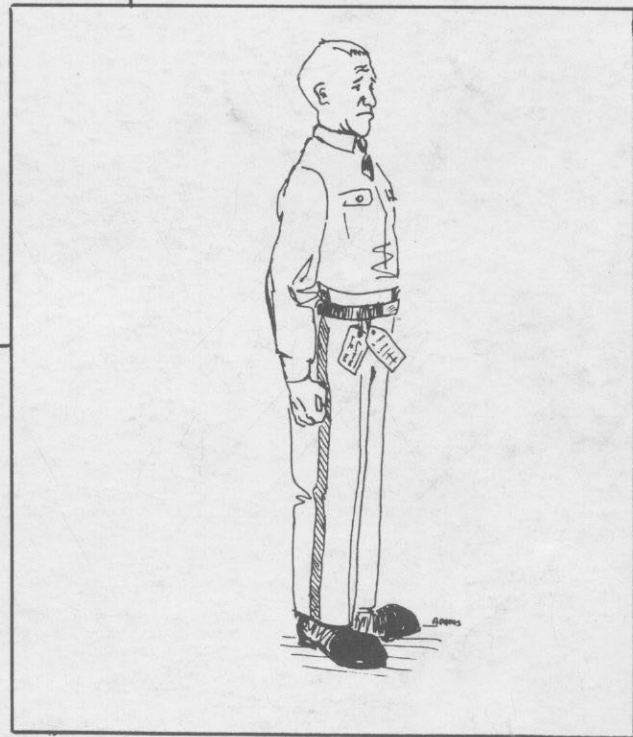
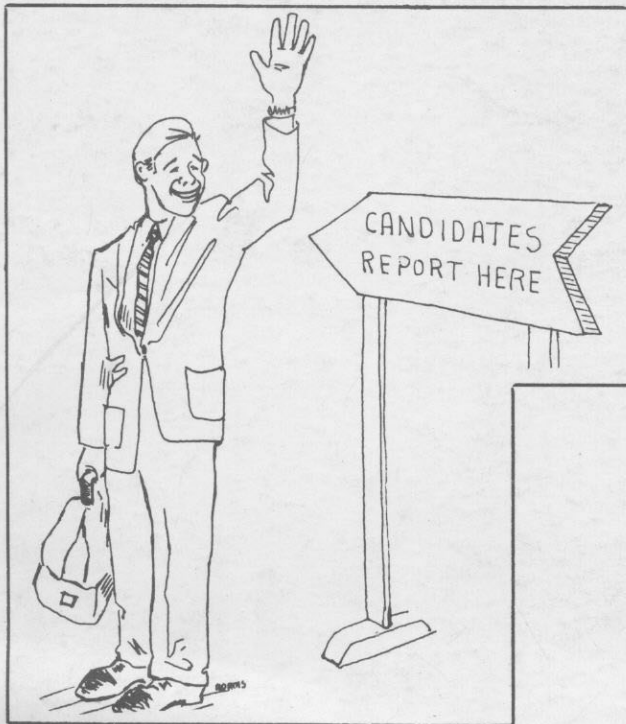


BEAST BARRACKS



FOR THE CLASS

OF

- 1966 -

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INTRODUCTION

"You are the leaven which binds together the entire fabric of our national system of defense. From your ranks come the great captains who hold the nation's destiny in their hands the moment the war tocsin sounds. The Long Gray Line has never failed us. Were you to do so, a million ghosts in olive drab, in brown khaki, in blue and gray, would rise from their white crosses thundering those magic words — Duty — Honor — Country."

— General Douglas MacArthur

ON 2 JULY 1962 THE CLASS OF 1966 BEGAN IT'S TRAINING AT WEST POINT SO THAT IT'S MEMBERS MIGHT BE PART OF THAT LONG GRAY LINE OF WHICH GENERAL MacARTHUR SPOKE. THIS ALBUM IS A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF THOSE UNFORGETTABLE TWO MONTHS OF TRAINING KNOWN AS **BEAST BARRACKS**.



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM C. WESTMORELAND
Superintendent



BRIGADIER GENERAL RICHARD G. STILWELL
Commandant of Cadets

COLONEL ROBERT M. TARBOX
Commanding Officer
New Cadet Barracks





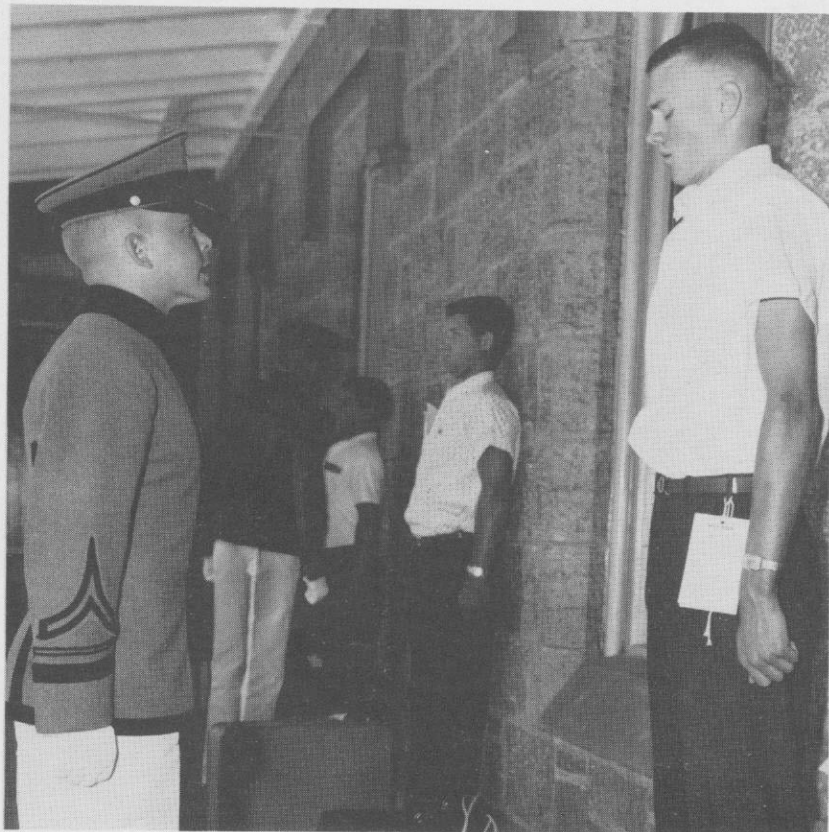
I CAN HARDLY WAIT



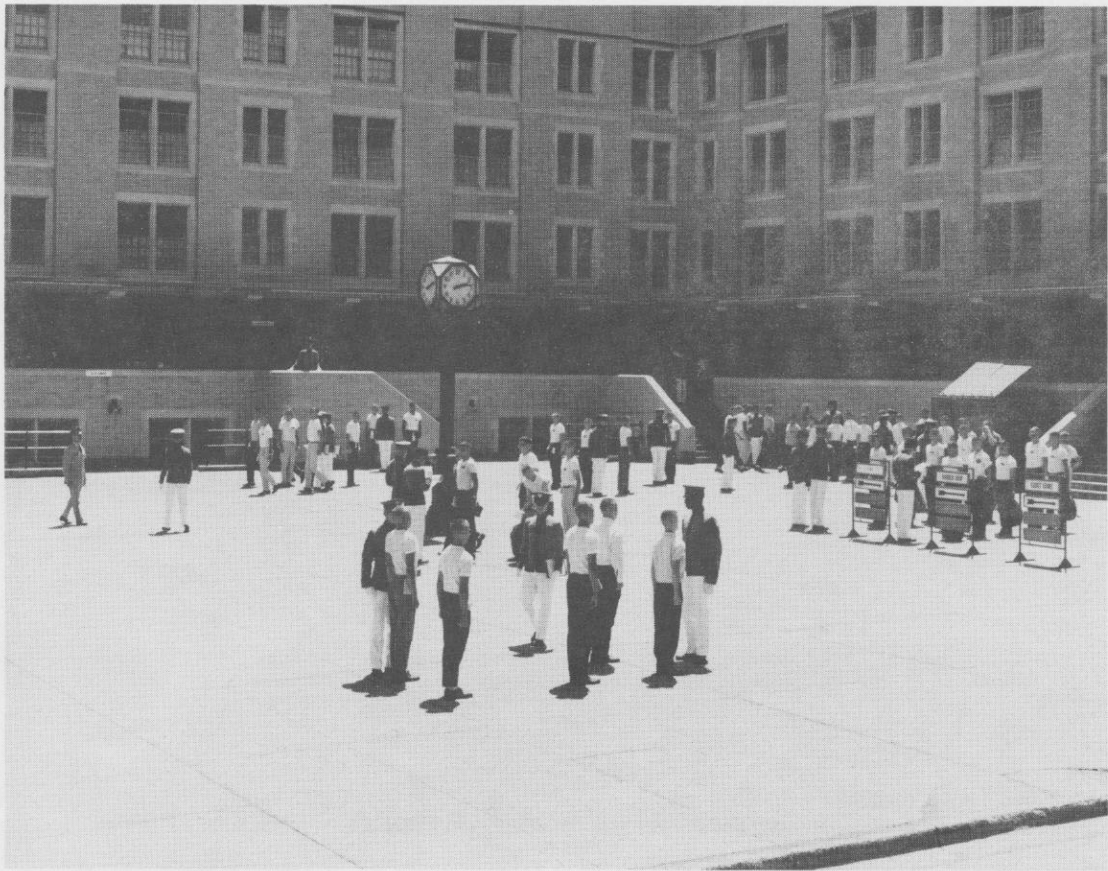
EAGER AND READY TO GO



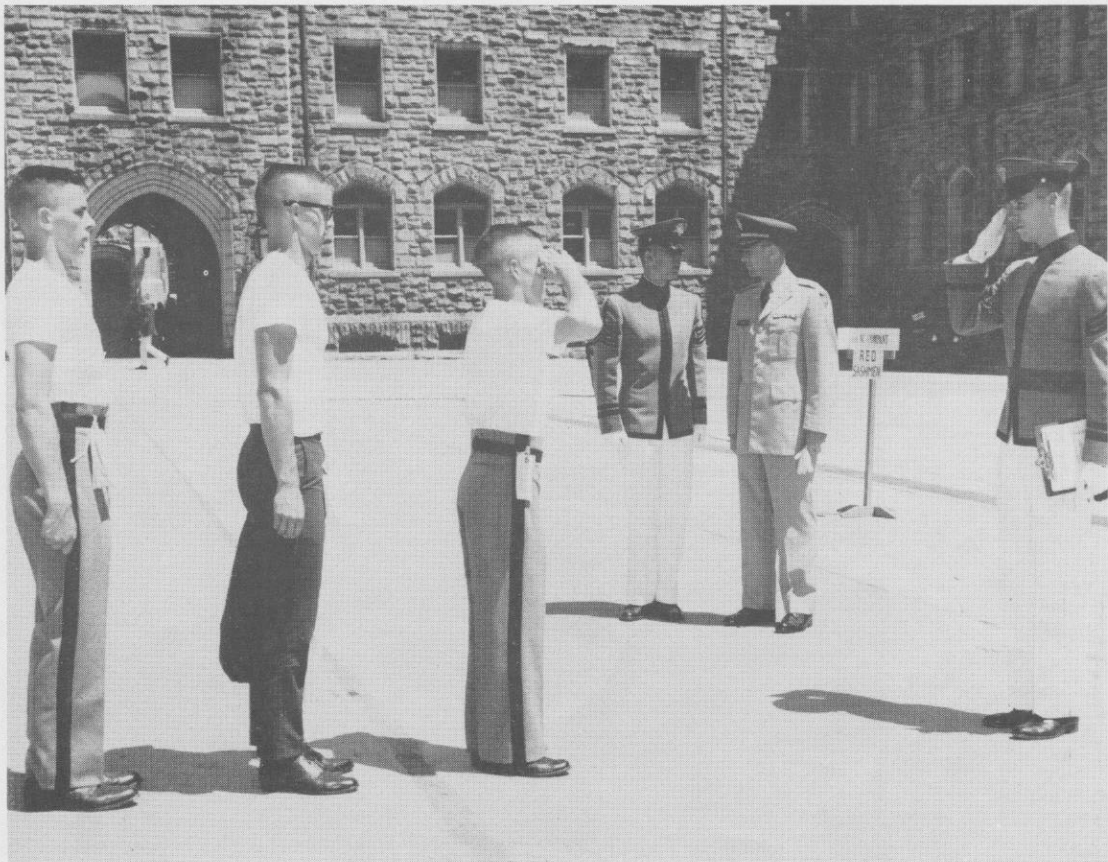
DROP THAT BAG



HEAD BACK, EYES UP, CHEST OUT . . .



WELCOME!



SIR, NEW CADET REPORTS TO . . .



MORE HAPPY FACES TO GREET US



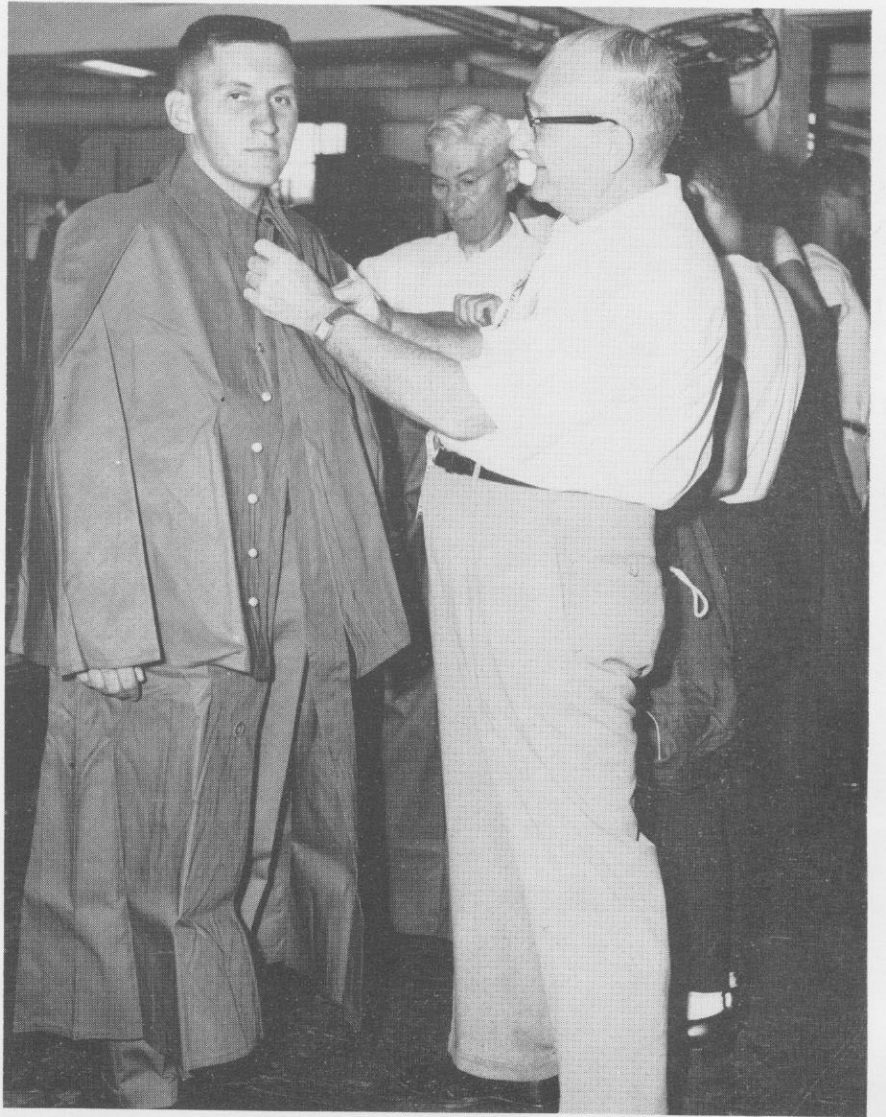
JUST TRIM THE SIDEBURNS PLEASE!



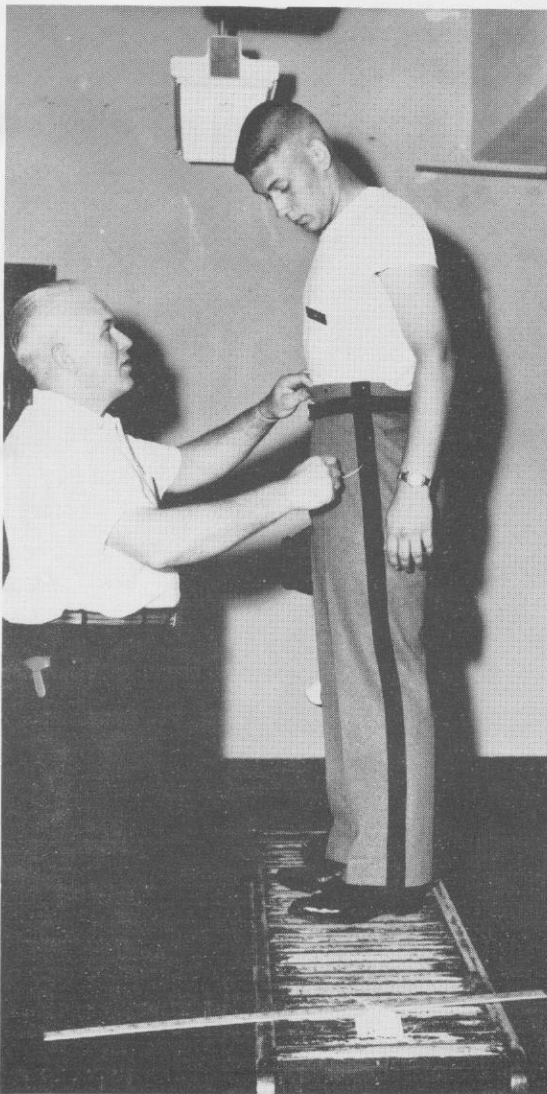
OUR FIRST TASTE OF DRILL



IF YOU MEN DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT — JUST ASK FOR IT

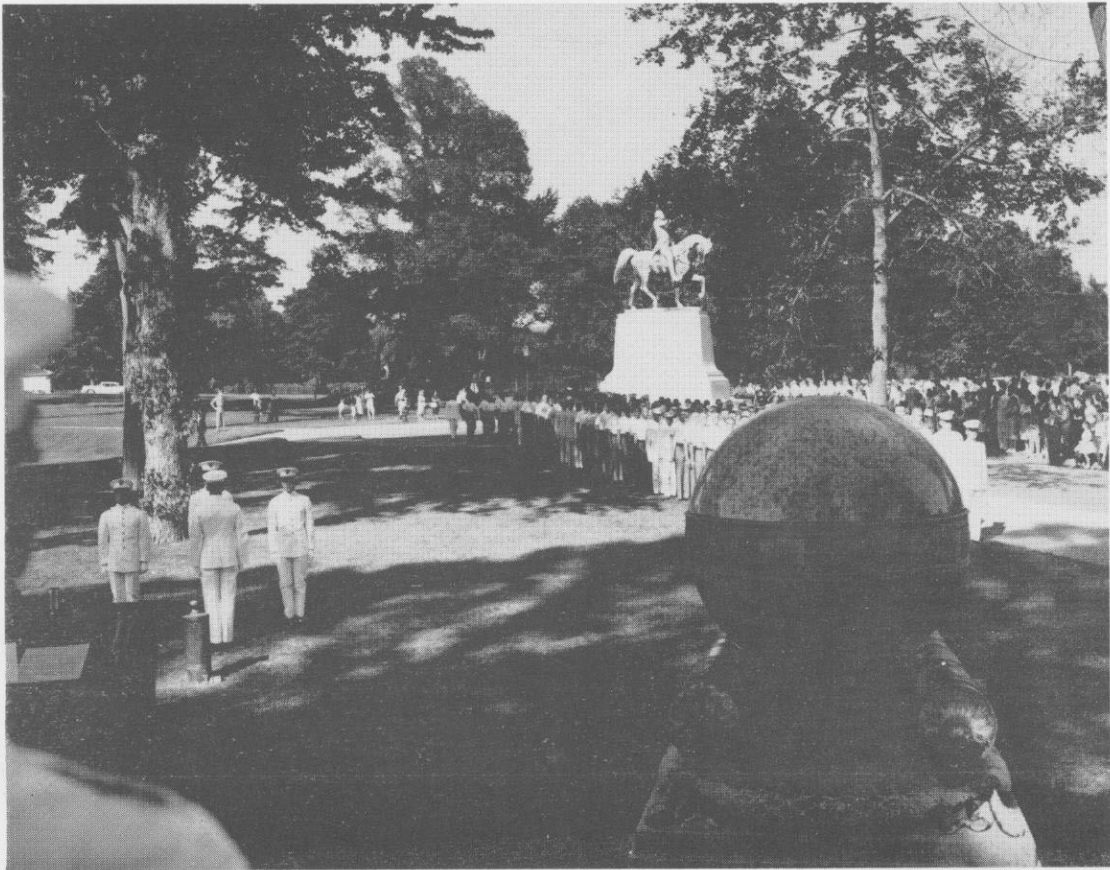


IT'S A GOOD FIT, TAKE IT HOME

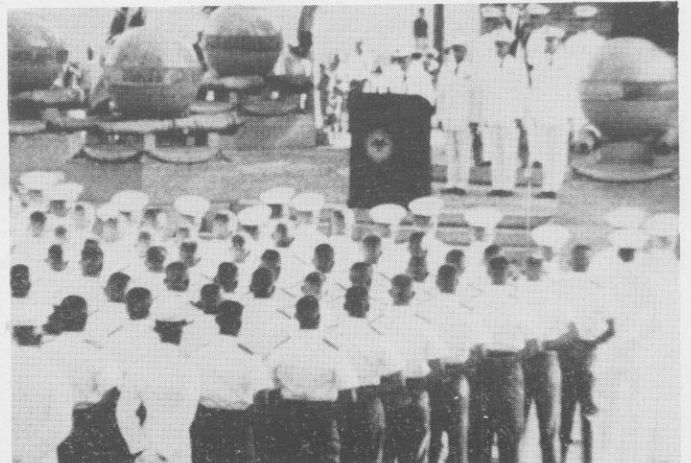


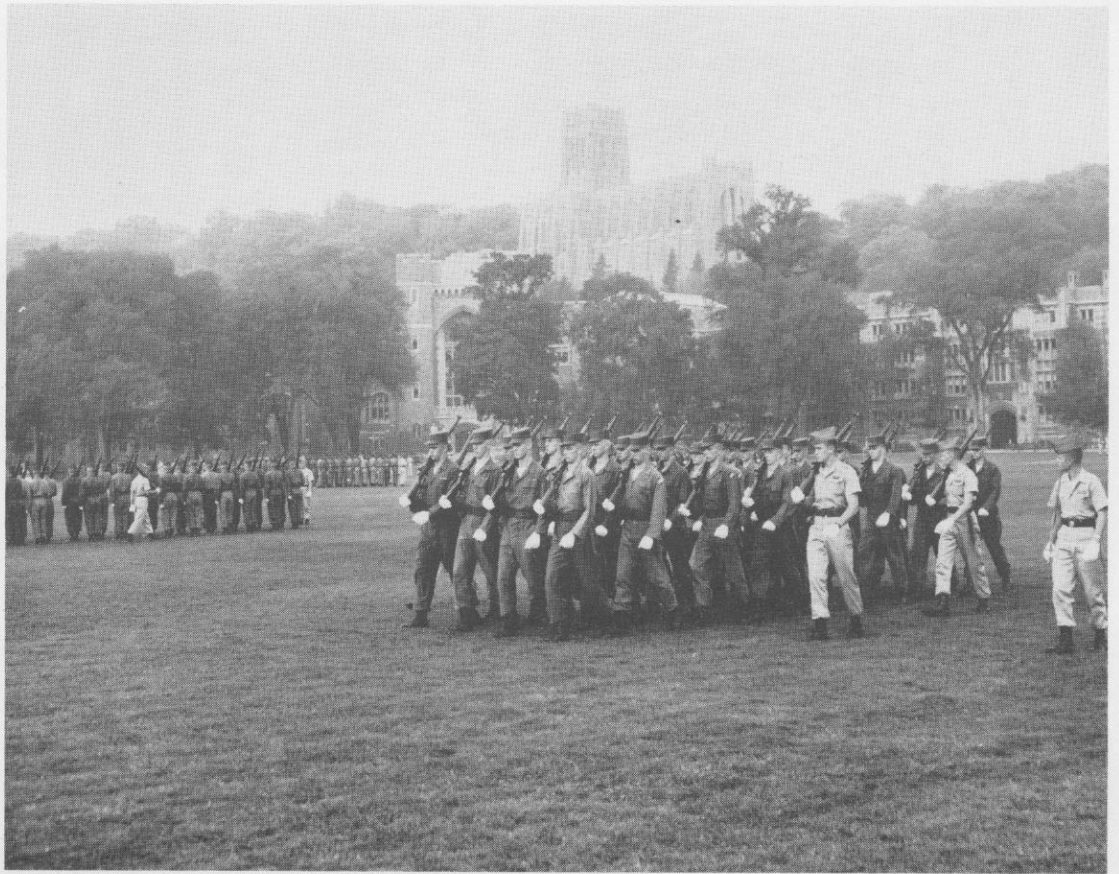
SORRY MISTER, BUT THEY ONLY COME IN GRAY





"WE, SONS OF TODAY, WE SALUTE YOU —
YOU, SONS OF AN EARLIER DAY;
WE FOLLOW, CLOSE ORDER, BEHIND YOU,
WHERE YOU HAVE POINTED THE WAY"

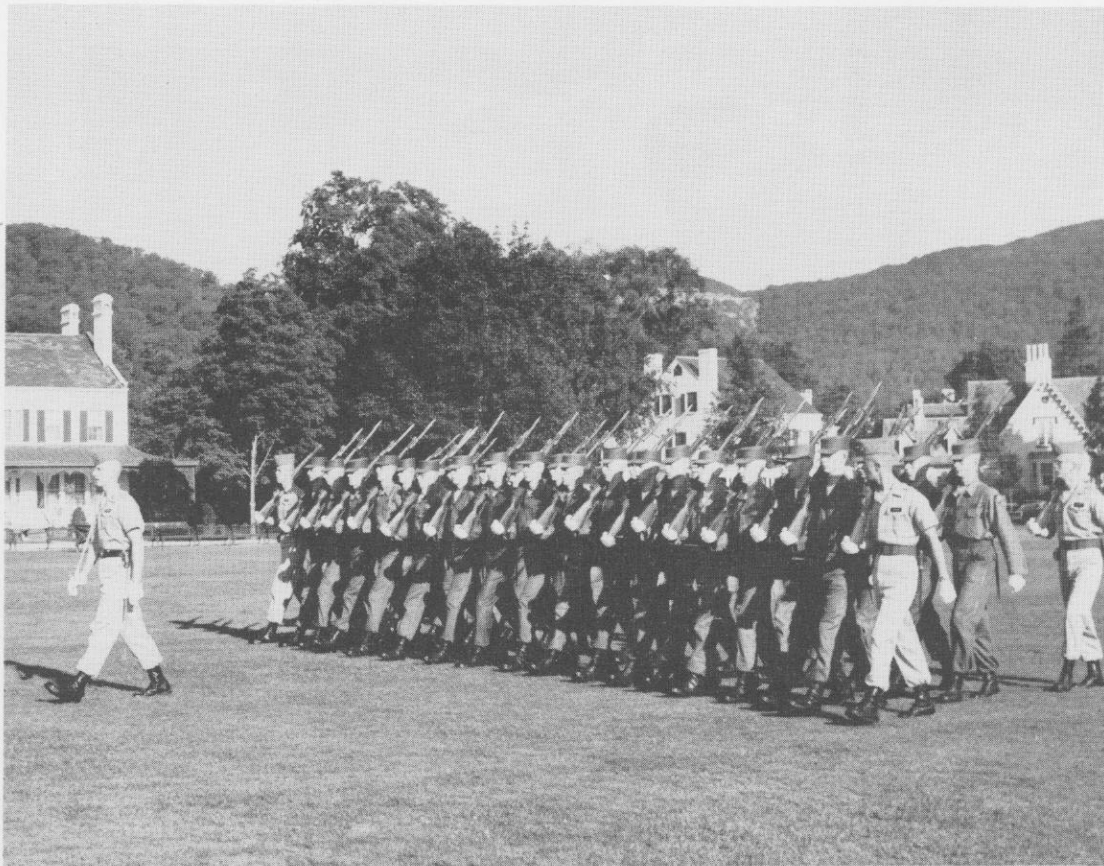




WE DRILLED . . .



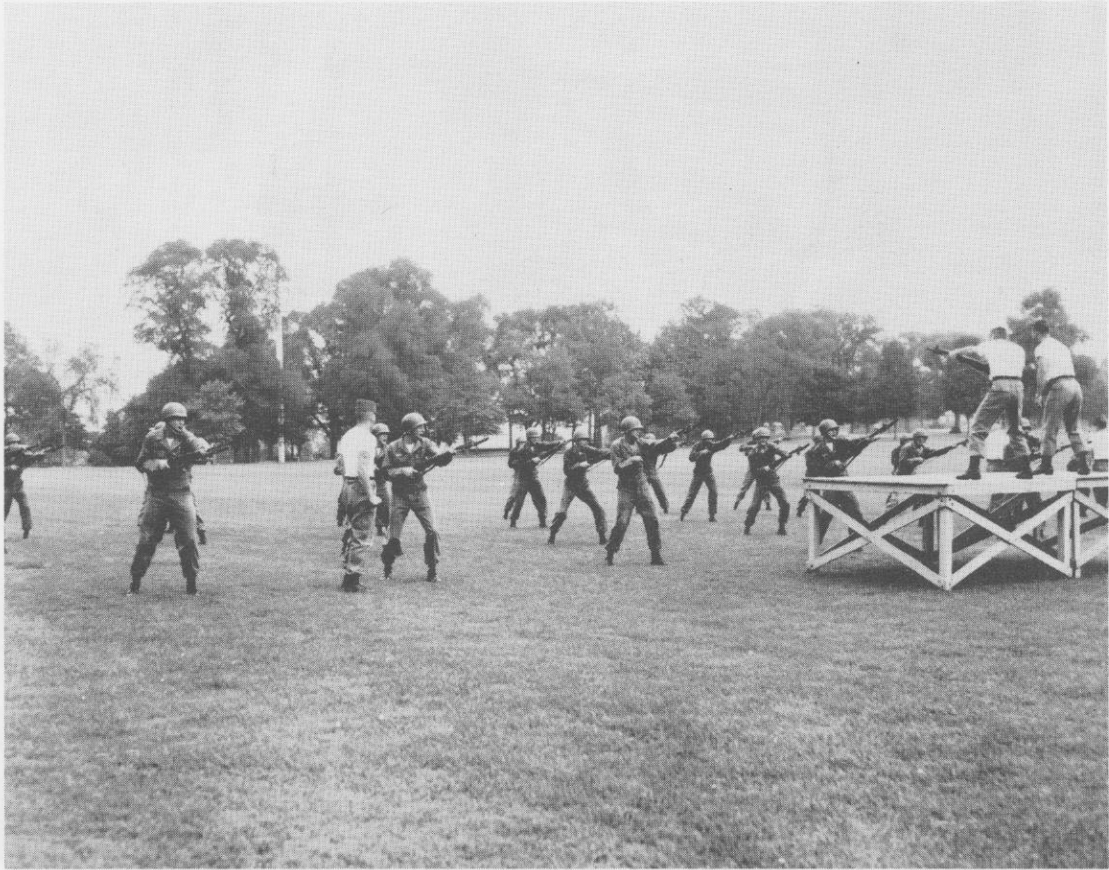
AND DID MANUAL . . .



... UNTIL WE SHAPED UP!



INSPECTIONS WERE THE ORDER OF THE DAY



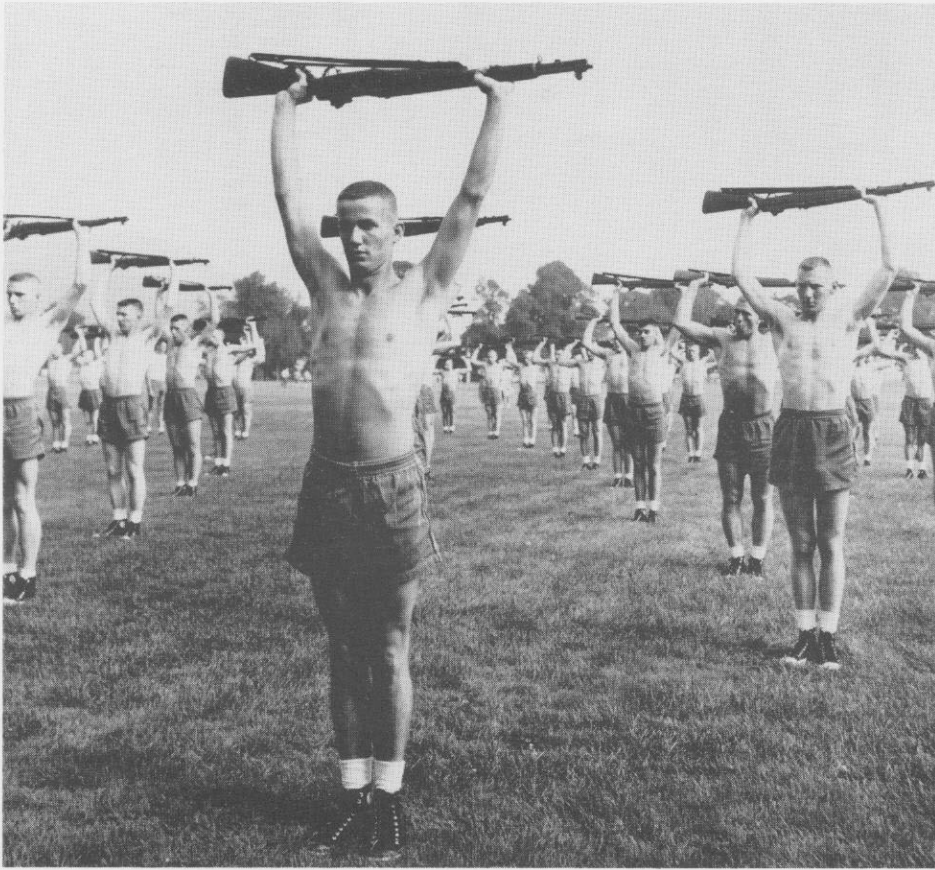
THE ULTIMATE WEAPON



TIGERS . . .



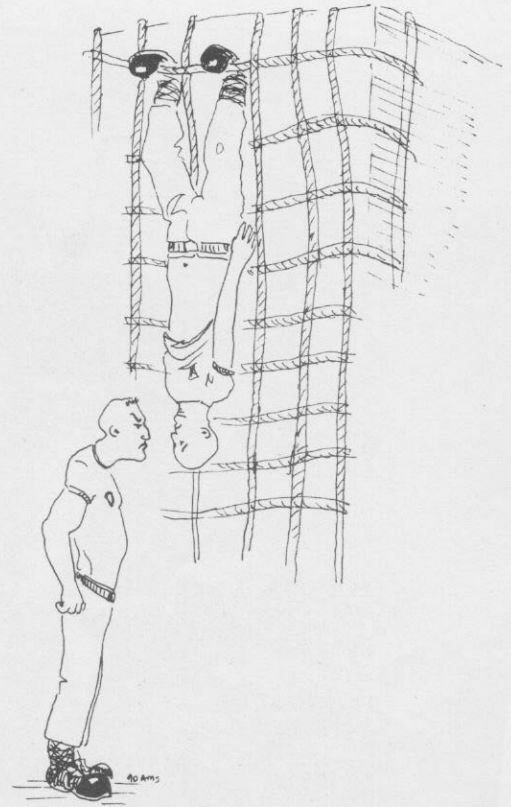
. . . ALL?



WE TOOK OFF SOME BULGES . . .



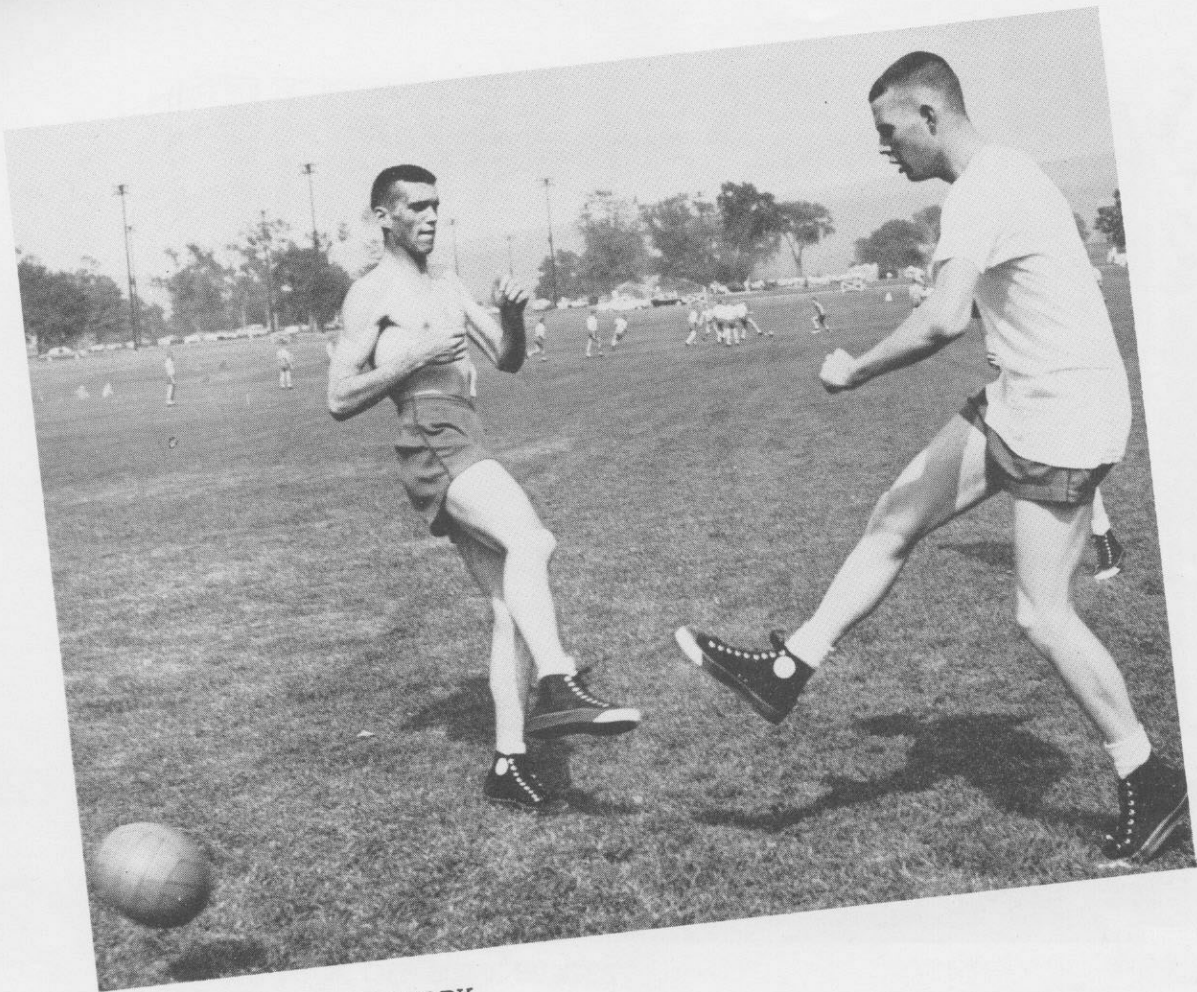
. . . AND REPLACED THEM WITH MUSCLE!



WE GOT TOUGH . . .



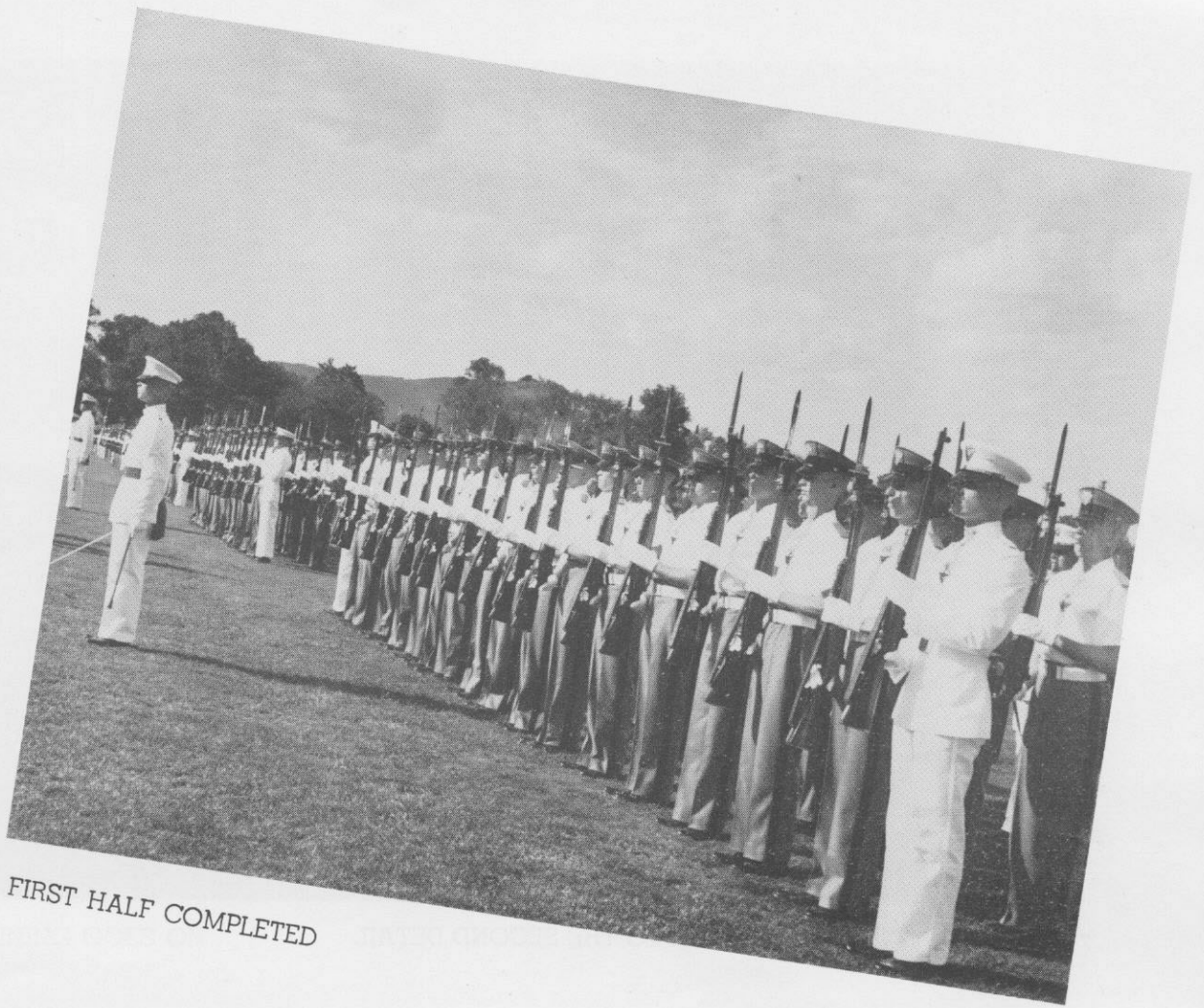
. . . AND STAYED TOUGH!



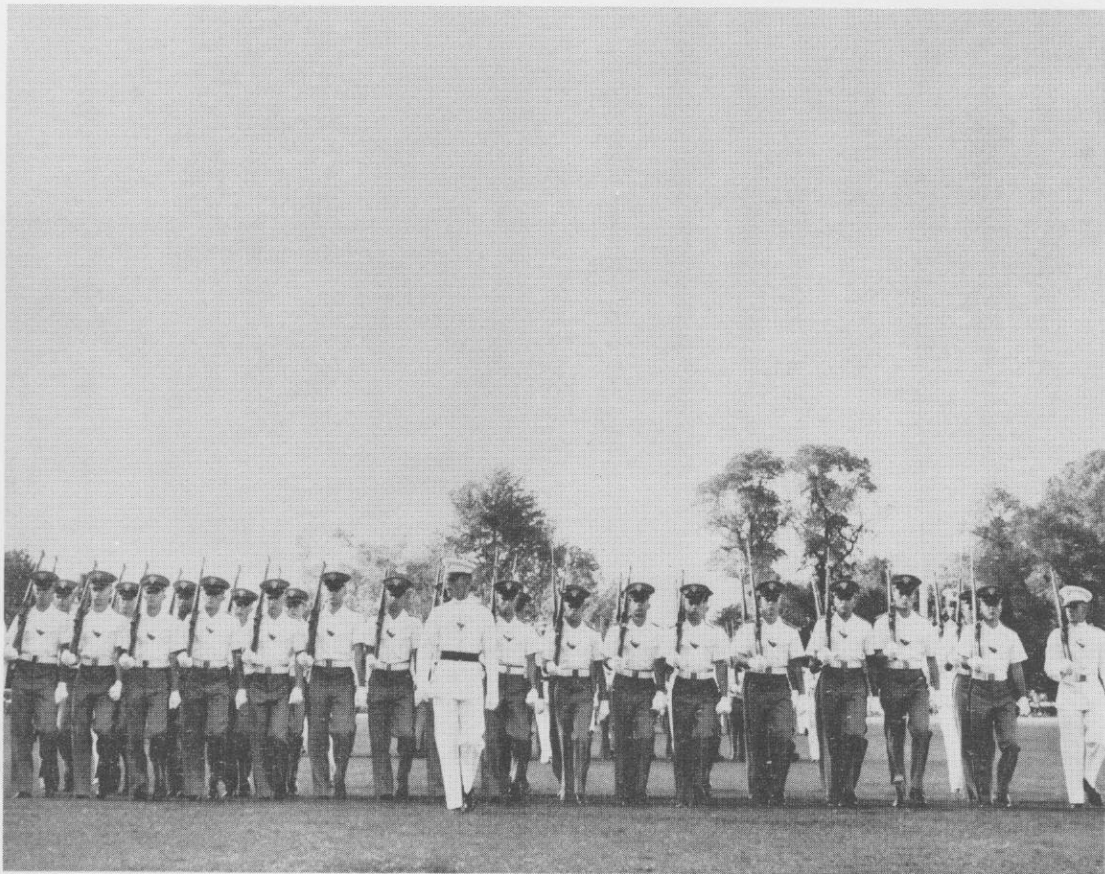
BUT IT WASN'T ALL WORK

WE PLAYED TOO!





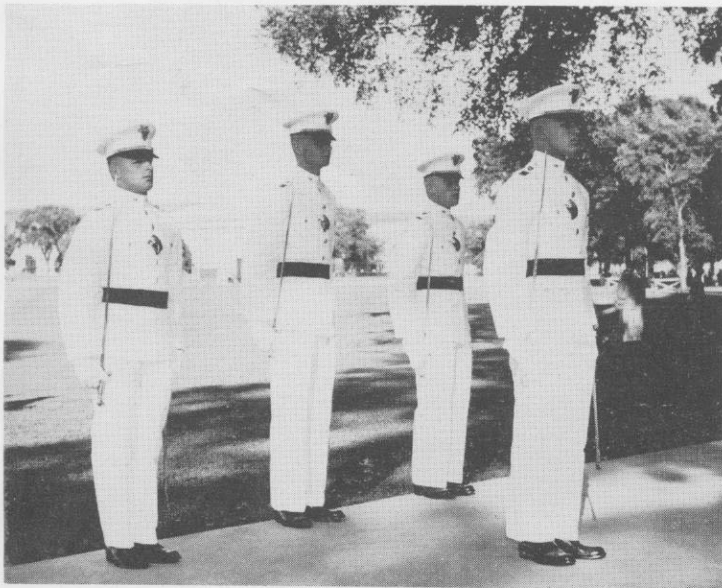
FIRST HALF COMPLETED



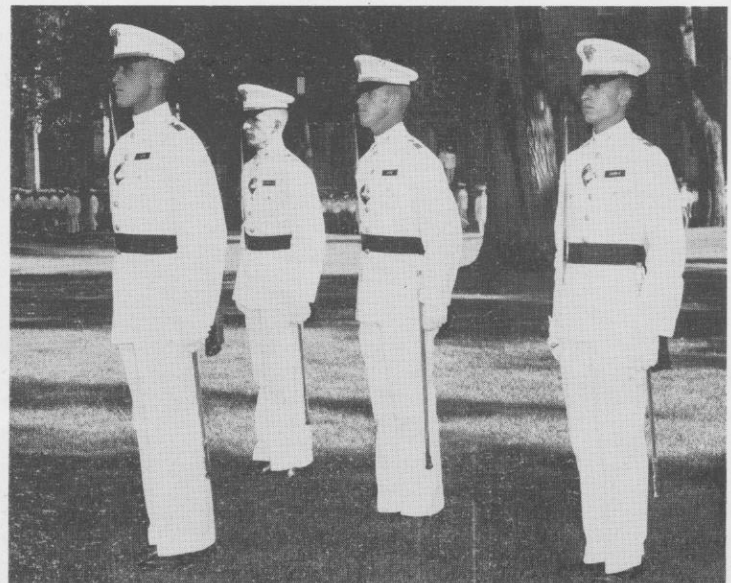
WE HAD COME A LONG WAY . . .



... AND WE PROVED IT TO THE SECOND DETAIL



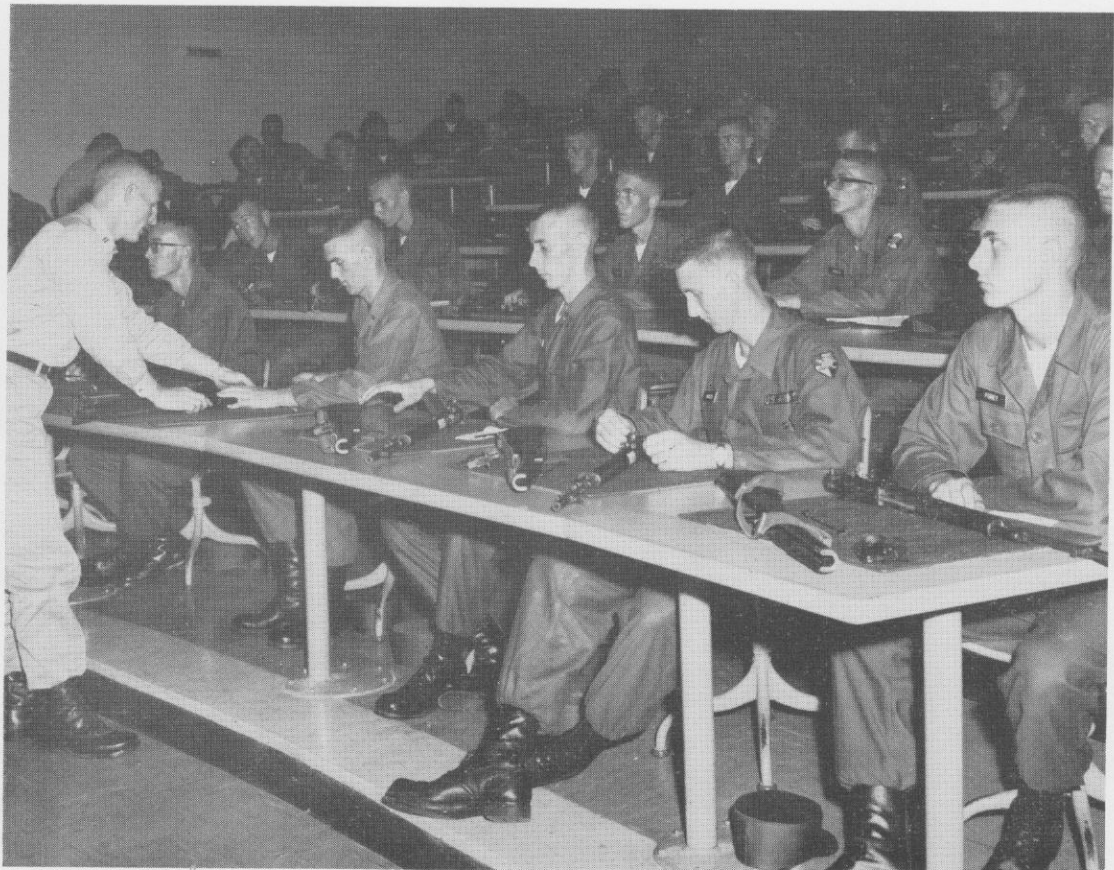
EXIT KING #1



ENTER KING #2



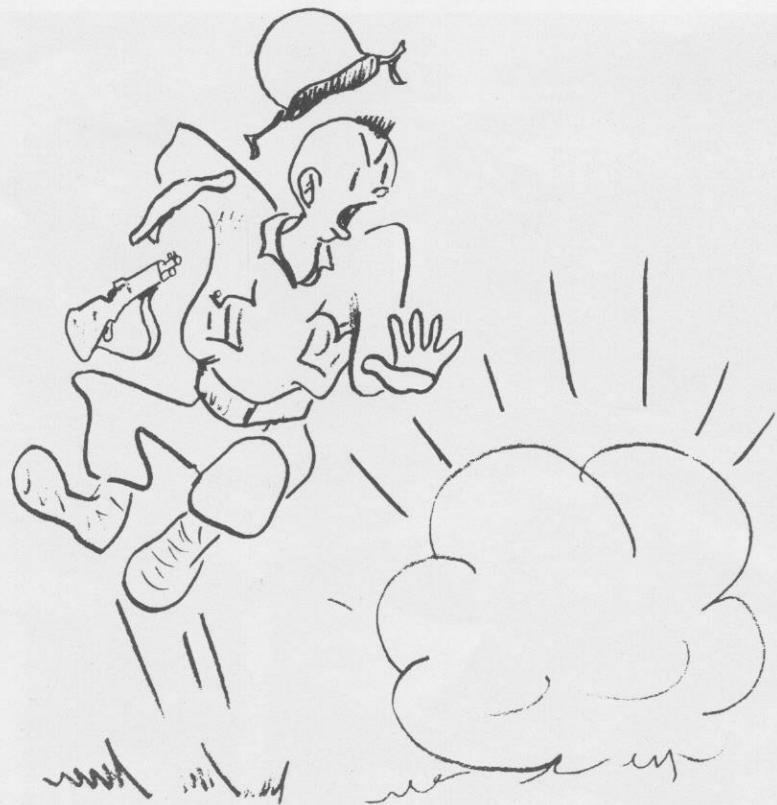
TRAINING GOES ON . . .



. . . AND ON



FINALLY SOME REAL ACTION!





FIRST LEARN TO WALK . . .



. . . THEN TO RUN



SOME WORDS OF WISDOM . . .



THEN BACK TO WORK





JOE, THIS THE CHOW LINE?



NOPE!



TRAINFIRE MADE US DEAD-EYES . . .



. . . FROM ANY POSITION



AT LONG LAST THE FOURTH CLASS BIVOUAC MOVED OUT

THE PLEBE HIKE

by Ken Waylonis

The Big Day finally arrived. Following a light breakfast, at 0715 we marched past the Superintendent's quarters to the music of the band, as they bade us farewell for three hectic days.

To many of us, the first hill was the worst, because the greater percentage of us "doolies" hadn't yet recovered from the shock of Reveille, but after the initial hill, the muscles seemed to stretch out, and the succeeding hills began to fall into line. Eventually we crossed the highway, the last piece of black-top we would see for a couple of days, and we noticed a sign pointing to the left — New York City, 42 miles." Did we turn left? . . . of course not! We went straight ahead, right into a series of hills.

After taking a one-hour break and observing the demonstration presented by the 101st Airborne Division of the firepower and effectiveness of the rifle platoon, we continued to march up hills for several hours. Suddenly we pulled off the road and climbed a wooded

area overlooking the road. We discovered that we had finally arrived at our first bivouac area. After our first delicious meal of C-rations, we pitched our tents and set up temporary encampment.

At 0400 hours the next morning, we groped our way out of our tents and somehow found an appetizing breakfast—more C-rations. After rolling our bedrolls by the Braille method, we were soon climbing three mountains in succession. Later (on a hill, of course) we underwent a gas attack and were thankful for the gas chamber tears already shed. We continued our trek and suddenly discovered the waving grass of Camp Frederick as we looked down from the top of one of an endless procession of hills. Home on the range — we then set up a bivouac which looked like a well planned city.

After a long-awaited dinner (with seconds), we began the tactics program in earnest. The afternoon was spent crawling through barbed

wire, practicing our bayonet skills, throwing grenades, and undertaking similar endeavors. That evening we had our first field inspection, thus proving that a West Pointer is "spoony" wherever he may go.

After our second tasty meal in the field, we were entertained by our own Plebe band. Highlighting the schedule for the evening was an address to the class of '66 by Major General Westmoreland, in which he outlined the challenging task lying ahead of us. He stated, "I'm sure that fame will mix with the class of 1966" —

Friday morning was spent making reconnaissance patrols, in which we underwent practical application of being a "Peeping Tom" on the battlefield. That afternoon we earned a break and were permitted to go swimming. Following our leisure time, we cleaned our equipment and prepared for the big inspection which would take place before supper. The good results of this inspection proved to surpass even the results of the first one.

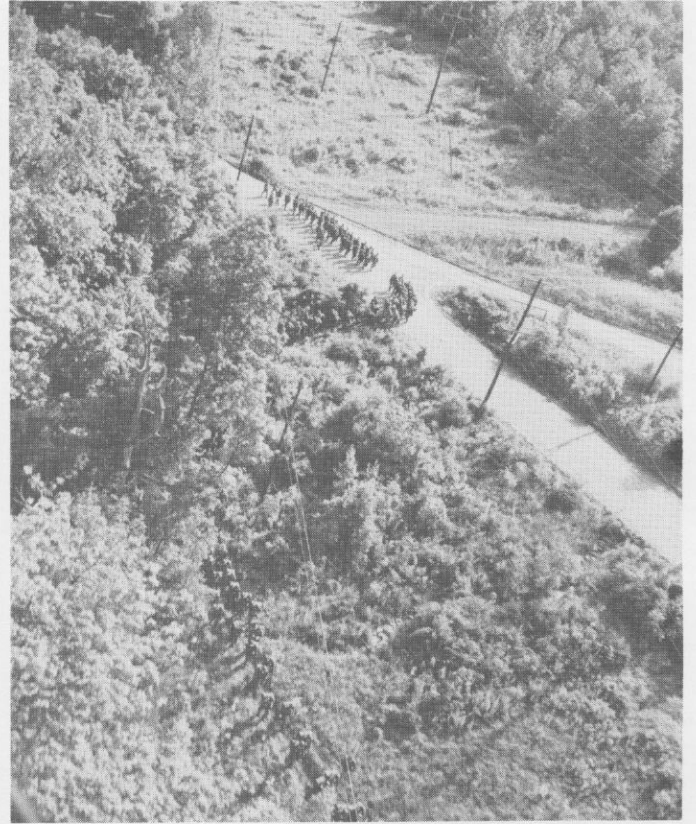
When our last supper in the field was over, we relaxed and listened to the talent show presented by our classmates. We were all in good spirits as we crawled into our tents that night.

At 0200, we stumbled from our tents, gulped down hot coffee and doughnuts, and suddenly found ourselves all ready to march back to our "Rockbound Highland Home." It was a five-hour march, and, believe it or not, it was on a blacktop road part way!

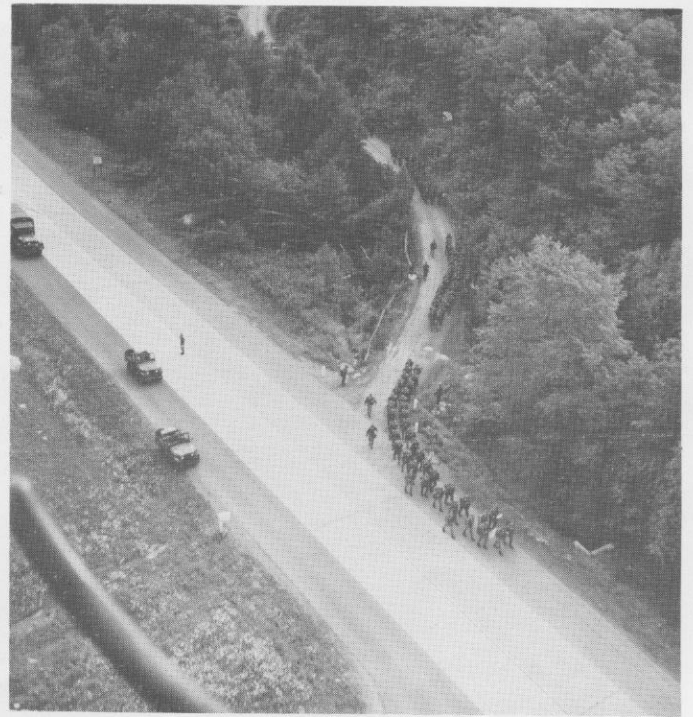
We finally arrived back on post at 0700 hours, and we proceeded to take a forty-five minute boot shining break just inside the gate as we awaited the signal to march off. Soon we found ourselves closing the last chapter of beast barracks '62, marching proudly past the Superintendent's quarters with chests high and a warm feeling of pride in realizing that we had surmounted the obstacle which would be the foundation for our cadet and officer careers — New Cadet Barracks. "Fruit and milk" had come through in grand style.



TRAINING AND TOUGHENING FINALLY PAYS OFF



FROM THE AIR . . .





... OR ON THE GROUND ...



... IT WAS A TOUGH MARCH — BUT WE MADE IT!





A HOT DAY AND A COOL POND



AND AFTERWARDS A SQUARE MEAL



WE DIDN'T MARCH ALL THE TIME



A CHANCE TO WATCH SOME EXPERTS



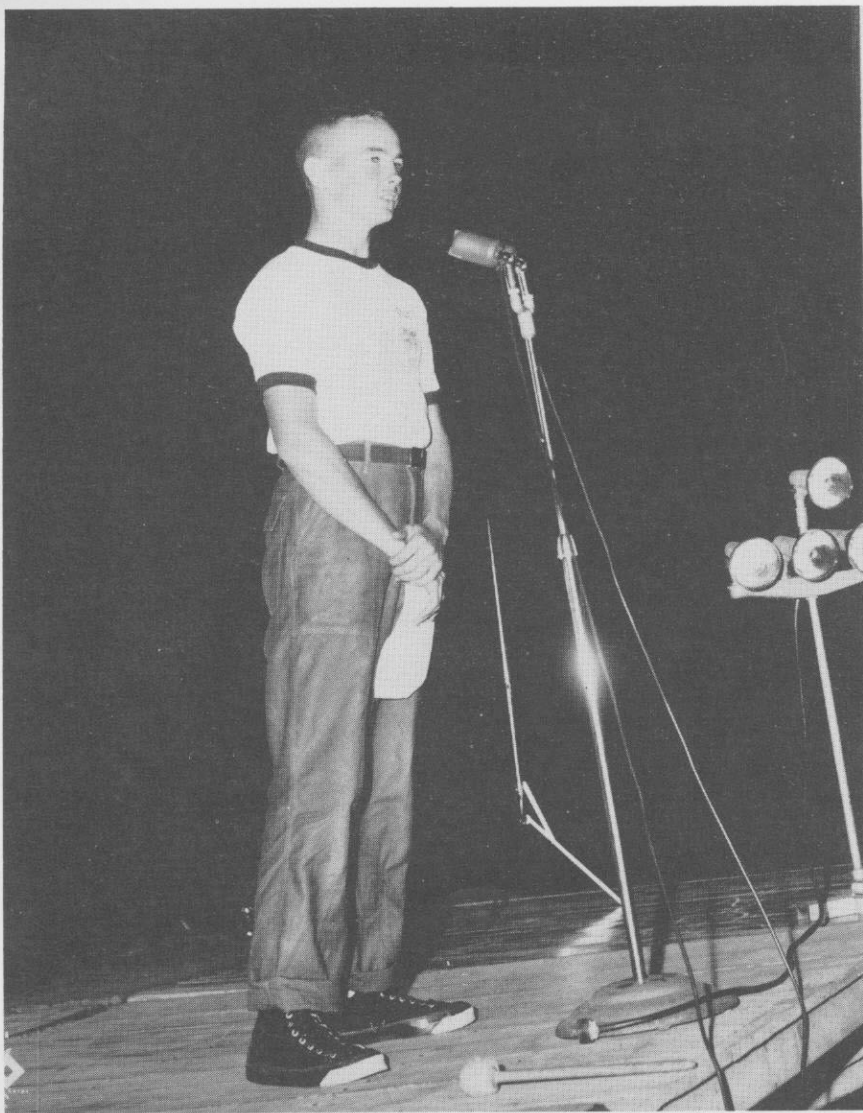
A SOLDIER IS CLEAN . . .



. . . ANYWHERE



RETREAT IN THE FIELD



THE CLASS OF 66 IS PROUD TO PRESENT . . .

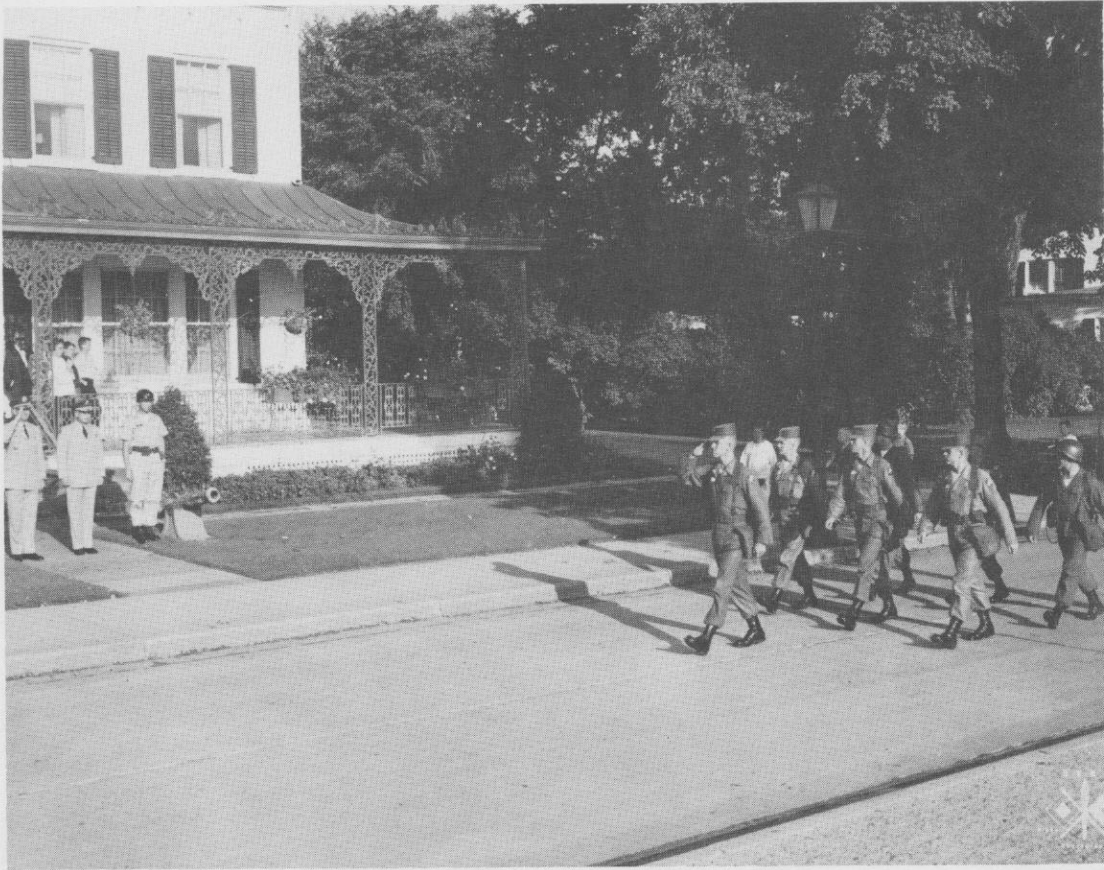


THE BROTHERS SEVEN

SWEET SOLO



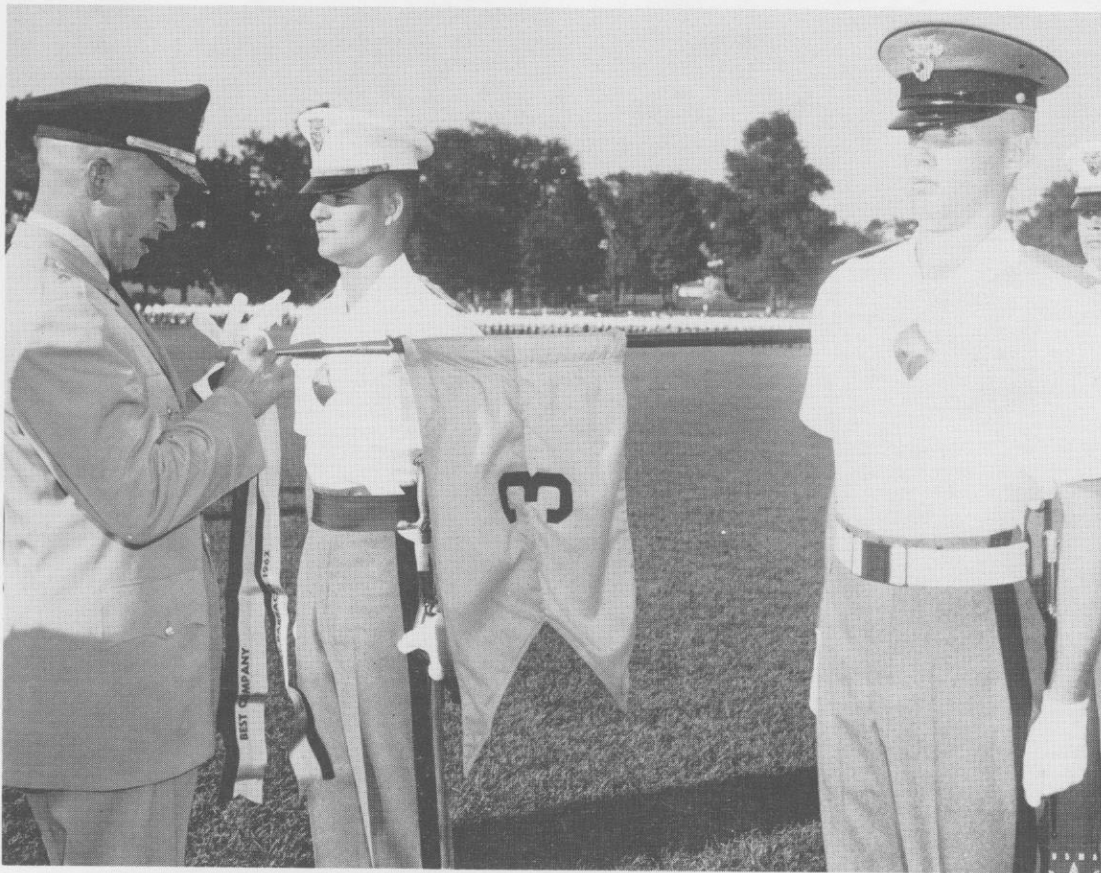
'66's HARRY JAMES



WE RETURNED TALL AND PROUD . . .



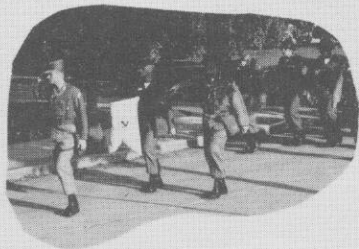
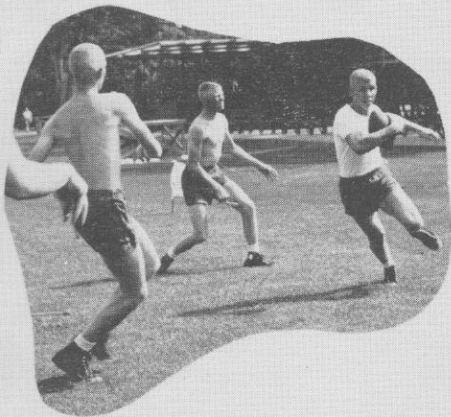
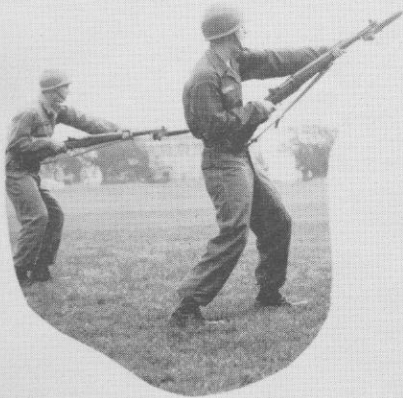
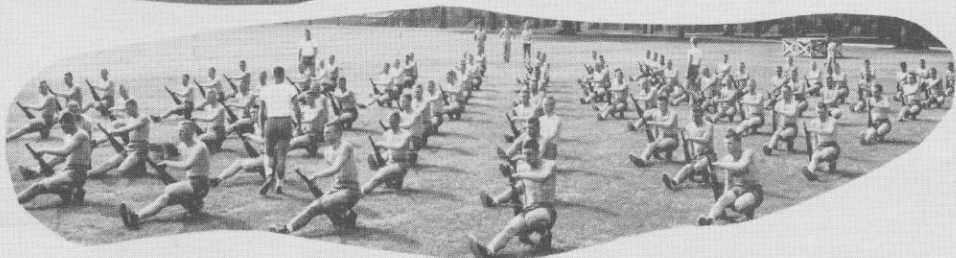
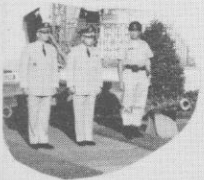
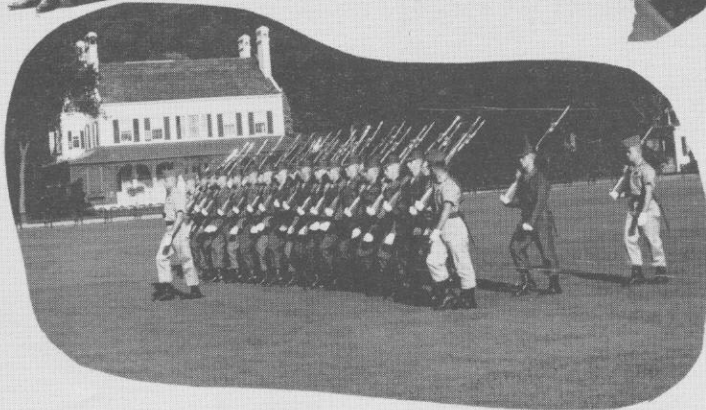
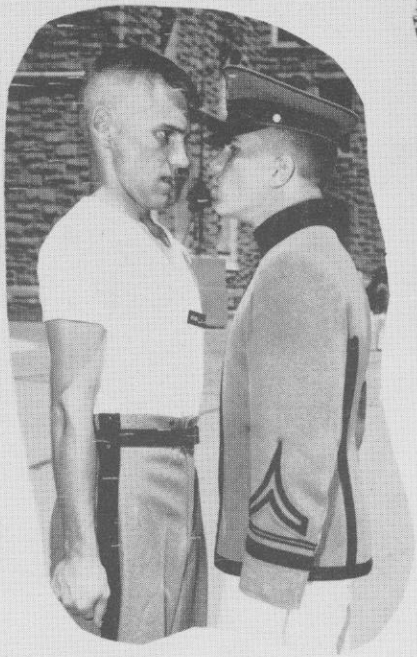
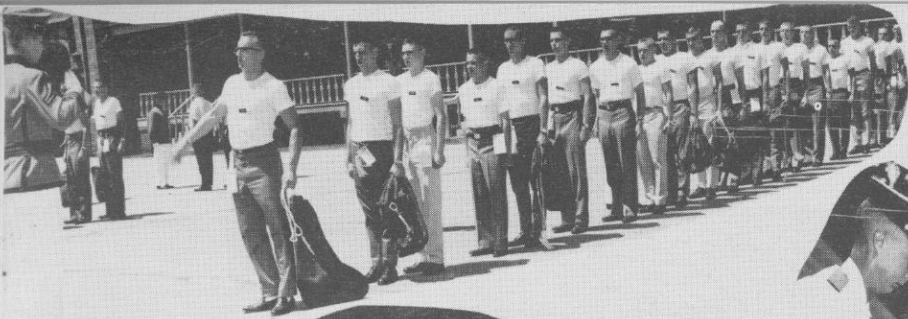
. . . WITH A FEELING OF SATISFACTION



OUR BEST WERE REWARDED



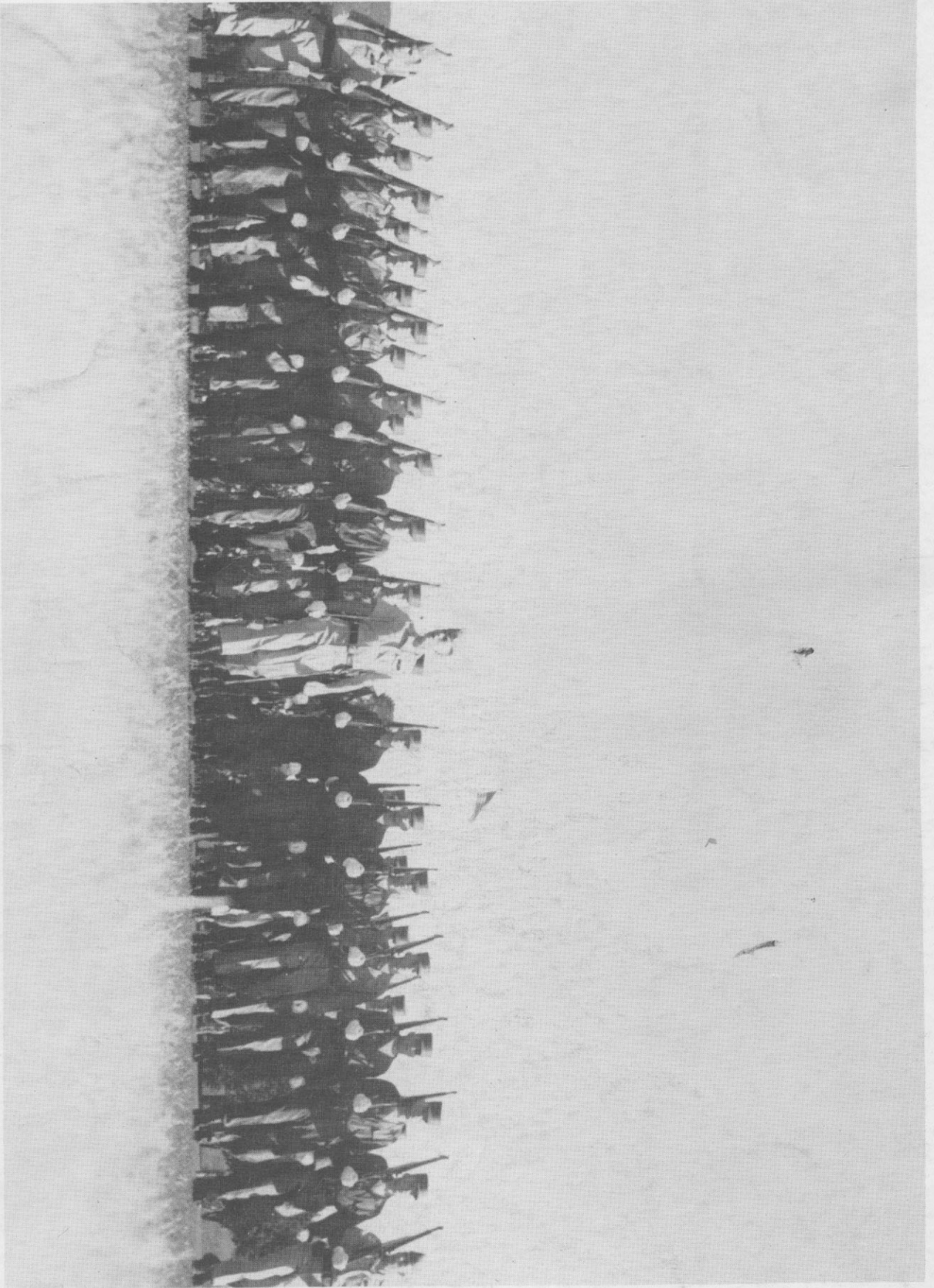
A JOB WELL DONE





66 ON REVIEW





FAME WILL MIX WITH '66