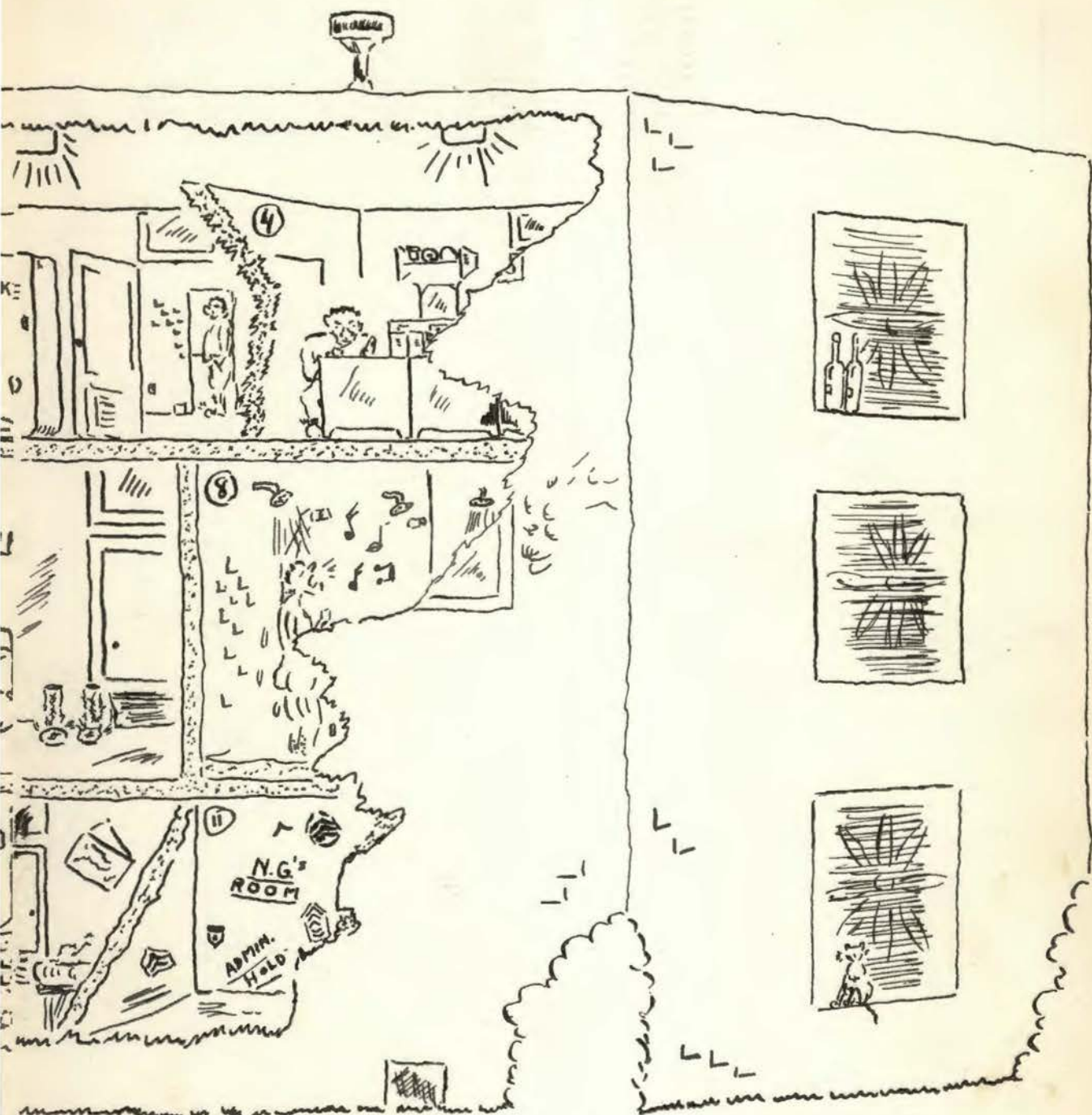


AVE TRES



MEMOIR ET FIDELIS





TIME 2:37 hrs.

6) Oh God!!!

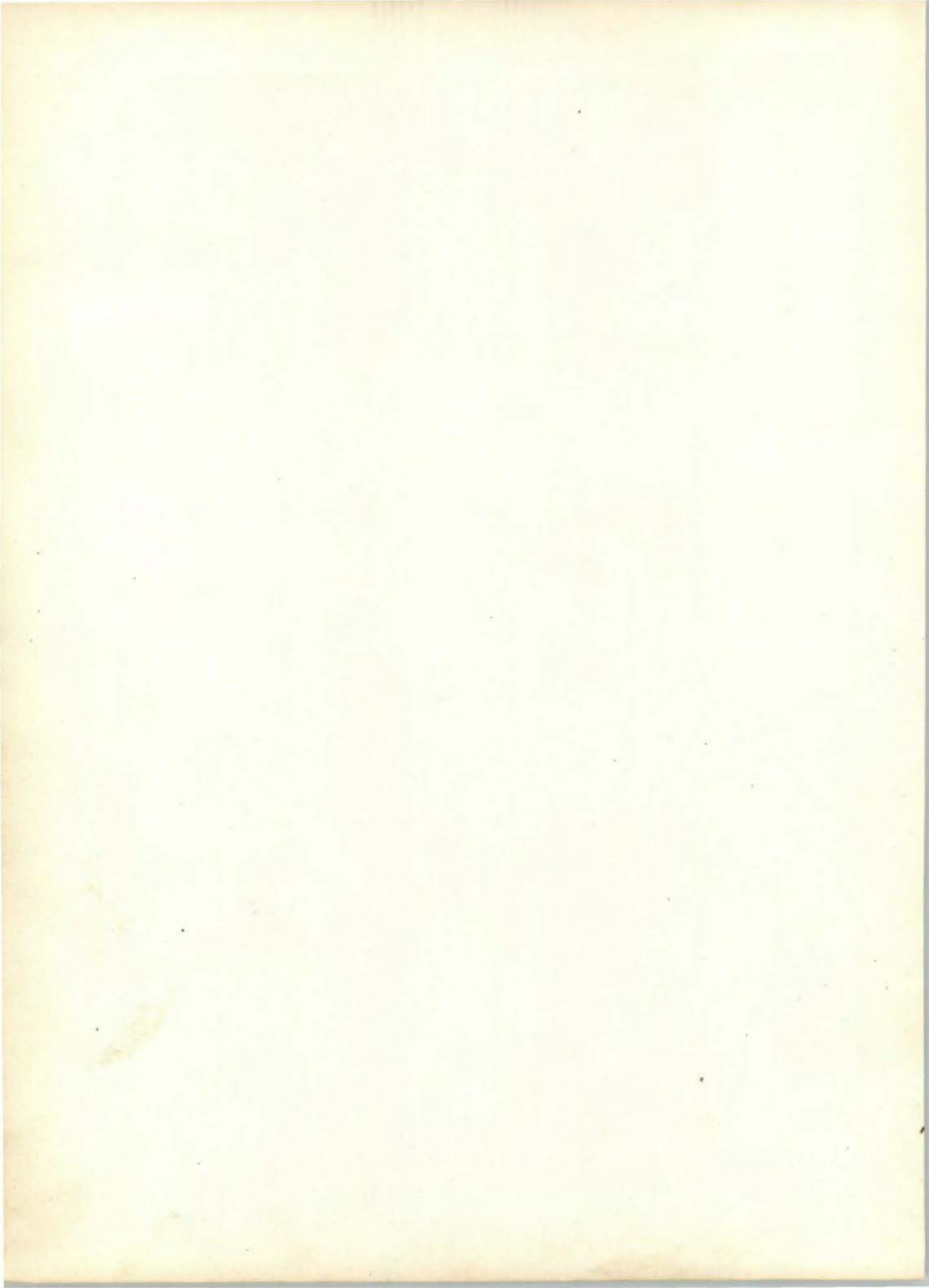
7) BACK to PFC

8) SINGING IN the RAIN

9) MY LOWER LEFT DRAWER, SIR??

10) The After Math

IDEAS CANDIDATE



*Officer Candidate Class*

*Number Three*

*Presents*

*The Birth of a Leader*

# DEDICATION

Dedication of this, our classbook, to our Tactical Officers is inevitable. Regardless of the platoon you were in, your Tact was the best! He had to be. He was master of your fate for twenty-four weeks, and he knows you better than your mother, your wife, or even yourself.

He may have been the quiet, practical type as evidenced in the nature of Lieutenant Johnson. Or maybe he was dramatic Lieutenant Sharp, who doubled in brass as the Senior Tactical Officer. Maybe he was quiet and observant as was Lieutenant Ramsey. Or maybe, he was Lieutenant Fowler, whose beach-storming techniques brought forth multitudes of applause.

No matter who he was, or how he operated, your Tactical Officer contributed immeasurably toward your successful completion of Officer Candidate School. Careful counselling, coupled with scientifically applied pressure, enabled you to grow into the leader you are today.

The things he taught you about your own self will probably remain with you throughout the remainder of your life.

Yes, you will always remember your Tactical Officer. He is the most unforgettable man you will ever meet. God bless him!



# PROLOGUE

"Officer Candidate School is hard; it takes young men and makes them leaders. The harder you work, the more you are able to appreciate the results. Upon completion of O.C.S., you will have earned the bars of a Second Lieutenant. There is no higher distinction than that of an O.C.S. graduate."

With words such as these echoing in our minds, we stepped into a new life some twenty-four weeks ago. We entered our new assignment with pride; our uniforms were immaculately pressed, our shoes glistened in the sunlight. We found the carpet laid out for us, and several Tactical Officers on hand to acquaint us with the rigors of our new assignment.

Paralysis was the order that first day. We stood rigidly as a barrage of voices descended on us, "Snap to, Candidate. Get those stripes off. Reach for Georgia."

Hours later, we finally dragged our weary bodies to our rooms. Tired, hairless, and disheveled we lay down on our bunks, each to his own thoughts, yet each reflecting the thoughts of the next man. Well, I have finally made it to Officer Candidate School, and survived the first day. If we could escape with our lives today, we can last through anything.

**COMMANDANT  
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL**



**HERBERT B. POWELL**  
Major General, U.S. Army

**COMMANDING OFFICER  
THE SCHOOL BRIGADE**

**ASSISTANT COMMANDANT  
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL**



**ROBERT O. COOK**  
Brigadier General, U.S. Army

**COMMANDING OFFICER  
5TH STUDENT BATTALION**



**EARL F. KLINCK**  
Colonel, Inf.



**CARL W. NELSON**  
Lt. Col., Inf.



**EDWARD A. BENNETT**  
**Captain, Commanding**

God speed and good luck to you who have met the stringent requirements of O.C.S. You have successfully demonstrated the qualities required of a commissioned officer. But a greater challenge lies ahead of you in the ensuing years—the application of all the traits and principles of leadership in your dealings with both your superiors and subordinates. I extend my best wishes for a successful future in all your undertakings. Congratulations, Lieutenant.

I would like to extend my sincere best wishes to each of you as you assume your first responsibilities as Commissioned Infantry Leaders. The effort which you have put forth at O.C.S. will repay you many-fold as you undertake the great diversity of jobs which await you. Hereafter, remember always that you are the leader. Set high standards, and train your men well. Only after you have developed a well-trained unit of your own will you be able to appreciate the deep satisfaction and strong personal pride which a successful leader feels. Congratulations on your successful completion of this school. May the future hold only good fortune for you.



**CHARLES A. BARTLETT, III**  
**2d Lt, Administrative Officer**



# OUR CADRE



**Mail Clerk—Specialist Bumpers  
at work**



**The First Soldier—M/Sgt Bush**



**Supply: Sgt Gravely: "Sign here,  
Candidate!"**

# COMMITTEES

## HONOR COUNCIL



Andonaegui, Chesterfield

## STUDENT COUNCIL



McGill, Sarten, Habeck, Brunhaver,  
Pigeon, Payne, Cunningham, Roberts

## A & R COMMITTEE



Gainey, Bigelow, Nash, Chesterfield, Boelio, Ruppe

# COMMITTEES

## SAFETY COUNCIL



Payne, Habeck, Schenck

## I & E COMMITTEE



Kemnitz, Padilla, Dixon, Barth, Clarke, Hahn, McGill

## CLASSBOOK COMMITTEE



Stengrim, Schultz, Nardini, Nash, Harris, Schenck, Regan, Sarten, Fontaine  
McGill, Kemnitz, Caruso



# Act One: We Are Plebes



**SCENE I: Blue Field, a crowded bleachers.**

"Men, welcome to the Drill Committee; my name is Sgt Hobbs, and I'm here to hep you." There we were, FM 22-5, our Bible, in our hands learning to function as a unit.

At first we were a mob, confused and hesitant. We learned the theory and mechanics of drill, then put these teachings into practice. Our teaching ability came the hard way, via the medium of the Tactical Officer's pen. And throughout the instruction, a voice would be heard booming at us as we struggled through a difficult paragraph, "I know you can do a better job than that, I believe in you." And, finally, after several weeks, we had lost our individuality; we were a team.



**An Army travels on its stomach. . . . .**

**SCENE II: Same field, same crowded bleachers.**

"Army Drill Number One, Exercise Number One: With your right hand, grasp your left ankle; with your left hand, grasp your right angle; now leap vigorously into the air, still grasping your ankles."

Thus, went our introduction to P.T. Grunts, moans, and red faces were the order during the first few periods. But gradually we began to lose our flabbiness, and little-used muscles began to bulge. We were a living example of the old axiom, "a sound mind in a healthy body."

And who can forget the Obstacle Course, which we negotiated in our third week? It turned out to be about the hottest day of the cycle, but we all managed to drag our weary bodies through the course, even Candidate Faulkenberry who came chugging in breathless on the heels of "Tanker" Langer.



**Mehrmann playing hide-and-go seek. . . .**





**Cunningham at rest. . . . .**

**SCENE III: Way, way out in the boondocks.**

"There are four types of terrain features, hills, saddles, valleys, and ridges." In this manner, we tackled our newest subject, map reading. The course was to prove a stickler for many of us, for those who failed had another opportunity to tramp through the scenic Georgian woods. Remember the night compass march in Alabama when a few of us failed to negotiate properly, and had to be picked up by the instructor in his jeep? Little did we know then how important a part map reading was to play in our later instruction. Many times we would regret the fact that we had not paid more attention in these classes.



**Field sanitation crew in action. . . . .**



**Control this mob, Platoon Sergeant. . . . .**

#### **SCENE IV: Wood Road Area on a frosty morn.**

With a clink and a clank, the massive M-48 lumbered upon the scene in our fourth week. Tanks, our most powerful but oft misunderstood friend. How Bigelow's face lightened up as he scrambled aboard one of these monsters And, wonder of wonders, nobody was able to overturn the M-59, when we undertook our practical work. No mean feat, with such a jockey as Ezekiel at the wheel.



**Cleanliness is next to Godliness! ! ! !**

**SCENE V: McAndrew range early in the day.**

"Ready on the right, ready on the left, ready on the firing line. Commence firing." Thus went our M-1 instruction. Some of us proved to be Daniel Boone's, with Hahn firing a 229 score to take high honors. For others, there were the inevitable excuses. "My sights slipped; I fired on the wrong target; what happened to my zero?" The bulls-eye proved to be as elusive for some as the greased pig at the county fair.



**Take your posts. . . . .**

**SCENE VI: The barracks, and smiling faces.**

Picture everyone packing their bags in the seventh week. It couldn't be that everyone was getting panelled. No, it was Christmas leave. Leave is a forgotten word at O.C.S., but here we were ready to go home for 15 whole days. When the dust had settled over the orderly room, not a soul was to be seen. Class 3 had scattered to the winds, to California, to Texas, to Rhode Island. But we found that two weeks can be a very short time, and soon our vacation was over. Returning to the rigors of the school was not easy. Five o'clock reveille, P.T., runs around the Airborne track were tough for the first few days. But we got back into shape rapidly; graduation was still a long way off.



## ACT TWO



Aw, Come on Smith, Just Because Lt. Ramsey's with us, Doesn't Mean  
it'll rain . . . Ha Ha! !

## INTERMEDIATES

**SCENE I: Soft lights, sweet music, beautiful women. . . .**

The occasion was our first party, held at the Chickasaw Gardens. Who can forget that night! Our first opportunity to let off a little steam. Plenty of refreshments, our wives and sweethearts to share the evening with us, and a talented group of entertainers, headed by Harris, Sarten and Padilla in a melodrama entitled "A Tact to Remember." By the way, what ever did happen to the missing swagger-stick?



**Well, Candidate, what have we here. . . . .**

**Wine, women, and song. . . . .**

**SCENE II: Training Field No. 9, 'nuff said. . . .**

"Sound off with a long, loud, mean, vicious growl." Bayonet training forced its way onto the scene, much to the chagrin of several of us. We demonstrated our proficiency during several periods of instruction, while our Tact Officers observed all, jotting down little memos, lest they forget. And finally there was Caruso, the only man who ever "cha-cha'd" his way through the long thrust series.



**Rest and relaxation. . . . .**



**Davis and his crew in action. . . . .**

**SCENE III: Various ranges, various times, but always plenty of noise. . . . .**

Our weapons instruction continued. "Right one, up two, fire burst of six." So went our instruction on the machine gun. Again, there were the expert gunners, and the inevitable few who boled. We learned the employment of the guns, and Ezekiel tendered the committee a new definition of "head space."

Weapons instruction continued at an accelerated rate, each weapon having its own glossary of terms. We became familiar with the recoilless rifle family, with its familiar and characteristic backblast, and with the deadly accuracy of the 90-mm gun tank. The rocket launcher, carbine, hand grenade, we had an opportunity to fire them all.



**Another 52d Company victory. . . . .**





**Bigelow in a winning performance. . . . .**

"FDC, this OP No. 1." Much to the bewilderment of many, we were introduced to the mortar, the Infantry commander's own artillery. The M-10 plotting board proved to be a stickler, as was borne out in the examination grades.

With our weapons training drawing to a close, we assembled at Concord O.P. for a demonstration of Infantry firepower. In the evening, we viewed the awe-inspiring demonstration of the Rifle Company in Defense, the "Mad Minute," and began to realize and appreciate the tremendous fighting potential which our Army possesses.



**The victors, and their admiring fans. . .**



**Firepower unlimited. . . . .**



**L. Johnson and friend. . . . .**



**What do I do now?**

**SCENE IV: Doughboy Stadium, a cheering crowd of smiling youngsters. . . .**

Our second day and "Big Brother Day" all rolled into one. What a day for the youngsters! Some 50 youths from the Columbus Boys' Club were our "brothers" for an afternoon of athletics and frivolity. And since we couldn't let our youthful fans down, we walked off the field that day with our second straight win.



**Lennie O. Bark tells a sad tale. . . . .**

**SCENE V: Pvt Bark has just taken the stand. . . .**

The culmination of our instruction in Personnel and Military Justice, the trials and tribulations of Lennie O Bark, so ably portrayed by Candidate Padilla. There was mist in our eyes as we heard how Bark had fallen by the wayside, and now would have several months in which to repent his sins.



**The aftermath. . . . .**

**SCENE VI: Green Field, a T-shirted audience. . . .**

At last, our final P.T. test. With Morris making a perfect 500 score, we attained the unusually high company average of 362 points. Once again, we had proven to the skeptical that ours was a superior group of men, one that could be relied upon to produce outstanding results when called upon.



**The "500 Club" receives due congratulations. . . .**



# ACT III

## ON TURNING SENIOR



### **SCENE I: French Field, blue helmets and tabs. . . . .**

THE DAY had finally arrived. We had attained Senior status. No longer would we have to double time or refrain from smoking in the battalion area. We were now "Third Lieutenants," and we were indeed a proud and sharp unit as we marched onto the field. It seemed that we marched better and stood taller that day than we had ever.



**Sack time. . . . .**



**The chain gang. . . . .**

### **SCENE II: Doughboy Stadium, another sunny Saturday. . . .**

Once again, 52nd Company was challenged on the field of athletic endeavor; and, once again, 52nd Company emerged the victor. This Senior Status field day had added significance for us, however. This was our own field day, and it also marked the third consecutive win for Class 3 in these events. In the final analysis, our classmates proved that they were capable of accepting any challenge, and turning out a superior performance.

**SCENE III: Pup tent village, a week's outing in the woods. . . .**

bivouac reared its ugly head during our 19th week, and so we headed out for the field for a short, five-day communion with Mother Nature. But if we had any thoughts of a vacation while on bivouac, these were quickly ended. Inspections proved to be nearly as rigid as those we had in garrison. Unique demerits cropped up to amuse us. Sand on air mattress, sleeping bag N. A. P. And several of us spent the following weekend in the barracks contemplating why they had not cleaned their weapons better, or shined their boots. But, we did have some relaxation. The nightly visits by the "refreshment" wagon and the "knock 'Em down-drag 'Em out volleyball games with the Tacts. And, then the aftermath. Dirty stoves to clean, tents to roll, etc.



**Nash wins in the stretch. . . . .**



**McGill in the attack. . . . .**





**Cold water shaves, anyone. . . . .**



**Sir, the parade is formed. . . . .**

#### **SCENE IV: A hilltop with colored flags, pennants, markers, etc. . . .**

We were now in the home stretch, but learning the most important subject of them all—Tactics. In these classes, we learned to use all the knowledge we had acquired during the previous months. Map reading, signal communications, logistics, weapons—all had to be considered as we sought the "School Solution." The exams were not easy, by any means. Mixed emotions greeted the solutions offered by the Instructors following each phase of the Tactics examinations. "Two up, one back, and head for the high ground," seemed to be the motto of the entire platoon during these weeks. Finally, the culmination of our tactics training found us still with the "85th Infantry" in the 30-hour problem. With its conclusion, our academic schedule drew to a close. We had learned a lot; now we were ready to pass this knowledge onto others. In a few short days, we would be Second Lieutenants, Infantry.

# Pass In Review





# *1st Platoon*



**JAMES P. JOHNSON**  
**1st Lt, Tactical Officer**

You have successfully completed a very trying, soul-satisfying portion of your lives. In a comparatively short period of time, you have gained a distinction which is bestowed only upon the most honorable of men. This honor is the ability to lead men, whether in combat or in peacetime. May you constantly and consistently be cognizant of your duties and responsibilities in all of your many and various assignments. Congratulations, good luck, and God be with you.





**DAVID E. BARTH**  
 61 Culver Rd.  
 Buffalo 20, N.Y.  
 "Sir, please repeat that question"



**WILLIAM J. BALLINGER**  
 Bingham, Neb.  
 "Droopy"



**JAMES R. ANDONAEGUI**  
 8019 Escanaba Ave.  
 Chicago, Ill.  
 "I can't help it—girls just love me"



**RICHARD O. BIGELOW**  
 117 No. McKinley Rd.  
 Flushing, Mich.  
 "Biggy"



**JOHN BRUNHAVER JR.**  
2128 N.W. Upshur  
Portland, Ore.  
"But sir, these are "stock" mufflers!"



**JOSEPH C. BURBA**  
New Haven, Ky.  
"Now, in the M.P.'s. . . ."



**MICHAEL L. CARUSO**  
716 Eagle Rock Ave.  
West Orange, N.J.  
"Somebody's going to jail! !"



**WALLACE B. CHESTERFIELD JR.**  
604 East Sunset Ave.  
Pensacola, Fla.  
"Wake me up for graduation."



**RONALD G. CLARKE**  
2237 Bonnycastle Ave.  
Louisville, Ky.

"So, after the Marines won the war. . ."



**DONALD S. CUNNINGHAM**  
Box 145, Route 2  
Cairo, W. Va.

"There's nuffin' I hate worse than a LEG"



**JAMES V. DAVERSA JR.**  
6 Malden Ave.  
Waterbury, Conn.

"Sir, Candidate Barth, no Chesterfield,  
no, . . . ."



**MILTON E. DAVIDSON**  
419 Lincoln  
Niles, Mich.

"Right step; as you were; left step. . ."





**BOBBY G. DAVIS**  
 Box 48  
 Wilstacy, Ky.  
 "Cunningham, get out of my area"



**WILLARD A. DIXON JR.**  
 510 So. West St.  
 Royal Oak, Mich.  
 "Grannie"



**JOSEPH D. DONATELLI**  
 305 Bigier Ave.  
 Barnesboro, Penn.  
 "Well, that's right, but. . ."



**FRANCIS FREEMAN**  
 910 Stuart Ave.  
 Mamaroneck, N.Y.  
 "I can't understand it—I only  
 had one!!!!!"



**JOHN T. HANNON**  
 92-87 222d St.  
 Queens Village, N.Y., N.Y.  
 "I'm not rich; I'm an operator"



**SEAB W. McKINNEY JR.**  
 Route 1  
 Armuchee, Ga.  
 "Shape up, Pop"



**TED A. NASH**  
 Box 125, Hyde Park 36  
 Mass & Carmel, Calif.  
 "So, in the '60 Olympics, I figure to. . ."

# *2nd Platoon*



**BENJAMIN F. SHARP, JR.**  
**1st Lt, Tactical Officer**

The word "congratulations" is symbolic of a verbal reward at the culmination of an assigned task well done. But now your big responsibility is in its infancy. An incalculable price has been paid for the knowledge and experience you have gained in the art of leadership. Use it wisely and prudently; but keep in mind that no man is a leader until his appointment is ratified in the minds and hearts of his men. So, as has been so often stated, "Let us look to the service rather than the reward." May God be with you in all your future endeavors, which I feel certain will be overwhelmingly successful.





**ROBERT W. BOELIO**  
 3521 Denson St.  
 Warren, Michigan  
 "Anyone for P.T."



**CLEVE CUNNINGHAM**  
 120 Sutro Heights Ave.  
 San Francisco, Calif.  
 "The nut-storing Wolfhound"



**DAVID W. DWYER**  
 96 Main St., South  
 Glen Falls, N.Y.  
 "Love and marriage"



**CHARLES J. EVERETT JR.**  
 5533 Concord Ave., S.  
 Minneapolis, Minn.  
 "Just call me Sneaky Pete"



**SAUL J. EZEKIEL**  
147-43 84th Rd.  
Jamaica, Long Island, N.Y.  
"Watch me max those exams now!"



**ROBERT L. FAIR**  
Butler, Penna.  
"Strollin' down demerit road"



**ROBERT E. FAULKENBERRY**  
Eminence, Missouri  
"Geez, Jake. I thought you were  
the enemy"



**JOHN N. FONTAINE JR.**  
355 Great Rd.  
Woonsocket, R.I.  
"I stayed awake in class and  
got all confused"



**BOBBY M. GAINNEY**  
Route No. 4  
Rockingham, N.C.  
"Blimey, eight cylinders!"



**EDWARD A. HABECK** . .  
2043 Rosewood St.  
Elyria, Ohio  
"Shave? No, I can't, doctor's orders"



**FREDERICK W. HAHN JR.**  
RFD No. 6  
Maquoketa, Iowa  
"Famous for his nightly disappearing act"



**GEORGE E. HARRIS**  
5413 No. Moody Ave.  
Chicago 30, Ill.  
"Of course, I may have read too much"





**R. DEANE HELMS**  
 336 No. Corona Ave.  
 Valley Stream, N.Y.  
 "Don't cry, lady"



**JAMES E. HOEH**  
 218 Stanley Ave.  
 Cincinnati, Ohio  
 "Ycu guys are just jealous  
 of the Airborne"



**J. GARRETT HUGHES**  
 631 No. 4th St.  
 Grand Forks, N.D.  
 "The DeMille touch in T/I & E"



**CHARLES L. HUMPHREY**  
 Picayune, Miss.  
 "But you've gotta be quick"



**JAMES E. KEMNITZ**

1921 Lane Ave.

Elkhart, Ind.

"The only man to come out of  
Field Day with a Purple Heart"



**FRED L. LEADBETTER**

Turner, Maine

"They call these shrubs  
pine trees!"



**JOSEPH A. LANGER**

206 Northwood Ave.

Johnston, Penn.

"Who's a rinky-dink?"



**LAWRENCE S. K. LEE**

1526 Kewalo St.

Honolulu, Hawaii

"You Mainlanders just don't  
appreciate beauty"



**CHARLES SNYDER McCLAIN**

1628 No. Nye Ave.

Fremont, Neb.

"Guiding genius of 'Big Brother'  
and pie-hurling"

# *3rd Platoon*



**JOHN D. RAMSEY**  
**1st Lt, Tactical Officer**

On the occasion of your graduation from Officer Candidate School, I would like to take the opportunity of extending to each of you my most sincere congratulations. The past six months have been indeed trying. It must be gratifying to know that you are now numbered among those who have proven their ability to lead men. Your graduation most certainly will be marked as the most important milestone of your life. You are now about to embark into a new field of endeavor, possessing complete confidence in your ability to meet this challenge. I wish you the best of luck in your future assignments, and sincerely hope that someday I may have the opportunity of serving with you again.





**THEODORE R. LINDSEY**  
1105 West 8th St.  
Cincinnati 3, Ohio

"My only regret was they didn't station me at Benning"



**JAMES W. LOWE**

Route 1  
Independence, Ky.  
"Hazza, Hazza"



**JAMES E. LYBRAND**  
316 Kale St.  
Belmont, N. C.

"No, no, guys, my wife's waiting for me. . ."



**JOHN J. McCARTHY**  
1154 W. Howard Ave.  
Biloxi, Miss.

"After going with the same girl for 2½ years, you get fairly intimate, you know"



**HARRY L. McFARLAND**  
Harmony Rd.  
Baden, Penna.  
"ZZZZzzzzzz"



**CHARLES R. McGill**  
1083 West 3d St.  
Dubuque, Iowa  
"I'm Tallahassee bound"



**CHARLES A. MALLOY**  
813 East Call St.  
Tallahassee, Fla.  
"Let's have a party"



**JAMES E. MEW**  
328 Marine Ave.  
Brooklyn 9, N.Y.  
"My wife and I have an understanding"



**LOUIS J. A. MICHAUD**  
 2288 Redwood Rd.  
 Scotch Plains, N.J.  
 "I've got the \_\_\_\_\_, like 10,000. . ."



**GEORGE F. MOHRMANN**  
 29 Aster Ave.  
 Merrick, N.Y.  
 "Let's have a war story, George"



**ROBERT E. MORRIS**  
 1407 2nd St.  
 Moundsville, W. Va.  
 "I'm going out and get smashed"



**ALFRED L. NARDINI**  
 1874 Commonwealth Ave.  
 Brighton, Mass.  
 "Sir, Candidate Nardini, I eat  
 this stuff up"





**RAMON PADILLA**  
1225 So. Ditman Ave.  
Los Angeles 23, Calif.  
"Sir, my question is. . ."



**JOE PAYNE**  
797 California St.  
Chico, Calif.  
"Now when I was in Alaska. . ."



**OMER E. PIGEON JR.**  
Reed Road  
No. Dartmouth, Mass.  
"My new Chevy, and only  
\$200 a month! !!"



**GEORGE F. PRATER**  
Box 420  
Lovelock, Nev.  
"That exam tomorrow will be a toughie—  
so let's cuta to town"



**PAUL E. PRESKITT**  
 613 Elm Ave.  
 Americus, Ga.  
 "How's it feel to be a leg?"



**EDWIN PRUITT JR.**  
 1535 Love Joy Lane  
 St. Louis, Mo.  
 "787 miles and 28 days to St. Louis"



**JACK P. WATKINS**  
 820 Corbin St.  
 West Mifflin, Penna.  
 "Vrrrooommm"



**ROBERT N. WAGGENER**  
P. O. Box 85  
Edinburg, Ill.  
"Have MG, will travel . ."



**DAVID D. WARREN**  
4625 Parker Ave.  
West Palm Beach, Fla.  
"Dangerous Dave, the ladies' man"

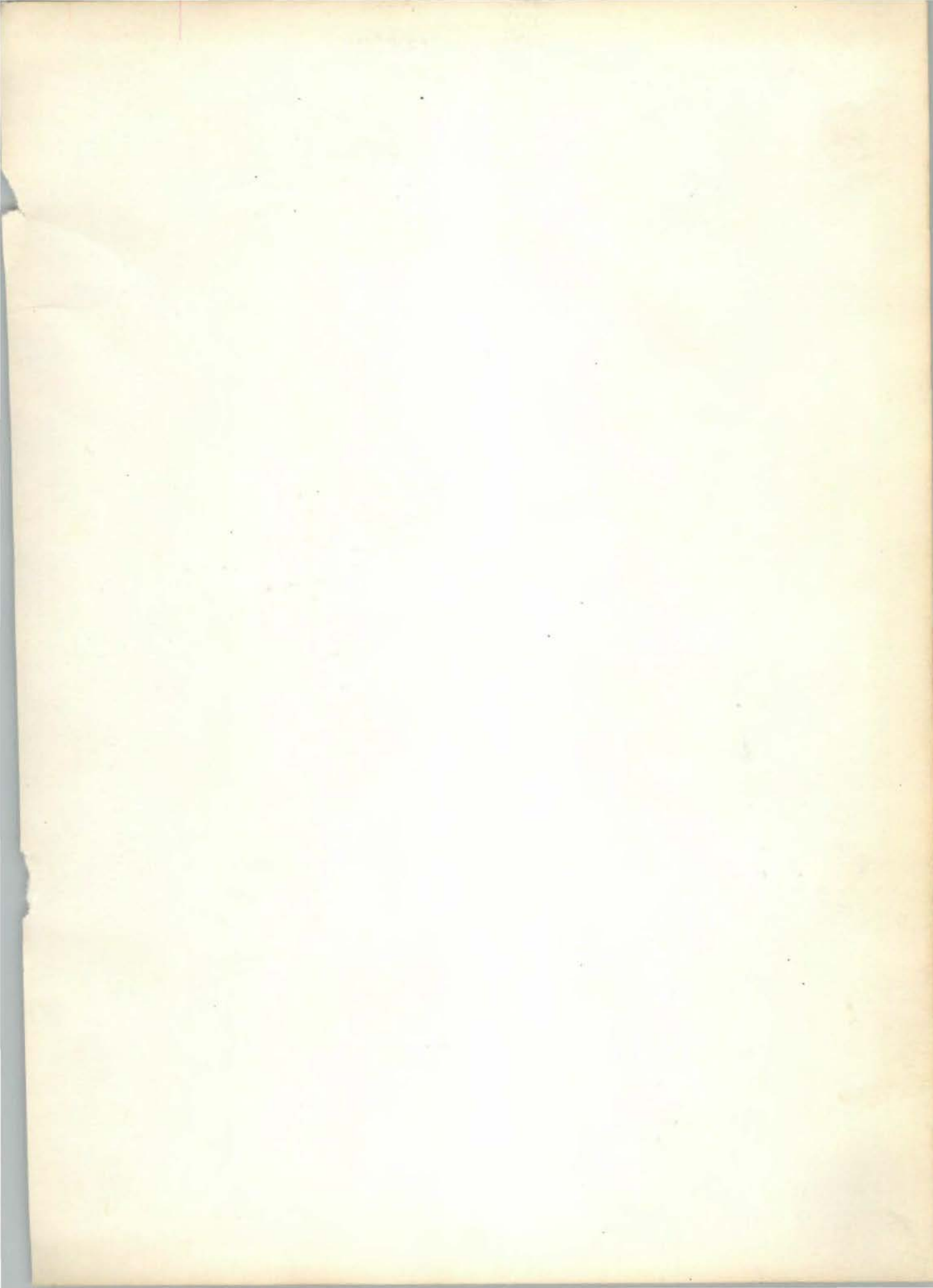


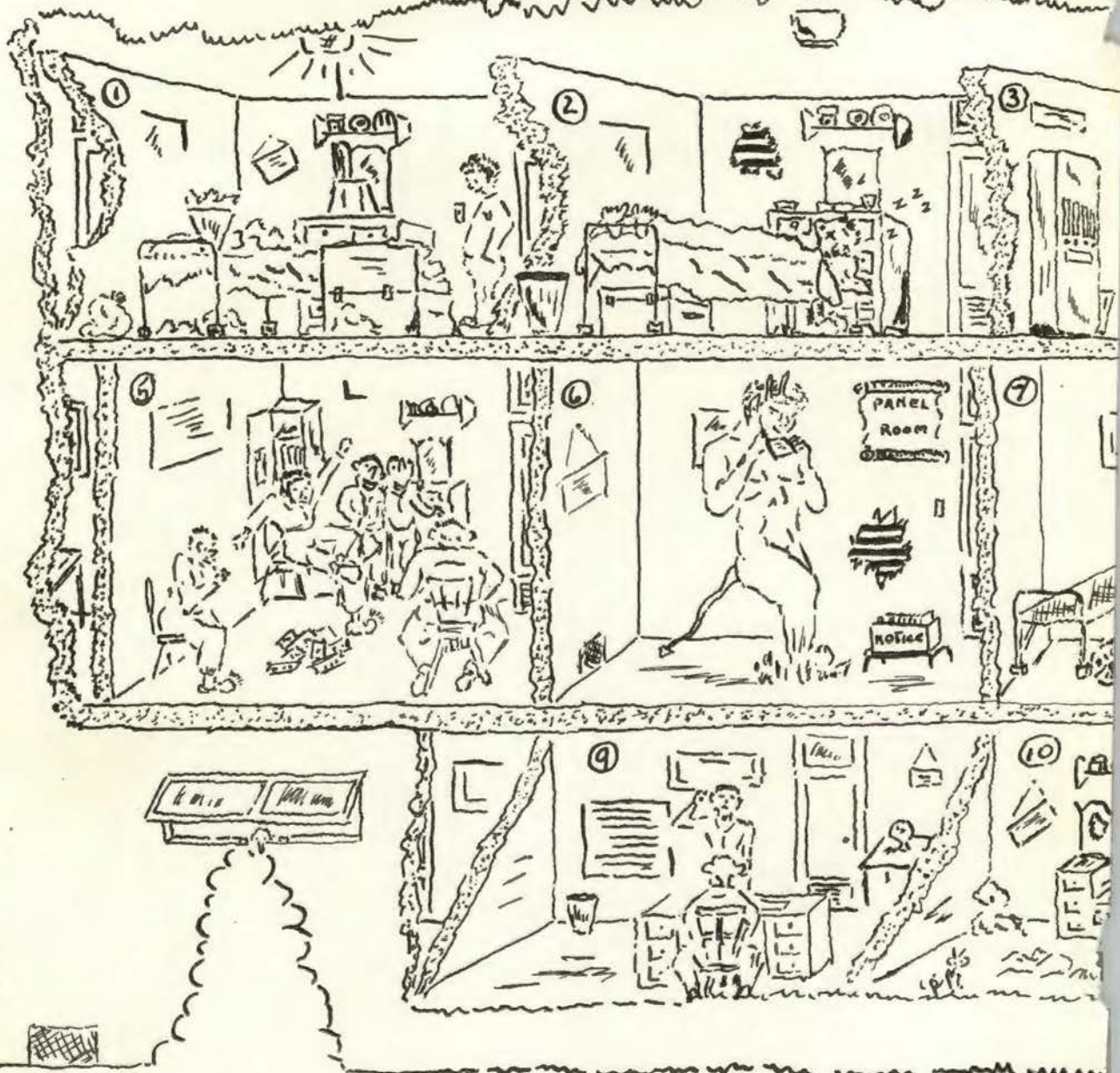
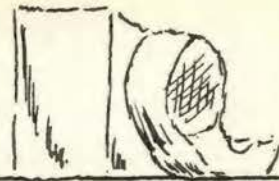
**THOMAS W. WHALEY JR.**  
Box 295  
Kosse, Texas  
"Now in order to win a war,  
you need armor"



**GLENN H. WILSON**  
Route 2, Box 378  
Rutherfordton, N. C.  
"What, not another map retest! ! !"







Billet      scen

- 1) The conformist
- 2) Blowing A few z's
- 3) Must Be the 2<sup>ND</sup> Floor L
- 4) Evaluation Reports ????
- 5) SEMINAR
- 11) Obviously you ran



**PAUL E. PRESKITT**  
 613 Elm Ave.  
 Americus, Ga.  
 "How's it feel to be a leg?"



**EDWIN PRUITT JR.**  
 1535 Love Joy Lane  
 St. Louis, Mo.  
 "787 miles and 28 days to St. Louis"



**JACK P. WATKINS**  
 820 Corbin St.  
 West Mifflin, Penna.  
 "Vrrrooommm"



# *4th Platoon*



**JOHN D. FOWLER**  
**2d Lt, Tactical Officer**

Knowledge, common sense, and devotion. You have demonstrated these characteristics of a leader while here at Officer Candidate School. Now that you have become a member of the Officer Corps, these characteristics should become utmost in your mind. Remember them well, develop them to their fullest, and put them into practice throughout your career. I am proud to have had the opportunity of learning and working with you. My hope is that we may serve together again.



**CLARENCE R. QUAIN JR.**  
 2200 East Virginia Ave.  
 Phoenix, Ariz.  
 "The Signal Corps had his heart,  
 but the Infantry got the rest"



**SIDNEY S. REGAN**  
 Route No. 4  
 Blakely, Ga.  
 "It never gets cold in Georgia"



**CLIFFORD E. ROBERTS**  
 1516 East 10th St.  
 Indianapolis, Ind.  
 "Small in stature, but that was all"



**PAUL M. ROBERTS**  
 5916 Ithamar Ave.  
 Tampa 4, Fla.  
 "Dad, the wisdom of the ancients"



**JAKE M. RUPPE**  
 Union Mills, N. C.  
 "The only Medic in the platoon,  
 but Infantry at heart"



**JAMES A. SARTEN**  
 7212 Sunset Blvd.  
 Hollywood 46, Calif.  
 "Now in the Marines, we'd do  
 it this way"



**ROGER L. SCHENCK**  
 3 Whipple Ave.  
 Georgiaville, R. I.  
 "Don't do me any small favors.  
 Send me to Japan"



**ROBERT B. SCHULTZ**  
 3738 West 62d Place  
 Chicago 29, Ill.  
 "Back in Chi, things were different"





**HAROLD L. SHORT**  
 Box 133  
 Redway, Calif.  
 "An ex-Marine who saw the light"



**RICHARD A. SMITH**  
 1907 West End Ave.  
 Nashville, Tenn.  
 "Where did all those Indians come from?"



**CHESTER A. STENGRIM**  
 Greenbrush, Minna.  
 "According to the latest book on  
 the subject. . ."



**JERRY N. TUTTLE**  
 1811 "Q"  
 Omaha, Neb.  
 "The Pepsodent Kid"



**ROBERT N. WAGGENER**  
P. O. Box 85  
Edinburg, Ill.  
*"Have MG, will travel . ."*



**DAVID D. WARREN**  
4625 Parker Ave.  
West Palm Beach, Fla.  
*"Dangerous Dave, the ladies' man"*



**THOMAS W. WHALEY JR.**  
Box 295  
Kosse, Texas  
*"Now in order to win a war,  
you need armor"*



**GLENN H. WILSON**  
Route 2, Box 378  
Rutherfordton, N. C.  
*"What, not another map retest! ! !"*