



**FRED L. SMITH** Foxtrot Lima . . . super cool Camaro . . . Likes tuiti-fruiti ice cream, roller skating, and hot cars . . . Digs ponytails, 5-D burgers, and sock hops . . . Pet peeve: people over 5'2" tall.



**VINCENT J. SPAGNOLO** Fancying himself the complete lover, Jim "Have Another Beer" Spagnolo combined the best qualities of Gomer Pyles, Haystacks Calhoun, and Elmer Fudd in his smooth approach to girls.

The platoon's finest hours were spent in the gymnasium. The men of A-2 dribbled, splashed, and spiked their way to company championships in basketball, water polo, and volleyball (respectively that is, unless you happen to be able to splash a basketball through the hoop.) Ably led by Captain Jim "Rubberman" Prindiville and Tom "Flex" Young, the basketball team compiled a flawless record and usually managed to double their opponents' scores. In two exciting playoff games with Bravo Company, the hoopsters handily made their way to the battalion winner's circle. The water polo squad unfortunately did not have a perfect slate due to one squeaker win by A-1. The squeaking, by the way, was the repeated "swish" as the ball streaked through the outstretched hands of goalie Spagnolo. Nevertheless the aquamen copped the company championship, although bowing out to a deserved battalion championship by A-1. After a shaky start, the volleyball team solidified and mercilessly slammed past its opponents to gain possession of the company laurels. A compilation of the three sports shows that the platoon had an outstanding record of 18 wins against 4 losses.

The scene shifts from the gym to Barracks 94 where Mr. Fox is conducting Saturday morning inspection. Transforming us from mature young men to fawning adolescents, quivering with fear lest our chambray shirts be improperly folded, seemed to be the essence of nurturing military aptitude. As this training was a key part of OCS, let us highlight Mr. Fox's tour of A-2. His first mistake



**RICHARD A. SAMMIS** Alpha-Two's perennial PPO, Dick was a loner until the last three weeks when he seemed to have an inordinate number of friends, all with a ready smile, a friendly hello, and an under-their-breath "How about color detail next week, old buddy?"

was to enter Dobbs' and Powers' room where he sustained a sprained sacroiliac from slipping on the deck and temporary blindness following a hasty glance at the desks checking for dust. Winking fondly at Commander and Foxtrot on his way, he continues his prowl into Bell and Harrison's room where Harrison is wildly cheering his favorite in the Yorktown Olympic Dust Bunny Races. Proceeding down the hall, he finds an ambulance hauling off Doherty whose dynamic stability had finally succumbed to a bad port list. The results of Mr. Fox's inspections were made public at the evening reading of the demerits, which all too often sounded like a roll call for the platoon.

Lurking behind our meritorious achievements was a more amorphous and elusive, but no less important, quality known as esprit de corps. In his role as guru for the platoon, Mahirishi Teddy Bear Council plastered the group together on liberty. One infamous weekend was spent in the Surf Hotel at Virginia Beach. Disciple Wiley, having entered the mystic realm of spirits, cleverly disguised as a bottle of Smirnoff's 100 proof, found himself the helpless slave of uncontrollable forces. At least that is the reason "Three's-a-Crowd" gave to explain his bold advances on Stromsem and his date simultaneously. A meritorious mast was held for D. R. Reynolds for perpetrating lewd and lascivious acts on the beach with a skimpily-clad female. And of course that weekend would be complete without the refined airs and subtle ways with women of Vinny Spagnolo?

The epic of Coast Guard OCS finally drew to its close. We came, we saw, we were conquered. Our duty assignments clutched tightly, twenty-three polished Ensigns rode into the sunset, living proof of the belief in a superior strain of human being.