

Dedication

Oh beautiful for pilgrim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress A thoroughfare for freedom beat Across the Wilderness . . .

... to those before us, to those now, and to those who will follow us in the building, perpetuation, and furtherance of the cherished ideal of Liberty, in defense of the American way of life, we dedicate this book ...

... that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth ...

CHAIN OF COMMAND



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BRIG. GENERAL GUY MELOY ASSISTANT COMMANDANT THE INFANTRY CENTER



COLONEL SEVIER R. TUPPER COMMANDING OFFICER 1ST STUDENT BRIGADE



COLONEL HARRY M. GRIZZARD COMMANDING OFFICER 1ST O. C. REGIMENT



1st Lt. Louis F. Roederer

The best description of the company commander, Second company, is his official signature: 1st Lt. Louis F. Roederer, Commanding.⁽¹⁾ And command he did. With a straight-forward, forceful manner he gained the respect and admiration of the entire company, personally exemplifying the high standard of leadership and responsibility toward which each candidate was striving.

Entering the army in 1943 as an enlisted man, Lt. Roederer worked his way up throught the ranks, winning his commission in France in 1945. He was discharged in November, 1949, but returned to the service after one year in civilian life.

He served in the European Theatre of Operations as an anti-tank platoon sergeant and in Korea as a platoon leader of a rifle company and as the company commander of L Company of the 35th Infantry. He has also been company commander of the Third O. C. Company.

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Conventing



1st Lt. Robert L. Hayes, Jr.

The executive officer of Second company is 1st Lt. Robert L. Hayes, Jr. Responsible for keeping the machinery moving for the efficient opertaion of the company, he proved that effective leadership can be combined with a friendly, winning personality. His "patented" orientations provided much of the spark to help the company over the rough spots.

Lt. Hayes entered the service in 1944 as an aviation cadet. He was discharged in 1946 and attended the University of Florida until 1948, when he re-entered the service. He went to O. C. S. at Fort Riley, Kansas, and was commissioned in 1949 as a second lieutenant. He was promoted to 1st lieutenant in 1950.

He served in Korea as a reconnaissance platoon leader, where he won the Silver Star and the Bronze Star.

He entered the service from Florida, although most of his life he has lived on army posts with his father, a colonel. He lives now in Columbus with his wife Georgia.

1st Lt. Barney K. Neal, Jr.

Senior tactical officer of Second company is 1st Lt. Barney K. Neal, Jr.

Lt. Neal entered the service in 1950 as a second lieutenant, being commissioned in the R. O. T. C. He served in Korea from November 1950 to December 1951 as a rifle platoon leader with the 27th Infantry. He was promoted in Korea to the rank of 1st lieutenant on 27 April 1951. While serving in Korea he won the Bronze Star.

Originally from Oklahoma City, he now lives in Columbus with his wife Belva.





2nd Lt. Walter M. Thompson

Tactical officer of the third platoon is Lt. Walter M. Thompson. He entered the service in 1946 and served with the occupation forces in Korea. Upon being discharged in June, 1947, he went to the University of Alabama.

He re-entered the service in 1951 and graduated from Second company in March, 1952, remaining here to be a tactical officer.

He is from Gadsden, Alabama, and is single.

2nd Lt. Vaughn L. Terry

Tactical officer of the second platoon is Lt. Vaughn L. Terry. Entering the service in 1950 at Camp Carson, Colorado, he graduated from O. C. S. in March 1952.

Originally from Los Angeles, he now resides in Phenix City with his wife Peggy and one son, James.





2nd Lt. Michael L. Strang

Guiding the first platoon is Lt. Michael L. Strang. A recent graduate of O. C. S. at Fort Benning, Lt. Strang entered the service in 1950. He went to Camp Polk, where he took nine days of basic training before becoming an operations sergeant. He spent six months in Japan, returning to go to O. C. S., where he was commissioned in May, 1952.

He is from Colorado, and attended Princeton university. Upon completion of his tour of duty he plans to return to school to become a lawyer.



THE INFANTRY SCHOOL

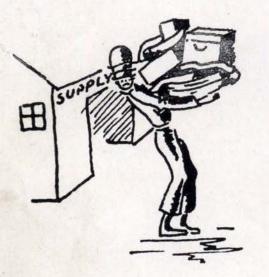
"I, having been appointed a Second Lieutenant, Army of the United States, do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same, that I take this obligation freely without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

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COMPANY

On the bright morn of 6 April 52 there could be heard, strange, rumbling sounds from the vicinity of the 2nd Officer Candidate company, for it was on that day that 204 eager aspirants to the Corps of Officers began 180 hot, trying, but sometimes enjoyable days. Remember?

> Candidate, I saw you blink. Give me ten!



We were first indoctrinated by the species of candidates known as the "beetles," who made a practice of falling us in with everything but the wash basins. We actually thought that every task at OCS had to be completed in three minutes.

Finally settled in our cubicles we were introduced to the "tac" officers—pleasant men who would soothingly croon, "Don't move so much as an eyelash."

Double time, Harch! Helter skelter to the P. X., bookstore and finally to the butchers, where we woefully parted with 99 44/100% of our hair. We staggered back, loaded with coveralls, expanding files, pencils, name tags, notebooks and disgusted expressions. But, we weren't through. Oh, no. Over to the supply room for rifles, bayonets, shelter-halfs, helmets, clipboards and roughly 6,985 inspirational manuals.

Left, FACE! . . . whoops . . . About FACE! For-r-r-d, MARCH!

With great care for our delicate minds, they slowly introduced us to classroom—eight hours the first day. Somehow, in the middle of all this they found a spare hour and condescended to let us eat lunch, which actually turned out to be a secondary activity. During the major portion of that period we were reminded about such things as dirt, logs and garbage under our bunks.

We were even more subtly introduced to the wild woods of Georgia. That first orientation went something like this:

"You are facinng north. There are snakes in the area. Don't pick any up—it may lead to a lot of paper work. And, don't get lost. Move out!"

Thus, with such words of wisdom we were introduced to map reading. Vaguely we remembered such things as grid lines, azimuths, contour lines and that moss isn't necessarily on the north side of trees. Tramping through the woods we found it quite simple to move through fifty yards of unfamiliar territory armed only with a map, compass, aerial photo, instruction book and some well-trodden paths.

That's a good question candidate. See me during the break.

Leadership was next, and in a very short time we found out how to make 44 men follow you up a hill against a regiment when it is snowing, and with not a bit of ammo and wet socks. Here we came to a full realization of the meaning of the "Follow Me" patch that adorned our shoulders, and, inevitably, led to the design of an equally famous "After You" patch.



Some place along the line we ran into a quite famous Captain who told us about the wedding of the infantry school instructor (Bride and Groom, POST!!) who, when asked if he took that woman to be his lawfully wedded wife, executed a snappy about face and

HISTORY

bellowed, "The question was . . ." At the same time we were also advised not to look down at a wet, cold, thoroughly miserable man in an equally wet and cold foxhole and say, "It's good for you."

It was then that we began to realize that OCS couldn't be as grim as we had first imagined.

There was always the chuckle welling up in our throats at the plight of the student platoon leader standing—oh so alone___in front of the platoon with that fake "Fearless Fosdick" expression ch his face trying to transmit an impression of A-1 efficiency and decisiveness to the foreboding "presence" who was standing behind the ranks. It was a chuckle deepseated in sympathy and association. We had been there too.

"To avoid confusion, the 1st platoon will go on the fourth bus, the 2nd platoon on the third bus, the 3rd platoon on the second bus, the 4th platoon on the first bus. Platoon leaders, take charge of your platoons. Take charge!!"

We rose before the dawn with much profanity and sour breath to gallop down old Eighth Division Road in the school's malevolent program for building healthy bodies. (Based on the somewhat naive assumption that



five hours sleep and a bracing mile and a half jog before breakfast will produce a race of iron men.

"It's good for 'em."

Friday nights we enthusiastically hauled out

all our equipment down to the last toe nail clipper, M-1948A-3, and scoured, scraped, cleaned, brushed and shined; all the while whistling "The Caissons Go Rolling Along" in four part harmony and revelling in the happy, comradely atmosphere that prevailed in the barracks.

"Gimme that buffer er l'll bust ya in da mouth!"



It was with reluctance that we crawled off to our sacks at 0200 to dream like children on Christmas eve of the inspection to come on Saturday morning. Ah, those inspections! Company Officers with demoniac gleam in their eyes throwing gigs with reckless abandon —wasn't it odd how a rifle that two minutes before inspection gleamed like a surgical instrument, could sprout mold growth, and exude old axle grease under the leering scrutiny of the T. O.?

"Candidate, can this be rust that I perceive on the interior portion of the inner surface of your upper sling swivel?"

Under the parental eye of the weapons committee, we began that most important course with an intimate study of our basic arm. This is the U. S. Rifle, calibre .30, M-1. It is a semi-automatic, gas operated, clip fed, self loading, shoulder weapon. "No kidding?" we said.

They erased, with dedicated enthusiasm, all the erroneous ideas about markmanship we had held over from previous experience, and taught us some new comfortable firing positions. (You'll forget the pain after a while.) Oddly enough, we found, when the smoke cleared, that we had improved.

After the M-1 came a welter of subjects that fell one after and upon another with dizzying rapidity.

MACHINE GUNS: If the do go goes and the no go don't go, then it's ok; but if the go



don't go and the no go does go, then it's no go. "Say," we whispered slyly to ourselves, "this is the berries."

ROCKET LAUNCHERS: This is our new repeating 3.5 rocket launcher. "Har Har, Haw Haw," we said. "Lookit that contraption; what a bunch of jokers." Then we realized that they weren't kidding.

BAYONET: Wha' ho pen to that push button war the brains kept crowing about? The answer came back "If you miss with the blade, git im in the groin with the butt stroke!!" OOOOOOOCCH!!

Long thrust and ho-o-I-I-d, MOVE! SIGNAL COMMUNICATIONS: They didn't have enough radios in the Army, so they took one of the big ones and divided it into a lot little ones and named them all "angry." Then they devised ten thousand ways of hooking them up and told us about it one afternoon.

"You're the top dog on a three man lister bag maintenance team with only one AN/GRC-9163468-512 set and you want to contact the hot water NCO in the procurement section of the Regt'l S-4." How can you do it?"

'Sir, I"d use radio."

FLIGHT LASHING: If you could work this problem in multiplication,

876580213579263000 149873597649264700 then you could load an airplane. **LOGISTICS:** "Hi Sarge, How-are-thingsin-the-rear-ech-e-lon?" "You - go - back - andtell-your-Lieutenant-we-trade-a-full-can-for-aemp-ty-one."

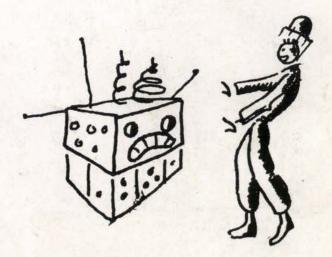
TANK-INFANTRY TEAM: They have four inches of armor and all we have is our field jackets, M-38. But you may pick up the phone on the back end and say: "Tank, this is Infantry," and everyone out in front drops dead. A truly remarkable tactic.

"On my command to fall out and fall in on the guide, fall out and fall in the guide. Fall out and fall in on the guide!"

We learned things about co-operation. "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" is no fable. Remember how the smiling, good natured candidate in the next cubicle could turn, in the course of two days, into a snarling, slobbering wretch, spouting violent inprecations at his fellow candidates; and all on account of a little list on the bulletin board that said "Latrine Orderly."

"I don't care if yuh got gangrene, git away from them commodes!"

TACTICS: The sum total of all we had learned or tried to learn during the last eighteen weeks; the manipulation of men, material, and common sense in securing with as few casualties as possible, the high ground; or holding the righ ground; or getting the mission accomplished—whatever it is.

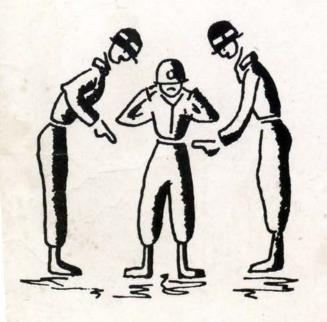


"Two up and one back; feed 'em a hot meal; battalion aid station in the draw; a green smoke streamer will be the emergency signal for lifting supporting fires. Any questions? Move out!"

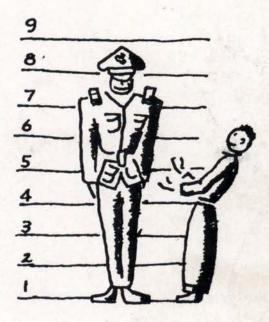
This was the very serious business that is the heart of our trade-and we know it. About this time the apathy and drowsiness that had haunted us during the interminable lectures and endless hours in classroom and bleachers (aptly called and designed with unscrupulous intent to take fullest advantage of the healthful Georgia sun) began to fall away and we began to dig back to that fund of information that had been poured into us; trying to recall that part about the weapon, the communication, the transportation, the guiding principle of em-ployment, the doctrine, the "do" or "don't" that was so revelent and sovital to the situation that faced us. To each of us, though it would be a little embarrassing or "Hollywood" to talk about it (so we didn't), there probably occurred a little personal vision of some future day when we might be lying on a hill looking down the maw of a live, armed enemy . . .

"One of these days you and the little people may be goin' round and round."

With the responsibility of those 44 good American men and the mission—always the mission. So we listened and looked and for once got a little enthusiastic about the problem; got a little "eager" to take an active part. And when the days began to dwindle down



what was it that we had become? What had we learned? Could every one of us recite, upon query, the complete table of organization of the Infantry Regiment, or the technical data for every Infantry weapon without a mistake; or give the "School Solution" for any and every tactical situation? "No" we laughed and But somewhere along the line that "Infantry Unit Commander" MOS began to appear a bit more believable. Somewhere toward the end of the maze a transformation took place from neophyte to new-comer—culminating in the



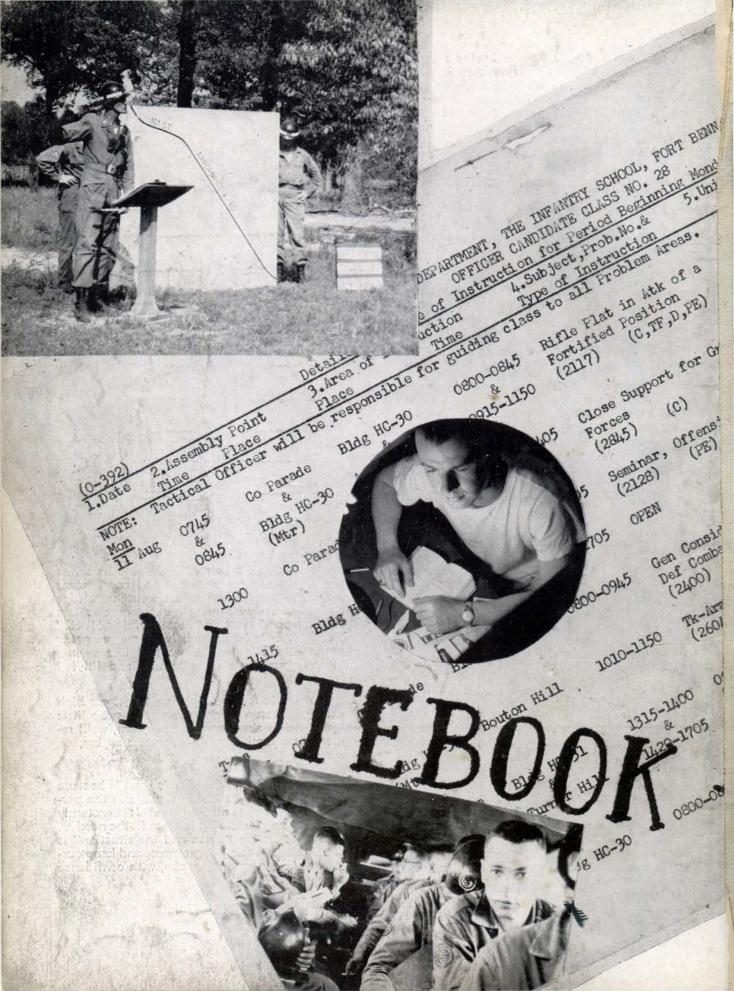
presentation of a pair of little gold bars (the goldest in the world). We had not become infallible, for we had a humorous knowledge of our own shortcomings, but someplace we had stopped feeling that awful "HUH?" "WHO ME?" when asked, "what are you going to do C. O.?" Instead we feel like saying, "Keep your pants on a minute and I'll tell 'ya."

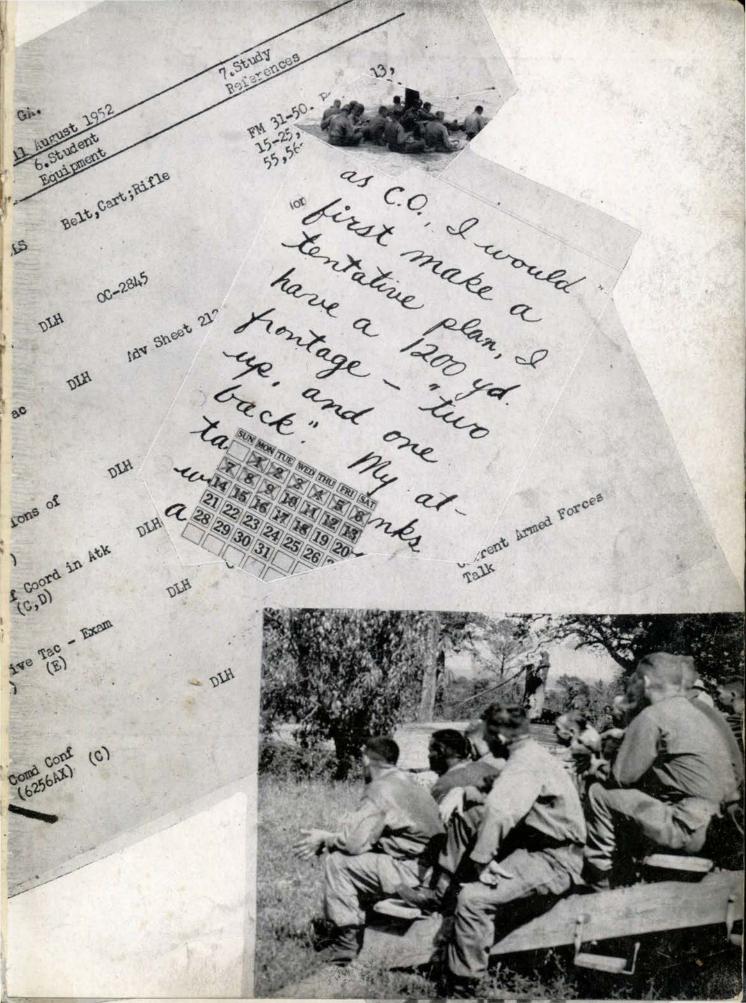
Perhaps in future days if we forget our high calling and stop too long to rest or get a little lackadaisical about self-improvement, we'll remember a familiar whip-lash voice saying,

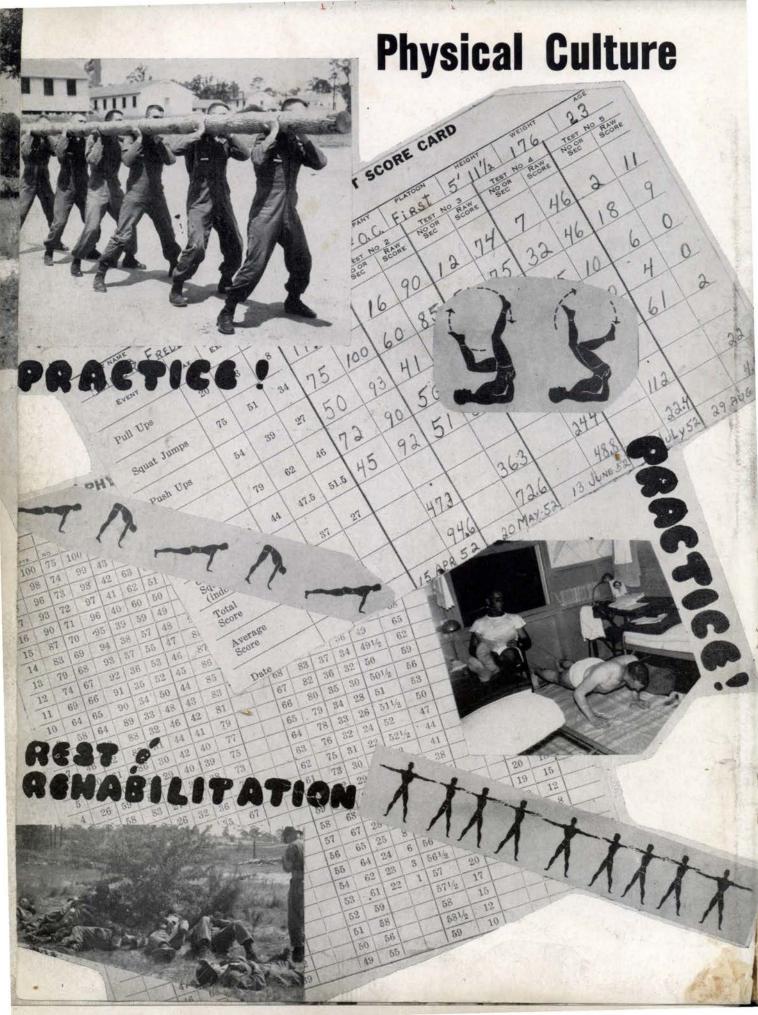
"Shame on you."

We can't say "the die is cast" because we're in a business that is flexible in the performance of its mission and is constantly changing and remolding itself to fit the need... "Depends on the terrain and the situation" is our byword. We must grow too, and keep ourselves capable so that we can, with confidence and faith in God, say,

"FOLLOW ME"





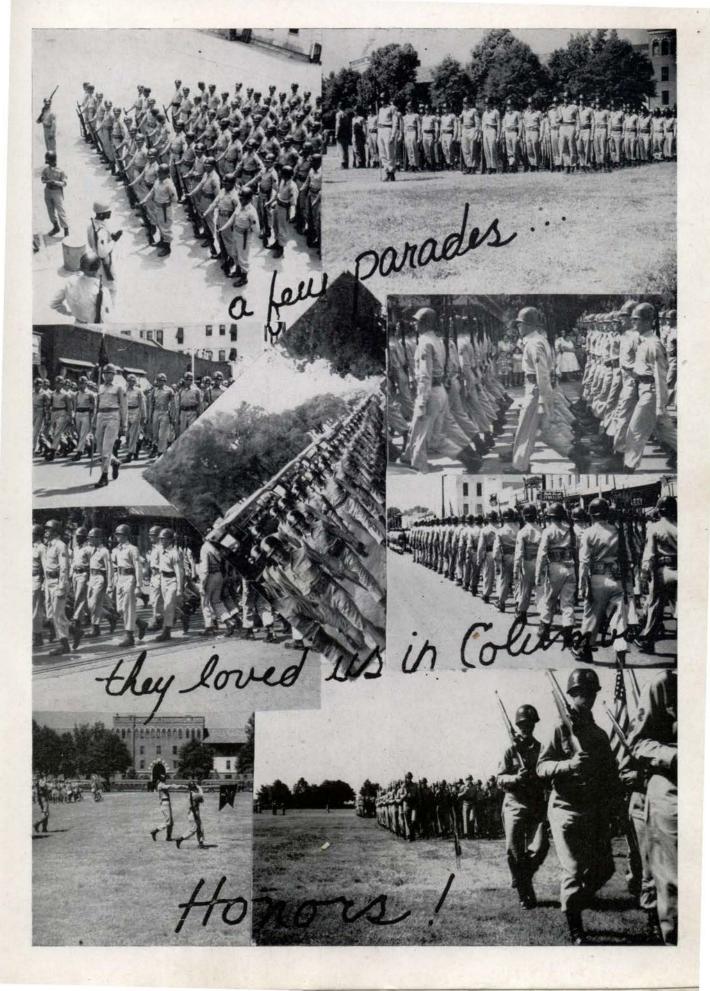






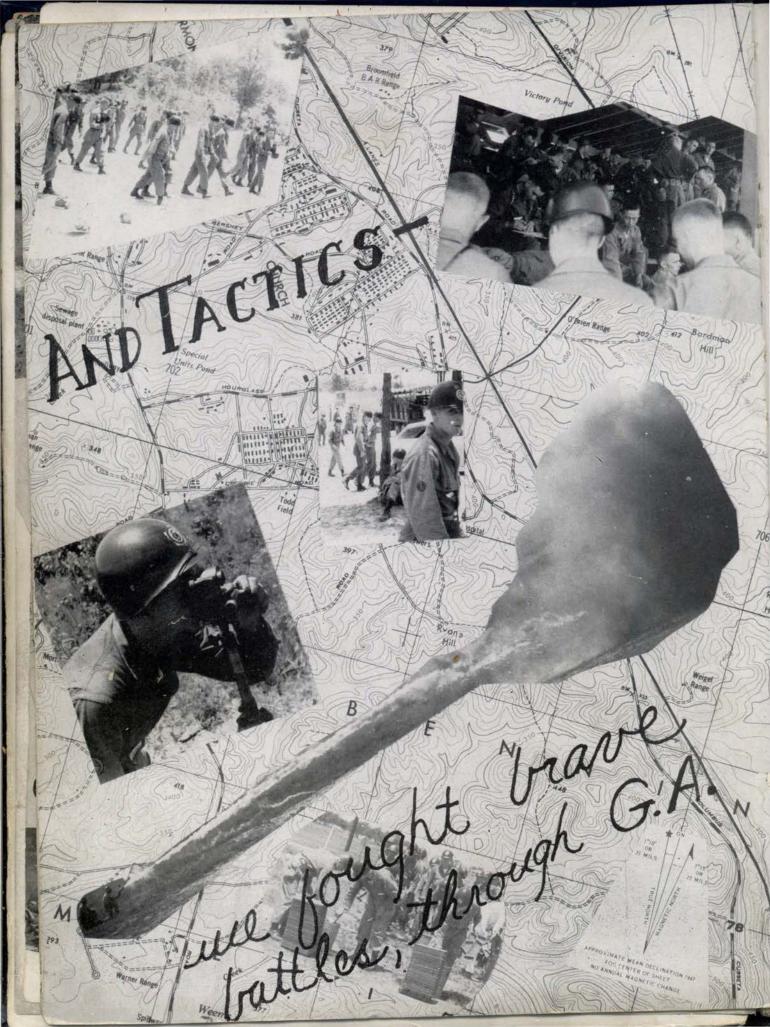


on the range demonstrations ... "whatcha see ?" to the stands thought standing was hard until we -tried crouching Les Allen Cland at the second of the second





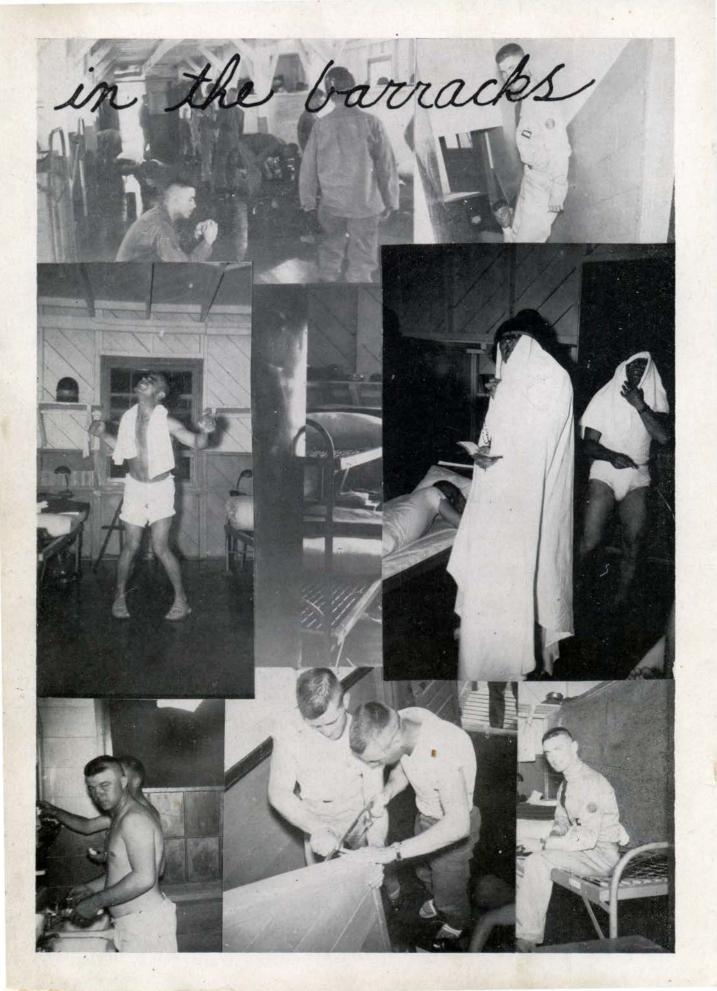


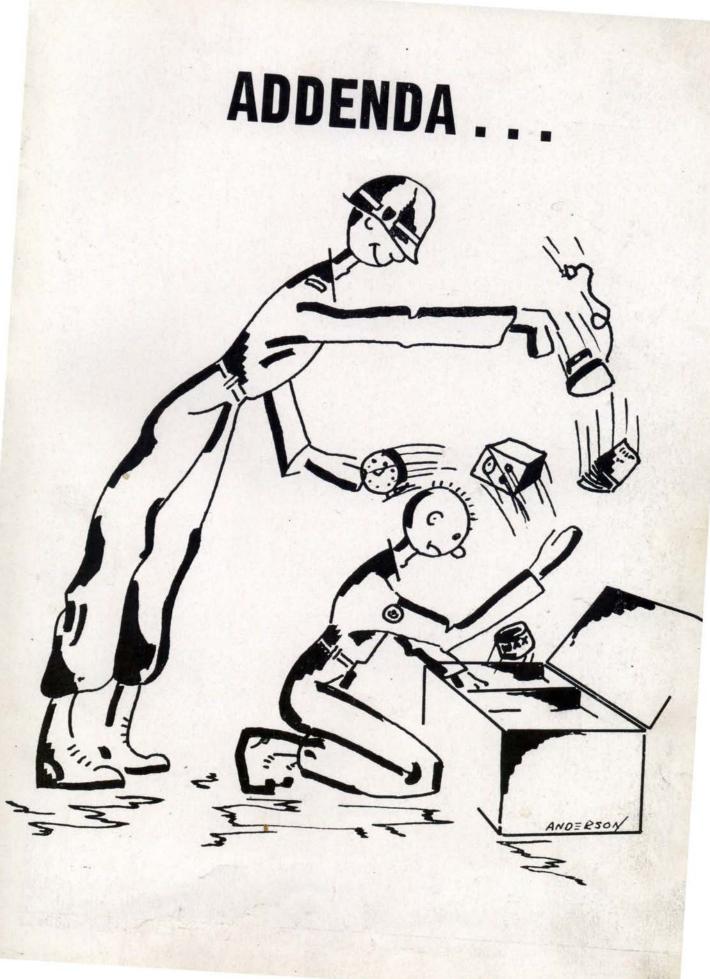


RESTRICTED SECURITY INFORMATION Tactical Department THE INFANTRY SCHOOL Fort Benning, Georgia

Reinforced Company in Attack

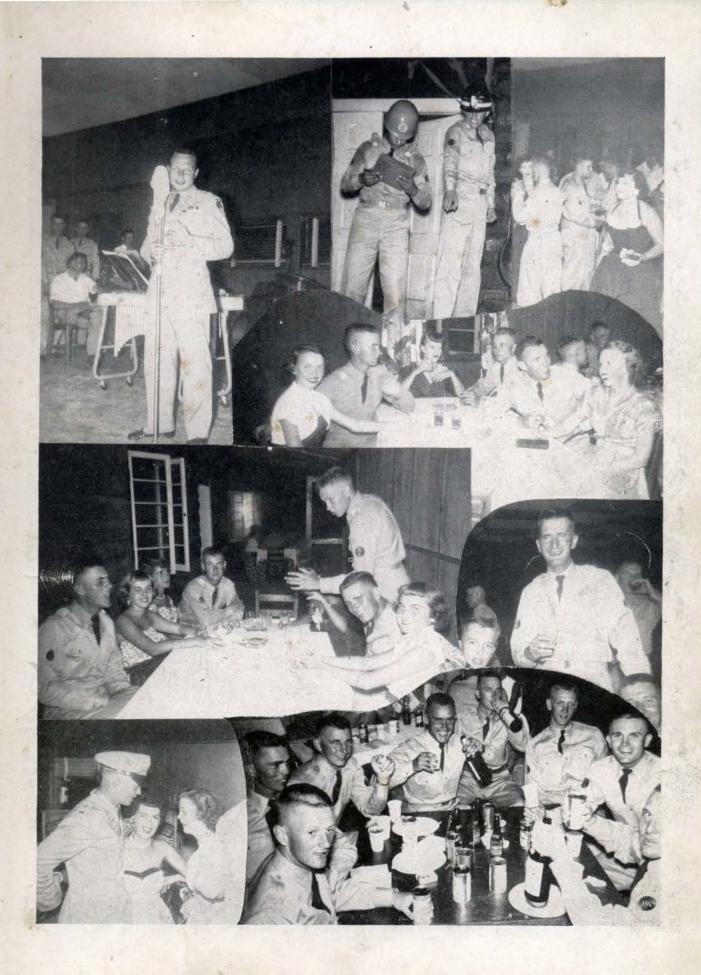
- 1. GENERAL SITUATION: An aggressor force of all arms has crossed the Chattahoochee river and captured Fort Benning—a small loss.
- a. You are C. O., Co A 85th Inf. Second Platoon Co. B is on your right flank. If anyone is on your left flank, you don't know it.
- b. It has been snowing for the past 67 hours and it is getting quite chilly.
- c. Bn. C. O. has decided that you will attack Hill 345 at 0345 and be prepared to continue on order. It is now 0340.
- SPECIAL SITUATION: You send your key officers to get the men ready to move out. They report the following:
- a. You are nearly out of ammo and all your vehicles are deadlined eliminating the possibility of resupply.
- b. You find that the supply sergeant has been discharged two days ago.
- c. First platoon reports that the engineer tape between the positions and the latrines has blown down in the strong wind and the men are strayed all over the area.
- d. Word has been received that you are not doing too well at home.
- e. Exec. officer informs you that he will need more liquor for the New Year's Eve party.
- f. Second platoon reports that only 13 men can be accounted for.
- g. The I.&R. platoon leader reports that the aggressor is approaching your left flank in a column of regiments.
- h. Assistant machine gunner from the fourth squad, third platoon reports that he has forgotten how to adjust head space, but that probably doesn't make any difference because the latch assembly is frozen.
- i. All communications have been destroyed and you have lost contact with the support.
- j. It is now beginning to rain and you have left your poncho in the C.P.
- k. Mary Ann called and said you can contact her at Col. 4-73284.
- FIRST REQUIREMENT: As company commander Co. A, what are going to do?





2d OC GOES TO A PARTY





COMMITTEES

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Chairman	. Harvey Kent
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Second PlatoonRi	. Robert Jones chard Dethorne
Third Platoon	. Carl Gerwick Edward Young

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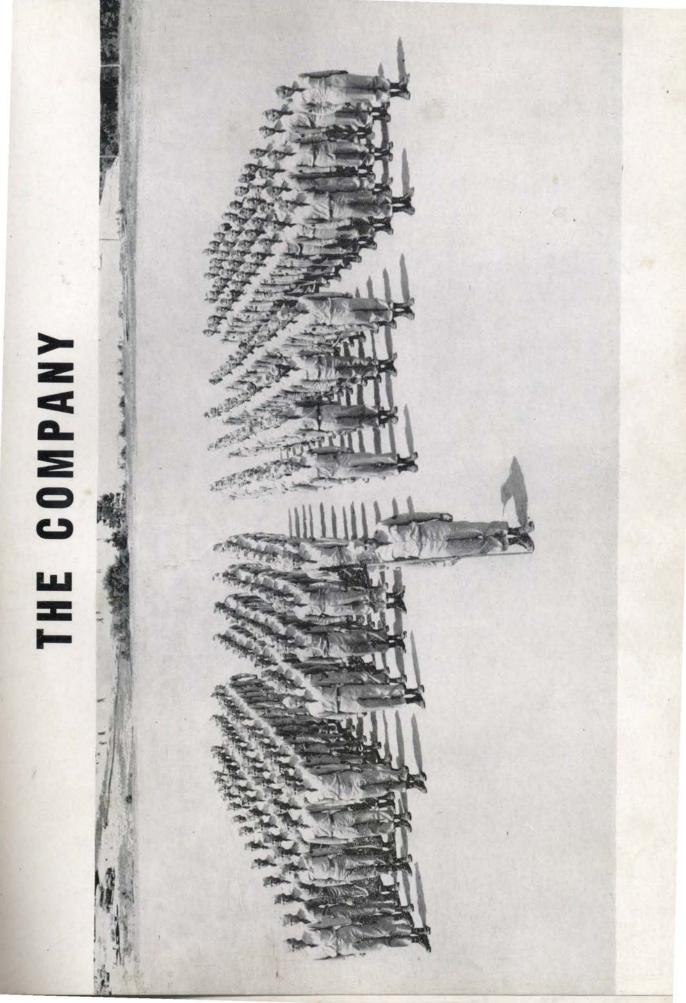
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> LAWRENCE VAN MOURICK 1449 Wellington Road Pasadena, California





MARION D. VAUGHN 109 East Madison Yates Center, Kansas

> ZED VEALE, JR. 3640 West Latham Street Phoenix, Arizona





SOLLIE W. VINCENT 5539 Shields Avenue Chicago, Illinois

> THOMAS R. WALKER 11881 Bray Street Culver City, California





LAWRENCE A. WALLEN 355 Crimmins Avenue Bronx, New York

> JOHN Q. WARFIELD 3544 Williamsburg Lane Washington, D. C.





EDWARD R. YOUNG 115 North Duncan Avenue Clearwater, Florida

> JOHN F. ZEGLEN Box 27, Chestnut Ridge Royal, Pennsylvania





JAMES H. ZIMMERMANN 212 West Central Avenue Bethalto, Illinois

> Not Pictured SHERMAN R. FOSTER Streeters Acre, R. R. 4 Ft. Wayne, Indiana

CLYDE D. JONES 95 Guffey Street Beaumont, Texas

.Date	A DESCRIPTION OF A DESC	Point Place	3.Area of Inst Place	truction Time	4.Subject, frob No.& Type of Instruction	5.Uniform	6.Student Equipment	7.5 Ludy References
	Officer wil	1 be resp	onsible for guidi	ing class to	all problem areas		A CONTRACTOR OF	
on 5 Sep				0800-1705	OFEN			· · / ;
ues	MARINE ST.							
5 Sep				0800-1705	OPEN			
ed 7 Sep	.*			0800-1705	OPEN			
nurs Sep				0800-1705	OFEN .			
ri 9 Sep		Parade tr)	Nain Theater	1100-1200	GRADUATION	A	None	None

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u C TR

Major, Infantry Asst Operations Officer



... gave proof through the night, that our flag was still there ...

now strong-

Bound by a determination to preserve the inherent rights of free men

soon stronger-

As the determination becomes an action of the trust placed in us

... O, say does that Star-Spangled banner yet wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ...