

It seems, in a way, like a long time since the bone-chilling, blustery days of February when we arrived here, but the lessons of "indoc" wrek linger close upon us. OCS has progressed at a plodding yet stealthily rapid pace which finds us suddenly on the eve of graduation. Although we came from different places with diverse backgrounds, together with a common goal and single effort, we have enjoyed, endured, and, it appears, sufficiently mastered the concentrated mass of duties, responsibilities, pressures, and information presented to us.

Both as a group and individually we have, by our reflections, adaptations, criticisms, and overall reactions, been in some manner affected by this training period; the experience and realization of a hitherto unfamiliar reality has broadened us all.

It is with an honest and satisfied sigh of relief that we look in retrospect and remember the hectic, teeth-chattering madness of that first week when we were learning to march, remembering names, and struggling to square away:

the optimistic diligence of myriad field nights and the frustrating flood of Saturday demerits;

the heavy-eyed monotony of a 2 to 4 watch, the dulcet blare of a reveille call; body breakers, spine grinders, the shivering titillation of cold trickle showers and our new friend Ralph;

marching, waiting, standing in endless lines, our efficient base exchange, long, sharp needles and the famed (?) dexterity of Dr. Culp;

Mr. Broga's cookbooks with answer sheets attached; the tiger cage, the pistol range, and well-earned victories at military drill;

Yorktown, Williamsburg, Washington, the Wharf, and long distance calls;

double time, study time, free time and taps; the people, the work, the worries, the tests, all the sweat and all the laughter—

it is an endless list of bittersweet memories that recall for us the last seventeen weeks.

We are proud of our accomplishments, and thankful to the staff who guided us. Now, however, we look before us and take our leave with a blue-bird chirp and glad farewell to a time in our lives well worth the while.



Bob "Brass" Berry even studied for the Dore test.