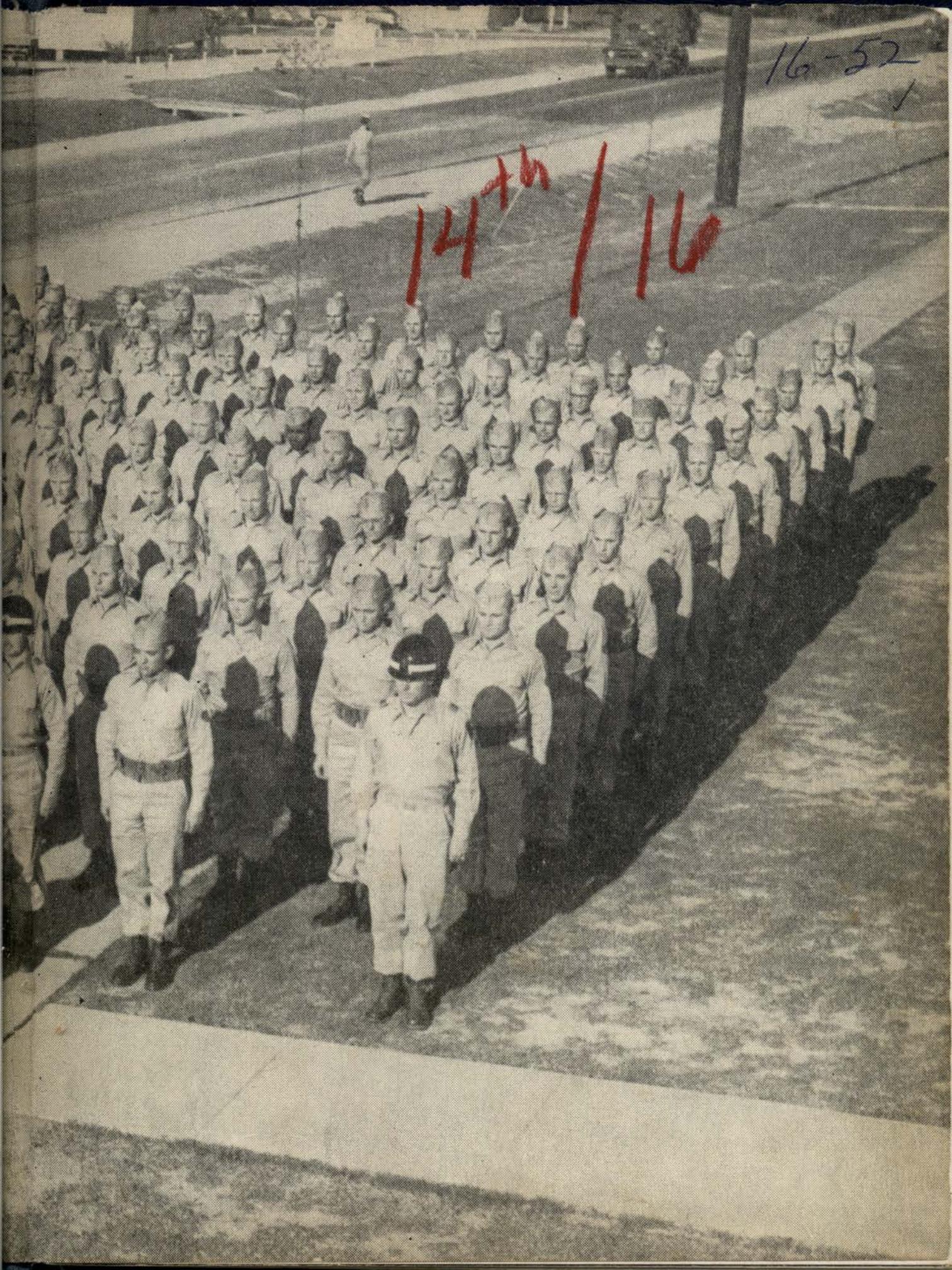




16-52

14th / 16



14th Officer Candidate Company



16th Officer Candidate Class

IF YOU CAN TALK WITH CROWDS AND KEEP YOUR HONOR,
OR WALK WITH KINGS NOR LOSE THE COMMON TOUCH,
IF NEITHER FOES NOR LOVING FRIENDS CAN HURT YOU,
IF ALL MEN COUNT WITH YOU, BUT NONE TOO MUCH,
IF YOU CAN FILL THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE,
WITH SIXTY SECONDS WORTH OF DISTANCE RUN,
YOURS IS THE EARTH AND EVERYTHING THAT'S IN IT,
AND WHICH IS MORE, YOU'LL BE A MAN MY SON.

—KIPLING.



CHAIN OF



BRIGADIER GENERAL
GUY MELOY . . .
COMMANDING GENERAL
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL

COMMAND...



COLONEL SEVIER R. TUPPER
Commanding Officer
1st Student Brigade



COLONEL HARRY M. GRIZZARD
Commander
1st O. C. Regiment



LT. COLONEL SIDNEY MARKS
Commander
2nd O. C. Battalion

A Day



Oh no! 5 o'clock already!



Alright, men, we want a good police this morning.



Mass Commands!



You had a good home and you left—your right!

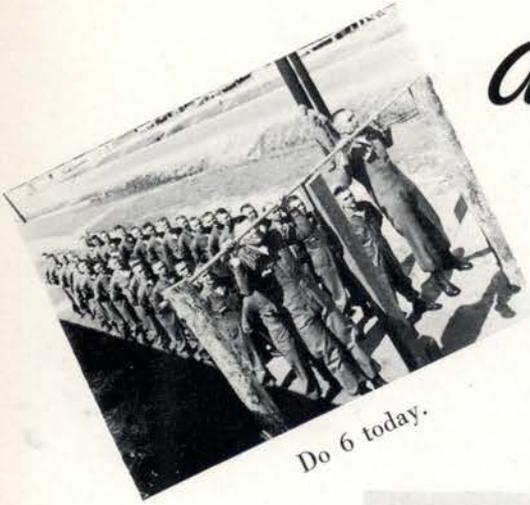


Good morning, men.



Take "Ten".

at OCS



Do 6 today.



Mail call.



Let's get 'em!



Yipes! Restricted again.



Ouch! CQ Saturday night!



Who's next?

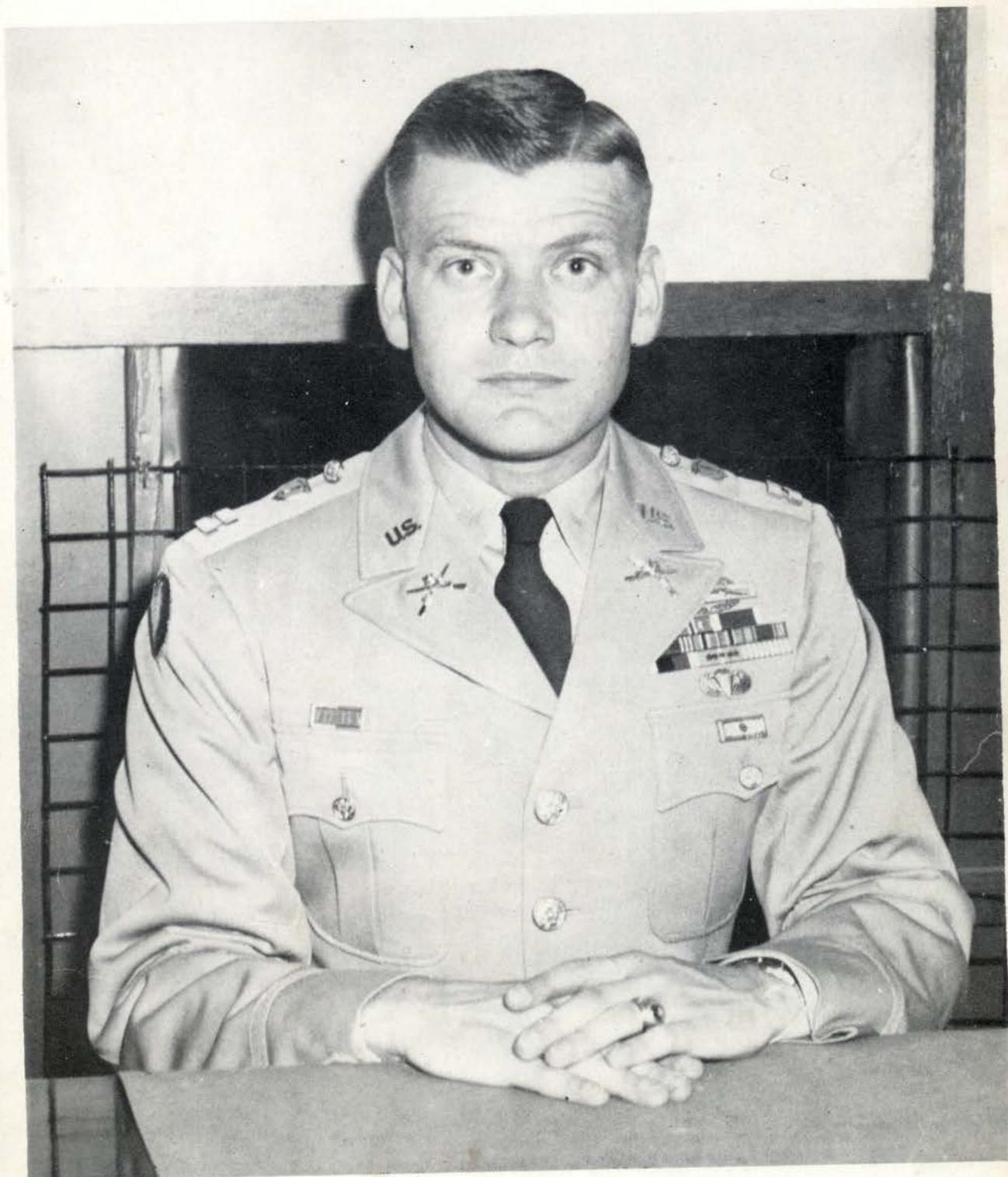
To The Graduates:

From the time you reported to the Orderly room of this company until the date of your graduation you have been constantly under my surveillance. I have observed you through your training and I believe that you are qualified to lead the United States Infantryman.

Academically you have been found to be proficient in all phases of Officer Candidate School. Do not graduate believing that you have proven yourself conclusively; you have much to learn that will come only with experience. May I offer some advice that will be useful in future assignments. Never be afraid to learn from others who have experience and always strive to maintain high standards for you and your men.

Good luck to all of you in your future assignments.

LINDSEY W. HALE
Captain Infantry
Commanding



COMPANY COMMANDER
LINDSEY W. HALE, CAPTAIN INFANTRY



Orderly Room

a



Supply

Salute



Dining Room Personnel

To Our Cadre

In the Field

Mail Room



14TH OFFICER
CANDIDATE COMPANY



THERE IS A LULL IN FIGHTING. You find a crater and settle down for a well deserved hour of relaxation and sleep. Your hopes are of sleep but your mind wanders and your thoughts roll uncontrolled to January 13, 1952 when you walked heavy footed up to an orderly room and tapped gently on the door. "Come in" was the answer and two bars stared into your soul. You were a sergeant then. Maybe you were fortunate enough to have a wife or mother kiss you goodbye and maybe like some you just shook hands with a casual friend and drove toward Benning.

... You will be billeted in the first cubicle, third barracks, third platoon. You are no longer a sergeant. You are now a CANDIDATE!

You are a candidate. Candidate for what? Let's look ahead a little. There was Colonel Grizzard and Lt. Colonel Marks.

... It will be a hard grind. But the United States in these perilous times has a need for good officers who are outstanding leaders. We are going to give her GOOD leaders.

Then too, other images recall Captain Hale and Lt. Dodge. Lts. Carlson, Cowen, Jones and Graham.

... We are here to guide you. A man who cannot discipline himself is in no position to discipline another.



COL. GRIZZARD



LT. COL. MARKS



CAPT. HALE



LT. DODGE

THE MISSION OF THE INFANTRY IS TO CLOSE WITH THE ENEMY
BY FIRE AND MANEUVER IN ORDER TO CAPTURE OR DESTROY HIM,
OR TO REPEL HIS ASSAULT BY FIRE AND CLOSE COMBAT.





To close with the enemy we must know how to reach him. And so the Infantry School commenced our course with an intricate system of interpreting maps. Remember Lt. Westcott?

... A G-M angle is that angle measured from Grid North to Magnetic North. It is essential in reading a magnetic azimuth from a map using the Grid system.

Just a little knowledge, but until now you didn't know how much it meant. You listened further in those weeks.

... You can locate the position of an enemy or the location of a hostile weapon by shooting an azimuth from two different locations and plotting them on a map. Where the lines cross is the location of the suspected position. This system is called "Intersection."

So you spent two weeks day and night studying maps. You drew grid systems on photographs. You constructed photos to scale. Target designation, grid coordinates, azimuth, resection, photomaps. These words were added to your vocabulary. You ran compass courses and with each step you learned more about locating the enemy and finding your way **home**.





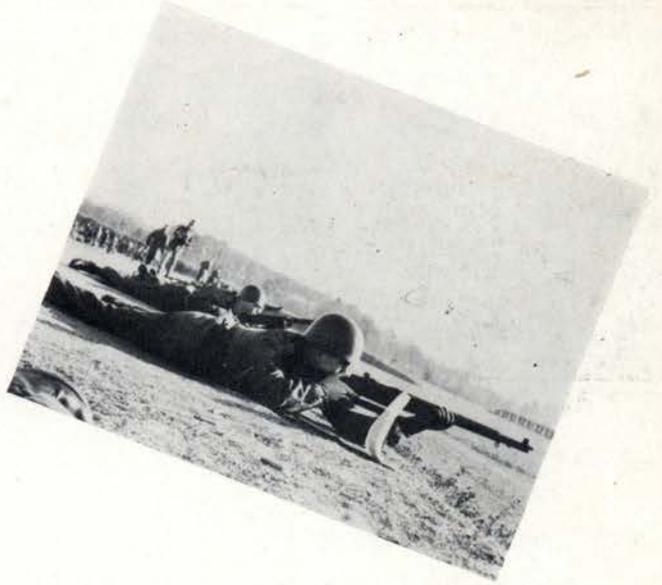
Recall your first run in with the U. S. Rifle, Caliber 30, M1? It was the Monday night after the 9th O. C. Company became senior candidates. You were in the barracks.

..... Candidate, what is the maximum range of the M1 Rifle? Sir, Candidate Smith, "I don't know."
But you soon found out.



..... The U. S. Rifle, Caliber 30, M1 is an air cooled, clip fed, gas operated semi-automatic, shoulder weapon. It weighs approximately 9.5 pounds and has a maximum range of 3500 yards. Its maximum effective range is 500 yards with M2 Ball ammunition.....





On the "prep" field you were introduced to the "hasty sling" and the "loop sling." You easily assumed the "prone" and the "kneeling" but your coach pried you into the "sitting" and "squatting" positions. You had exercises with the "sighting box." There was the "trigger squeeze" and finally a discussion on the "county fair" type of examination.

..... **On the firing line, lock! One clip eight rounds Ball ammunition, load! Ready on the right! Ready on the left! Ready on the firing line! The flag is up! The flag is waving! The flag is down!**.....

And the targets appeared.

Your work completed on the known distance range you switched to the transition range where you were in for an unexpected surprise.

..... **One of the most noted faults with the accuracy of the fire power in Korea is that the combat soldier does not think it essential to have a zero on his rifle. He is "dead wrong."**.....

You found this out!





..... **The Browning Automatic Rifle, Caliber 30, M1918A2 is one of the world's best automatic rifles. Treat it with care and respect it deserves and it will produce for you the desired combat results.**

You learned how to care for it in one type of weather; rainy weather. It rained every day you were on the range but when you lay the rifle into position you were well rewarded for your efforts by the stream of fire power that flowed from the muzzle.



You have been lying here for some time now thinking over yesterdays. There is an object biting into your side. Only four hours practical work at the school but some of the instruction finds its way back.

..... **Most men who have come into contact with a hand weapon such as this think that it should be taken from the TO&E and used only by John Wayne and Spencer Tracy.**

A demonstration proved these people wrong as five well aimed shots from the caliber 45 pistol were promptly placed into the "E" type silhouette at 25 yards.





Your platoon is a rifle platoon. Its mission is to close with the enemy by fire and close combat. Had you thought before that you can't always route an enemy with a rifle. Then too what if he has tank support? So the Army discovered ways of giving its troops maximum power when they couldn't call for artillery or supporting fire. You waded through water four inches deep the day you learned about anti-tank weapons.

Corporal Bass: Space THREE ZERO HALF LOAD. and from down under, Sergeant McCormick's thin voice; SIGHT SETTING CORRECT! POSITION AND GRIP CORRECT!



From the tower FIRE!



..... We of the Infantry are primarily interested in three basic machine guns. The heavy and light thirty caliber and the Fifty Caliber, Heavy Barrel M2. These guns are feared and respected by the enemy forces. The main differences in the light and heavy thirty caliber is that the latter has a water jacket containing approximately nine pints of water which enables it to fire longer and sustained bursts with less danger of burning up the barrel.

It didn't take you very long to learn that the instructor's words were not something read out of a manual. Technique of Fire played the major role.

..... A target of over two hundred yards in depth is engaged with the number two gun firing at the greater range and searching down while the number one gun lays its initial burst at the near end and searches up.

Captain Nix was the showman that day. His quips about the **Gunners and Leaders'** rules were designed to further impress their importance.



You have been lying here for some time now thinking over yesterdays. There is an object biting into your side. Only four hours practical work at the school but some of the instruction finds its way back.

..... Most men who have come into contact with a hand weapon such as this think that it should be taken from the TO&E and used only by John Wayne and Spencer Tracy.

A demonstration proved these people wrong as five well aimed shots from the caliber 45 pistol were promptly placed into the "E" type silhouette at 25 yards.



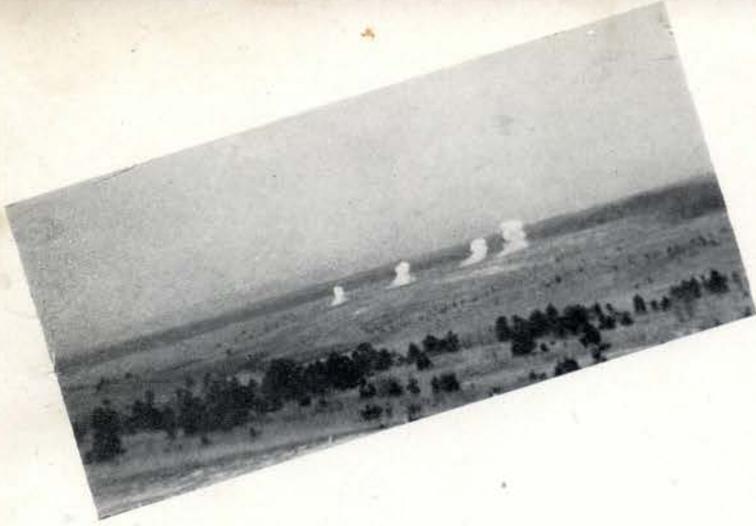


SPACE 48, HALF LOAD. LAY ON PANEL 8 AS LAYED? MEDIUM FIRE! A burst of twenty marked the base of the target. Your mind strayed back to Broomfield Range and a demonstration crew composed of Corporal Bass and Sergeant McCormick.

From the tower: SPACE 30, HALF LOAD!
Corporal Bass: Space THREE ZERO HALF LOAD. and from down under, Sergeant McCormick's thin voice; SIGHT SETTING CORRECT! POSITION AND GRIP CORRECT!



From the tower FIRE!



Mortars! Deflections! M10 Plotting Boards! Serious statements with meaning. But Lt. Fabianch had less serious statements with just as much punch.

... **When working as a section leader or squad leader of a 60 mm mortar team it is best to stay with the mortar.**

Sir, what if it is impossible to stay with the mortar?

... **Then I can offer only one solution. Take the mortar with you.**



... **The purpose of an FDC is to provide centralized control by which a commander can maneuver the fire of his mortar unit. An FDC for the 81 mm mortar platoon helps the platoon leader control and mass quickly the fire of four mortars.**

You spent unnumbered hours plotting positions on the M10 Plotting Board. You took the position of Forward Observer and "sensed" rounds as they fell upon an area and attempted to adjust them onto the target. Finally your instruction included information about the survey team and you learned how to set up a "Firing Chart."





The 81 platoon was the interesting member of the infantry support weapons and your eyes grew big as you witnessed the accuracy and damage caused by one of its shells.

81 mm mortar covers an area of 100 yards by 100 yards. It is usually employed about 100 to 200 yards forward of the MLR. It is a planned type of fire, and is usually placed in probable routes of approach available to the enemy. Many times this is a draw or an intermittent stream bed.

From the Fire Direction Center:
Platoon
He
Zero Deflection
Platoon
One Round
Elevation 60
Charge 4
Fire





... The 57 mm and 75 mm Recoiless Rifles use a special type of ammunition not common to any other weapon. The main difference is the "perforated cartridge case" which allows for easy expansion of gases and even burning. This gives the rifle greater accuracy.



This was the first time you had handled a "recoilless" weapon but you gained the fundamentals of most weapons in the earlier stages of OCS so you had no trouble. The "stadia" sight held your interest although you let it fall into the back of your mind and concentrated on "subcaliber" firing. Maybe you were one of the few who fired live ammunition. Whatever your case you are firing plenty of it now. This was your 12th week of academic training. That meant one more weapon to study.





The 90 mm gun was originally designed for use as an anti aircraft weapon but with special modifications has been mounted on the M 46 tank. It has a vertical, drop type breech block and can be fired by hand or foot. It employs a "double baffle" muzzle break and a "bore evacuator" which tends to draw the smoke from the bore to the outside of the tank making it more comfortable for the crew inside.



So you listened contently. You shivered while you watched "technique of fire" but you managed to gain a lot of information and you liked what you saw.





Arson. . . . This is Arson Baker. . . . over. . . . and we established our radio net. . . . This was just one phase of our classes in Signal Communication. Here, we were taught the intricacies of communication nets, operation and proper procedure. We were thoroughly familiarized with the all important communication nets which tie a company together, and in turn bind company to battalion and battalion to regiment. We were taught the correct technique of splicing telephone lines; just as we were taught the correct method of setting up a web of those same thin copper wires that represent life to us in battle.

In radio, where security is so necessary we were lead into the meaningless, mumbled world of code, where the English language was reduced to a series of letters that serve as the vehicle to give your outfit desperately needed support or the first rations you've had in days.

Signal Communications. . . . Literally the nerve system of our army. The impulse of which, may mean **"Hold your position at all costs"** or **"Move to the rear for a rest."**





This finished your course of instruction in weapons. You had studied many hours on reading maps. You had run numerous compass courses. In general you had learned about getting to the enemy and what weapons to use against them. There is just one question more to ask yourself. What do you do when you close with the enemy? The answer is that you use maneuver. But what kind? So your course of instruction included tactics.

. . . The rifle company is the basic unit with tactical, administrative, and supply functions.

Tactics. Daylight attack. Conduct of night attack. Attack of a river line. Defense of a reverse slope. This is what you learned. You recalled that in the "Civil War" Stonewall Jackson won his fame with his superior tactics and that Nathaniel Green helped the cause of America in the "REVOLUTION" when his ingenuity was displayed in his use of tactics which made Cornwallis **think** that he had won a battle while in **reality** Green kept his army intact and won a victory.

. . . The platoon leader is responsible for the training, discipline, control, and tactical employment of his platoon. He develops responsibility and leadership in his squad leaders by giving instructions through his chain of command.

This marked FINIS to your instruction. A few more technical terms. But you had the major portion of the knowledge the school could give you. From here on it was your fight. What you made the most of depended in many cases on what you had learned in OCS. The fate of 44 men rested with you. The bars on your shoulders reflected that every time you said, "Follow Me."



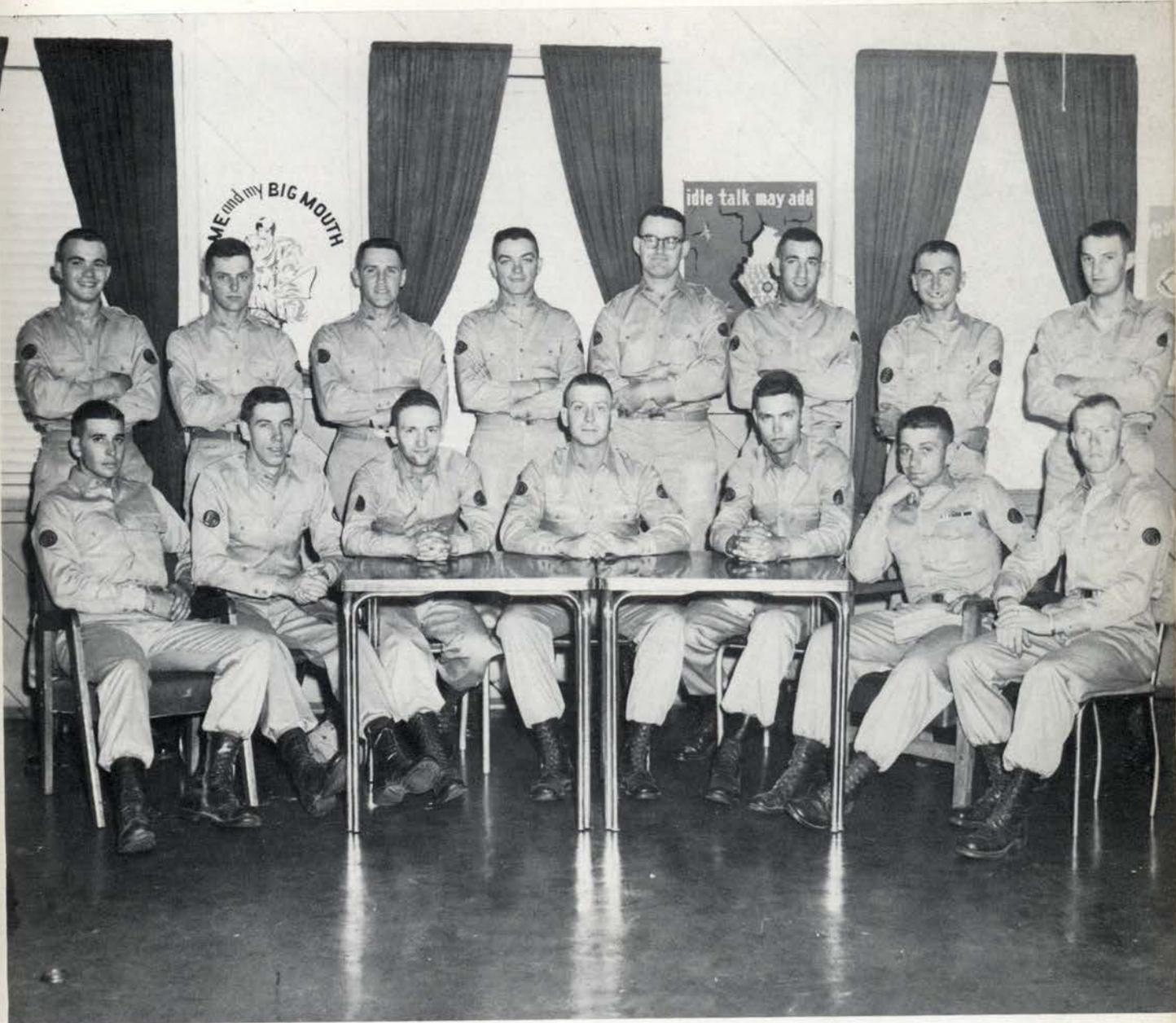


*Student
Council*

*Honor
Council*



*Entertainment
Committee*



We would like to take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to the men who made this yearbook possible. It seemed an impossible task in those first few trying weeks getting all the necessary information on every man in the company. Taking informal shots at the various classes and ranges. Making contacts with the printer. In general, collecting all the data needed. But it wasn't too long until things started shaping up. The layout committee rolled into high gear and in a very short time the collected information took on the resemblance of a yearbook. As our course neared completion, the committee could rightfully have been classed a a bee-hive in the honey-making stage. Last minute details kept popping up, and, of course the deadline. But everything was finally checked for the last time and the book was submitted to the printer for publication. This is the result. We hope you like it.

The Year Book Committee



"Patty Cake"



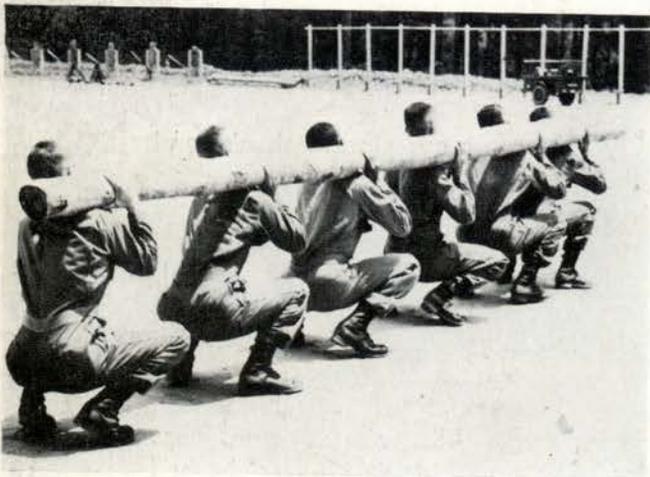
"Look, No Hands"



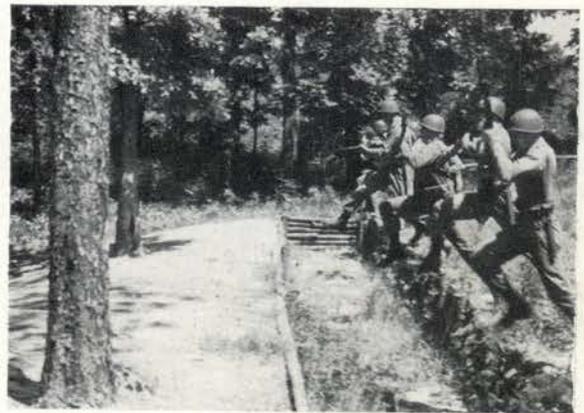
"Death of A Swan"



"What, No Guts"



"Ratio Six Horses Per Ton"



"Gnomes Beware"



"65-66-67-I Can't Look!!"

Sweat & Toil



"Tripping The Light Fantastic"



"I Work At The *Weavers* Trade"



"Bounce Candidate"



"Ah-Uh-Ahhh!"



"An Old Hindu Trick"



"Two Up; One Back"



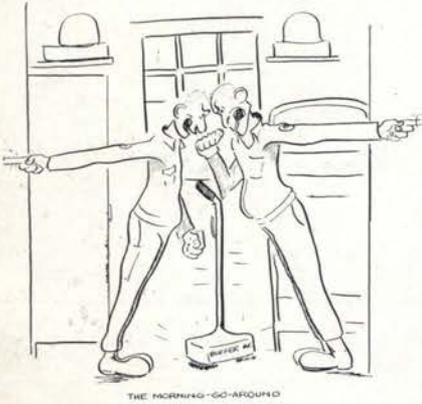
"71-hup-72-hup-73-hup"



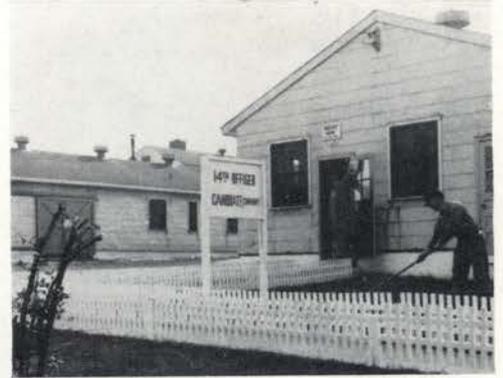
Charles Atlas Should See This?

Work & Play

Inspection !!



THE MORNING-GO-AROUND



For British VIPs



For Danish VIPs



For French VIPs



For Canadian VIPs

If it stands still - paint it!



For Turkish VIPs



For Chinese VIPs



For Third Army VIPs



For Ft. Benning VIPs

It was worth it



A Display of Unity and Strength



Cover

TRAMP,
TRAMP,
TRAMP,
THE BOYS
ARE MARCHING.



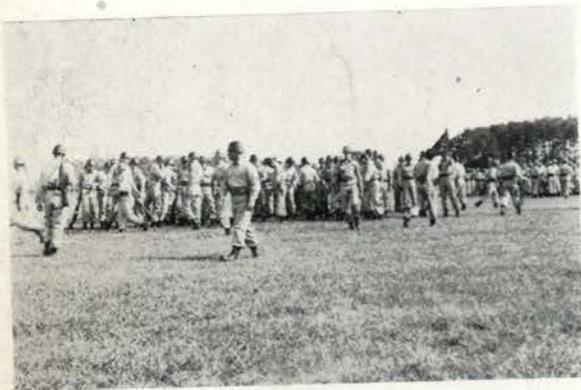
Mass Drill 1830 Tonight



Beyond the Call of Duty



Here we go again.

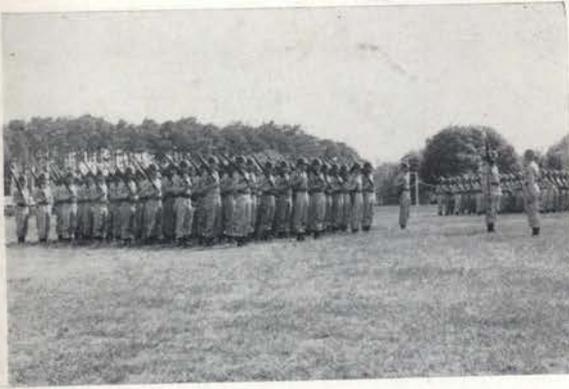


Drop the Hanky

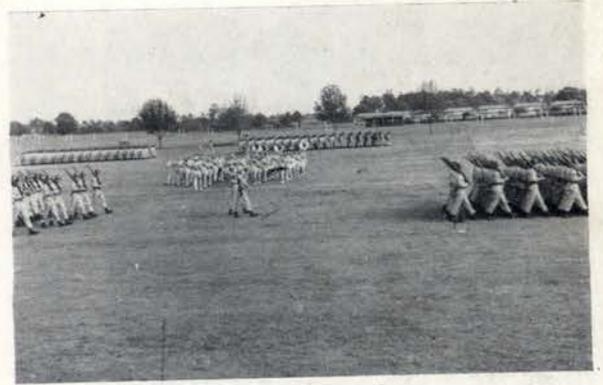


Our fearless photographer at work.

And then there were parades



O-R-D-E-R Arms

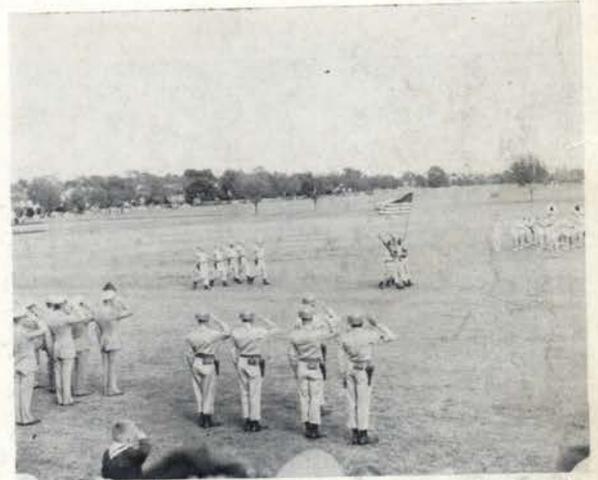


Eyes Right

Regimental Review

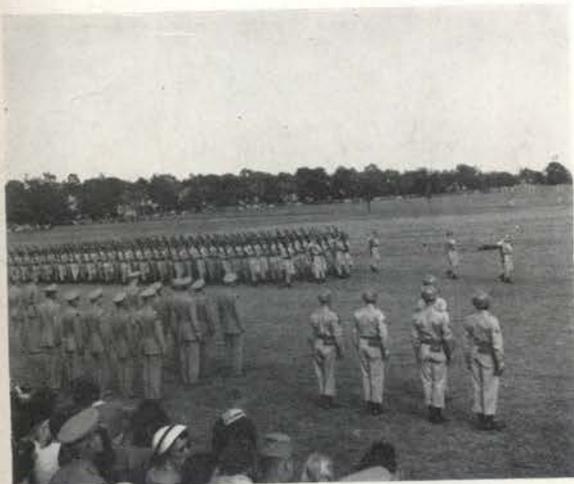


Dress Right-Dress



Present Arms

Our Senior Parade



Pass In Review



. . . . Will Be Given That
Respect Demanded by an Officer



Break!



Soldier You Must Have Hidden Talent



Take Twoooo
They Are Small



Hangover Square



Cornu Copia



I'll Get My Own!

L
e
t
s

h
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v
e
a

p
a
r
t
y





There Was Music



There Was Dancing

*o
n*



And THEN There Was Dancing



WCTU?



Twinkle Toes Crofoot



Dr. Kinsey Should See This!!

*t
w
o*



oo La La



"This Must Be Read At The Last Formation Before A Weekend"



"Getting Up In The World"



"Whose Candidate"



"Where Are The Donation Tables"



"From 22-5, Chap. 7, Sec. IV Par 3, Line 4"



"Bloodshot!!!"



"One Plane Shot"



You now have the requirements in training and education to be a good Infantry Officer. Whether or not you succeed depends upon you. In the present world situation you may be called upon to make tremendous achievements and along with those achievements, much sacrifice. The need for leaders in the profession of arms is ever increasingly becoming apparent. You have promise of a very successful career and you have only to apply yourself conscientiously to the best of your ability. Keep in mind the fact that physically fighting for ideals that you believe in is the most honorable of professions.

My congratulations to each and every one of you on your graduation from Officer Candidate School.

HARRY E. DODGE
1st Lt. Inf.
Executive Officer



Lt. Gerald J. Carlson

FIRST PLATOON

Mention "Carlson's Raiders" and you have summed up the carefree but capable first. Known by every name but the "First Platoon," men of every denomination and with previous experiences about as varied, "The Goons" yodled their way through twenty-two weeks of "sweat and fun." "Ole Ninety Seven" and "Rain on the Mountain" precluded an introduction to one of "Preacher Jim" Ellison's sermons and "We're Here" meant that the day was about to start or had ended. These men of humor and intellect ran through a height scale from five-five to six-seven. This added more by-words for the "Mighty First" who coined the phrase "Big Brother is Watching You." The one thing that we could never understand was how a five-five Tac Officer could look up to a six-seven man and command, "stand tall, candidate" But aside from the wit and humor every man stores seriousness and from the first "get on the happy agate" we heard, information was poured into our brains. A lot we retained. We waxed and polished and scrubbed. We spent hours "spit shining" our shoes, and, along with our thanks, we dwell upon this point we wish to leave with Lt. Carlson; "Whose, Lieutenant?"

LT. RAYMOND "Bess" BESSEMER
 1633 S. W. 18th Avenue
 Miami, Florida



According to a recent survey, women of Columbus have been locking their doors day AND night since the 13th of January when "our boy" alias "the Body" arrived in town. His "technique" was one of his best kept secrets. We strongly suspect that he kept it in that monstrous, bulging laundry bag—Bessemer's Folly. Bessemer's Folly proved to be an inspecting officer's delight . . . that's if they were courageous or foolhardy enough to try and open it. We all admired Bess's ability to carry a "heavy load" and then make a fast twenty pull-ups the morning after. Seriously, Bess, we enjoyed having you around especially when we were suffering from a severe case of low morale. There's one thing we can't understand . . . is how the devil you ever kept from falling through your shorts.

LT. JOSEPH "Brother Bill" H. BONE
 314 Hanover Avenue
 Columbia, South Carolina



Quiet and reserved, the rebel from South Carolina with a yankee accent, likes grits served 40 different ways (We should warn his fiance'). He's the only man we've met who claims he was merely on D/S to civilian life since he was born. Brother was a radio announcer prior to entering the Army via the Air Force. He tells us he had to come to the Infantry to exercise his voice training. Needless to say his command voice is nothing less than terrific. His "rawright" and "leyeft" directional commands are his trade-mark. Bill's potential unit will be fortunate in that they will have a leader who is moral, and considerate, and who by his nature will take a personal interest in their problems. But, brother, if he ever is appointed mess officer it'll be grits for breakfast, dinner and lunch, served forty different ways.

LT. HERMAN "Bras" BRASWELL, JR.
 3925 Moss Rase Drive
 Nashville, Tennessee

We could tell what kind of man Bras was the first time he spoke to us. His quiet voice with a rolling drawl indicated his calm, pleasant manner. Bras was the transient of First Platoon. He moved in on the first floor, then to the second, and finally was planted permanently back on the first floor. He was the first man to "train" one of our buffers to wax his floor for him. He merely leaned up against a wall or sat on the floor with the cord in his hand, and then managed to swing the buffer over every square inch of his floor. This technique put him in the proletariat "no Gig" class. Bras is one of the most cooperative characters we know . . . he was always offering to help us "pack our bags."

LT. KENNETH W. "Flash" BURNS
 706 Buckingham Drive
 Silver Springs, Maryland

The "Flash," who won his name after pitching his first softball game for the company, was speedy in more ways than one. He could beat anyone to bed at night. While a civilian he brow beat third graders as a school teacher. Now he is wrapped up in songs by Johnny Ray and associates with "dad" Rizzo who often has instruction for him in "hot" jazz. When there is no more reville, look for Burns. He loves to sleep late and he has probably rewritten the SOP. If you see a sleek pin stripe suit with bars attached, salute, it's "Little Ken."





LT. DEAN R. "Cam" CAMPBELL
 1295 Randolph Avenue
 Topeka, Kansas

Dean took the Army's recruiting posters to heart . . . and he found a career in the Army . . . In fact, he found it in OCS. Cam was the proprietor of Dean's Dapper Dan Tailor Shop (located in his cubicle). His work was somewhat canalized, as the only thing he ever worked on were OCS patches . . . His Own. He suffered from a malady not uncommon to OC's . . . Caughtwithmypatchesdownitis. Symptoms a pale blue II & 6 on the daily "Honor Roll"; Remedy, a needle and thread in Dean's hot lil' pinkies. If you ever get a phone call and a voice tells you that it's working its way through the Army by sewing on patches . . . that's our boy Cam."



LT. HOWARD "Kit" CARSON
 805 S. W. 31st Street
 Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Kit . . . you have to see to believe. He'd look perfectly at home under a coon-skin cap, that's if they had coon out whar he comes from. Another "Ridge Runner" from Oklahoma, Howard recently returned from Japan, and even more recently joined the "Q" alotment clan; but gad what a beautiful alotment. We'll not only remember "Car" for his born ability as a soldier; but also for a monologue which began "You'd better pay your rent . . ." which is Greek to anyone but a first platoon. Kit's Academy Award Winning performance was played on the M-1 Range one day early in the cycle. He played the sad sack in an impromptu skit and later a member of a chorus line which kept Tac Officers, Instructors, and o/c's "rolling." However we'd like to mention Car's cubicle . . . how thoroughly frustrating it was to inspecting officers . . . "Nothing to Gig."

LT. BRUCE CORNISH
 128 Devonia Avenue
 Lexington, Kentucky

He danced his way to oblivion and sang his way back again with the "Jody" cadence. Bruce was the unofficial drill master of the company. If we had a parade coming up we put in a call for "Corn." Bruce is a music lover to the core . . . if it is western. Most of the time if you ventured into the first platoon barracks after study hall you could find Bruce in the center of the square dance club stomping dust down onto the first floor.



LT. WARREN R. "Jump" CROFOOT
 Box 164
 Wolcottville, Indiana

Hear the sound of dancing feet, then you know it's Jump Crofoot the "OCS Gene Kelly." Warren was the somewhat over-charged male lead in the rendition of Slaughter on 8th Division Road in our company party 'way back in the 12th week. Of course, he has other interest besides dancing, such as: Girls, OCS, women, being attached to an Air Borne unit, women and the Charleston. We feel we'd better warn "Jump," though that there are units in this man's army that frown upon adjutants who Charleston onto a parade ground, instead of moving into position at a brisk march.





LT. ROBERT R. "Dit" DITTO
 805 N. E. 25th Street
 Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Dit has the distinction of being the only company party chairman to spend substantially more money on booze than food and other miscellaneous items for that festive event. Though, the morning after we couldn't decide whether to congratulate him for this momentous move or to hang him from those infamous chin-up bars. Dit an Oklahoma "Ridge Runner" attended the University of that state; belonged to a national fraternity, and later he joined Alcoholics Unanimous, worked for Shell Oil Company as scout (he didn't say whether it was Indian or Oil) and landsman. He also is mentioned in Booze Who. We are of the firm assumption that Shell Oil's loss is our gain. Barbara has a man she can be right proud of.

LT. GENE B. "Okee" DOKE
 1236 31st Street
 Orlando, Florida

The poor man's Bob Hope. The second part of the Gibbons-Doke trio (there was enough of them to make three men) and direct descendant of Bacchus. Okee is a refugee from the Marine Corps . . . also Orlando Florida where they grow round and supple . . . oranges. Gene very ably supported Bob Ditto in planning for our somewhat "spirited" party. The question is who supported Doke AT the party. Word's gotten around that Doke's party inadvertently sabotaged the color company of a certain regimental parade. Despite the little pointed hoofed demons that were running around the inner recesses of our head the next day he presented an excellent party.



LT. JAMES O. ELLISON
 2781 E. 28th Street
 Tulsa, Oklahoma

"Dirty Jim" is the only Oklahoman who doesn't claim to own an oil well. Jim's talents run toward the legal field, being an accredited member of every bar in Columbus. Jim is best remembered for his excellent sense of humor, his thick Russian accent and his celebrated tactical deployment of the first platoon in the famous flanking movement "across the 8th Division Road." Dirty Jim is also the religious leader of the first platoon and has lead them in many inspiring revival meetings. He was Treasurer of our Student Council and member of the year book committee.



LT. EARLE J. "Gib" GIBBONS
 322 Highland Drive
 Bakersfield, California

Gib is the most looked up to man in the company, even by the tac officers. The reason . . . Gib is a staunch Californian who measures a cool 6 ft. 4 in. He attended the University of California for 4 years and came out with a Bachelor's Degree in Political Science. While at Cal he starred on their basketball team plus making a tour with them to Hawaii. Gib has trouble with his coordination in so far that when he goes to bed and he manages to get his feet under the covers his head hangs over the opposite end of the bunk . . . and vice versa. Gib had other amazing talents namely as to how he and his cubicle partner managed to sweep and buff their floor, lay out their lockers and make their bunks in the time that the minute caller gave his five minute call and his three minute call. If in the future you should be walking down a company street and see your reflection in a belt buckle . . . just look up and you'll see Gib.





LT. JOHN E. GOFF
Rustburg, Virginia

We have a vivid memory of John standing in rigid brace in front of a certain Tac officer . . . hearing . . . "You're not a Sergeant First Class anymore, Goff . . . YOU'RE A CANDIDATE" . . . His brace sagged a little . . . and we would see him wishing he was back in Trieste, homesteading. Trieste, with Leaves and Maneuvers all over Europe—Girls in Italy, Austria, Germany, Etc. His memories of Trieste were soon blotted out as he settled down to doing a conscientious job here . . . with one exception, however . . . that being a haunting refrain "I went down to Udine" which he brought back from overseas. Only one experience seems to bother John, standing parade rest at sling arms . . . He feels that Parade rest means Parade rest . . . "rest on your rifle."

LT. WARREN E. "Buffer" HEADLOUGH
2526 17th, N. E.
Canton, Ohio

The Buffer is an old army man and as such has a great many adventures tucked away under his belt . . . among other things. During World War the second he served as a combat medic with the 40th Infantry Division on Guadalcanal and later campaigns. Of late he was stationed in Alaska. Prior to coming into the Army way back in '43, he was a professional skater with Ice Capades, Inc. The Buffer was bestowed his monicker shortly after arriving in 14th OC when First Platoon became the proud owners of two sparkling chrome and maroon buffers. Whether the buffer soothed some intangible neurosis or the color appealed to him, we'll never know. We do know that one of them disappeared. We found out, though, when Warren's cubicle floor suddenly glistened. Rumor has it that he ate with it, slept with and carried it in place of his M-1 . . . He eventually relinquished its use to the platoon. But if you're ever in an outfit and suddenly an order comes down that buffers will replace the M-1 as the basic Infantry Weapon . . . Guess Who!



LT. RICHARD E. "Irv" IRVINE
162 Mary Avenue
Fords, New Jersey

Irv, while a civilian, gave people "the business" in a Sears and Roebuck department store located somewhere in New Jersey. In fact, he was so proficient that he was promoted to manager of a department. There was a short lapse of time, until he was called into service. Irv, like many of us, had gig trouble. He claims he was under such close restriction that he's the only man in the U. S. Army that can live as comfortably in a wall locker as in a ten room house. But any one that has worked with Irv will agree that the CO that has him as a subordinate will have one of the most cooperative men this man's army has seen for quite a spell.



LT. LOWELL G. JOHNSON
1004 Locut Avenue
Columbia, Missouri

Johnny, often called "Rock," came to OCS from the Granite City Engineer Depot, Granite City, Illinois. In school he soon came to be known for his numerous witticisms, one of which was, "Back home I couldn't even make Tenderfoot Scout—how can I ever expect to make 2nd Lieutenant in the Army? Being an all-around athlete, Johnny made a good showing for himself on the softball team until he came up to bat one day and zigged when he should have zagged. As a result, the impact of the ball accounted for three of his front teeth, which immediately ended any enthusiasm he ever had for softball.





LT. LOUIS G. LAMB
210 E. Stoughton
Champaign, Illinois

Another of the small colony of "Ridge Runners" that infested first platoon for 22 weeks. Gene is an Individualist's Individualist. Gene always turned a "light shade of gray" when Billy Burke started pickin' up a storm which after a few weeks caused the first platoon to turn a darker shade of gray. His pride and joy, though, was a certain maroon chariot manufactured by Cadillac, with twin air horns. Those horns were a thing to behold. The first few times he used them . . . a rumor raced around 2nd Battalion that Fort Benning had been invaded by the Navy, and that the U. S. S. Missouri was anchored in the Upatoi. There's one thing we know definitely, that Gene's platoon is going to have an all-round sharp capable commander who'll keep them on their toes and at the same time set a fine example of good soldiering.

LT. ROBERT K. MACKEY
823 Main Street
Honolulu, T. H.

After freezing for years in the wastelands of North Dakota, Mac's family decided to let him see a little of the more pleasant scenes of life and took him to Hawaii, the Land of Enchantment. He entered the service and took his basic training at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. The government later gave him a free trip back to his native land and OCS. We'll always recall the every afternoon occurrence when "old 116" posted himself before the "gig" sheet pen in hand.



LT. THOMAS J. "Mac" MacMAHON
171 Alexander Street
Rochester, New York

Mac was an avid sports fan and reader of thick books. We understand "Mac's" foot locker looked like an annex to the Main Post Library. If you walked down the center aisle of first platoon barracks you could always tell if Mac was there; because the top of his head would show as he lay on his bunk catching up on his Literature. Mac could always be found in one of two positions . . . standing, cleaning his cubicle; or "supine," reading. He was one of the few men who would come into your cubicle and instead of asking for a cigarette, would ask if you had any choice books. Word has reached us that Mac plans on re-writing all Army field manuals along the lines of Shakespeare.



LT. BILLY R. MOUNCE
Hearne, Texas

Billy is another Texas boy who came east to see what the rest of the world is like. Bill is known far and wide for his experiences with the opposite sex. Everytime the men of the 1st Platoon got to feeling blue they would go to Bill and listen to one of his many stories running up into the hundreds. Being a man who liked fast popular music when he entered OCS presented a slight problem in converting him to the hill billy folk songs of Georgia, but before he was half through he had become an outstanding square dancer, dancing with "Boris" to the music of "Rain on the Mountain." Bill was also the Student A & R officer for the company and organized all of the sport activities.





LT. W. B. PHILLIPS
 1230 Wildwood Avenue
 Columbus, Georgia

Phil's character and personality are easily identified by the fact that he was chosen as one of the company representatives to the 2nd Battalion's Honor Council. Before coming to OCS Phil saw a great deal of action in Korea as a front line correspondent for the Army. Early in our cycle our battalion paraded for Phil and several others as they were presented with medals on French Field. Phil received the Bronze Star, which again reminds us of the type of man he is. Phil's fine attitude made it a pleasure to serve with him. Typical of first platoon, and their great love of fine(?) music you'd generally find one W. B. Phillips in a duet, quartet, or a mob music festival . . . making with a fine tenor or second Bass.



LT. LEE W. "Red" ROBERTS
 351 8th Street
 Holly Hill, Florida

Lee was one of the few quiet members of the first Platoon. However he wasn't hard to find. All we had to do was look around our immediate area for a large cloud of smoke. By using radar, we could generally penetrate it far enough to find Red in the center smoking like fury on a long stogie, practicing his hobby—photography. He took some fine pictures—after he started using a haze filter. Red's cigars kept first platoon in a constant state of frustration. They never knew if it was cloudy or if they'd suddenly entered purgatory, or if Roberts was pulling on another hemp. Some day soon, though, a platoon in a now unknown outfit is going to get a fine officer, that's if they don't mind taking commands from a cloud of smoke.

LT. ANTHONY J. SAMMONS, JR.
 P. O. Box 92
 Pettus, Texas

"Sam" is a member of the U. S. Army only by leave of the Texas Republic. He is a tall lanky fellow, who looks like he would be at home in the saddle; but he had resigned himself to the more exacting job of selling Spam. Evidently there is much of the ham in Sam as he was an active participant of the 1st OC Regt. musical "Once in A Lifetime." Being a typical Texan, he is an expert shot with nearly every weapon the infantry can offer. Sam always sticks up for everything that he thinks is right whether it is or not.

LT. RICHARD E. "Rizz" (Dad) RIZZO
 1902 Burton Street
 San Diego, California

A real "cat" from California via Hawaii. Rizz thoroughly indoctrinated the first platoon in the latest Bop, and gave reveille with a full volume blast on his record player, with something hot by Kenton. Rizz's outfit will probably be the only platoon in the Army to get an attack order that'll begin "Now dig this, cats, I'm not wiggin you . . ." Rizz is a good soldier who quietly confides his "secret" method of shining combat boots to anyone who wants to listen, and, who, while learning the slide rule drove everybody to distraction in the Latrine "Study Hall" by asking them . . . "Give me a number, any three digit number to multiply . . ."





LT. JOSEPH W. SCHULLER, JR.
4305 Stevens Ave., S.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Jody, the little man with a big voice. Though we've strongly suspected, since the show *Once In A Lifetime* . . . that he has a record player hidden under his helmet. Jody's life with the army has been one of: In again, out again. He served in World War II, was discharged, and with the advent of the "Korean Police Action" decided he would make a steel helmet his home. Jody was one of the few men in the company to come directly from the Korean front, where he served as an FO for a Heavy Mortar company. Jody's at home in the Infantry and we think the army's lucky to have him.



LT. FRED F. "Staff" STAFFORD
1514 Edgedale Road
Greensboro, North Carolina

Staff had just finished getting his Bachelor's Degree from North Carolina State College when he was "called to the colors." He claims they at the Reception Center the colors were the Stars and Bars, and that some low down yankee played a trick on him. Fred's greatest achievement in OC was teaching the first platoon to sing the Kentucky Walse with correct pronunciation of Ken - - tucky. Fred, a great music lover, is "Just all tore up inside by Hank Snow's singin'." For a certain young lady's information, those 14-page novels, Fred jokingly calls letters, were written hidden surreptitiously behind a 22-5 during study hours. We'll always remember him for his staunch defiance of RA's, defense of the South, and "In ten seconds I want every mother's son in ranks, Standin' tall and rockin' steady!" Two days after graduation Staff will be trying to prove that two can live as cheaply as one.

LT. GLADSTONE R. "Tom" THOMAS
10816½ Bluffside Drive
North Hollywood, California

Tom saw a great deal of action with the 82nd Airborne during the Second World War as a Paratrooper-demolitionist. He has reflected his fine military training from his first day in OCS. We'll never know quite how he did it; but, he found time to read poetry, good literature and about all the books on philosophy. Ol' Dad Thomas, the Philosopher's philosopher. He would philosophize in his cubicle, YOUR cubicle, the latrine, inclement weather and while we were trying to sleep out our ten minute breaks. The men in Tom's unit will be fortunate, indeed. They will have a man as their leader who is combat-wise, a good councilor who has that valuable faculty of seeing, and being considerate of the other "guy's" point of view.





LT. ARNOLD C. WILLETS

Box 3575

Daytona Beach, Florida

Willets has many aliases. He has been called "Boris," "Our Glorious Leader" or just plain A. C. He reminds us of one of the Russian Generals in the "Grin and Bear It" cartoons. A. C.'s profound loathing of all physical exertion made him the ideal cubicle mate for his partner Bill Patch and leads us to wonder how he ever earned the Airborne Wings which he proudly wears in the bottom of his duffle bag. Everything about Boris gives the impression that he is an easy-going Joe (We hate to use the word lazy), his slow shuffling walk, drooping eyelids and slow drawl. Although he can never be remembered for his neat cubicle he is one of the most likeable men in the platoon.

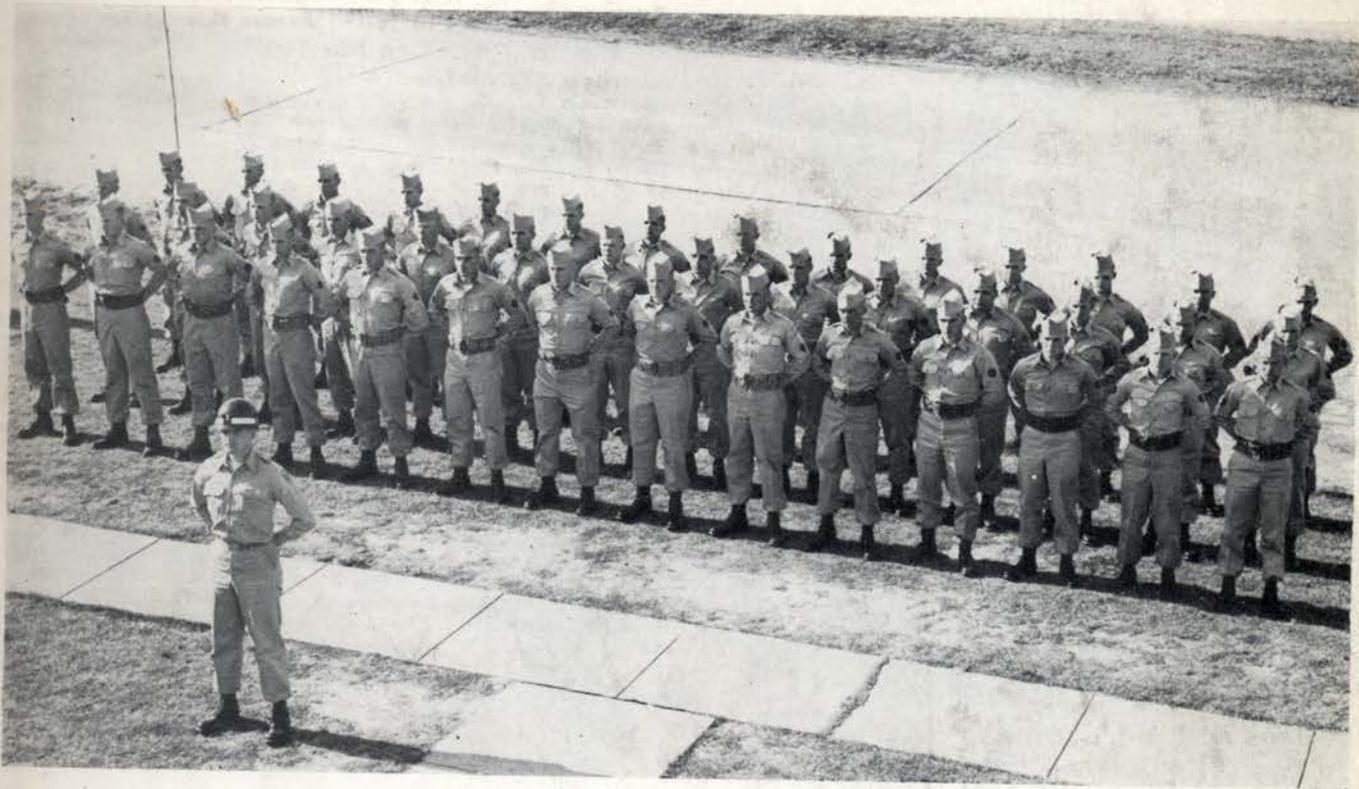


LT. CHARLES "TOMMY" THOMPSON

1515 Lindsey Street

Anderson, South Carolina

Tommy led a very active life before coming to us in the 14th OC Company. He traveled widely . . . all 'round Korea. "I don't believe there's a square mile of that peninsula I haven't seen. Before enlisting in the Army five years ago, he attended the University of Virginia, and also applied his talents to the field of journalism. This man without a doubt is the cleanest man in the 14th OC Company. He was always polishing his boots, his floor, or cleaning his M-1 . . . and he rarely missed passes as a result. Tommy was so quiet we rarely knew when he was around . . . but we were sure glad to have him. . . . He's a darned good soldier.



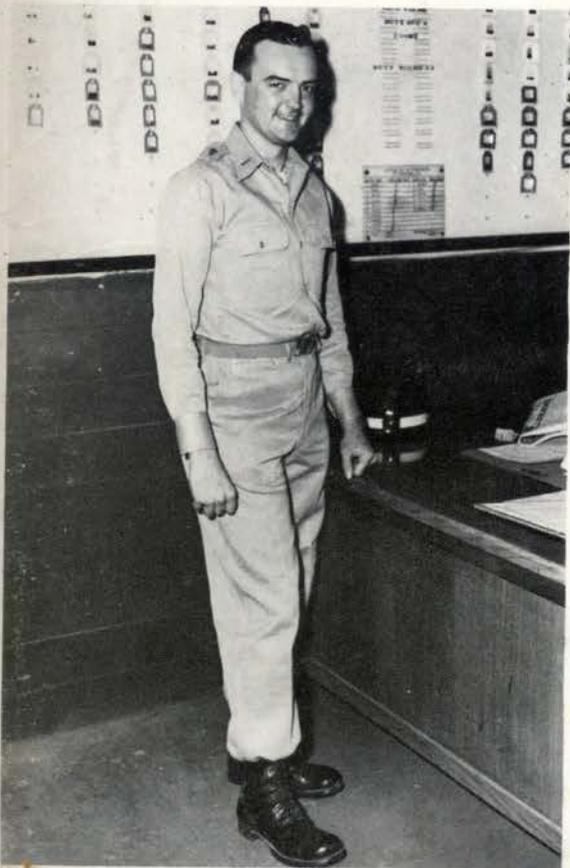
SECOND PLATOON

"Someone must make a stand,
Coward, take my coward's hand."

This quotation from "Home of the Brave" epitomises the Second Platoon. We were not exceptional; we were hardly outstanding in any way. But, together in our aggressive uncertainty and fearless fear, we led each other through the school. Maybe **this** is leadership, maybe **this** is cooperation. Whatever name you put to this unflinching force, the second platoon had it, held it, and tossed it back and forth to one another whenever it was needed, like a lifesaver being thrown to a drowning man. Sometimes, most times, it took the form of humor—the ability to laugh. How many times were we buoyed up by the chance remark that shattered a crisis and made it a thing of mirth and, on occasion, ridicule?

To say that we changed from individuals to members of the group without any outside help would be presumptuous. Lt. Cowan was our guardian angel-devil who knew when to ride us and when to guide us. He demonstrated a sense of timing that cries to be emulated.

During the past 22 weeks we have been like spider threads, at first strung out independently, insignificantly: but, with the passage of time, we blended into a tight web. Our knowledge of the strength of Unity will go with us.



Lt. Michael Cowan



LT. NICHOLAS C. ANTHONY
813 Second Avenue
Troy, New York

Nicholas C. Anthony was our beautification chief. He was responsible for designing and putting into effect his various ideas on making our company more delightful to the eye. Somehow a beautification designer brings to mind a frail, hyper-sensitive, and slightly effeminate male. And if it does to you, you're so wrong. Nicholas Anthony, known better to the boys as "Tony," weighs 220 lbs., is an ex-ranger, ex-paratrooper and played varsity football for four years. "Tony" hails from Troy, N. Y., and although he doesn't look exactly like the Trojan horse he certainly doesn't look like a beautification boy.

LT. FRANKLIN L. ASHINGER
106 Madison
Hagerstown, Indiana

Friendly Frank Ashinger spent four years in Butler University in Indiana earning a B. S. in Business Administration and decided he'd be damned if he couldn't employ his book learning in his new business—the U. S. Army. While it doesn't mean much in the way of dollars it goes a long way in the sense column for Frank had made it his business to "soldier" and he does. The Hagerstown, Indiana, boy has converted 16 weeks of Artillery basic and three weeks of Leaders course into a strong background to a successful career.



LT. OTTO D. BUTLER
R. R. 3
Ringling, Oklahoma

When Otto D. Butler was asked where he was from and said, "Ringling," a few of us jumped to conclusions and thought he was a fugitive from a circus, but he informed us that Oklahoma was the lucky state that harbored Ringling, his home town. Butler or "Red" played football and basketball while attending Ringling High School of Agriculture for a year and a half. Red you-can't-beat-him-to-the-chow-hall Butler speaks fondly of "bumming around" as his favorite hobby. They say the Army encourages hobbies. Been bumming lately, Red?



LT. JOHN F. COUGHLIN
1623 York Avenue
New York, New York

John F. Coughlin, the pappy of the second platoon, "saw his duty and dun it." He enlisted in the Canadian Army in January 1941 to fight the Nazi Menace. With the entrance of our country into the conflict, John transferred to the home Army and served until 1945. In 1948 John re-upped in the Air Corps, transferring to the Army to attend OCS. Daddy John played a large part in making our intermediate party the glorious shindig it was, but he will be remembered more as the sage who opened his mouth infrequently but influentially.





LT. GARRY C. J. COWEN
 966 Stone Canyon Road
 Los Angeles, California

Whenever "Limey" is mentioned the ears that decorate the head of Garry C. J. Cowen prick up smartly. After spending five years in England working with the Old Vic players, Garry has developed a fondness for the English that tolerates no slights. The Los Angeles lad possesses a loyalty and stubbornness that combine to make him a formidable foe of any Anglophobe. Garry enlisted in Germany and served there one year before returning to the U. S. and Fort Benning. Incidentally the Big Word is now out. The "C. J." middle initials stand for "Coffee Joyce."

LT. ROBERT L. CRAY
 Box 146
 Grand Blanc, Michigan

Blessed with the luck of the Irish, Bob's only comment was "I soldier." It never seemed to fail that when he cleaned his locker, lockers were inspected, or if he decided to iron his blankets, blankets were inspected. We finally caught on though, he had planted his wife in the officers club and she relayed the information to him. This proved to be his greatest point for getting married. The only thing that worried us was, would Bob get back on time? He never missed though, and only said, "Boy, you ought to get married."



LT. RANDY DODSON, JR.
 Box 1254
 Kilgore, Texas

Randy J. Dodson is a Texan and he will tell anyone who is willing to listen. He went to Kilgore High School and graduated from the University of Texas with a BFA degree in Radio Broadcasting. He then spent 2 years as sports announcer for station KOCA in Kilgore, Texas. It's said that Randy ignored the Army Area preference form and simply wrote "Texas." Although everything in Texas is supposed to be big, we have it on very good authority that Randy's bust is only 36. You better stick to radio, Randy, Dagmar's got television sewed up.



LT. BOBBIE L. GRAY
 113 Pine Drive
 Annadale, Virginia

What was that noise? A cough? A wheeze? A gale? No, none of these. It was just Bobbie Gray, the answer to a comedian's dream. There was never a time or a situation from which he couldn't get a laugh. Along with his ability to keep the men's spirits up, Bobbie was quite active within the company (that is when he wasn't with his wife). He spent many hours with the choral groups and was always ready to help his classmates. Here's hoping he always gets those Sundays off to keep his spirit alive.



LT. CONRAD J. GRZYBOWSKI
1440 W. State Street
Shamokin, Pennsylvania



It is more from convention than connection that Conrad J. Grzybowski earned the nickname "Irish." Built for all the world to see like the Notre Dame forward wall, "Irish" tempers his strength of muscle with equally strong intelligence and humor. The blond Pennsylvanian from Shamokin entered the Army in Oct. of 1950 and saw service with the 45th Division. After seven months on Hokkaido, assignment for O.C.S. came through and he returned to earn his commission. Irish readily admits his fondness for army life and plans to make it his career—a choice the U. S. Army heartily endorses.

LT. DELMAR A. HALFMANN
R. R. 1
New Holstein, Wisconsin



Delmar A. Halfmann ("Del") is from Wisconsin. He attended Viel High School where he played three years of varsity football. According to Del, there's no place like Wisconsin for hunting, fishing and the like. Apparently Del has itchy feet. I am not implying that a Medical officer should be notified, but simply that he likes to travel. Well, Del, in the near future, you'll probably get your wish.

LT. QUINCY T. JONES
1339 Morris Road
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

Quincy T. ("Cutie") Jones enjoys fulfilling his proudest aim—setting new standards for O.C.S. While the standards are not always higher, they are always new. Cutie left the City of Brotherly Love on Jan. 24, 1951. He journeyed to Camp Cooke, California where he took basic training, transferred to Fort Ord for Leaders Course and now to Benning. Before joining the "Big Team" Quincy sold papers, not news, but newsprint. He hopes to return to selling after his army career and after having set a slew of new standards.



LT. ALTON H. KITE
Box 490
Stephenville, Texas

Al Kite's the kind of man that Ham Fisher must have had in mind in Humphrey Pennyworth because the Cisco (Jr. College) Kid is about as big-hearted, athletic, and innocent as any one man can be. The non-drinking, non-smoking, non-swearing Texan combines a wealth of personality with a friendliness that tolerates no suspicions, no unkindness and no limits. He's a gentleman whether throwing a murderous block in a football game or passing the sugar in the messhall—in either case he get his job done—in spades.





LT. ARMAND F. LeBLANC
 10 Bristol Place
 Holyoke, Massachusetts

It's hard to say whether Armand F. "Marlon Brando" LeBlanc is thinking more about his gold bar or the gold ring he is about to present. Needless to say "Al" is about to take the plunge. He's from Holyoke, Mass., and is fanatical about sports. Al worked at the Holyoke National Bank before being drafted which might explain the fact that he's one of the car owners here. Not that the Holyoke National Bank is likely to miss it. Al insists his athletic prowess doesn't include juggling — figures, that is.

LT. PETER R. LOTHIAN
 209 S. 5th Street
 Riverton, Wyoming

When the sometimes-sweet notes of the saxophone floated on company air Peter R. Lothian could always be identified as the source. It was his devil-may-care bravery that encouraged him to take life-in-hand by taking saxophone-in-mouth. Actually Wyoming Pete sweetened many an unhappy hour with a tooting that found its origin in his ear-playing ability. A student of the University of Wyoming in Pharmacy, Pete left prescriptions at home but brought along a dry sense of humor far superior to any apothecary's potions.



LT. MILTON McPHERSON
 P. O. Box 50
 Beatrice, Alabama

With a moniker like Milton Monroe McPherson what could the nickname be but "Steve"? Steve hails from Beatrice, Alabama and admits that it's a typical Alabama town. He received a B. S. degree at the University of Alabama. From our experience Steve must have been a holy terror at the U. of A. because even today he'll debate anything from the ABC's to the A-Bombs at the expulsion of a breath. His favorite topic is the late President Roosevelt and if it's been written about FDR Steve's read it. Steve limits himself in no respect. "I'll even argue with a signpost."

LT. LAWRENCE R. McKEVITT
 Black River Falls, Wisconsin

"I'm Irish". To "Mac", L. R. McKevitt, that would serve as a satisfactory biography, but the Black River Falls, Wisconsin boy has somewhat more than that to recommend him. For-saking life guarding of one sort for life saving of another, "Mac" left his swimming pool employment and joined the Army in 1949. After duties at Riley and Ord, Mac shipped to Korea with the 300th AFA Bn. Following a year of duty in that theater he returned to the ZI and OCS with the ambition to make Majority before his thirtieth birthday. Mac is married and has one son. The son is Irish, too.



LT. MANUEL MEDIAVILLE-MARQUEZ

10 Minerva Street

Humacao, Puerto Rico



Hailing from outside the continental limits of the United States, Manuel added a touch of Latin America to the Class. His demonstration of the mombó kept the barracks in a state of turmoil. "Chico" as Manuel is better known, has had a problem though. It seems that every instructor, upon reading the roster, comes to his name and after four or five attempts at pronunciation merely calls off his roster number. Chico's education began in Puerto Rico and ended at St. Vincent's College in Pennsylvania. He had completed his Bachelor of Science degree, majoring in Biology, just prior to entry into the Army.

LT. EUGENE F. MEYER

45 Ash Street

Ludlow, Kentucky



"Wake up Gene, the D. O. is coming." These familiar words serve as an introduction to the only man who slept his way through OCS. Yet they are really in direct contrast to his record. In high school, Gene was interested in sports. Prior to entry here he taught physical education to basic trainees. During school Gene led the class in physical proficiency and was an outstanding member of the fourth platoon football and soft ball teams. Provoking instructing seemed to be his special skill. You can almost hear him still, "Sir Candidate Meyer, let's fight the problem."

LT. STANLEY A. MISSAR

478 Uvedale Road

Riverside, Illinois

Stanley A. or "Stan" Missar volunteered for duty in the U. S. Army through Local Draft Board 309. After a stint with the combat engineers at Ft. Leonard Wood, Stan returned to his true love under assignment to Infantry OCS. His Irish luck apparently stems from the fact that he was born on St. Patrick's Day. Always an exponent of brain power over the brawn variety "Czar" went whole hog by marrying, to have someone to derrick those heavy gold bars to his shoulders. Incidentally, Stan's the man responsible for our fine cartoons.



LT. ROBERT M. MOE

515 9th Avenue, N. E.

St. Petersburg, Florida

Few men in the class can top the line of guff which issues from the lips of Bob Moe. Being blessed with that wonderful moniker, Moe, he went on to impress the platoon that he was aptly named. His imitations of classmates and unusual happenings kept things moving all the time. Along with his humor and athletic ability, playing on the platoon baseball and football teams, Bob was one of the top men in the class. Outstanding in leadership, he set the example for his squad. It will be a long time before we ever forget that nasal twang and "Sound Off."





LT. JOHN L. NICHOLS
 862 25th Avenue
 San Francisco, California

John L. Nichols, better known as "Nick" is from "Frisco." Sorry Nick, just kidding, San Francisco. Nick attended Santa Clara University before entering the Army and as far as we know has only one ambition—to get back to sunny California. As Nick put it, "The land of Erskine Caldwell is not for me." Nick displayed his particular forte on the bayonet course where he jabbed the last offending dummy with as pretty a hop, skip, and jump as the Infantry School has ever seen.

LT. RICHARD O. OLSON
 313 N. 7th Street
 Madison, Wisconsin

Richard O. Olson became "Little Oley" after the moniker was brazenly adapted from Milt Caniff's "Steve Canyon." Actually Oley merits the name on the basis of age, but hardly when one considers the platoon-size volume of his voice. Oley graduated from Madison East High School and spent one year at the University of Wisconsin where he belonged to Pershing Rifle Club. Madison, Wisconsin bade a fond farewell when "Oley" enlisted and shipped to Fort Sheridan, Ill., and expects to welcome him with open arms upon his triumphant return from Benning.



LT. ROBERT N. OWEN
 507 N. Gower
 Los Angeles, California

"Let's look at this logically. If you really want to know, just ask me." Who else but Bob Owen could speak these words. Entering in, and starting most of the arguments, Bob usually came out with the last word. The only trouble was that the last word always proved him wrong! During the off-duty hours, Bob spent most of his time in discussions or in playing on the platoon athletic teams. We often wondered, though, how he slid past the P.T. tests. Protecting California and convincing the platoon that it is a land of sunshine, gave rise to the statement, "Don't knock it till you try it."

LT. REX L. PAYNE
 General Delivery
 Bradford, Pennsylvania

"Rex Payne, 2nd Lt." sounds like a radio show some cereal Manufacturing Co. might sponsor for the kiddies. But Rex, glamor name or no, remains a model of the efficient, military leader. With overseas service in both the Far East and Europe and a Master Sergeant's rating, Rex brought to OCS his storehouse of Army know-how. His steady, confident manner earned him the presidency of the company Student Council. Pennsylvania's James City claims Rex as native son though Olean, N. Y. saw him through his education and play on the football field. Rex expects to see considerably more of the world's surface as an officer in the U. S. Army.





LT. KEITH P. POCH
 708 Capital Avenue
 Cheyenne, Wyoming

Cheyenne, Wyoming accepts responsibility as the birthplace of Keith P. Poch, for it was there on 23 May 1930 that the "Happy Hopper" engaged daylight for the first time. From this not unusual beginning Keith went on to complete grade and high school in Cheyenne and take a few courses at the University of Wyoming. With the completion of his schooling, Keith "Geronimo-ed" into the business world as a theater manager. Uncle Sam's beckonings gained response from this lad who took basic training at Ft. Riley and went on from there to the 11th Airborne. After Benning, Keith is bent on rejoining the Boot-polishing flight fighters.

LT. RICHARD G. RAPP
 414 State Street
 Hudson, New York

Richard G. Rapp pulls a switch on an old custom—instead of trying to understand tac officers, he psychoanalyzes his fellow candidates, entering the service he was a pre-medical student at Columbia University. The New York boy became an ASN on the 10th day of May 1951 leaving behind the young lady who, after Dick earns his commission, will become Mrs. R. G. Rapp.



LT. JOSEPH E. RILEY
 618 Berkely Road
 Columbus, Ohio

That bright gleam seen issuing from the floor was created by RILEY. Known far and wide for his shining equipment Riley led the platoon in all inspections. The only man named Joe and not called Joe, was equally famous for his comments on drill and command. "I've been told," "Correct me if I'm wrong," and "You may be right, but it seems to me that this is true," are but a few of the tactful remarks passed on to his classmates. After two years at Ohio State University, he quit school to play professional baseball. He spent one year playing ball before entering the service.

LT. LAURENCE L. ROSS
 2229 Balboa Street
 San Francisco, California

There is always a joker in every deck and Larry was it. Never a day passed without someone being taken in by his varied humor. Through the long rainy weeks his gem "I'll have my demonstrators do it to you" kept the platoon happy. Hailing from out where the sun meets the sea and the fog rolls thick, Larry's pet peeve was Georgia and her weather. Much of his time was spent in defending California and his own "Frisco." Coming from a year's duty in Alaska, Larry plans to make the Army his lifetime work.





LT. RAFAEL I. SANCHEZ
Fdez Garcia St. 306
Luguillo, Puerto Rico

Rafael I. Sanchez hails from Luguillo, Puerto Rico. Hence, he was immediately tagged "Amigo." Some of us may have had a little trouble in keeping the noise down in the mess hall, but not so "Amigo." Words were farthest from his mind. In fact, the most effective way of getting "Amigo" up in the morning was to creep up and shout "Seconds." Then keep out of the way to avoid injuries. "Amigo" obtained a B. S. Degree from the University of Puerto Rico in Biology and Chemistry and worked as medical representative for E. R. Squibb & Son before entering the Army.



LT. CHARLES M. SEERY
512 W. Shore Drive
Madison, Wisconsin

If advertising were permitted on barracks walls certainly Charles M. or "Mike" Seery could have sponsored one reading "M. Seery, Judge-to-be." With a B. A. degree in Economics from the University of Wisconsin, Mike has set the stage for attending Law school after his Army stint. Socially Mike belonged to the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity. He took basic at Camp Carson, Colorado, before coming to the School for Boys. The hope is strong that Mike will retain his white heart, especially after he dons his black robe.

LT. ROBERT SICURANZA
162 Roselean Avenue
Newington, Connecticut

Robert "Red" Sicuranza hardly lives up to his heritage. Although born in Hartford, Conn., home of the verbose insurance agent, he remains the nice quiet fellow who would sooner listen than speak. Actually "Red" makes more than his share of noise, but confines it to athletic fields where he prefers to spend his few free moments. After enlisting in January 1951, Red joined the 45th Division in Japan and only left the outfit to return to Benning and OCS. "Red" confides that he's anxious to get home and make Sfc. Sicuranza, his big brother, stand at attention when speaking to an officer. Gung - - Hoooo!



LT. DUANE C. SMITH
173 High Street
New London, Ohio

"Hey Smitty, what's for chow?" Leading man on the barracks hit parade with his packages, Smitty kept the men happy by providing those "midnight snacks." As the weeks rolled by, his popularity spread to other phases of barracks life. Seldom could he be found without a new set of pictures of his son. We all followed the lad's development with brotherly interest. A rabid sports fan Smitty played regularly with the platoon football and baseball clubs. Yes sir, those teams wouldn't have been half as effective without the greatest water boy seen at OCS.





LT. FLOYD E. SMITH
133 North Street
Greenwich, Connecticut

If Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee was frank, ours is earnest. For F. M. Smith typifies the eager and alert in the Infantry School. Smitty devoted himself to studies, lectures and personal experience in combat with an eagerness that found foundation in his devotion to learn everything he can in preparation for GB (Gold Bar) day. Always interested in the outdoors, the Greenwich boy finds a satisfying combination of excitement and outdoor living in the U. S. Army.

LT. RICHARD E. SWISHER
40332 S. Broadway
Denver, Colorado

"Now when I was Mess Sgt. things were different. I never poisoned more than one man a day." Of course this could only come from Swish, the old man on the range. Carrying over his previous range work to a new type range, Swish was the only man who could get a QE of 100 with his machine gun pointing straight up. He finally proved himself, though, when it came to hitting with the mortars. We are still wondering how he fixed that bayonet on the bypod. Anyway there will now be a unit that has "crepe suzete" every morning for breakfast.



LT. NORMAN H. TABACHNICK
1441 Wightman Street
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

At the beginning of the course, Norman H. Tabachnick, introduced himself in the following manner, "My name is Tabachnick, T-A-B-A-C-H-N-I-C-K, just call me "Toby." "Toby" is from Pittsburgh and has a darling wife and a son or a daughter waiting for him there. Not that there's any doubt, but to this date, the happy event is still forthcoming and it's difficult to predict such things. However, there's one thing we can predict fairly safely. As "Toby" walks through the heavenly gates, he'll probably shout at Saint Peter, "Hurry up with the Buffer."

LT. WILLIAM E. VOLK
223 N. Watkins
Elk City, Oklahoma

William E. Volk graduated from San Diego Vocational High School, California in 1945. Bill who is originally from Elk City, Oklahoma has spent most of the time since then as a married man and he is a proud father. Ordinarily, he is very kind and there is always a smile on his face, but there seems to be one little thing that angers him. Just be-little the N. G.s and Bill becomes highly distressed. Therefore Bill has been highly distressed at least twenty times a day since he got here. Somebody told Bill that they're making all N. G. Candidates 3rd Lts., and he's been a little worried ever since.





LT. THEODORE L. WAGNER

Etna, California

Theodore Wagner is a rare individual. He's from California but not from Los Angeles. The small town of Etna, California lays claim to the pleasure of being the birthplace of young Ted. High among Ted's achievements are his actions on the gridiron. Tearin' Ted has a knack for intercepting passes at the wrong time. Let an unwanted pass cut the air anywhere within three acres, and the long arms of the Californian snatch it home to breast. After basic at Fort Ord Ted saw duty with the 6324 Regt. before coming to Benning.



LT. EUGENE E. WEAVER

**205 W. 4th Street
Radford, Virginia**

Having spent most of his school career in a Military Academy he was the answer to an RA's dream. The only reason he built the battalion park alone was that the officers always inspected what he hadn't cleaned. Columbus, to Sonny, was the man who discovered America. We will remember him for his "fire for effect" when he completely demolished the base point with mortar fire.



Lt. John Graham

THIRD PLATOON HISTORY

As a babe, the platoon spent most of its beginning in the prone. The front leaning rest to be more exact. In its fondling, amidst the confusion, "Big Brother" watched over us as we began to grow. The urgings and pamperings added to miles of left and right feet to Victory Pond strengthened the legs. Awkwardly at first we stood upright, then "Tall." The "Leaders Post" period passed with increasing momentum as youth and buffers were ours. First you take a wet patch and then a dry one, drop four-hundred, fire a burst of six and so it went. While the "body beautiful" platoon grew, the mornings were reserved for wax with the evenings for "buckels." The "Are you sure this is right?" beginning had forced the smiles below the collar lines. Regardless of the situation they were always there. The windows in Harmony Church had stood the test as laughter at odd hours shook the barracks. "Who rolled his eyes in ranks?" "Who continually marched the troops backwards?" "Where did all those chicken bones come from?" These men shall meet in the future and our history will be relived and exaggerated. Then the story will be complete. When the third barracks no longer echoes the voices of the waxiest group in cubicle history, "Sir Candidate Baseplate" will disturb the reverie of many Infantry Litutenants, OCS, One Six, One Each.

In memory of those who left, we leave leaving the company, our record; each other a memory; and with two gold bars on wide shoulders.



LT. WILLIAM D. ADKINS
 512 Quarterman Street
 Waycross, Georgia

Bill was born with no questions asked, on January 19, 1931 in Indianapolis, Indiana. Joined the Regular Army in 1949 and served 25 months in the Pacific Theater. Finding in the Army a career, he also found a beautiful story about a soldier and an Air Force Nurse. He married his Commanding Officer as a finishing touch to the story. He is now a permanent resident of the "Great State of Georgia" and a naturalized "rebel."

LT. JAMES D. ALLEN
 1803 Park Avenue
 Lynchburg, Virginia

Southern as Confederate grey, Jim was born March 29, 1929 in Lynchburg, Virginia. Standing tall at 5' 8" and 165 lbs., Jim's education includes graduation from Fork Union Military Academy and 2 years of Phillips Business College. Mighty sportsminded, he participated in football, baseball and basket ball both in high school and college. Before being drawn in by recruiting office signs, Jim worked as an accountant. Doubtlessly, a wizard of the financial world. While here at OCS, he could be readily identified by his Southern Drawl and intense dislike of the 1st Platoon chow hounds.



LT. RICHARD J. BARNETT
 12 Mangin Street
 New York, New York

"Barney" was born and raised in N. Y., where he attended, in succession, LaSalle Academy, St. John's University, and St. John's School of Law. He finally ended up with a Bachelor of Arts degree and a draft notice. Hatched, matched and dispatched to OCS, he soon became known for his immaculate(?) display of the model cubicle. "Sir, will the men with over 17 gigs be able to go to the movie tonight?" These came to be known as Barney's famous last words.

LT. FLOYD W. CHRISTIANSON
 4711 W. County Line
 Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"In Wisconsin they have the most beautiful, greatest, and largest what-ever it was, in the whole world." In school he participated in all major sports except football. Chris is a sportsman in everything he does. Being a follower of the early to bed early to rise principle has made Chris' adjustment to OCS easier. Upon completion of his service in the Army he plans to attend the University of Wisconsin and major in engineering.





LT. JOHN R. CLARK, JR.

712 Kirk Court

Charlestown, West Virginia

A rather elusive character, "Clarkie" can at least be pinned down to having been born February 21, 1927, in West Lebanon, Indiana. A traveling man, he graduated from Williamsport High School, Williamsport, Indiana, and Morris Harvey College in Charleston, W. V., where he received an AB Cum Laude. His best-known feat in OCS was his ability to be the first man in the second's line for chow (it's been done!)



LT. JAMES W. CROFT, JR.

R. R. 2

Torrington, Wyoming

The "Wyoming Kid" spent most of his time prior to entry into the service on a ranch in Wyoming. He applied for OCS while punching around with the 45th in the Far East. The Kid claims two July, in the year of the great Torrington Wyoming stampede, 1928 as his birthdate. As for the future, big Jim has his sights set on ranching in Wyoming.

LT. RICHARD E. CROPP

1425 Mantua Avenue
Coral Gables, Florida

He was born(?) . . . in Chicago, Illinois, and until he was run out of town at the age of ten, he was affectionately known as "Baby Face," a name which mysteriously followed him. From "Chi" he beat it down to Miami, Florida, where he lived happily till the age of fourteen. At that time the law caught up with him in the form of his father. He was sent up the river to a stir called the Florida Military Academy for a four year stretch. After a parole in 1949 he decided to go straight and joined the Army. He has pulled only one job since then and that was when he stole the gem of Georgia and married her in April 1950.



LT. JAMES V. DALE

2929 Annwood Street
Cincinnati, Ohio

Cincinnati, Ohio's only link to both the "Whiffenpoof" and Yale, Jim majored in Labor Management and Relations. He is a product of Andover Academy and after he is commissioned hopes to work in Intelligence and Personnel Management. In OCS, a far cry from the Temple Bar, Jim found it's easy to work in the Battalion Park; just get 25 gigs. With the usual type leadership school and outstanding background we see in the future a personnel specialist working in his field as an Infantry platoon leader.





LT. HUGH R. DAVISON

**506 Ward Avenue
Poteau, Oklahoma**

Poteau, Oklahoma, grid coordinates 096575, watches expect- edly the military career of another Davison. Following the same azimuth as his father, he entered the Army planning to attend OCS. Dave spent three years as a civil service em- ployee in Austria before returning to the "states" for school. He plans in the future to return to Vienna; this time as an officer.



LT. JAMES J. FERRICK

**R. R. 1, Box 400
Leechburg, Pennsylvania**

"Git off my land and stay 'way from my daughter." A base- ball career was Jim's aspiration. He signed with a Philadelphia Phillies farm club but the draft launched him on a new and different career. The fish and deer of Pennsylvania sincerely hope that "Walter Brennan" Ferrick will remain in the ser- vice. Jim plans in the future to wear pin striped suits and record for Victor "Once in a While She Will Call."

LT. PRESTON G. GANT

**1124 Hobson Street
Butte, Montana**

Eastward from the Montana Rockies swept the cool thunder of a professional soldier, Digger Preston Gant. So powerful was the effect of his career movement that five months later it brought out of Butte, Montana his wife to be. Digger drank his way through two years at Butte Business College before choosing the Army as a career. His firmness of voca- tion and ideals will be changed when the Mountains are holes in the ground.



LT. HAROLD E. GEIST

Naponee, Nebraska

Tom, the cubacleteer, is a native of Nebraska. The "Store" as it is reverently referred to was his mainstay before entering the service. People in the know claim that he stores produce in the baggage room. His wife has been the inspiration for his attaining passes each week. When Tom exchanges crossed rifles for celery stalks in the future, we see a successful busi- nessman. He will always be remembered as the "gigless won- der" and his unusual fondness for Clauswitz.





LT. RAY C. GLORE
67 Eisenhower Drive
Dayton, Ohio

A short wait "five minute call" and mighty mouse the one dimensional film strip hits the company street for formation. In Chico, California the people with good eye sight remember Ray for his track and swimming at Chico State Teachers College. Ray enlisted in the Army while working for Special Service Section USFA, in Austria and was sent overseas to attend OCS at Fort Benning. In the future we hope to see more of Ray and that there will be more of Ray to be seen. "What! A bigger camera? I can't carry the one I have now." Many of the pictures you have seen in this book are products of Ray's talent.



LT. ROBERT P. HAMILTON
R. R. 3, Box 188B
Fayetteville, North Carolina

Born in Hawaii, May 3, 1929, "Ham" now resides in some town in North Carolina. Upon graduation from High School he enlisted in the Air Force. He remained in the Air for three years before deciding to cross rifles and attend Infantry OCS. We will always remember Bob for his interest and misfortunes with chewing gum.

LT. ROY C. INGRAM
421 N. 24th Street
Alabama City, Alabama

Roy Claims a small "holler" in Jackson County, Alabama as his birth place. As a youth his gray uniform and bush jumping ability greatly assisted his completion of school, where he majored in Civil War History. He plans to remain in the Army and join the to-be-formed "Lee's Parachutist Brigade."



LT. GILBERT J. JACOX
Centerville, Michigan

"And he called it a center bull and court-martialed the poor FELLOW." Jake, under doubtful circumstances, entered the service from Centerville, Michigan. He was well known as a "disc jockey" on the Okinawa AFRS. The outstanding "soldier of the day" returned from Okinawa to attend OCS. Old "field manual head" plans to remain in the Army.





LT. GORDON A. MARKS
 2911 Highland Avenue
 Tampa, Florida

Born in Rockingham, N. C., on July 2nd, 1930, "Punk" soon moved to Florida, where he graduated from Thomas Jefferson High School in Tampa. Being an ardent ROTC enthusiast in high school, he was a natural for OCS. He says he's partial to beautiful girls and lots of sleep, but he has no particular love of hillbilly music. While at OCS he was often referred to as a walking advertisement for "No Doze" pills.



LT. NORMAN T. MEDLEY
 6546 Ladson Street
 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

In a pawn shop on a corner in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania lies the watch which paid his taxi fare to the Army enlistment center. After serving in many of the branches of the Army including Signal, Transportation, Field Artillery, Engineers and Band, Norm decided to give Officers School a try. His spare time is spent playing baseball and the so-called "fashion plate for colorful unmentionables" plans to make the Army his career.

LT. EDWIN M. MORRISON
 727 Solwell Road
 Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

Has had the extreme privilege of being "selected" by friends and neighbors twice. Once in 1946 and again in 1950. After the second induction he decided to quit fighting the problem, made a quick estimate of the situation, and concluded that an Army career was the only way of beating the draft. Before being discarded by society in 1950 he was an accountant, junior size. His interests trend toward music, weight lifting, having been active in both most of his life.



LT. SAMUEL J. OAKES
 208 Howard Avenue
 Ames, Iowa

Arrived on this earth October 19, 1929. He was born and reared on a farm in Central Iowa. Aside from working with the hogs and corn, he found time to complete grammar school, high school, and two years at Iowa State. He knows a ham when he sees one. His motto is stability . . . everyone used to say he'd make a good stable boy.





LT. ALBERT G. OLIVER
 227 W. 116th Street
 New York, New York

Ollie is a native of New York City and completed three years at City College before being drafted. He was a member of the New York Pioneer Club, Senior National AAU Champions in track for 1951. A student of Sociology, Ollie plans to continue his studies and obtain his Master's Degree.



LT. JOSEPH PENNARIO
 306 S. Westminster Avenue
 Los Angeles, California

Though born in New York he moved to California when he was seven. As a premedical student he graduated from Loyola, University of Los Angeles in June 1950. His Bachelor of Science Degree was postscripted with the activation of his reserve unit. The Caruso of the Choral Club, when the world's ulcers are soothed, plans to resume his studies in medicine.

LT. FREDERICK B. PETER
 125 Dunwoodie Street
 Yonkers, New York

"I love you blopp de blee bop dear." Fred's home is in Yonkers, New York. He attended New York University and majored in animal husbandry. His interests vary from cattle to jazz. He entered the service May 15, 1951 at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. Future interests for "Petey" are indefinite. He is considering an Army career, working in research in agriculture, or singing be-bop on the Carnation Hour.



LT. EULYS R. PRICE
 1104 N. W. Woodward Street
 Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

As from the strains of an Oklahoma waltz, we hear "Sir, C-A-N-D-I-D-A-T-E P-R-I-C-E." Eulus stands on his record as a "broom corn" expert and a die-hard Democrat. He graduated from the University of Oklahoma and majored in Business Administration. He was studying to become a Certified Public Accountant, when Oklahoma's "own" the 45th Infantry Division was activated. He was personnel sergeant major of the 179th RCT in Japan before entering OCS. The future is indefinite but it can be surmised that somewhere it will include the fair state of Oklahoma.





LT. JOSEPH W. QUINN

**252 Westward Avenue
Akron, Ohio**

"Sir Candidate Quinn" probably the most observed Candidate in the Company, Joe hails from Akron, Ohio. He has contributed much to the erecting of battalion parks. The last in a series of schools he attended was the University of Akron. His activities there included contract bridge and Vat 69. Agricultural research in Genetics and a substantial increase in heirs, keynote his future plans.

LT. BEN C. REBMAN

Box 105

Allen, Oklahoma

With a voice capable of melting the hardest of hearts, Ben found life pleasant and enjoyable at OCS. Known endearingly as the Jones boy he received many musical bravos in the form of observation reports. His pastimes included the choral club, rifle marksmanship, and, of course, rolling his eyes in ranks. The mobilization of the Oklahoma Guard brought Ben into the service and to occupation duty in Japan. He returned in November 1951 to attend OCS. His interests evolve from horses and music. At present he plans to follow an army career.



LT. JIMMY L. SHUFORD

311 North Street

Morganton, North Carolina

A tarheel from Four Oaks, North Carolina, Jim joined the Army in 1946. He served in the Military Government and with the 11th Airborne in Japan. Jim's craving for Oriental music has been lessened since he developed a severe case of bufferitis. Upon completion of OCS he plans to return to San Francisco to claim the girl he left behind.



LT. LYLE J. VAN GORP

615 E. Ave. W

Oskaloosa, Iowa

Lyle spent most of his life in Iowa. As Oskaloosa, Iowa's favorite son he entered OCS planning to make the Army a career. He entered the service initially as a draftee and has spent some time traveling in both the Far East and Europe. After 21 months as a civilian he decided upon his vocation. It was mid-summer in 1948 when he reentered the service. He is a qualified "expert" with the Dust Rag, M3.



LT. DONALD E. WASHBURN
1838 E. Ocean View Avenue
Norfolk, Virginia

A veteran of two years in the Navy, Don interrupted his studies at the University of Virginia to enter OCS as a civilian appointee. Though a native of upstate New York, he married a Virginia girl and has a son. He usually has the least number of demerits and the buffer after Candidate Shuford. He majored in Speech Therapy in school and plans to work in this field in the future. He also served as Student Council representative for 3rd Platoon.





Clifford E. Jones, 2nd Lt. Inf.



Original 3rd Platoon

When orders to report for "Ranger" training reached Lt. Jones the company was necessitated in using a system of three platoons. Lt. Graham was given the chore of putting the finishing touches on the third platoon and the three squads of the fourth were assigned to the existing platoons. The original third with Lt. Jones as Tactical Officer and original fourth with Lt. Graham as Tactical Officer are presented on this page for those men who care to reminisce.



Original 4th Platoon



16-52

