

### MORE FIRST PLATOON

NICK S. HAGEN -- is a swimmer, chemist, Mormon, and Golden's roommate, although not necessarily in that order. He is also a Barry Goldwater Conservative, and identifies his home, Phoenix, Arizona, as "The Valley of Fear". Nick's accomplishments at OCS include winning an individual drill competition (by mistake), getting the lowest possible score on the pistol range (22 total, including two bull's eyes in the adjoining target), serving as Company Adjutant in the third quarter, and Platoon Leader in the fourth. He also happens to have one of the highest averages at OCS.

STEVEN P. HASSLINGER -- Boy wonder of the First Platoon, his smiling face was everywhere, studied hard and played the same, a fierce competitor and a good friend. Stuck off in a corner of the barracks with a three foot hole in his wall he still managed to make a name for himself.

FRANCIS W. HOEBER -- Frank speaks French, German and Spanish, as well as a smattering of Hindustani and Sanskrit, which is, of course, why no one can ever understand a word he says. A New Yorker at heart and an Existentialist by conviction, Hoerber does not quite believe in the existence of OCS, The Training Office, however, refuses to deny the existence of Hoerber, which leads him to the paranoid conviction that Mr. Gomez hates him.

KERMIT JOHNSON -- I saw this mourning morning's minion: a lizard doing 900 knots on the quarter mile run. If you ever saw his amazingly beautiful wife you would know he was in training to make a triple-time run home to her, her sukiyaki and their bright-eyed, curly-headed children.

TIMOTHY J. KELLY -- Kelly in Yorktown is something like having a yankee in King Arthur's Court. A proud Irishman from Bahston, Kelly turns slightly green every time a southerner suggests that Thanksgiving started at Jamestown rather than at Plymouth Rock. There are those who would suggest that Kelly's fixations revolve around OC caps and morning calisthenics, but anyone who has ever seen him tormenting Kromer knows that his real purpose in life is to preserve East Coast civilization from the encroachments of Los Angelesism.

JOHN W. KROMER -- Our fair-haired boy, Kromer, was the most loved man in the barracks. The only person never to go on liberty during his stay at OCS, Kromer, the man with the Golden Tongue, wanted terribly to be liked by everyone.