

ROBERT RUCKEL Bob had by far the most dynamic temperament in Bravo One. His reactions ranged from a violent belly laugh to gibbering frustration, usually in successive breaths. He had the job of being our first platoon commander, and he had to work long and hard to keep us above water. But he got the job done with real Moxie. Watch out, Unimak!



RICHARD SEAGRAVE Another "previous service," Rich was Mr. Squared-Away for us in the early, bewildering days of OCS. Patient, tolerant, and helpful, even when we fell all over ourselves, he shouldered the task of teaching us to march adequately while managing to smile throughout the experience. Next stop: Clover, Sitka, Alaska.



DOUG SHEEHAN Doug's stay at OCS can best be illustrated by the way he so easily placed in the morning run, thereby getting out of calisthenics. Never has anyone done so little and gotten out of so much. The night he came back from his day on the Tanager, Doug was asked if he still planned to be a lifer. He didn't say a word. He just held up his hands exposing huge blisters on his palms. It seems that he spent a great deal of time hanging on to the rail.



JAY SPEARMAN In his time at OCS, Jay managed to say most of the right things at most of the wrong times. During the first week, he, among others, high ported—a lot. As our platoon photographer, he packed his camera to Norfolk, on the small boats, to fire-fighting school, and to the pistol range. At the range, he was the only member of the platoon to earn the Expert Pistol Shot Medal—in his first try with the .45.



ROGER WALES Harvard-educated Roger began OCS inauspiciously enough, arriving two days late, marching "marginally," and being designated a tiger. Later, however, Roger set the pace for the battalion in navigation and served as one of Bravo One's straight squad leaders. Roger also set the battalion record for most rooms and roommates in 17 weeks, changing no less than five times.



RICHARD WEISBERG In a platoon of heavy-weights, Dick was no exception. He was getting into the swing of the OCS program when the tragic accident happened. His bum knee did some more tricks, and from that day on malingering and work avoidance seemed to be his major ambition. Coast Guard chow has slimmed him down some, but he still refused to exert any more energy than is absolutely necessary to complete the task.