

SIX MONTHS



BEFORE THE BAR



SIX MONTHS BEFORE THE BAR

With a great deal of pride Army Officer Class Seven presents its members and history under the title of "Six Months Before The Bar." Thumbing through the pages in the future will recall the past, the days spent here at OCS and the final accomplishment which furnishes the ultimate in satisfaction.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank all of those men that made our receiving the commission possible through their guidance, instruction and example.

FOREWORD

When things go wrong
As they sometimes do.
When the road you're hiking
Seems all uphill.
When the funds are low
And the debts are high.
When you want to smile
But you have a sigh.
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must
But never quit.



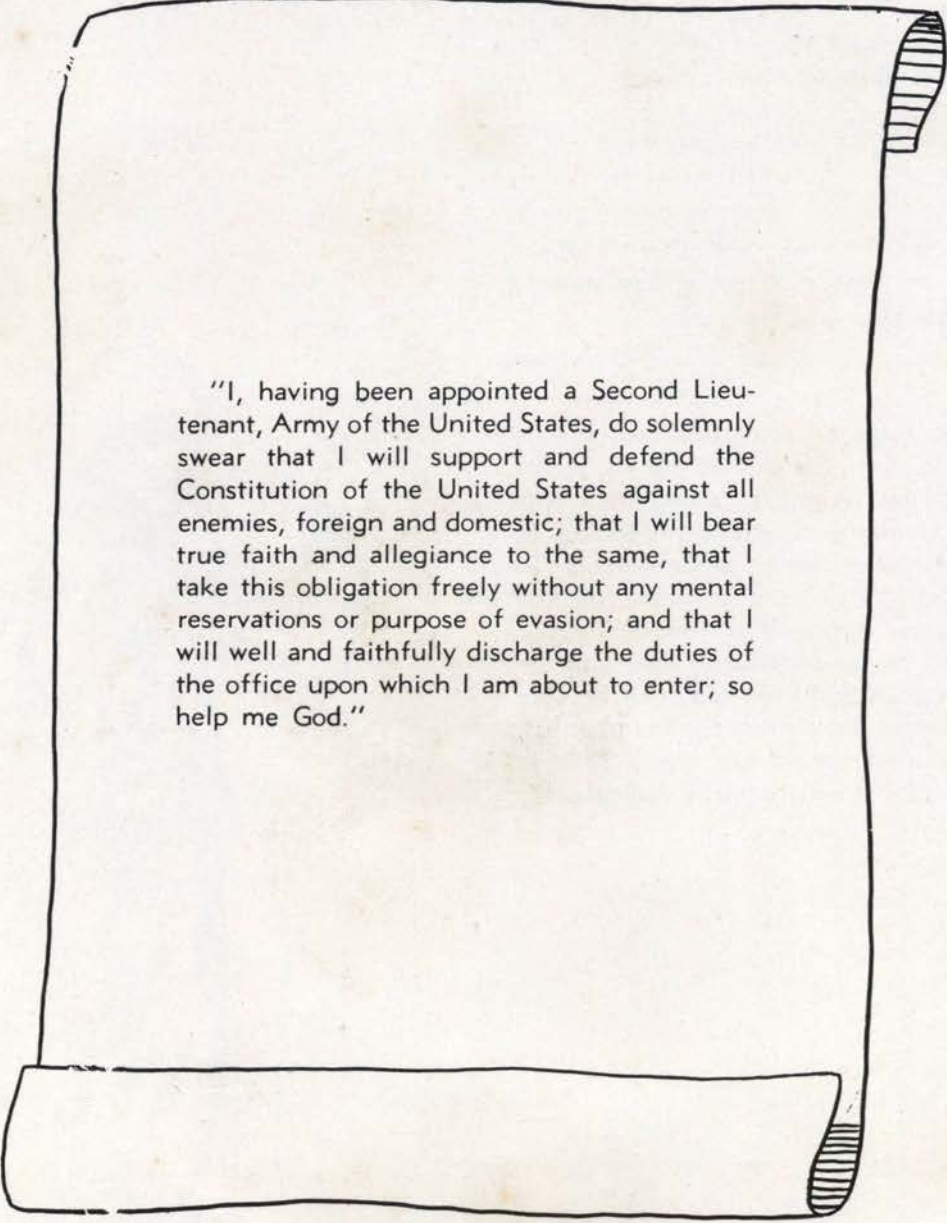
DEDICATION

"Few things help an individual so much as to place responsibility upon him and to let him know that you trust him."

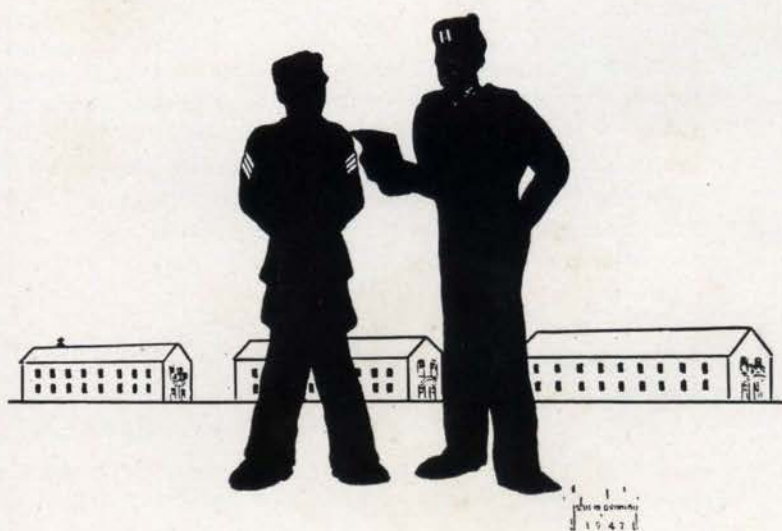
—Booker T. Washington

The great mass of responsibilities in the United States Army is carried by its junior officers. To the illustrious young men who have gone before us from Fort Benning to perform Herculean feats of leadership in mortal combat against the enemies of freedom we owe a great measure of the confidence which we now have—confidence that with the same equipage as theirs we too shall be able to meet whatever demands are made upon us, and that we shall uphold our trust. It is to them therefore that we gratefully dedicate this volume.





"I, having been appointed a Second Lieutenant, Army of the United States, do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same, that I take this obligation freely without any mental reservations or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office upon which I am about to enter; so help me God."



Six months ago you were assigned to the Infantry School as Officer Candidates. At that time most of you were relatively new in the Army and this was a new experience. Now, six months later, you are graduating into the Officers Corps of the United States Army. You have completed six months of the best Military Training obtainable anywhere in the world and you can be justly proud of your achievement.

After additional schooling you will be going out to your first assignments, whatever they might be. This will be the real test of whether or not you have made the grade. I should like to leave this one thought with you. Your training as an officer never is finished, but is a life time job. Never consider your military education as complete. Through other schools, self teaching and extensive reading continue to improve yourself so that you can better perform your duties as an officer.



Congratulations Lieutenants—working with you has been a great privilege and to each and every one of you, the best of wishes and Good Luck!

Francis D. Linse
Captain, Infantry

Fellow officers, I congratulate you on reaching your goal. The hard months, so recently passed in earning your commissions, are over; with their passing, a new phase in your lives has begun. This new phase will bring many trials and worries and at times you will wonder why and how a 2nd Lieutenant can be expected to know and do so many and varied things.

The first experiences will soon "Polish you off," if you have what it takes. I feel that you have demonstrated your ability through successfully completing your course.

In future contacts with your men, keep a level head, an open mind and a realization that your command is human, as you yourself are.

Your bars are not a dais on which you sit to be idolized, held in awe, and made comfortable by those of lower rank, but a symbol of your responsibilities to your command. Place them first and your reward will be respect, consideration and a job done cheerfully with a desire to do, motivated by respect and "Esprit de Corps" and not because of fear.

I wish you, not good luck; you will make that yourself, but "Good reasoning, rationalizing and thinking.

EDWARD F. GRADY
Captain, Inf.



Today you start your new assignments as Second Lieutenants. You have just completed the finest course in the Army to qualify you for all types of leadership throughout the many branches of Service. If you carry on with all of the ambition and vigor you have shown here, you should have no reason to doubt that you will be successful. The command ability, leadership and responsibility that have been developed by your various assignments in AOCS will always be of value to you. As the years roll by you will often remember AOCS as the happiest months you have spent in the Army because you have worked to near capacity, physically and mentally.

HENRY E. THOMAS
1st Lt., Infantry

You have just completed a very comprehensive course of military study and practical work. My sincerest congratulations to you on this accomplishment. You have learned all the necessary principles and procedures and in the next three months will be taught the refinements of these principles and procedures, as they apply to your particular branch of service. I know that each of you realizes the great value of this training. Hew to the line established by these principles and naught will deter you from completion of any task.

You enter upon your commissioned careers at a most trying time. This circumstance opens the way to a magnificent opportunity. In countless ways in the coming years you will be able to aid the cause of national security and international understanding and good will. Let not those who scoff at honest men and selfless tasks lead you from the path of duty to God, Country, and the best interests of the Service. Set high goals, maintain high standards, be ever vigilant in the defense of justice.

DAVID J. NICOL
1st Lt., Infantry



Welcome to the Officer Corps, Army of the United States. A great responsibility awaits you, many problems will confront you. Continue your careers as officers as determined and with the will to succeed as you have done here and success will inevitably be yours. Remember, Lieutenants, the forty odd men who await the command, "Follow Me," will be no better than their leader. If your accomplishments of yesterday still look big today, then today you have done very little. Lt. Kennedy and I congratulate your new and future assignments.

MARCEL J. NEWMAN
2nd Lt., Infantry

The successful completion of twenty-four weeks of one of the most rigorous and intense courses of training the Army gives today marks a milestone in your military career. When you receive your certificates you will be 2d Lieutenants; an abrupt change from your status, as Enlisted Men. We consider you ready to assume the responsibilities and confront the problems that will come in your way. Now you are on your own, you will make your own decisions. The end of the course just marks the beginning of a second phase of training, the one you gain by your experiences during the performance of your duties. You have the opportunity now to prove to your country, superior officers, and the men under you that they can depend on you. Take advantage of it, and fulfill your duties and obligations to the best of your ability.

I enjoyed working with you and I am very proud of your cooperation and your accomplishments.

Les Felicito En su triunfo y que tengan buena suerte, Hasta luego.

JOSE M. NIEVES
2d Lt., Infantry



ADMINISTRATIVE GROUP

We were indeed fortunate to be surrounded by such a competent and considerate administrative group. Throughout the course they were al-

ways present to lighten our load through their knowledge and toil. True there were many mouths that spoke hasty words in return for their ser-

vices, but those words were always changed to complimentary remarks to any outsider. No, to qualify the last statement—you can please some of the

people some of the time, but you can't please all the people all the time.

If it were possible to put in writing the words that would express our gratitude

we would not hesitate to do so. Here's hoping that we may some day be blessed with administrative personnel such as we have enjoyed for the past six months.

Cpl. Wm. H. Koch
Company Clerk

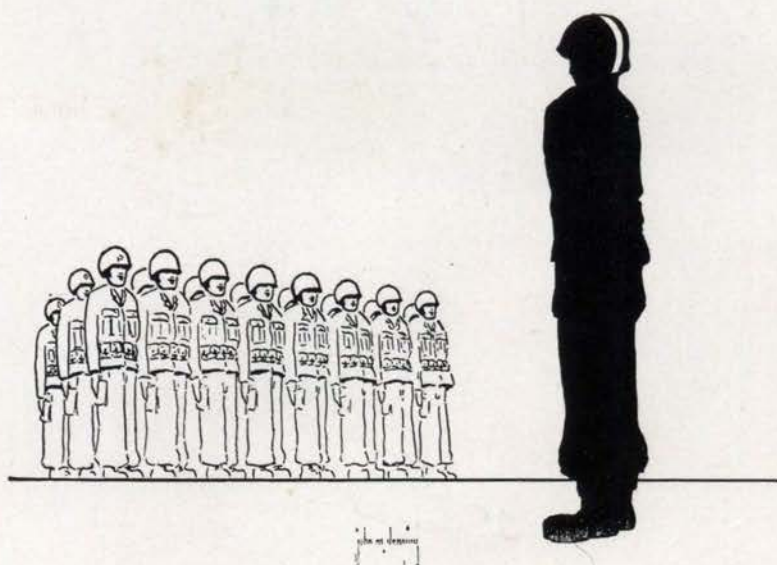
1st Sgt.
Charles W. Lowe, Jr.
First Sgt.



Pfc. Henry T.
Weldon
Mail Clerk

S/Sgt. William W.
Johnson
Supply Sgt.

ADMINISTRATIVE CADRE





MISS AOC No. 7

Each man in AOCC 7 has in his heart a place reserved for those very special ideals he may never attain but for which he constantly strives. Along with these things are memories of a favorite song, a favorite place, and a favorite girl.

From the girls, sisters, and wives of the men in AOCC 7, the class has chosen one as their queen. "Miss AOCC 7" is the representation of those ideals that each man holds close.

Phyllis Hale, Miss AOCC 7, is eighteen years old, attended Lindon High School and lives at 519 South 49 St., Tacoma, Washington.

To speak of her beauty—one picture is worth a thousand words.

We Salute Our Queen



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*Good luck, Sig. C.
Danford S. Carroll*

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*It's been nice
knowing you.
You were 01342189
Jim Croke*

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"Joe" Cruciani



*Best of luck
to a soldier's
brave*



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Stanley E. Goodman



*Be Careful don't
snap your shutter twice*

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*"Had it not
been for cotton-
eye"
Joe
Best Luck
Don Gunter*

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*Let not say so
to a man so young
as I am
calif*





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"My very best
wishes to a
great guy."
Ralph



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RFD
Warner, N. H.
2nd Lt. Sig. C

Keep the "Sparks" flying "and But of Luck "Mo!"

Good Luck to one of the best buddies I ever had. You will go far in the Signal Corps. I hope to work with you in the future. Just Nelson "Nels" B. Nelson

2nd Lt. Sig. C



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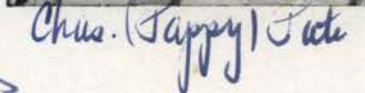
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*Lots of luck
Eckener Pandzic
Keep your men's morale like
you did 1st Platoon (Horsehead Stole)
and you'll do A.K.*

Chas. (Sappy) Fatch

*Luck to you Keith
It's been fun knowing you
Don*

*I like to
think that
something is
going to happen
again
soon
Bill*



*"Real always to
a good New Yorker"
Ken*



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*Best of everything!
L. J. Lornick.*

John F. Walker

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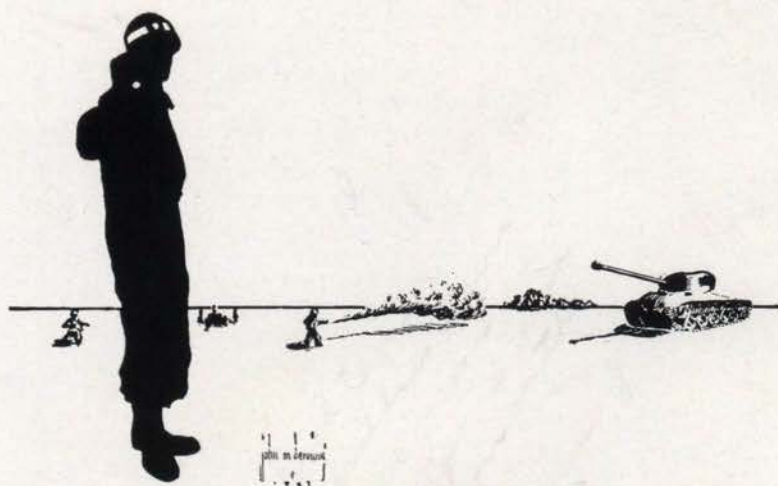


FEUERBORN, WILLIAM O.
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2nd Lt. Ord.



**IN MEMORIUM
OF
SGT. WILLIAM B. CUMBER**

We remember a personable, refreshing companion, a capable leader, a man among men and a true gentleman.



O. C. LIFE

(Poem)

We were Corporals and Sergeants and Pfc's,
From a score of the states and from overseas;
We were Troopers and Tankers and Army Air Corps,
And the Infantry added a whole lot more;
We were young in years but old in knowledge,
Although most of our wisdom had been gained out of college;
We were lean, we were fat, we were short, and tall,
But had one thing in common: we were soldiers all.

It was January twenty-third, in '47
When we started the courses (and none of them heaven!)
From the first there was too little time for fun;
Wherever we moved, it was "On the **dead run**!"
For our fitness we assumed the front leaning rest,
"Now **hold** it, remember the P.A. test."
It was "head up," "chin in," "shoulders back"
From the crack of dawn till we hit the sack.

"Though we worked on equipment from morning till night,
Still we stood at inspection in trembling and fright.
We were given class III's if our shelves proffered dust,
But, brother, we'd had it if the T.O. found rust.
We knew that the day that marked troubles begun
Was the day we were issued our rifles, M-1.
We cleaned them and swabbed them and rubbed them by hand,
Then lugged them to classes to lay them in sand;
If we failed to add oil, they were certain to rust;
If we added the oil, they collected the dust.

On Wednesdays the schedules said work a half day;
How strange that it seldom would turn out that way.
Ev'ry two weeks brought a terrible board,
Resembling a tough, raging river to ford.
It seemed that we spent a great part of the course
In being a "part of a larger force."
At the end of a long day we saw the sweet smiles
Of the T.O.'s who gleefully ran us three miles.

When the long dreamed of twenty-fifth week came at last,
It seemed that a horrible nightmare was past.
We polished the little gold bars with great care,
In hopes that the whole world would stand up and stare.
We give you the men who made all of their breaks,
And proved to high heaven they have what it takes!
We're leaving through Benning's wide open front gates,
Some damn good Lieutenants, Army United States.

BRYANT P. DIXON

To A Good Bunkmate
Bryan P. Dixon

DRILL . . . DISCIPLINE . . . DRESS . . .

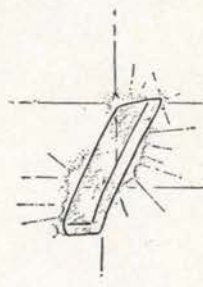


When someone speaks of a unit drilling, he could very easily say a unit soldiering. Yes, to know how to drill is to know how to soldier.

The candidate was taught how to obey commands, and how to give commands properly. He was taught how to soldier. Whether receiving or giving commands, the candidate was always subjected to drill. He became proficient in all matters pertaining to drill, including the minute details. At the beginning some of the students radically disagreed with Field Manual 22-5 by having two left feet.

"Constant subjection diminishes imperfection," supersedes the old adage "Practice makes perfect." We've had the practice . . .

The system of rotating the different positions of company grade officers in such a manner that all students were in a command position was another method of giving the future junior officer confidence in himself and his subordinates. The candidate was given the opportunity to stand in front of a unit and command respect. When he is standing in front of his own units, he will recall those "hockey-teams," but he will be thankful that he was given the position of "goalie," because it has taught him how to control a unit.



AIM . . . BREATHE . . . SQUEEZE



The candidate upon first arriving at the Harmony Church Area will hardly have had time to get comfortably settled before he will be herded into a long line of fellow potentials. In this long line he will learn that he is to be issued the M-1 Rifle. Next he will learn that like everything else in the Army the rifle has a serial number; this he will memorize and retain forever.

The rifle may be called a piece, a weapon, a firearm, but never under any situation will the candidate go unobserved if he refers to this weapon as a gun.

With Field Manual 23-5 in his left hand and the rifle looped around his neck the candidate marches off to class to receive instruction on this weapon.

After receiving instruction in Nomenclature, Functioning, and everything else there is to know about the M-1 Rifle the candidate is transported to the firing range where he will receive his Qualified Course and his first Graded Test. Unless he has received a large percentage of "Maggie's Drawers," he will agree that the long hours spent on the dry range were well worth while.

All throughout marches, drill, bayonet training, and what have you, the M-1 Rifle will be the closest and the constant companion of the candidate. He will become quite masterful in the use of this weapon.

The primary purpose for any training of a militia is to insure its ultimate victory in the event of war. This weapon and how well the person behind it is trained will greatly contribute to the completion of such a mission if the emergency again arises.

CONDITION . . . COMPETITION . . . CONFIDENCE . . .

"Student Company Commander, take charge of the class."

Another day has fallen from view in the countless notebook calendars. The grey busses are somehow loaded and press towards the enigmatic "EP-13-3" sign at the edge of the company area. The company suddenly is in mass. The Exec rushes through the announcements. Silence. Then the powerful voice of the man with the two white stripes on his helmet says, "Fall out for P.T. five minutes after this formation!" Once again the mute prayers for rain have gone unanswered.

There is a rush. C.Q.'s open locks. Watches, wallets, dog tags, notebooks, pens, and pencils are thrown on neat bunks. There is another formation, more commands, and then, "The first exercise will be . . ." Sometimes it's over quickly. At other times the Georgia sun is merciless, and "assemble to the right" never comes. And so it goes—the candidate versus the calisthenics, with never a respite.

That physical training would be a major part of the six months' instruction was immediately impressed upon us at the outset of the course. The first manifestation of this "leaning-rest-fingers-extended-and-joined" doctrine came with the early evening jaunts up "Agony Hill," a noble rise in the terrain claiming the dubious fame of having "separated more men from boys" than any four T.O.'s.

For those of us who somehow outguessed Nemesis, Benning will recall to mind in years to come the hours of sweat during which our collective bodies were exposed to an onslaught of scientific betterment. Included were a battle conditioning course, a Waterbury strength course, a commando obstacle course, and a short session with aggressive spirits.

First came the battle conditioning course, a series of impassable barriers, blocks, trenches, ruts, rope climbs, and wire. Somehow, with rifle at high port, we engaged this problem, and with remarkable success. Two of our contemporaries bettered the existing record.

Thence we were exposed to the commando course, where we tempted fate and the Medical Corps by climbing huge wooden obstacles, to find that terra firma was to be reached only by a slide for life or a drop of thirty-five feet. Of course our Paratroopers reveled in all this dare-devilry.

The Waterbury strength course, adjoining our favorite Stroup Field, was more a test of mental adroitness than of strength. This comprised attempting to corner the jump rope and avoid the chinning bar. On occasion we were allowed the pleasure of crawling for long distances, accomplishing little and keeping the cleaners busy.

Twice we had physical achievement tests, proving to ourselves and to the Army that we could do twenty-six or seven pushups any old time. Again we proved our prowess and broke a record. Weeks of chinning on steam pipes and sit-ups in bed enabled us to pass one hundred per cent.

Aggressive Spirits was only a four hour setup. In that short time the T-shirted committee taught us at least thirty-five of the meanest blows in hand-to-hand fighting. Despite the itchy sawdust, there was a great deal of choking and throwing around in general.

"A strong body brings a healthy mind."

I feel sick!

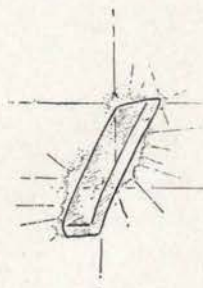


LOCATION . . . ELEVATION . . . IDENTIFICATION . . .

Once upon a time, not so long ago, there was an Army Officer Candidate Class number Seven. Like all other Officer Candidates the members of this class had an insatiable thirst for knowledge. To help meet this situation the Infantry School decided to send them a certain Major Walters to teach them map reading. This instructor, besides exhibiting a marvelous knowledge of the subject, had a wonderful enthusiasm, an admirable patience, and a remarkable understanding. He was obviously the man for such a job.

So one day during its eighth week of training AOCC 7, maps in hand, reported to the Major in Building B-36, where he awaited them. For the next two weeks he spent many long hours with the class. He started with map symbols and worked right on up to foreign maps and charts, pausing along the way to explain contour lines, ridge lines, stream lines, and thrust lines. Use of the compass and aerial photographs were major parts of his instruction. He kept the students on their toes with countless problems in class, and even had the class doing homework. He took them out to Frey Ridge, where they scurried about like ants while they were drawing maps. Then came the crucial tests in which the students were to run the individual graded problem in the use of maps and compasses by day and the graded problem for two man teams by night. But the Major wasn't worried, for he had left no stone unturned to teach them properly.

On the day problem the students were turned loose in the middle of nowhere, armed with a map, a compass, and the everpresent clipboard. They trudged some three miles over typical Georgia countryside until they arrived at a point where the Major awaited them with open arms, a smiling face, and a word of commendation. He didn't even raise his voice at the candidate, whose name will go unmentioned here, who straggled in an hour and a half late. He had reason not to be angry, for none of his charges had ended up in Baker Village.



CONCEALMENT . . . COVER . . . COMBAT . . .

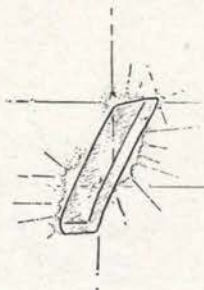
On a commander's list of musts, when he is formulating a plan, is accurate, detailed, and timely information about the enemy and the terrain. Well-trained, wide-awake, and aggressive soldiers are among the agencies which furnish such information. In order to accomplish this, the individual soldier must be able to operate by day and night over varied terrain and frequently close to or within the enemy positions.

This requires a high degree of individual training in cover and concealment, movement, and observation. He must be highly proficient in map-reading, the use of the compass, sketching, and intelligent reporting.

When a man is sent out on a mission, there are several things he must do and check before and during his trip. He must check all his equipment, making sure that he has the minimum for the accomplishment of his mission, and that it doesn't rattle or reflect light. He must secure what information he can about the area into which he is going. He will first consider where he must go to accomplish his mission, note probable danger areas, formulate a plan of procedure, locate observation points, and determine compass direction and his general route. He will also locate camouflage in the area.

When he moves out he carries his life and the success of the mission in his own hands. This man must be reliable, persevering, intelligent and patient. He should also be physically and mentally hard, resourceful, and should possess courage and initiative.

But men like these are not born. Only long, hard training can make a good soldier a good scout, a man who can be depended upon by his buddies to go out, do his job, come back with the information, and report, "Mission accomplished." Well-trained men like this mean a strong, successful army that can operate under any combat conditions and bring about a victory.



INTELLIGENCE . . . ALERTNESS . . . CHARACTER . . .

Today we the men of AOCC 7 became acknowledged leaders, charged with the responsibilities of leading the world's best soldiers. Many of the characteristics which make our men potentially the best army material can, however, be a source of military weakness, if the leadership is faulty.



The American soldier differs from all others in that he has individual interests and independence—so-called rugged individualism of thought and action. To control the unusually intelligent and resourceful American Soldier and still preserve his initiative, the leader must be vigorous and understanding. The responsibility is ours to give these men our soundest and wisest decisions.

What are the components of LEADERSHIP?

In the place of leadership picture a strong bridge over a deep and treacherous river. We can call the river "Confusion" or "Defeat." For the three main stringers that are resting solidly on the rock banks of success we can substitute the three prerequisites of a leader: Character, intelligence and alertness. For the decking which would be laid across the stringers we can substitute the ten attributes of a leader: Knowledge, judgment, courage, endurance, initiative, enthusiasm, justice, dependability, tact and bearing.

All of these essentials are present in the good leader. True, they may appear in varying quantities and combinations. Nobody is a "born" leader. We must all continually develop those traits in which we show deficiencies. But, given the three prerequisites of character, intelligence, and alertness, these can almost without exception be induced into all of the sundry personality types that have been screened and selected for officer training at Fort Benning.

With these attributes, the bridge is complete. But as the years go on, instead of its becoming weaker, it will get stronger. The true leader is never satisfied with what he has built. Good leadership requires a lifetime of construction.

PAY . . . PROCUREMENT . . . PALATE . . .

As you may have gathered by now, the life of a Second Lieutenant is very diversified. He isn't concerned with only combat and the art of war. No, to his lot also falls the much less glamorous job of administration, which includes securing pay, equipment, and food for his men.

True, there is Finance to handle the money, Quartermaster and Ordnance to provide the food and equipment, but the direct responsibility is a command function, resting ultimately upon the Platoon Leader. He must have a working knowledge of all the branches and services, whose purpose is to support the Infantry, working together as one great machine to make the American Army the best in the world.

Any man works better when he knows that at the end of each month his pay without fail will be awaiting him. At first glance handing the private his seventy-five dollars seems a simple enough operation. But there is always insurance, allotments, and laundry or other deductions in varying amounts coming out, as well as occasional additions being made to the soldier's pay, such as those prescribed for awards and longevity. If any mistake has been made, or if the soldier thinks a mistake has been made, the officer must know what to do about it, or else how to explain why it is what it is.

Just as important to morale as pay is proper and adequate equipment for the soldier. Again it is the responsibility of the Platoon Leader to see that he gets it and takes care of it.

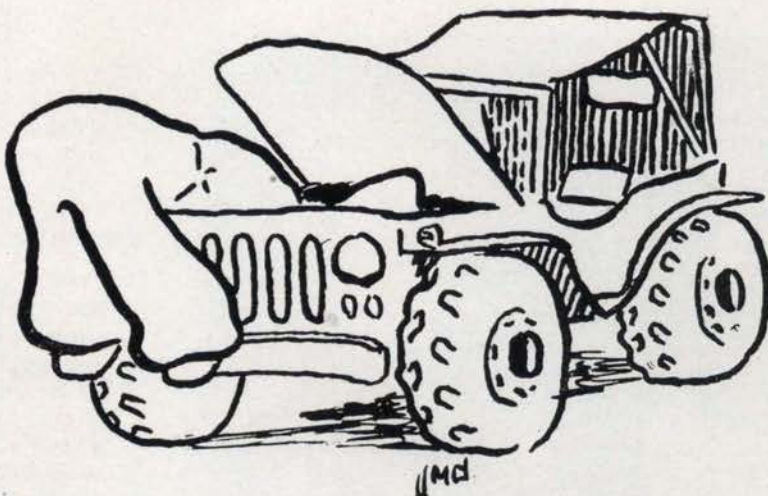
Perhaps the one thing which can make or break a unit's spirit most readily is the chow it gets. The "Second John" acting as Mess Officer is not only responsible for procuring the food and mess equipment, but also for seeing that it is properly prepared and served, and that the mess hall is clean and sightly.

So you can see that with these duties and a multitude more the Second Lieutenant will find quite enough besides shining his bars and cashing his pay checks to keep him busy.



MOTOR . . . MOVEMENT . . . MATH. . . .

Motor—"That piece of property assigned to the Transportation Corps which arrives at the E.P. one hour ahead of time and, consequently, its drivers have to be awakened when our company is ready to move out." Now we have the drivers awake and are traveling toward the D.P. But, there is an inevitable halt, a flat tire, a stuck governor, a slipping clutch. The T.O. screams, "Dismount." We oblige and march the rest of the way, on the double, that is!



But if we are scheduled for a speed march what happens? All vehicles speed up to the point of torture, we unload, and they speed away. There is no breakdown, which brings us to movement.

Movement—"The act of changing place or of moving in any way." When we first started moving as a group we had all the combinations and types.

There was the Amble (swaying from side to side), Canter (a slow Gallop), Pace (either too fast or too slow), Gallop ("on the dead gun, Candidate"), Trot (an easy speed march), Walk (that which we do on a weekend to rest ourselves) and, brother, we were a big mess. We're not quite as bad now (there are fewer of us)!

But Movement is not a hit or miss proposition. One does not merely line up a group of men and say, "We have to get to our new bivouac area. Let's go." There is a great deal of planning involving the math of movement, called Logistics.

Logistics—

Example—Instructor: "How long will it take us to move from Anthony's Nose to the back-house of Uncle Tom's Cabin, a distance of 5 miles?"

Candidate Snodgrass: "Candidate Snodgrass, Sir, ah—ah"

Voice from class: "Past—40 trucks."

Candidate S: "40 trucks, sir."

Instructor: "Thank you, candidate. I don't think you understand the problem."

We also have problems concerning the number of trucks required in moving units, Road Space, Time Length, I.P.'s, R.P.'s, ad infinitum. Having finished figuring all this, you always receive word that your truck allotment has been halved, and that two other battalions will travel with you!

Mechanics—"Grease, 10,000 volt shocks and volley-ball."

The real G-2 of the problem came in the Automotive Section. Here we discovered that trucks are propelled by a motor. We also unanimously flunked depth perception. (Ed. Note: Candidate Gooff, known to his friends as "Cross-Eyes," was the only man to pass). We worked on trucks at length, but even more time was spent in improving our volley-ball technique.

Summary—Three cheers for the T. C.

Hubba-Hubba-Hubba!

ESTIMATE . . . EVALUATE . . . DESIGNATE



. . . And now the meat of military science—tactics. If you're going to build even a chicken coop, you employ plans, methods, and techniques. These things are cumulative in origin, embodying in the latest of them all that men have learned in all of the centuries past.

Now whether or not you were aware of it, you first made an "estimate of the situation," you weighed the courses open to you, and you formulated a plan of action. At Benning the only difference is that they taught us to do these things consciously and in a certain sequence, at least until they have become second nature to us, for in desperate situations human weakness often lets a man forget something of importance or waste precious minutes repeating himself.

Like building techniques, tactical employment of troops also benefits from the combined experience of the ages. Such wisdom is the heart of the instruction here.

"Mediocre troops need a good plan, and good troops deserve one."



TOOLS WE WORK WITH



WEAPONS

Rifle, Cal. 30 M-1
Automatic Rifle, Cal. .30
Carbine, Cal. .30
Sub Machine Gun, Cal. .45 M-3
Automatic Pistol, Cal. .45
Bayonet
Machine Gun, Cal. .30 Light
Machine Gun, Cal. .30 Heavy
Machine Gun, Cal. .50
Hand Grenade
Rifle Grenade
2.36 Rocket Launcher
3.5 Rocket Launcher
Flame Thrower
60 mm Mortar
81 mm Mortar
4.2 Chemical Mortar
57 mm Rifle
75 mm Rifle
105 mm Howitzer
155 mm Howitzer
90 mm Gun, Self Propelled
105 mm Howitzer, Self Propelled
Anti-Tank Mines
Anti-Personnel Mines
Booby Traps

TACTICS

Map Reading
Terrain Evaluation
Squad Formations
Platoon Formations
Defensive Tactics
Offensive Tactics
Night Attack

Infantry-Artillery-Tank Team Tactics
Suppression of Civil Disturbances
Training of the Individual Soldier
River Crossing
Reconnaissance
Airborne Operations
Amphibious Operations

ADMINISTRATION

Training Management
Close Order Drill
Hand-to-Hand Combat
Instruction of Physical Training
Hygiene and Sanitation
First Aid
Chemical Warfare Defense
Camouflage
Hasty Field Fortifications
Pioneer Work and Demolitions
Troop Movement
Marches and Bivouacs
Staff Functions
Organization of Armed Services
Combat Intelligence
Counter Intelligence Methods
Signal Communications
Supply
Mess Management
Engineer Equipment
Road Maintenance
Military Government
Automotives
Forward Observing
Company Administration
Command Posts
Leadership

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED



To our instructors and tactical officers we are sure Uncle Sam is saying, "**Mission accomplished.**" Their mission was to prepare men with the proper qualifications to become officers in the Army of the United States, and they have succeeded in graduating a class of whom they can be proud.

We, the graduates of AOCC 7, also had a mission. It was to make of ourselves, from our God-given attributes and the instruction available to us, the finest officers and gentlemen that we are capable of being. We felt that by comparison ours was the more difficult of the two, although their objectives are basically the same. We were expected to live up to the highest standards set by the Army for an enlisted man. Before we arrived at the school we were carefully screened, mentally, physically, and morally. Then we were charged not only

with completing a six months' course of instruction, but also with living, working, and training with a group of men living up to the same high standards. To some the latter was a greater problem than the academic work, and many of them fell by the wayside. Those who were able to master both are now Second Lieutenants in the Army of the United States.

The training itself was broken down into three distinct phases. The initial phase was concerned with basic soldiering to the highest degree. Although the statement of fundamentals seemed like repetition to many of us, there was a new twist about it. We were urged to observe instructional methods, which we ourselves would want to be using one day. Mastery of the bayonet, M-1, B.A.R., drill, and other subjects would hold us in good stead too.

We took our initial objective and passed on to the second. This phase emphasized the role we will play as leaders. We cannot always be in the other man's boots, but the school temporarily placed us there. Playing the part of Private, Squad Leader, Platoon Sergeant, and Platoon Leader gave us a chance to know their individual problems, as did acting as Company, Battalion, and Regimental commanders and their staffs. The searchlight was also turned inward, and we were subjected to a process of self-analysis which helped to clear away the dead timber in our own person. Soon we were able to report that the second objective had been taken.

The final objective, or the third phase of our training, was concerned with making a well-rounded officer of the soldier and the leader. Military tactics and problems of combat, and administrative matters formed the body of our instruction at this point.

The storming of these objectives was not easy, but we have taken them one by one. The course has been the finest that the Army can offer. The opinions that were formed of us were the most critical and exacting that we had met to date. But it is reward enough to hear, "**Mission accomplished.**"

Today was given to us by a Forgiving God to make up for Yesterday's mistakes, and by an Optimistic Almighty to prepare for tomorrow's success.—Anon.



HONOR COMMITTEE



The original eight members elected by popular vote of the candidates dwindled to six, but the tradition and purpose of the Honor Committee remained as strong as ever. The Honor Committee was not a policeman for the Army, not a club for the Commanding Officer, not a squad of informers; but it was a strongly organized body that demanded that honor be the most prized possession of the candidate. The Honor Committee found it necessary to take action if the Honor Code was broken. However, no records of any meetings were permitted to be released to any one except the members of the Honor Committee.

As we leave with our little Gold Bar, we realize that the Honor Committee aided greatly in setting the standards of honor that will follow us as we become members of the Officers Corps of the Army.

"Man's word is God in man."

—Tennyson.

STUDENT COUNCIL



Representing the entire student body, the Student Council forged the connecting link between the Company Commander and the students. All matters of company policy affecting the welfare of the students were discussed at weekly meetings and at a vote of majority were brought before the Commanding Officer for his clarification and consideration. No gripe was too small to escape the attention and discussion of the Student Council, who attempted to represent their classmates honestly and fairly.

In addition to the above duties matters pertaining to entertainment and recreation were also the responsibility of the Student Council. Three successful parties have testified to their good work. The first, a "stag" held in the mess hall, served to "break the ice" and to introduce to the students our new Company Commander, Captain Linse. The second was a dance and buffet at the Cherokee Lodge. The third was the graduation party, which was a fitting climax to the six months of fun, fraternity, and fellowship.

The council is to be commended for fulfilling its mission to every one's satisfaction and admiration.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

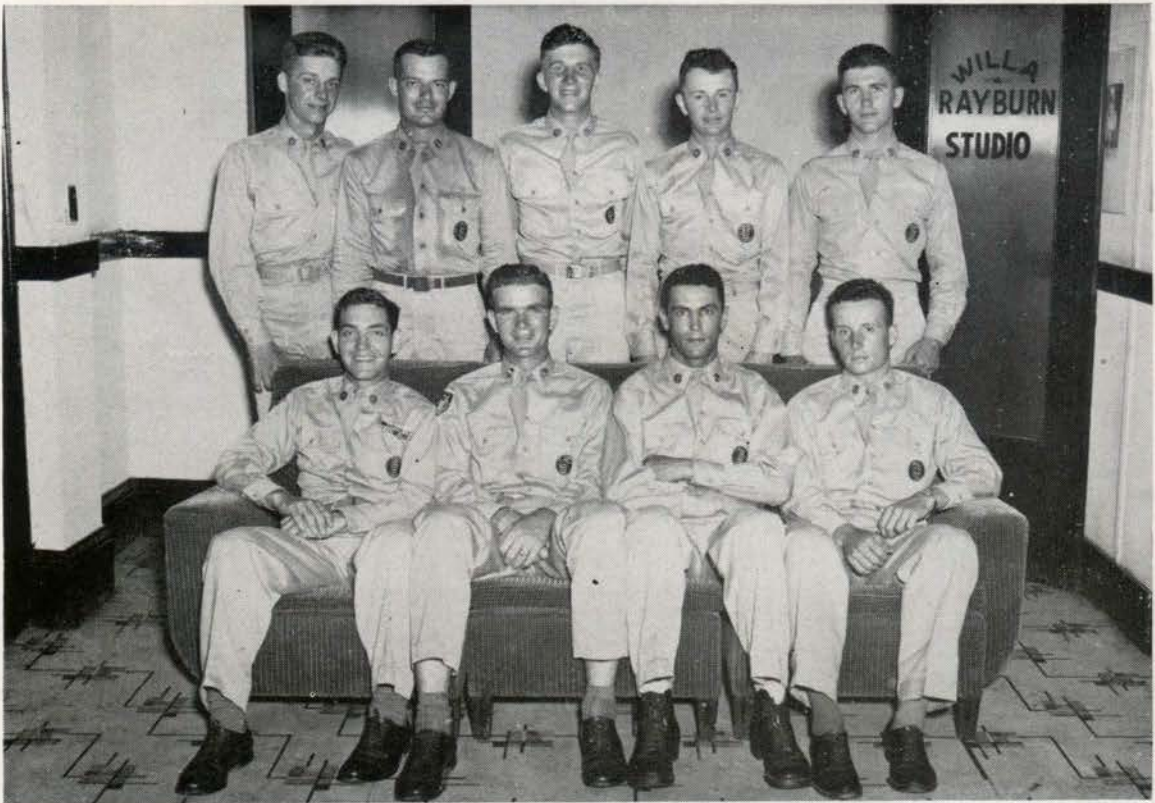
One job of the committee was to keep our class in the news by submitting weekly articles to "The Bayonet." The most important job, however, was that of assembling and publishing SIX MONTHS BEFORE THE BAR, your class book.

We have attempted to bring out the humorous side of OCS, to convey something of the scope of the knowledge we have acquired, and to bring some light to bear upon the great importance of the job we were trained for here.

There were a lot of big deals to be made with the photographers and publishers, a lot of planning, writing, and plain hard work, and a great deal of fun before ideas finally emerged in the form of this book.

We have enjoyed editing the class book, and if you can get some good laughs, a few serious thoughts, and in the future can thumb through the pages and be reminded of those times which were pleasant, and those that weren't so pleasant, it will have been much more than worth the time and effort invested.

—THE PUBLICITY COMMITTEE





Goodbye friend may God be with you
All through your life.
May God's Protecting hand defend you
All through your life.
Heaven's grace and peace attend you
All through your life.
Such a goodbye I extend you
All through your life.