

MORE FIRST PLATOON

JOHN L. COKER -- Known as "Duke" Coker to all his peasant friends, John cut a path through OCS which will not soon be forgotten. Favorite activities of John's include cards during Friday Clean-up, cards after taps and cards during study periods. John never won, but he was a good loser.

ROBERT T. CROSIER -- One of the few Mid-westerners at OCS, he really carried a fair share of the load on his broad shoulders. Bob went to Kansas University ("KU" to the knowledgeable) and can tell you, "Yeh, man, there are trees in Kansas." He's another one of our boys who wants to start receiving his \$110 quarters allowance as soon as he graduates.

CARLTON G. DINGMAN -- Ding's first name will undoubtedly come as a surprise. More well-known and less shocking: he has been to Sweden, owns a VW, is a sports car nut and was one of the few OC's to connect at William and Mary. He's going into aviation.

RAY A. FRANSEEN -- All the way from Vienna, Virginia to Yorktown. Only 2 hours and 45 minutes to Washington and "My Chic, no sweat, all right, all riight" Ray dreams of motor boat inspection in the Fifth District.

FREDERICK N. GALLIEN -- He is a refugee from "The Little Red School House", The University of California at Berkeley. His father was an ET chief for 26 years, which is perhaps sufficient reason for a European History Major to go to flight school. He takes questionable pride in having more demerits in the first week than anyone else in the First Platoon, although he ended up as Platoon Petty Officer in the third quarter. Rick may be best remembered for hospitalizing seven opponents, two teammates, and Mr. Slade in a single Charlie Section basketball game.

WILLIAM F. GOLDEN -- As Mr. Ratcliffe knows, Bill was an ET before he came to OCS. Although Bill is a quiet and unassuming fellow, he managed to squeeze in time to be Platoon Leader and Company Commander between his drinking and folk singing stints at "The Wharf". His greatest accomplishment, however, was putting his foot through a bulkhead while doing a primitive dance in the passageway before inspection. "That's worth 50 at the Academy," Mr. Williams told him, "If it's any consolation."