



*A wondrous afternoon awaits Snoof after the noon repast. Drill competition is first on the agenda. It is an unceasing amazement to Snoof that so many intelligent people can spend so many worthless hours in such a senseless pursuit. But drill is an essential part of the pervasive military aptitude training at OCS. After the fifteenth present-arms and some quiet, rational counsel from his officer, Snoof begins to soften. By the end of the drill, the hero has fallen. His body aching, his mind numb, Snoof literally falls back into the barracks.*

*Evening study, contrary to the implication of its very name, is devoted to the endless details of being squared away at OCS. With the exception of a few shrieking visits from the haridan TDO, the scene is placid. Taps finally comes and with it the welcome oblivion of slumber—all thirty minutes of it until the hideous face of the 0009 0200 security watch shocks Snoof out of his rack-womb into cold reality. Having encountered no subversives on his tour, Snoof once again sinks into his dreams, a twitching hulk of anxieties waiting for the 0545 sonata.*

Drill and demerits filled our days, effectively forcing out many opportunities for learning. All efforts to extract a comprehensible explanation of the purpose of drill met with failure, and the reliance on demerits ignored the almost incredible achievement drive of most OC's.

To replace drill and demerits—and to replace fear as a motive—would have required leadership, leadership which was abundantly present in the tactics officers. But it was far easier to stick to past practice, to rely on formal power—and to waste the manifest talents of officers and officer candidates.

Ultimately the OCS experience is a personal one, and its effectiveness can only be analyzed by each individual once he has used his training. For the present, however, we are left with the strong satisfaction of having completed a challenging program in company with an extraordinary group of men.

