



We arrived here that cold weekend in February by a variety of means, from a multitude of places, and a verifiable ragout of backgrounds. There was but one common denominator—an expressed desire to be a Coast Guard officer.

The events of the first week, "Indoc" week, made a lot of us wonder if we really what we had signed on for.

Mercifully the first week ended, with the prospect of only seventeen more to go. The classrooms were a welcome change, at least they were warm. It was fun to play with the plastic triangles, until the tests came around.

Drill camps on Friday, leggings on backwards, the mysterious ritual of Guard Mount, and the rifle bolt closing on your finger all come to mind.

As time passed we fell into step, Friday nights actually proved to be enough time to police our quarters. Time seemed to quicken its pace, it only seemed like a year until we merited real liberty. Spring came and went and then finally returned. The aroma of VEPCO mingled with the scent of the flowers. The ordeal was half over, only nine more weeks to go. By this time some had left our ranks and the thought of leaving had crossed the minds of almost everyone. Is becoming a Coast Guard officer worth all the grief—drill, saluting, nit picking inspections, polished shoes, section leader reports, UCMJ and three exams in one day? The majority felt it was worth it.

The light at the end of the tunnel began to glimmer. The day—27 April. The event—assignments for OCS class 2-77. Some laugh, others cry and many just sit expressionless. Some go to sea, others to flight and many go to Headquarters.

May brought with it a chance to travel. A week aboard the RELIANCE or CUYAHOGA. No small joy was that trip . . . seasickness 25 ft. waves, a SAR mission, perfume in CIC, the AMBROSE light tower doing 5 knots, water skiing behind the smallboat, liberty in Baltimore and fishing in the bay. The trips varied from group to group but we picked up the experience needed to comprehend what life at sea is like.

Only a week of classes left, a stability exam, three days of liberty and trying to make arrangements to get to our new assignments.

It's the last day, 9 June 1977, you shake hands with the Commandant and suddenly (after ONLY 18 weeks) you are a COAST GUARD OFFICER. But the end of OCS signals the end of the easiest phase of the process. Now you must practice and polish what you have learned. It's only the beginning.

