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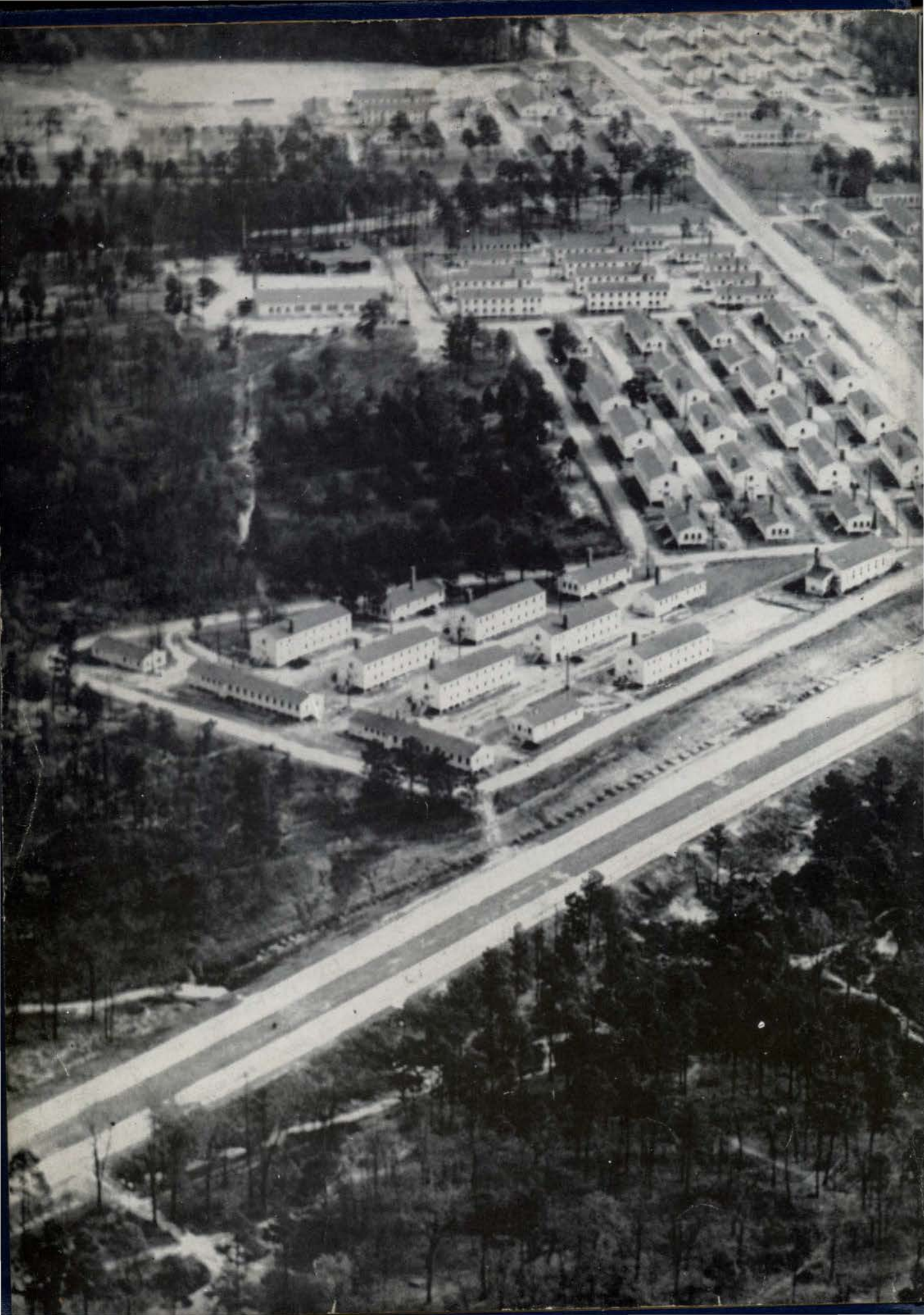
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

Officer Candidate School

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

Ten good soldiers, wisely led,
Are worth a hundred without a head.

—Euripedes.





CHAIN OF COMMAND



MAJOR GENERAL
ROBERT N. YOUNG
COMMANDING GENERAL
THE INFANTRY CENTER



BRIG. GEN. GUY MELOY
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL



COLONEL SEVIER R. TUPPER
COMMANDING OFFICER
1ST STUDENT BRIGADE

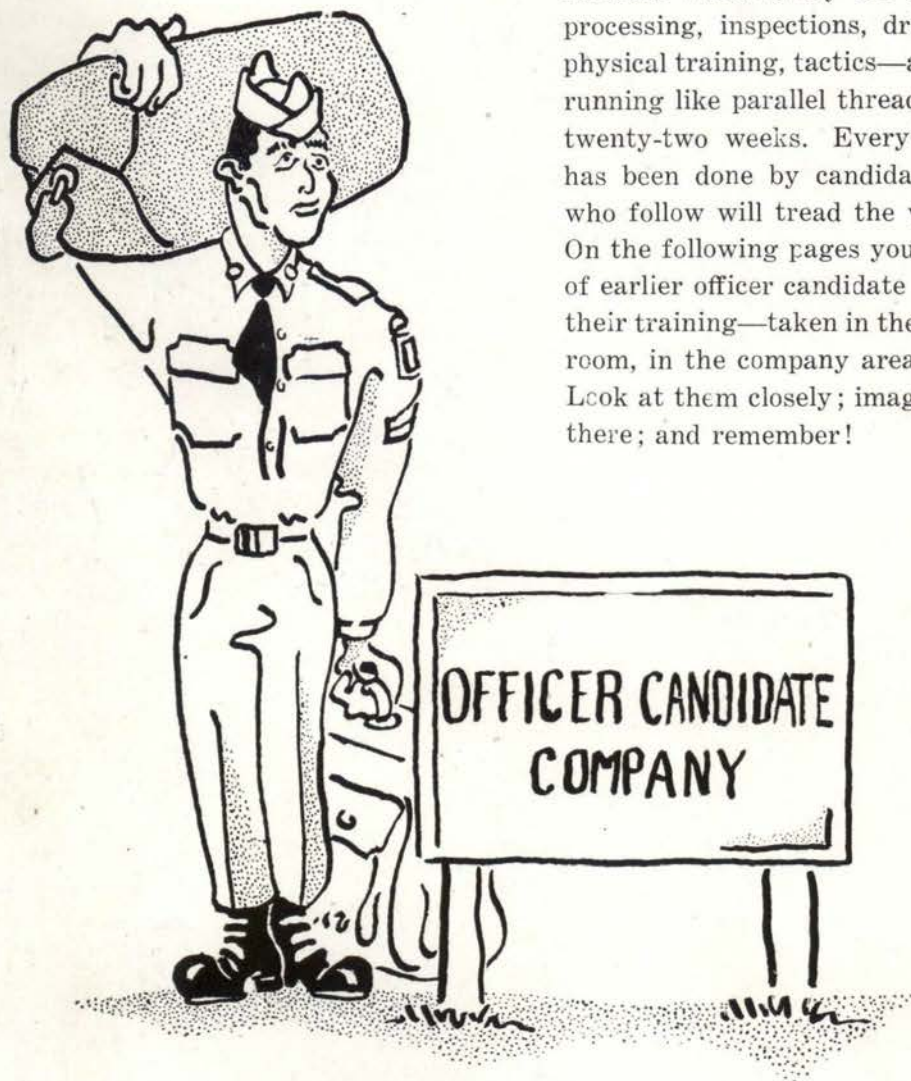


COLONEL HARRY M. GRIZZARD
COMMANDING OFFICER
1ST OFFICER CANDIDATE REGIMENT



THIS WE

Officer Candidate School, because of the urgent need for highly-trained combat platoon leaders, operates like a precise and well-oiled machine. It has developed a standard formula which every OC company follows: processing, inspections, drill and command, physical training, tactics—all interwoven and running like parallel threads throughout the twenty-two weeks. Everything we've done has been done by candidates before; those who follow will tread the very same course. On the following pages you will find pictures of earlier officer candidate companies during their training—taken in the field, in the classroom, in the company area, in the barracks. Look at them closely; imagine our own faces there; and remember!



REMEMBER



Dismounting—on the double



At Rest—on a break



All this—just to eat



"It's good for you"

We Came . . .



You arrive the first day . . .

The first few days of Officer Candidate School are said to be the hardest. It's then that the strange new world of OCS bursts open on the unsuspecting candidate, and a hundred menacing faces seem to be there—lurking in every corner. Off come the sergeant's stripes and the curly hair and the carefree smile. On comes the double-timing and the parade rest and the sounding-off. "Give me ten, Candidate" becomes almost a steady chant. "Stand tall, Candidate" and "Look proud, Candidate" follow each other in endless monotony. And then, when the equipment has been issued, the barracks "squared away", the arithmetic test taken, the autobiography written, the processing completed—and it seems as if we've been at school for several months—we realize with a thud that OCS hasn't even begun yet. Our first class is tomorrow!



You say goodbye to old stripes.



And you meet new candidates . . .



The hair goes;



The equipment comes



And more confused



You become just a little bewildered . . .

We Saw . . .

up the ladder



On the range



down the line

over the top



into the classroom



up to the port



Tactics

Once the routine gets underway, the days fly rapidly by. G-M angles, spot-welds, no-gos going and no-dozes doing, M-10 plotting boards, "burned-off nubs," monstrous 90 mms—they all become part of the whirl. We learn: (a) What to do with a dirty soldier; (b) Where the cucumber-slicer is kept in a well-run mess-hall; (c) How many kitchen trucks are organic to the Infantry Regiment; (d) Why we shouldn't be insulted when someone calls us Pin-Head over the sound-powered phone. The primary principles of tactics become familiar strains—"You got to sucker 'em in and clobber 'em" and "Two up, one back, and feed them a hot meal"—and we become haunted by the inevitable words, "The demonstrators today were from A Company, 30th Infantry." We're inspected, re-inspected, and then inspected again, and just when beginning to weary of the whole affair we awake one morning and find ourselves with shiny blue helmets and a new lease on life.

Hand-to-hand combat



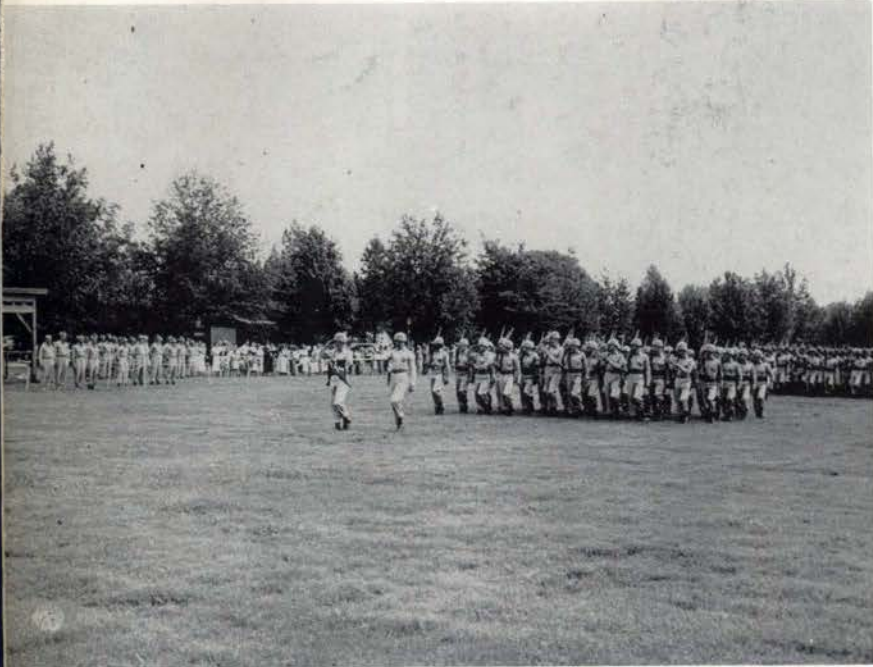
Mess in the field



Rocket Launcher

We Conquered

Senior Status is a long-awaited and highly-coveted event, and when it finally arrives we feel there are five stars on our shoulders instead of simple blue tabs. We return salutes and inspect junior companies and complain bitterly to our friends that "we were never **that** bad!" Then the uniform fever grips us and the conversation revolves around pinks and greens and then pinks again. And then, when that wonderful day of graduation finally arrives, we ponder thoughtfully what the past months have meant. We realize that we have trained, like a boxer for a fight, long and tedious hours. We haven't enjoyed this training, of course; neither does a boxer. But we know that our pride will be in the results we've achieved, in the product of our work, in our success as Infantry Officers. We know that our pride will be in the ever-growing knowledge that during these months we have earned our mark as a man.



Pass in review



"Can this be ME?"

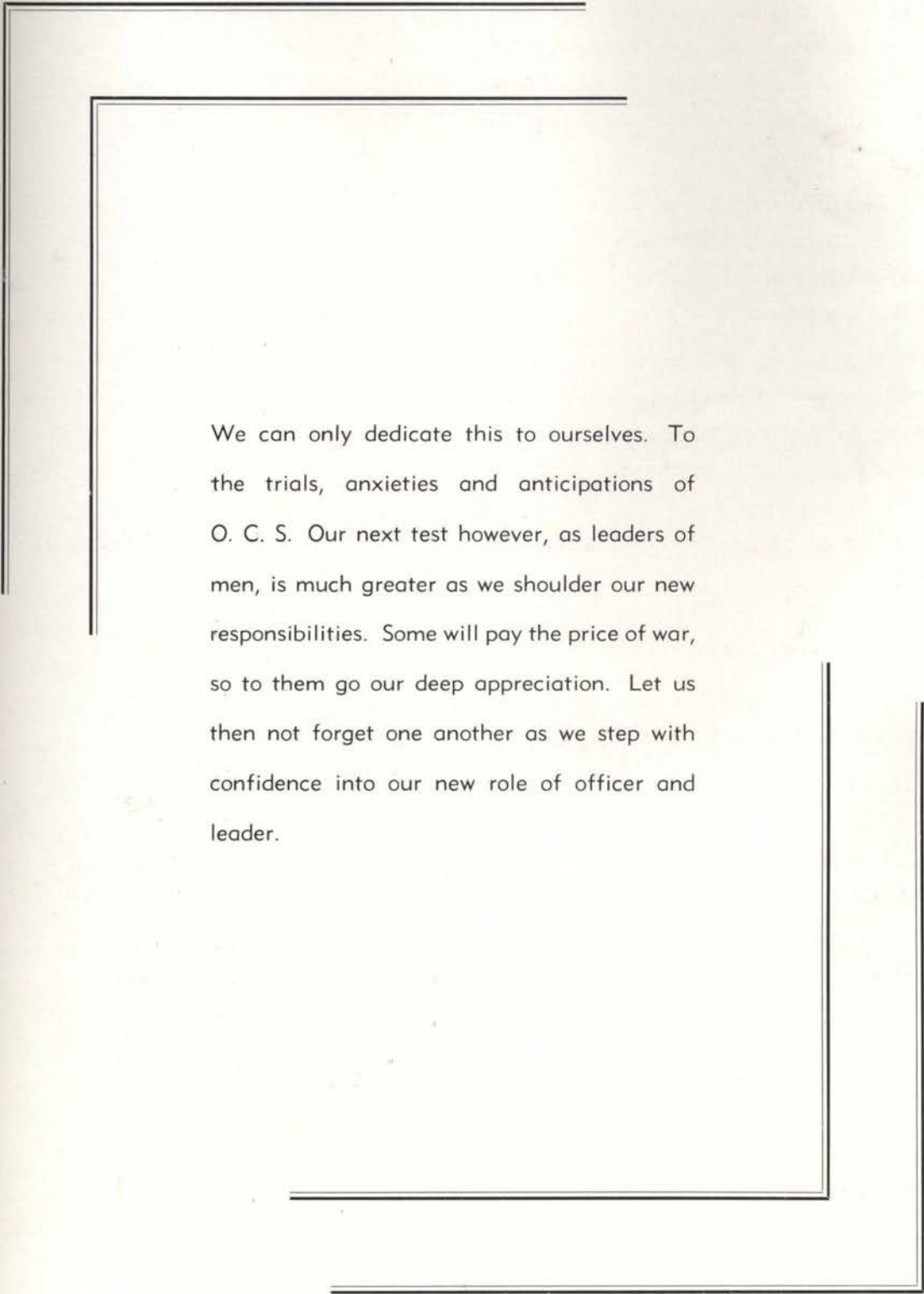


"I, having been appointed a Second Lieutenant, Army of the United States, do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same, that I take this obligation freely without 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."

OPERATION OCS



1st O. C. COMPANY
Class 21 17 Feb. - 1 Aug., 1952



We can only dedicate this to ourselves. To the trials, anxieties and anticipations of O. C. S. Our next test however, as leaders of men, is much greater as we shoulder our new responsibilities. Some will pay the price of war, so to them go our deep appreciation. Let us then not forget one another as we step with confidence into our new role of officer and leader.

In these few succeeding pages, the transformation of a few individuals is depicted. A transformation that is channeled to create the combat platoon leader, "Second Lieutenant, Infantry."

There were many days, yes, even weeks of continued confusion, from which the qualifying individuals worked, tried and finally succeeded in his efforts.

This book attempts to show, in pictures and words the stages of development in this progression. In depicting this succession, an attempt was made to show a hypothetical combat attack situation. To compare the efforts entailed it is pictured in five elementary stages.

I. **The Assembly Area:**

"A location where the unit is assembled preparatory to the attack."

This may be likened to the arrival of the men of First Officer Candidate Company—the trying encounters of preparing for the succeeding pitfalls surrounding the objectives.

II. **The Attack:**

"Here is the final preparation and coordination for the attack."

Here is the company in the "Plebe" stage. An infamous individual who works, sweats and swears while engulfed in the basic principles of weapons, leadership and administration.

III. **Line of Departure:**

"A tactical point at which time all elements of the unit coordinate activities."

Intermediates; a transition period at which time we looked with pride at our accomplishments and with wonder at the tasks of the future.

IV. **Assault Position:**

"The final phase of the attack—Fix Bayonets!"

In a flurry of Blue, the company launched into the Senior Status with renewed vigor toward the final objective.

V. **The Objective:**

"The forceful and tactical seizing of that portion of the overall situation and the preparation to continue the attack."

This is the most important phase of the mission. For us, Second Lieutenant, Infantry, it is only the beginning of the ultimate service we must render to prove ourselves worthy.



Like Sampson in Delilah's hands, we lost our crowning glory with the last few locks under the skillful hands of the local Post Exchange barber. Along with this speed march to the PX, came the advent of the shaving stick, toothpowder and ironically enough, the comb. These, with the "7-inch square" became our footlocker display, later to be better known as "Rats Nest".



And then came classes, the "Column of twos from the right, double time, March!" all the way to HC 32, our first encounter with the Committees of The Infantry School. "Gentlemen, this is a map. On it is shown shape, the like of which I'm sure you are the least familiar." This was the beginning.





Amidst the height of confusion, we begrudgingly set ourselves upon the task of straightening our Field Manuals, lining up footlockers and saying in muted tones, "Do you really think this is a 17-week cycle?" With the anguished cry of "Attention", we snapped our backs and braced our legs. Oh, that first night, like Pavlov's little white rat peering through the wire labyrinth.



It wasn't long before we were introduced to the one night stands called inspections, and the familiar OCS Rest Positions — including the front leaning rest position but never the accepted "Army" version.



Interwoven among our many other activities came the inevitable, all-expensive trip to the Book Store. Here we acquired the Coveralls, clipboards, expanding file, etc., the standard equipment for an Officer Candidate.

The time set—the place predesignated and the plan determined, the men moved into the assembly area—1st Officer Candidate Company, 17 February 1952.



The area presented only a row of six dirty white buildings to our anxious faces and E.M. souls. That first night was just the beginning of the nightmare to follow. Everything was amiss those first few days with the SOP's changing every two minutes (and we don't mean Standard Operation Procedures, but rather Scenes Of Perjury!)



As we moved from the Assembly Area to Our Attack Position, all we recall are the M-1 rifles, carbines, B.A.R.'s, machine guns and mortars— weapons, weapons, yes, weapons. From prone to sitting with push, pull, click click, to blocks out



bolts forward, we ventured forth doin' anything but what comes naturally. No one will ever deny the esthetic beauty of the training aid on the functioning of the M-1. It was only reverent fervor and stout heart that carried us through.



Actually what added so much to our thorough understanding of them all was our nightly jaunts to the dust-bitten lands of Lippitt Field. During





this renowned period we were gently introduced to dismounted drill and shortly thereafter, candidates were seen pondering over their 22-5, studying their Drill and Confusion. Oh for those pleasant days, where men stood like braces of logs, with perspiration flowing freely down to their toes. "Sir, Candidate Confused, completely unprepared for a period of instruction."

. . . And a board (that's a piece of wood—you know, they build houses with the stuff.) Oh no you fool, a board is the collective function of men at which time you reach the point of complete frustration because of cosmoline on your toothbrush.





Yes, we took the actual academics of the Infantry School but not without the fond remembrances of our "Home away from Home", better known as the Bivouac. This little incident took place while our barracks were so graciously being repainted. The mad confusion of living in one place, having our clothes in a second and trying to keep ourselves warm despite the chilly, damp weather tried our very souls, but believe it or not, Right won over Might and soon we were once again warmly situated in our paint-ridden barracks.

Little did we realize that life in the field had its advantages. For once we were comfortably inside, the never-failing daily inspection plagued us once again. "Candidate, you have Grit in your wall-locker." Grit, a famous concoction of air, oxygen and hydrogen, which only a Tactical Officer would discover. Why, one day the T.O. even found a ferocious, man-eating animal in a wall locker. That horrible creature, a harmless little house fly was worth a healthy 11-6.



Despite the hazardous road we have tread and the even more spectacular vistas to be accomplished, we managed to greet each day (at the horrible hour of 0430) and stride manfully from our cozy nest to the famous Victory Pond. This was induced to increase the staying power of the Candidates for the physical pitfalls which were looming over the horizon.



To the sound of "Platoon leaders, take charge of your platoons for the morning run," many a gallant soul steeled himself for the omnipotent cry of "Pick up the step! 1,2,3,4; now keep it that way." Not only did this increase the physical proficiency of the men but it provided them with the opportunity to enjoy the beauty of the Georgia scenery. Imagine, if you can, the smell of honeysuckle and the cool breeze wafting you in the face while plodding wearily up the hill. Oh yes, there are such memories swirling around our confused minds.

From the peaceful sidelights of O.C.S., let us continue the maddening pace of learning and re-learning the lessons of what makes the Infantry Platoon leader function.





As we became aware of the functioning of our various weapons and the ever-present malfunctions and stoppages, we were suddenly thrown into a new realm of weapons. It was the Mortar Committee that took us by the hand and with patience (?) instilled in us the necessity of support weapons as vital to our situation.

But through demerits, push pull, click click, blocks out bolts forward, bad O.R.'s and drill here and there we pushed and pulled our way through the second phases of the Attack, a better man for it—we hope.

After our not-so-brief encounter with the M-1 Committee, we were entertained by the Machine Gun Committee. It was at this time that Crew Drill came into its own. "Fall out Sergeant" rang throughout the Transition area. While awaiting our turn to become qualified gunners, we were subjected to "concurrent" training. Here we found that the no-go could go but if it would go it was no go for firing. Confusing? It certainly was.



"The pressure decreases by the eighth week." "Things usually cool off by the twelfth week." "O.C.S. is a breeze by the sixteenth week." Who said that?

We entered our eighteenth week with those happy child-like expressions ringing in our ears, but we were still waiting for "Things to ease up."

The intermediate phase of our train-



ing left us with a thousand thoughts caroming through our brains and echoing many times over. We began to realize how little we actually knew of the military. But we were learning and our experiences were broadening.





The first few weeks of our training were confined to subjects that were familiar to most of us. But the emphasis was on the "familiar." Few dreamed of the intensiveness of the courses to follow. We no longer were learning simply from the aspect of the pupil but from the viewpoint of the teacher. We were taking on the mantle of the instructor and leader.

Phrases used by some of our instructors still bring back a host of intelligences and smiles of pleasant memories and many trying days.



But who can forget the humor of the Army's key-words and phrases designated to remind us of so much. Such phrases as "Think of whattcher gonna do and lemme know when you're ready," and "COCOA," "Fire a burst of six," and the inevitably twisted "Bubble your levels."



Then came Logistics and with it came the realization that a Trains Area was not a locomotive roundhouse. We came to understand that war is not just a man with a rifle. We learned of the many men devoted to making life as easy as possible for the rifleman.





As June grew older and we became more confident of ourselves, we received our first real glimpse of tactics and Georgia heat. The humidity was never conducive to diligent study, but we realized that this was to be our most important training as proficient combat platoon leaders. "Combat platoon leader" was a phrase that held magical significance for us. Graduation of a good combat leader was the instructional aim of the school and our primary ambition. Actually, grad-





uation was secondary to being an able and respected platoon leader. We felt that this class above all others would not just "Wear" the gold bars, but would earn and have a right to them.

We began our attack on Fort Benning and assiduously gained one hill after another. With combat-experienced instructors as our tutors we became cognizant that every hill, road and gulley had a meaning. We



were making friends of the terrain and using it as an ally. We became so close at times that we brought the terrain back to our barracks and studied every grain of it as we removed it from our clothes and bodies. Tactic's problems called on us to search our memories and use all the other knowledge that we had previously received. And now we were seeing all the pieces of former training miraculously find their places in the vital jigsaw of war.





Support!



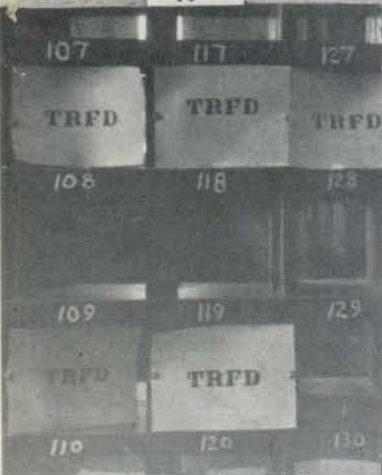
Preacher



Now the . . .



Rough stuff



Who Me?



Charge



Sourpuss



Medic!



"Doc"



The Mutes

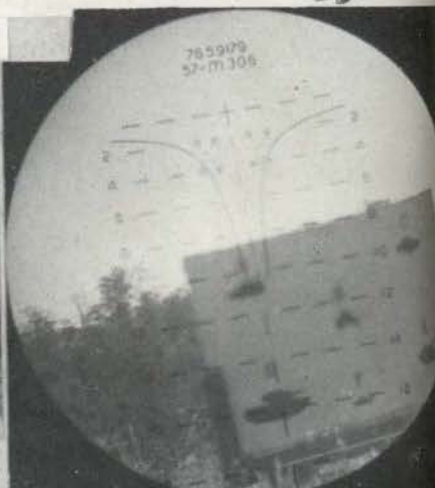


300, 301 . . .

Small Arms



Tanks—yer welcum



Fire!!



REPORT OF OBSERVATION OC FORM 2

CANDIDATE R. A. Gungho
SUBJECT Bathing PROB. NO. 2156
AREA Chattahoochee River
DATE 11 July 1952 PERIOD

Instructions: In making this rating the actions of the candidate should be compared to those of a successful platoon leader in a combat situation whenever applicable.

This man has been awarded an "A" for effort for his excellent Troop Leading Procedure on Problem 2156 - "Platoon Leaders, we have four boats, the fourth squad of each platoon will load on the fourth boat. Take Charge of your men and move them onto the boats in the prescribed manner." He also showed great initiative for the welfare of his men in allowing them to wear their bathing suits during the crossing.

GENERAL RATING "A" (See Reverse side for detailed basis for this rating.)

SIGNATURE Lt Bath CAPACITY T/O
(1)



The story from here on in is to be continued in the experiences and emotions of the Officer Candidates of 1st O. C. Company who came forth as 2nd Lieutenants, Infantry. The story cannot be recorded in print but will live only in the hearts of the individuals who go forward from here—better men.



CAPT. DAVID A. COHEN
Commanding Officer

The hard weeks, so recently passed in earning your commissions, are over; with their passing, a new phase in your life has begun. This new life will bring many trials and worries and you will wonder why and how a 2nd Lieutenant can be expected to know and do so many varied things.

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 men. Place your men always first and your own reward will be a job well done, motivated by respect and "esprit de corps."

Congratulations Lieutenants—to each and every one of you the best of wishes and good luck!

DAVID A. COHEN
Captain Inf.



1ST LT. LOREN E. HARRIMAN
Executive Officer

For twenty-four weeks you had to listen to me talk; I think I've said enough. Therefore let me now merely say, "Good Luck!"

ROBERT D. MILLER
2nd Lt. Inf.



2ND LT. ROBERT D. MILLER
Tactical Officer, 1st Platoon

It has been a distinct pleasure to work with all of you during the past twenty-four weeks. I wish you all the very best luck as officers in the Infantry and I sincerely hope that it will be my good fortune to serve with many of you at some time during our respective careers in the U. S. Army.

PHILIP C. BARTH JR.
2nd Lt. Inf.



2ND LT. PHILIP C. BARTH JR.
Tactical Officer, 2nd Platoon



2ND LT. JOHN A. HALL
Tactical Officer, 3rd Platoon

My sincerest congratulations and best wishes to all of you upon graduation from Infantry Officer Candidate School. You have demonstrated your abilities to go forth in a field that will present many challenges . . . both in problems and responsibilities, and in standards to be met as set by your predecessors. I feel confident of your future success and shall be anxious to hear of any recordings you make in the history of the Infantry. Carry on . . .

JOHN A. HALL
2nd Lt. Inf.



2ND LT. JOHN J. PEPPARD JR.
Tactical Officer, 4th Platoon

I congratulate you upon the successful completion of the course of instruction prepared by the Infantry School for Officer Candidates. It has been a long, uphill fight, which you took in stride. Good luck and success on the road ahead.

JOHN J. PEPPARD JR.
2nd Lt. Inf.



On the inside of 1st O.C. Company, there were many who carried out the daily administrative duties that made the company tick. To these men who supplied us and fed us for so many weeks we offer our thanks for their work well done.





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"Tony"

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CHARLES R. STROBLE

"Spike"

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FREDERICK E. SUPRENANT

"Super"

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JOHN T. WARD

"J. T."

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CHARLES W. TAPP

"Rebel"

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LOUIS WEINER

"Mule"

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WILLIAM L. THOMAS

"Smokie"

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"Zeke"

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Safety Council



PAUL I. YOST

"Pal"

McEwensville, Pa.