



*fficer
andidate
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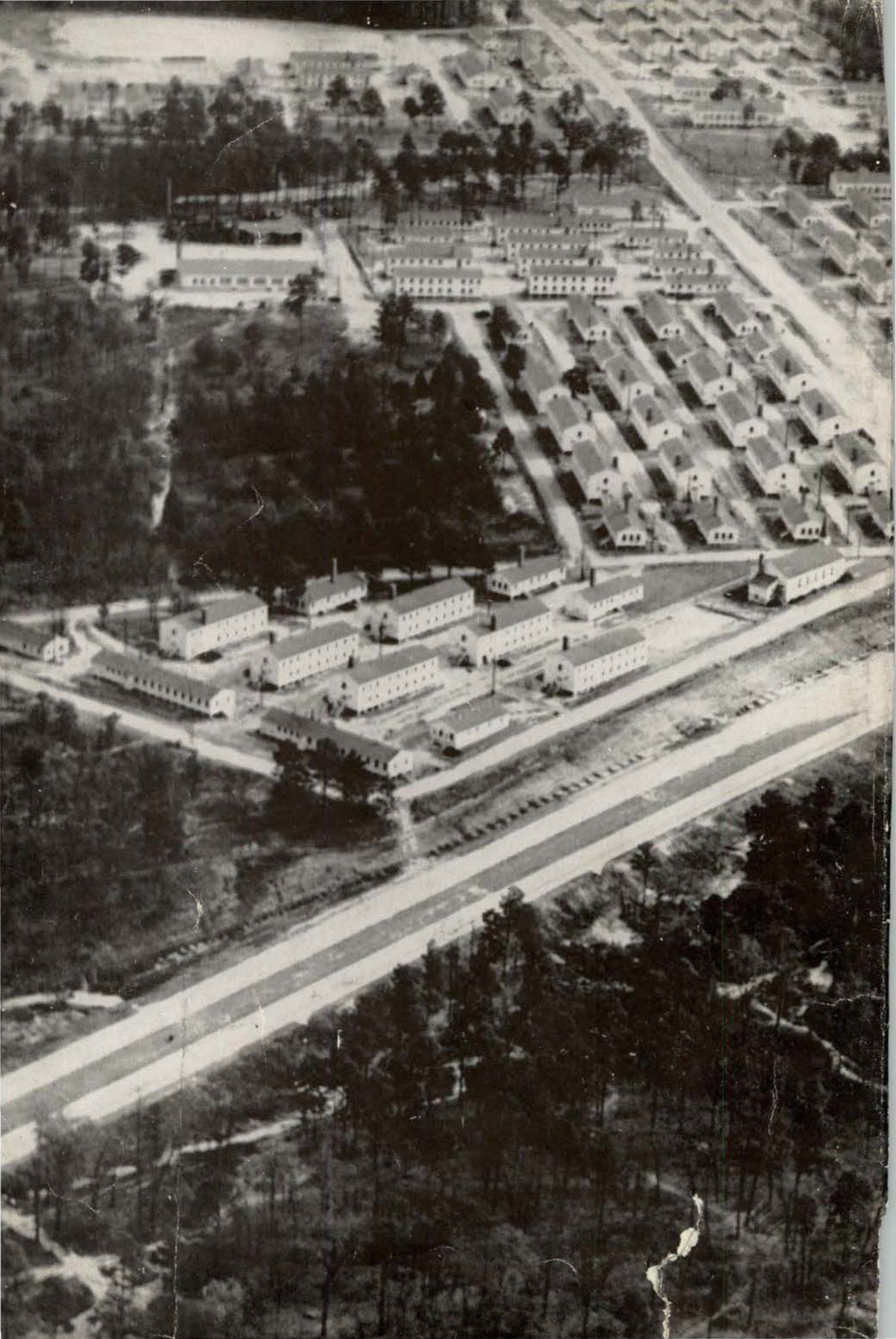
FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

Officer Candidate School

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA

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

—Euripides.





CHAIN OF COMMAND



MAJOR GENERAL
ROBERT N. YOUNG
COMMANDING GENERAL
THE INFANTRY CENTER



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



BRIG. GEN. GUY MELOY
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT
THE INFANTRY SCHOOL



COLONEL SEVIER R. TUPPER
COMMANDING OFFICER
1ST STUDENT BRIGADE

Dedication

*We proudly dedicate this book
to the men of the 27th—to their
sleepless hours, their sweat streaked
faces, their moments of fear and
their moments of joy, and finally,
their triumph of graduation.*



The Old Man
Charles R. Smith
1st, Lt. Infantry

Ronald W. Worden
2nd Lt. Infantry
Exec.



Richard J. Doherty
1st. Lt. Infantry
Senior
Tactical Officer

William Burger

2nd Lt. Infantry
1st Platoon
Tac Officer



Frank M. Bashore

2nd Lt. Infantry
2nd Platoon
Tac Officer



Joseph W. Hutchinson

2nd Lt. Infantry
3rd Platoon
Tac Officer



The Student Council



LEFT TO RIGHT: Jim Fox, Jerry Fudge, Bill Marshall, Jon Kowal, Ralph Moore.
SEATED: Jim Evrard, president. NOT SHOWN: Bill Dunwoody.

As an aid to the company commander in personnel relationships, seven candidates were elected early in the cycle to represent the student body in matters concerning social activities, SOP's, financial dealings, etc. Jokingly referred to as "The Committee in Charge of Calling Meetings During Detail Hours" the council, under the able direction of its president, Jim Evrard, served as a valuable link between the orderly room and the candidates.

The many projects handled by the council refuted the old claim that Democracy has no place in the Army.

Miss 27

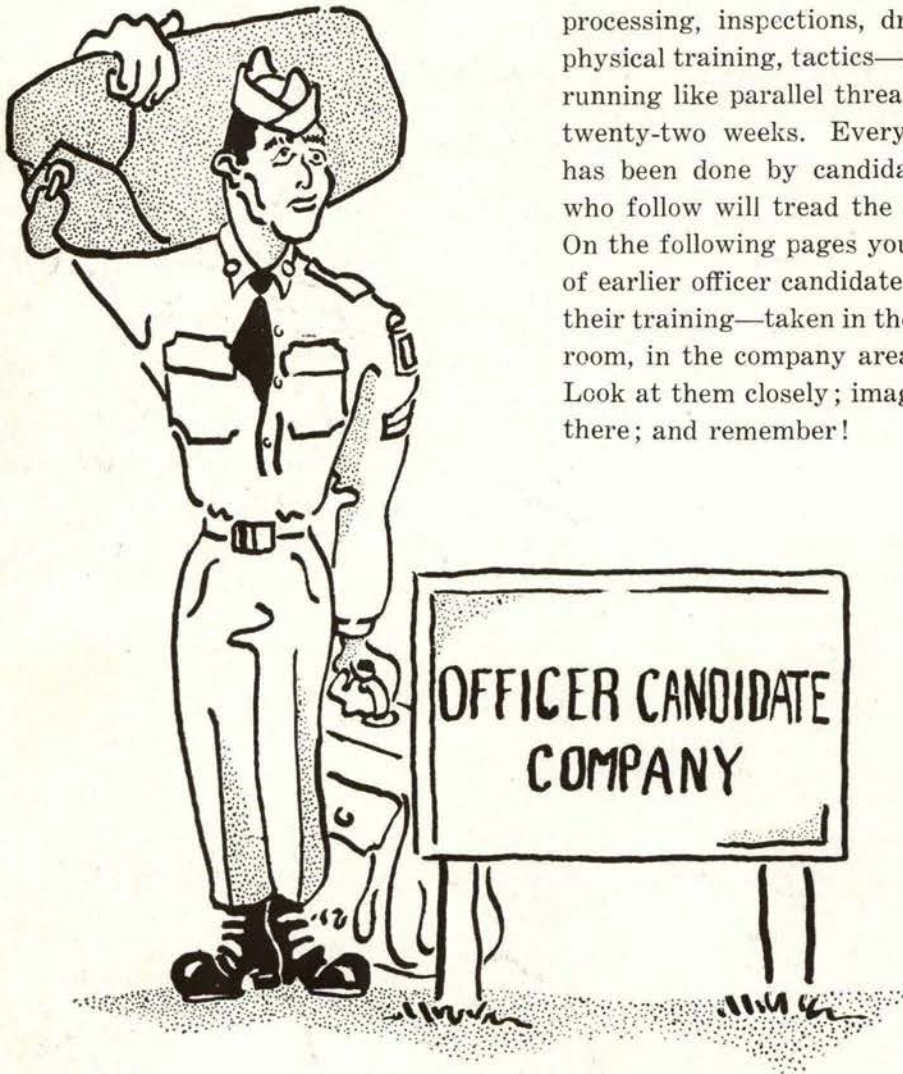


Peggy Jo Randolph
Portales, N. M.



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.



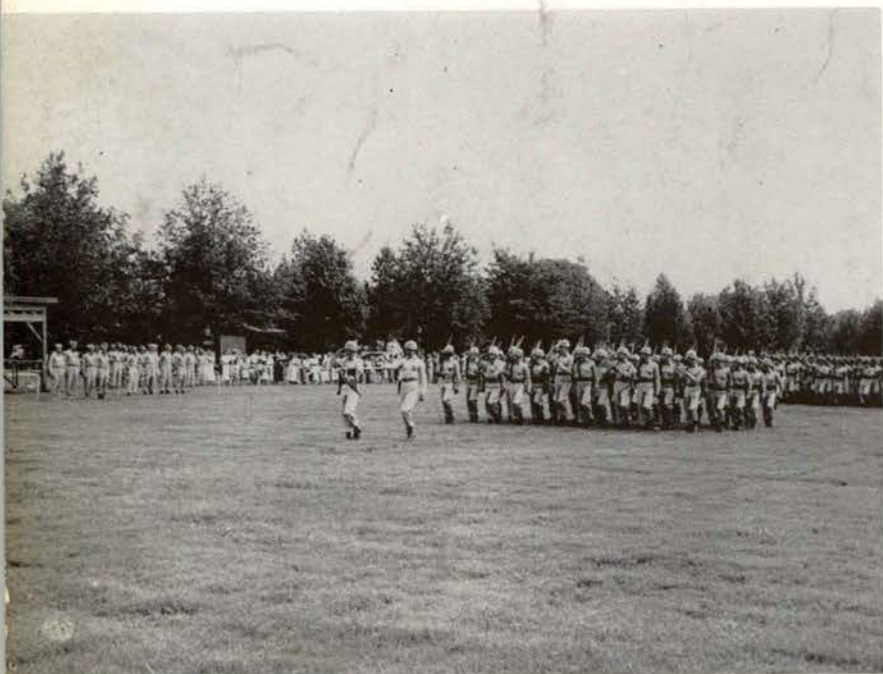
Rocket Launcher

Hand-to-hand combat



Mess in the field

We Conquered



Pass in review

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.



"Can this be ME?"

18 July, 1952

Fort Benning, Ga.

SUBJECT: It's all over now!

TO: Me—lest I forget

Well, there I was, standing in the midst of the most stupendous mess I had ever seen. After my exhausting trip to Benning, I had anticipated going straight to bed when reporting in my company. However, when I walked into my barracks, and observed the mass confusion that was rampant there, some instinct, possibly that of self preservation, told me to go back home and forget the whole ugly mess. Just as I was turning to make the proverbial hasty retreat, I was confronted by a monster with blazing eyes, flashing teeth and blue shoulder tabs. As I picked myself up off the floor I could still hear ringing in my ears that phrase; "What's your name candidate—where are you from—where are you going—don't you know enough to come to attention when ad-

dressed by a SENIOR CANDIDATE——?" From that point on all I can remember is coming to a shaky position of attention, opening my mouth and trying my damndest to utter some sound.

Having thus made such a favorable impression, my adventures at OCS began. My first week sounded harmless enough—Pre-cycle. However, it was not until after the first day that that particular phrase struck terror to my mind. The word detail took on a new meaning it seems as though the unit that had occupied our company area before us had been keeping a small herd of elephants in the barracks, and consequently there was a little work to be done. Little by little we managed to get everything straightened up in preparation for our first week of class.



Shoes NPS



Hurry up and wait . . . straight!!



Two weeks of clean, outdoor living



Floor NPS

Most of our movement from place to place initially was on foot. "Double time MARCH" How I came to hate that command. However, it wasn't long before we motored out in seven shiny trucks. Our first several weeks were filled with grid squares, coordinates, and azimuths. Somehow I arranged to unscramble all of these at least long enough to get through that much dreaded "G.T.", and with a sigh of relief I filed all of my advance sheets snugly away in my still empty folder. I expected a rest after such an exhausting course of study, but to my dismay I soon found myself grunting, groaning, and straining, trying my best to get into the correct sitting position for the M-1. After several futile attempts, I finally achieved the perfect position only to find that I was not

only not facing the target, but I could not stand up. Several days, and a few heat treatments later, I was again a normal candidate, eager to go on with my training.

It was just about this time, if my memory serves me correctly, that all of us had to move out of the barracks so they could be painted. We were all assured that we would be out only two or three days at the most which wasn't really too bad. However after the eighth day, I began to wonder if someone hadn't made a slight miscalculation. I would have pondered over this question longer, but at that particular time I was engrossed with the task of keeping myself and all of my equipment out of a rain storm that had developed into something like a South Pacific monsoon. Well, twelve days after our



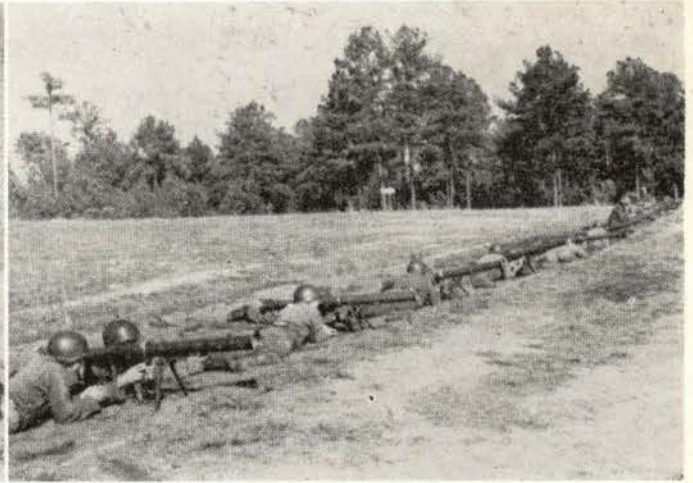
Keep that rifle pointed down range!!



That darn guy in the pits



A possible every time . . .



Watch the back blast

march to the bivouac area I got my equipment together, wrung it out, and splashed back into the barracks. My joy at being back inside was short lived though when I saw that the painters had left approximately five gallons of multi-colored paint evenly distributed over my cubicle floor.

Of course, this little trip into the "Boondocks" had not interfered with the training schedule, and by this time I had become an expert in the BAR, the carbine, and the sub-machine gun. Now let's see, what did I do next? Oh yes—"On guard—growl!!" Yes sir, there's nothing quite like the good old bayonet. I can remember many happy hours thrusting, slashing and smashing, and then

finally running that monster, the assault course. After a brief rest while I studied a little about the S-2 and military information, I found myself right back in the midst of crew drills and immediate action. I won't forget that rainy, muddy day on Bickford Range when I had to drain the water out of the rocket launcher before it would fire.

"Fall out sergeant — examine equipment." I went through that machine gun crew drill so much that sometimes at night I would wake up screaming "ammunition correct." Then to my surprise my cubicle mate would sound off with "All Correct." We would laugh, turn over and again try to get some of that much needed sleep. The real fun came when I got out on the transition range.



Grrrrrrrrrr . . .



Crew drill . . .



Wake up that candidate . . .



I'm not asleep . . .

I really felt "Combat" when I squeezed off a "burst of six" and watched the dirt spew up in front of the pits. Even now I laugh to myself when I think of those guys in the pits getting showered with that red Georgia clay.

After playing with the machine gun for several weeks with Captain Nix and Captain Wadsworth, I reluctantly left weapons training to take a quick look at offensive tactics. There was nothing elaborate to this training, just squad sized groups of men running their legs off up and down Devils' Ridge and Browns' Knob. No sooner did I catch my breath than I found myself squatting down gazing through the mortar sight M-4, and trying my damndest to level the bubbles and still remain laid on the

base stake. When I finally mastered this technique I found that my biggest headache was yet to come. "Left 30, add 200." Yes, you guessed it, there I was, squinting through binoculars frantically trying to sense a mortar round before the wind could blow the smoke away. And then come the M-10 plotting board, bless it's heart, with about a million numbers and squares that all seemed to blend together into one unrecognizeable mess. Somehow I managed to come through all of this with little more than a pair of bloodshot eyes.

Next came the "Big Noise"—the recoilless rifles. For a while I was considering the use of the backblast in getting rid of a Tactical Officer or two, but I decided against



One thousand one . . .



Feed 'em a hot meal . . .



Mess hall—Easter Sunday



Under the mess hall—Easter Sunday

it when I was told I could have a pass that weekend.

After taking the course on Personnel Administration, I considered myself an expert on this subject, and I immediately set out to completely reorganize my company. However, I ran into a little interference from Lt. Lea and Lt. Hay, and that week-end pass that I was supposed to get was cancelled. At this turn of events, I decided that my ideas were evidently too advanced for this company, and I would be better off if I just kept quiet.

Well, back to weapons again; this time something a little bigger—Tanks. I can remember with a great deal of distaste firing that machine gun from inside the turret. The noise was bad enough, but the smoke was

so thick I could neither see nor breathe. After firing the exercise, I frantically signaled to one of my buddies outside the tank, who climbed in and helped me out. I guess it really wasn't so bad, because after only ten minutes of artificial respiration, I was feeling almost as good as new.

As I bid a fond farewell to the tanks, I began hearing a phrase that was soon to mean very much to me—"watch the wire." Yes, from beginning to end, that was the by word for signal communications. Don't ask me any questions about phones, radios or TO&E because I was not even sure what was connected to that wire I always tripped over.



Gee, a picnic . . .



Paint makes them easier . . .



I've got news for yo'all

Ah yes, then came the real confuser, Combat Logistics. Even now I break out in a cold sweat whenever someone mentions trucks. After several weeks of diligent study, I came up with the real solution to this baffling supply situation. Equip each man with a quarter-ton trailer and burn all the trucks. Who knows, we might be able to use the fire to feed the troops a hot meal. Speaking of hot meals, that reminds me of the day I was given a form and instructed to inspect one of the O.C. Mess Halls. This appeared to be my real chance to find out how much grease it takes to saturate all of the silver and trays in a company. I soon found however that these implements are not really dipped in grease, however,



What the hell is this???

through the dilligent use of cold, soapless water, the same effect can be secured. My only solution to this problem is to use paper plates and wooden utensils, but I guess they would get greasy after a while too. The situation is really not this bad though; as a matter of fact we are so careful with our mess hall that we don't even eat in it.

Oh well, I guess everybody has days. I guess my worst days came as I stumbled, fell, and growled my way through hand to hand combat. I didn't really mind the broken arm and sprained back, but what really bothered me was that somewhere on the field of combat I had lost the sleeves of all my fatigues.



In the black . . .



These Georgia roads are really lousy . . .



Shhh, let 'em sleep, Sir . . .



A field manual???

Let me think now what did I do next? Ah yes, now I remember, the theory of loading and lashing. I wasn't quite sure what this was all about until I found myself hopelessly bound to the side of a 105 mm howitzer and meekly trying to explain to the instructor how I had gotten the thing in the plane upside down. Needless to say, my appreciation for airborne training was almost immediately destroyed. But that's all right, I wasn't going through with it anyway.

By this time, I had managed to survive several boards, pardon me, evaluation panels, and was ready to throw myself head long into tactics. However, I found it a little hard to even get out of bed after that fourth P.T.

test. I had gotten a mere 500 on those first tests, but when Lt. Lea caught me resting on my laurels, I really put out. The doctor tells me that he is going to remove the cast next week and there is a good chance that I will be able to walk again.

As I said before, the next thing on tap was tactics. Speaking of things on tap, it was just about this time that the OC Mess opened. The club soon became our base of operations—at least until we started getting passes to town.

Well, back to tactics again. After seven weeks of intense instruction I proudly left the tactics committee with the principles deeply engraved in my mind. The first of



Fire a burst of six



AR team right . . .



Feb. 3—7 trucks July 18—2 trucks

these is the "two up, one back for a hot meal" theory. It seems that this principle can be applied to any size unit with the same results with one possible limitation. This limitation can be expressed as the second principle, the "depending on the situation or the terrain" theory. I'm not quite sure, but I believe that if a commander earnestly applies these principles he has no fear of fail-



Hey, guys, it's beer . . .

ure. Even if he does run across a snag, he can always blame it on the situation and the terrain.

And then came that long awaited day—graduation. As I left the company area for the last time, I could hardly hold back a tear or two, but I braced myself and left with that same question still hanging in my mind—"Why didn't that damn grass ever grow?"



Off limits . . .



Intellectual Conversation . . .

We've had
our moments . . .

"and then there was the time . . .



"Guess who?"



"What's so interesting?"



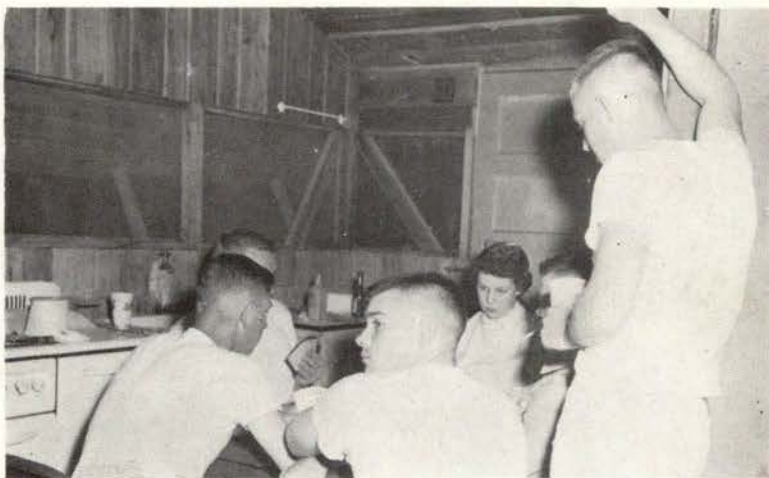
even if they're hard to remember.

"Eat hearty, for tomorrow we die"



"I don't feel a thing."

"Look out! Someone's coming!"





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"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."





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