
 Albion, Michigan

LT. CREIGHTON R. HELMS
"Just for kicks"

Creighton, our fast talking friend from the Windy City, keeps us in high spirits with his quick and everready comebacks. An asset to the service and a welcome friend, Creighton has given much to make our tour with O. C. S. one long to be remembered.

14546 Halsted St.
 Harvey, Illinois



LT. CHARLIE D. HILLMAN
"In addition to what already has been said"

Only candidate to agree with that certain Tactical Officer ("Viva") that the second platoon needed extra bayonet training. On a holiday yet!! I wonder why? Charlie was last seen heading for Lippit Field at high port, with bayonet fixed!!

P. O. Box 144
 Altamonte Springs, Florida



LT. CARLTON HIGH
"You can't win 'em all"

"Buddy" is a hard working, fast talking, lady loving sort of fellow. He's a great mixer and a party lover. Many a night he spends bending someone's ear to his past experiences as a rah, rah, college boy. His motto is "Girls Beware!"

2741 S. W. 12th St.
 Miami, Florida



LT. EUGENE J. HUEBLER
"You bet your life"

"Jarrin' Jack," the genial toastmaster of 20th O. C. Co. said, "I'll take O. C. S., II to 6. I'm from Milwaukee and I ought to know." As I left him he was beginning to deliver a few thousand well chosen words on the joys of married life.

4621 S. Lake Dr.
 Cudahy, Wisconsin



LT. DONALD G. JUTZ
"Give me Blatz, Blatz, Blatz"

Don, the Airborne's gift to the Infantry, pines to return to the blue. But we wager the infantry will chime, "No can do." For we know no branch would want to lose a prize so rare, yet "smooth." Good Deal!

312 N 36th St.
 Milwaukee, Wisconsin



LT. CHARLES L. KENNON JR.
"Suh, Candidate Kennon!"

In Dixie he was born, on a cold and frosty morn. A real gentleman to the core, a scholar and soldier too. When asked who won the War, he swears it wasn't the blue.

2160 S.W. 13th St.
 Miami, Florida

LT. GEORGE J. KLAUSS JR.
"Creight you're a jewel"

George Klauss—the boy with the million dollar smile and the vibrating tonsils. His shining personality is only matched by his highly polished boots. One of the more pleasant sounds of barracks life, is "Mr. Tolst's" voice serenading the light of his life.

74 Laurel Ave.
 Irvington, New Jersey





LT. JAMES K. GROGER
"Hello, R.A."

If ever a man completes O. C. S., Candidate Kroeger will. For one just out of the frozen tundra of Alaska, he's made a wonderful classmate. His one great fear is not battle, but blue beetles. An "A" O. R. is better than a month in Columbus. A demerit would destroy his soul, but a compliment would restore it.

Flandreau, South Dakota

LT. RICHARD A. KUPAU
"The best thing my wife ever did was to marry me"

Dick (Judo expert) Kupau's wife, Lucille, his judo cortortions, and his home in Honolulu comprise his chief topics of conversation. Being from Hawaii, he gets a lot of ribbing as "Pineapple Head," but he just threatens to change his "Buddy Reports" and we clam up.

2424 Rose St.
Honolulu, Hawaii



LT. HOWARD W. LAMPHERE
"The Reservation was nothing like this"

"Athletic Bill," the speeding Mohecan is the Nutmeg's State's gift to O. C. S. He's nuts too. We mean he's nuts about a certain young married girl . . . er, his wife, Dot, that is.

R.F.D. No. 1
Uncasville, Connecticut



LT. JOHN J. LANGAN
"The first 22 weeks are the toughest"

"Little John" hails from the Bronx, not Brooklyn. John's likeable personality has gained him many friends, and, from what we understand, a very particular one—Mela.

2973 Harding Ave.
Bronx 61, New York

LT. ALEXANDER F. LOBRANO
"Yeah, I was accepted in Naval O.C.S."

"Sandy" acted as point man in the first reconnaissance patrol to Auburn, and his little black book, turned out to be another 22-5. It's rumored that "Suave Sandy" supplements his canteen, water, M-1945. . . . Alaska, Ivy league.

325 Bedford Road
Chappaqua, New York



LT. DAVID A. MACUK
"We eat tonight"

A stomach Steinway-Virtuoso from Carnegie Hall, Prof. Dave would rather squeeze an accordion than an M-1 rifle. "O. K., Chowhounds, I can't put this food in my laundry bag." The second section will be eternally grateful that the Ukranian baker came to O. C. S.

5-15 Bergen Ave.
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

LT. DON R. MATHIS
"That's the way the ball bounces"

The second section synchronizes its watches every evening by the lonesome cry, "Let's get those lights out," from the genial preacher. Don's broad background, which ranges from "smoke jumping" to being an ordained minister, gives him a mature outlook and compliments his friendly and energetic character.

419 S. 12th East
Salt Lake City, Utah



LT. LEO J. McKEON
"I'll bite Sir, Why not?"

Leo is a transplanted Boston-Baked bean who wants to get back to the pot. Outstanding position: principal instructor of the buffer committee. Leo excels before the group, telling stories in his distinctive droll manner.

67 Commonwealth Rd.
Watertown 72, Massachusetts





LT. DON A. McKNIGHT

"I'll bite, where is it?"

"Big Don," loaned to the Benning Boy's school by the tankers up at Knox, winces visibly during tank-destroying instruction, and is hoping the Geneva Convention will outlaw the "3.5." Favorite expression: "I'll take my foxhole with me."

107 Cimarron Dr.
Rochester 20, New York

LT. CHARLES J. MIX

"At ease, Candidate"

Tom Mix, the walking grocery store, keeps the starving second section well supplied with after-hours calories. The second platoon's permanent road-guard owes disposition more to height than inclination, but takes this along with everything else, in his stride (Double-time).

Oldham Street
Pembroke, Massachusetts



LT. WALTER E. MUNNS

"I'm all right, O.K."

Here we have a bundle of energy with lots of places to use it; a lover without a woman. A traveler who can't get out of the company area. "This year Ocean City Beach will miss its bronze God," so he says.

507 Devon Rd.
Haddonfield, New Jersey



LT. WILLIAM C. MURRAY

"Tell you what I'm going to do"

"Big Bill," Mr. Field Manual of "63" is the only man in the section never at a loss for words—except when confronted by a certain tall Tac Officer. Bill sometimes longs for the good old days when he had it made back at Fort Ord.

2185 Hayes St.
San Francisco, California

LT. RICHARD H. NEWTON

"That's a real one"

Freeport's gift to 20th Company forms a spiritual pillar of strength among the embryo 2nd John's of the "Big Two." When things get rough, Newt revives himself by a long look at Cordie's picture, often muttering incoherently, "Home was never like this."

75 Church St.
Freeport, Long Island, New York



LT. THOMAS R. O'NEILL

"Don't walk on my floor"

Airborne Tom, the only man never to have stepped on his cubicle floor—"time to get up, Newt"—will probably present his wife, Mae, with a buffer when he gets back to the "City of Brotherly Love."

1845 E. Ontario St.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



LT. DANIEL M. OWENS

"That sounds like a Yankee talkin"

"Dangerous Dan" has been voted the man most likely to bend the pull-up bar. Dan keeps cool and is an expert buffer commander in center aisle crew drill. Derogatory remarks about Dixie from the Yankees upset him a trifle.

98 Church St.
Charleston, South Carolina

LT. BENJAMIN A. PARDO

"Did I have any mail?"

"Benevolent Ben" appears to be the perfect prototype of the scholar. In reality he turned out to be the bull of the squad. Like Sampson, Ben also had his locks shorn, and we know of a certain Dillah at Auburn who wasn't too impressed.

Glen Cove
Long Island, New York





LT. MERRILL T. PETERSON
"He doesn't show me a thing!"

Mr. Drill and Ceremonies, who recently received an "A" O. R. for his part in combined operations— "Stork" (results: baby girl, F-6 1-2 lbs., limited standard). If singled out for just one distinctive characteristic, it would have to be his superior military bearing.

753 S. 7th East
 Salt Lake City, Utah



LT. HUGH A. PORTER
"Sir, Candidate Porter"

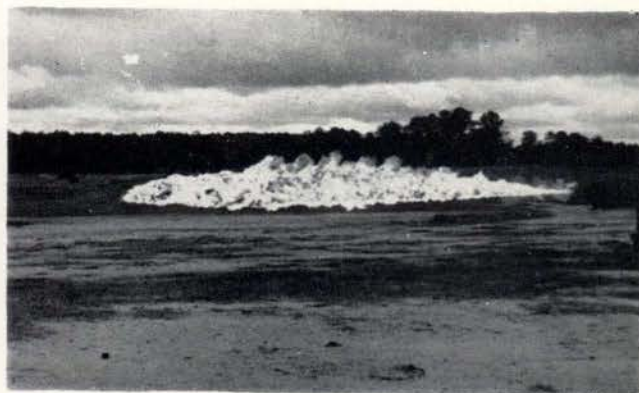
"No, I don't think I will go to Auburn. I have fifty for the week." Al says there is always another weekend. "I am really going to soldier." "Rust you say, Sir?"

Well, maybe next weekend.

Niagara Falls, New York



B-A-S-S



Liquid death!



Anyone for golf?



3rd PLATOON

"THE TURTLES"

We came from everywhere—north, south, east and west; cities and towns. Tankers, doggies, M. P.s, paratroopers—you name it, we had 'em. Six months later we were one.

It all started one long night in March. Patches were located on the military crest. . . . Anybody have a dollar bill? Name tags were diligently guided to their designated areas by the incoming company's guide . . . some were sewn two or three times . . . had a bad habit of falling off, especially while going through the chow line in the field . . . spit shine shoes at night, and a few hours later spit shine floors; then, minutes later . . . "20th OC five minutes to PT! RIGHT FACE! DOUBLE TIMMME!" Another day in the life of "Just Plain Bill."

After we caught our breath we took an estimate of the situation. . . .

1. MISSION

The mission of the 3d Platoon, 20th OC Company is to move west on Eighth Division Road, prevent unnecessary delay of 20th OC Company and to protect against surprise by Tactical Officer ground action.

2. SITUATION AND COURSES OF ACTION

a. Consideration affecting the possible courses of action:

- (1) The following are the characteristics of the area of operations; Pine Mountain area is the critical terrain feature in the area of operations. Observation is generally restricted to the two piece bathing suits displayed in the general vicinity of the lake. There is concealment in the wooded draws on both sides which offers us an excellent beer drinking location.
- (2) There are three other important terrain features—Victory Lodge, Columbus Room and Chads. All present good observation but just fair fields of fire.
- (3) The weather is clear and Hot . . . HOT . . . I spell, HOW OBOE TARE, HOT!!

b. Enemy capabilities:

- (1) The enemy can defend now in present position—orderly room—with six divisions.
- (2) The enemy can withdraw now from present position to Columbus.
- (3) The enemy can attack now anywhere along our front, rear or flank, with all six divisions simultaneously.

c. Own courses of action:

- (1) Attack now with shoes sparkling, floors waxed to a high gloss, clean, pressed, starched fatigues, hair 1/4th inch in length and rifles free of rust.
- (2) Withdraw east along Eighth Division Road covered by "Head and Head."

3. ANALYSIS OF OPPOSING COURSES OF ACTION

a. Course #1

- (1) If the enemy defends now in his present position, the attacking platoon—3d Platoon will be attacking platoon (there are too many of you)—can move along 20th OC Co. street without drawing too much fire from the enemy if we move on the double. We will have advantage of surprise. The platoon has a good chance of succeeding although undoubtedly there will be some casualties in the assault of the enemy positions.
- (2) If the enemy withdraws—this he will do only under the cover of darkness—3d Platoon will be able to move to Pine Mountain and establish a strong point.
- (3) If the enemy attacks now, frontally, the whole company will meet the attack. If he attacks from the right flank, the 1st Platoon will meet the attack. If he attacks from the left flank the 3d Platoon will be committed. If he attacks from the rear the 2d Platoon will defend our position.

b. Course #2

Withdraw through Head and Head. It will cause a tremendous lift in the enemy's morale and he will be better able to cope with succeeding companies that replace us.

4. COMPARISON OF OWN COURSES OF ACTION.

Advantages are certainly with the 1st course of action. The disadvantage of withdrawal is that of humiliation and permanent KP in Division Rear.

5. DECISION

Who: 20th OC Company led by 3d Platoon.

What: Attack now making our way along Eighth Division Road toward the Main Theater.

When: Now.

Where: Along Eighth Division Road.

How: Shined boots, waxed floors, clean, pressed, starched fatigues, rustless rifles, hair 1/4th inch in length, and "as prescribed."

Why: To seize Gold Mine at the Main Theater.

While we were making an estimate of the situation and drawing up preliminary plans we prepared for the attack by taking refresher courses. "Far above the Chattahoochie and the Upatoi . . ."

First the M1 . . . it rained; then the Carbine . . . it might as well have rained.

"Take Down Your Service Flag Mother . . ."

The AR . . . A lot of Experts. Machine Gun . . . rapid, not cyclic, Candidate! Ice Cream truck TO&E. "Said the Little Red Hen, to the Big Rooster . . ."

Mortars . . . Wake that man up! Good deal! Reckless rifles came next . . . Water, water—nowhere!

To insure better morale among the men we threw a party and invited women. . . . "The Game Was Played on Sunday . . ." and then the rains came, but . . . "I don't care If It Rains or Freezes—"

"In the Pines, in the Pines, Where the Sun Never Shines . . ."

Preparing for the main attack we knew that we would meet strong enemy resistance so we had to review some defensive tactics . . . using the democratic method we will now pick a volunteer to give us his solution. . . . What are you going to do now Candidate, pull the chain?

The operations order was finally issued by Lt. 3d Platoon to his men . . . "Wine, Wine, Wine, Elderberry . . ." Est en Div spt by Pl's. En capable of atk at any hr from any dir. Indications are that en will strike 3d Plt psn continually.

3. (a) 1st Section . . . Who can tell me? Who knows? Ha! Ha! Ha! Baxter Boy!

(b) 2nd Section . . . Fall out for chow! Column of files from the right.

(x) Both sections will comprise the drill team and deploy their sections as the situation dictates.

4. Available supply rate one case Traffic Wax per floor per week.

5. (a) Air-grd ident of fwd elm . . . Duty officer is in the 2d Plt.

(b) CP loc in the boiler room.

* * *

Then we attacked. We suffered many casualties but the main body was successful in reaching and seizing the Main Theater. The 3d Platoon carried the brunt of the attack . . . "Follow me!"



LT. FRANCIS K. PRICE
"One-ha, ha. Two-ha, ha. Three—"

Micro in stature, but undisputed possessor of the mustard gas voice, "mighty mouse" is every millimeter a man. The "minute one" specializes in stretching exercises, button pushing, and push-ups. Tarzan's chimp has nothing on this toy. Where's that organ grinder?

4323 18th St., N.E.
 Washington, D. C.

LT. WILLIAM A. PRITCHETT
"If ONLY I was back at School!"

"Pritch" really misses the gay life and gray flannels at Miami of Ohio. "Anyone else restricted this weekend?" A US in name AND service number, he helped "Slus" eat that fried chicken. "Who's going to Pine Mountain?"

2315 Woodburn
 Middletown, Ohio



LT. GEORGE S. READ
"Old golfers never die, they just lose their . . . (equipment)"

A past master of traveling salesmen jokes, "Dirty George" is just a New England duffer at heart. After many tedious hours of grueling interrogation under the bright lamp, the "filthy one" finally revealed his source of jest—FM 22-5.

51 North Avenue
 Richford, Vermont



LT. TOM F. REESE, JR.
"I live in the LAST house"

From the land of tall tales and sagebrush comes another patron saint of the Alamo. A native of Dallas and a graduate of SMU, "Big Tom" plans to cajole the Texas court juries in the sweet bye-and-bye.

6665 Lakewood Blvd.
 Dallas, Texas

LT. MAXIE O. REDIC, JR.
"I give"

"What kind of legs don't bend" The walking, talking FM 22-5, "Max" is Airborne all the way. He stands up, hooks up, and prepares to go to bed. "Okay, time for the panic button—who's going to push it?"

Box No. 43
 Lydia, South Carolina



LT. RICHARD A. RENZICK
"Are you kidding?"

"Are we running tomorrow?" With law on his mind, the Yankees in his heart, the lean New Englander double times to Hourglass, and doesn't get over it until noon. He holds down a table at Victory: "Who wants a beer?"

58 Calhoun Street
 Torrington, Connecticut



LT. ROBERT A. RITSCH
"It ain't easy!"

Bob, butterfly chaser and tree surgeon, is a tall standing, slow talking Virginian. Has eyes only for a fair-eyed Virginian belle. "Anything good is from Virginia." Many excursions to Pine Mountain caused raised eyebrows. "I just came to look."

R.F.D. No. 1
 Clearwater Park, Virginia

LT. WILLIAM K. ROEHRICH
"Cut it out, will ya"

"You can't stop a tank with that thing!" Bill is sold on Armor. "Bull-neck's" favorite games are "snatch the bomb" and Chuggle-lugging." He is especially adept at "Buzz-Fizz-Buzz."

237 Churchill Rd.
 Trumbull, Connecticut





LT. D. WILLIAM SHILLING
"I just came OFF detail!"

"Gentleman Bill" is devoted to his wife, Patricia, their recent addition, and, the Yankees. He dreams only of returning to the theatrical promoting business. Bill twitches, wrinkles his face and then booms commands out of the side of his mouth.

2446 St. Dennis Lane
 Habertown, Pennsylvania

LT. EDWARD SHOTWELL
"Oh, come on!"

Ed, the determined Airborne Ranger with the parabolic arms, is quietly proud of his PT scores and black Chevrolet. "I wouldn't HAVE a two toned car!" He practices getting that frog out of his throat at Drill and Command classes.

143 Valley Street
 Beverly Farms, Massachusetts



LT. HUGH B. SLUSSER
"That's NICE to know"

Between bites of food, "Prepare to feel sorry," chop, chop, "Feel sorry!" chop, chop, "Slus" asks the eternal question: "Who said?" The miniature Sidney Greenstreet gives all credit to his wife, Peggy, who brought him fried chicken between meals.

R.F.D. No. 1
 Raphine, Virginia



LT. BILLY M. STANBERRY
"I'll Shore guarantee ya"

There is a Texan who never drinks, never smokes, nor chews, nor swears; who never gambles, never flirts, and shuns all sinful snares—he's paralyzed. Billy and the "Missus" plan to settle their own farm and increase the Stanberry clan.

Route No. 1
 Huntington, Texas



LT. DAVID R. SMALLEY
"Dadgummit!"

"It's beyond the realm of absolutes." Dave is intensely interested in everything that happens—planning parties, impromptu parties, student council and the honor committee. "Let's keep the noise down, SOME guys are trying to study." "Hurry up on that buffer!"

6937 Paseo
 Kansas City, Missouri



LT. LEE STEINHARDT
"30 Ha Ha's, Sir?"

"Stein," master of the quick retort—"I give!" "What do you mean, am I a PIRATE, Sir?"—gives joke books to inspecting officers. His never ending line of jabber makes being Assistant Sales Manager an easy job after Service.

1418 Rosemont
 Chicago, Illinois



LT. DELBERT D. STEINKE
"Pack up your troubles—"

This compatible, Colorado Commando swarmed into Georgia with two fists full of calluses and a trunkload of Brasso. "If you've got the money, I've got the time." Here's Johnny Appleseed and "Old Dog Trap" all rolled into one.

2085 S. Irving St.
 Denver, Colorado

LT. ROBERT W. STEWART
"They can make me tired, but they can't . . ."

Out of the dust and oil of the Indian Nation and into the silt and sweat of Georgia safaried our editor and ex-reporter. Hesh up yer mug and let's drink to "Whispering Jeb," the quiet custodian of the O. D. stick.

2500 E. 27th Pl.
 Tulsa, Oklahoma





LT. WILLIAM L. STRATTON
"Stand up, Candidate Stratton"

After a stiff and thorough interview, Bill appeared quite cool when he replied: "Why the Infantry?" Well, to be honest, that's the only branch I knew anything about." Cigars to the proud papa of a future son of Benning (we hope).

Cliffwood Ave.
Cliffwood, New Jersey

LT. HUBERT C. STUBBS, JR.
"Yah, but I'm a tanker"

What's a quarter without a mellow bass? Civilians will be civilians and so will Stubbs. Discharges bring leisure, and leisure a wife. Then come trying marital tiffs. But what's a petty tiff to a past master of the bayonet?

115 Buffalo Rd.
Aurora, New York



LT. PETER P. SULIDES
"Let's Go!"

Great shades of the Maine lobster and hurrah for the bloody North, into the rugged 3rd strode the abbreviated ghost of Old Dan'l Webster himself. Every company has its Godfather; so here's to that patron of the "turtles."

16 Ocean St.
Rockland, Maine

LT. JOHN SUCHOWER
"I hate bums, but—"

"If I had some money and a decent suit of clothes, if the Reds would give up; if I were in the Navy; if it would only snow in Georgia; if Tank officers were turtles; then I'd love the Army."

75 Broad St.
Grosvenor, Connecticut



LT. HOWARD S. SUSSMAN
"Now I'm not running things around here, but—"

Many's the morning his melodic strains of Jody cadence have sent whistling echoes through the Georgia pines. Our combat photographer and Greta are already laying tourist plans for gypsy wanderings in their ultra-modern "parnassius." Sit down, you phony!

27 Maple Ave.
Cedarhurst, New York



LT. CLYDE J. TATE
"Could be"

An Airborne papa and former member of the crack 508th combat team, "there ain't no flies on old Geronimo." A rabid son of the Confederacy, he has often been heard to murmur fervently, "God help those boys in blue."

1221 Highland Ave.
Bluefield, West Virginia



LT. WILLIAM H. THOELKE
"You gotta' be cool, Babe"

According to "Talk" it's not the school that gets you down, but merely those caressing weekend rays of the midnight sun. It's not the home cooking he misses; but it's just that he loves that sloppy, old, civilian chow.

8645 Litzsinger Rd.
St. Louis, Missouri

LT. PAUL J. THOMAS
"Hey, Dad,—"

Latest reports from our class statistician reveal that "Tonsils" scored a first (and last) when he high-balled the "Tactical Terror" from the supine position as the red, Rebel sun rose like a huge fried egg into the Georgia skies.

Louisburg, Kansas





LT. DONALD L. THURLOW
"What do you mean rust, Candidate"

Comes a plowboy from the rolling plains of Kansas with cooperation in his eyes and the soil in his heart. But it's back to the farm for "Big Red" in the not too distant future. "To the rear, MARCH, you mules. FOLLOW ME!"

Wakefield, Kansas

LT. KENNETH W. TOWNER
"Unmarried, yes—but not for long"

From the peaceful reaches of the Genesee Valley into the turbulent foothills of Dixie journeys this unsuspecting Yankee Doodle Dandy. During an after hours meeting a reliable source was heard above the shower's roar: "He's got it made with those big, calf-eyes."

Fillmore, New York



LT. WILLIAM R. WATSON
"Hey, men, I'm gettin' muscles"

"Through the 'valley of the shadow' safely passed the miracle of Wallins Creek. Former Raconteur and mint julep sipper deluxe, "Smiling Bob" could hardly be forgotten for his arduous search after the fuzzless Georgia peach. "Let's everybody party!"

Box 221

Wallins Creek, Kentucky



LT. MYRON P. VINER
"Thanks, I'm going to the PX tonight"

"Full-field inspection in four minutes?—you bet your sweet foot-candle there'll be a panic!" Viner is as vulnerable to inspecting officers as tanks are to HEP. Oh, for the clean, cool, captivating, comely, congenial climate of quiet California!

138A San Vicente
 Santa Monica, California



LT. JOHN J. WHALEN
"Why buy a cow when milk's so cheap?"

"I ask you, how can an old war dog with five years chalked up be called maladjusted to military life?" According to our spies, European women went wild for this poor naive soldier of fortune. "How far is it to Pine Mountain?"

216 8th St.
 Braddock, Pennsylvania



LT. JAMES M. WHITEHOUSE
"Suck in that tremendous gut, Candidate Whitehorse"

Just a poor, forgotten Rebel schoolmaster, "Honest Jim" will always be remembered as the 3rd platoon's claim to glory. Our spies tell us that the big man plans to return to Dixie as a physical training instructor.

Box 443
 Columbia, Mississippi



LT. MARION C. WHITE
"Oh, man, this heat is killin' me"

A salt tablet is not the only motivation for White's triple-time pace to the messhall. Here is a self styled poet-psychologist who turned inventor when he sought a patent for his portable shower. Long live the "King of Munch!"

801 Neptune St.
 Memphis, Tennessee



LT. JOHN L. WOZNAK
"Any questions, Ace?"

"Wear them? Man, I'm saying those tailor made, hand sewn, felt lined, tan tinted French-Shriners for that September Jubilee." Our crooning, Polish wonder-boy plans to "port brushes" and find out if "what they say about traveling salesmen is really true."

1317 N. Campbell
 Chicago, Illinois





LT. HARRY S. ZEPATOS

"And there's the one—"

Beale Street sent us "Plous Harry," the ungigable cardboard genius. At the Infantry School "Zep" majored in Police Call, Buffing I and II, Procrastination, and Sleep (Phd.). Here's to that unforgettable chessy cat grin.

2255 Evelyn Ave.
Memphis, Tennessee

LT. KENNETH R. FRIEDLEY

"Detail again?"

"Ken" transferred at "mid-term" into the throes of the "howling 3rd"—no regrets. Hard working and really eager to get "those gold things," he spent his first few weeks getting adjusted not to the 20th Co., but rather to "Foghorn" Posey.

9909 Leo Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio



Kenneth R. Friedley

LT. GEORGE H. POSEY

"At ease means No-o-o talking"

"Foghorn" rules with an iron fist. "I know my capacity—when I start to wobble, I've had enough." "Pose" is famous for extemporaneous talks on the Spirit of the Bayonet. "When I say fall out and fall in, fall out. . ."

R.F.D. No. 1
Marengo, Illinois



Mortars, teardrops, and sausage patties.



After 10



"20th OC, 5 minutes!"

L
E
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"Demonstrators Post"



Fire drill . . .

. . . Chinese style



THE END