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Of all my CMTC experiences the over night hike took the cake. It was a lulu. Under a blazing sun, with rifles and full packs, we headed out. Eight miles later ourdecimated ranks arrived at Broadripple Park and the world's largest artificial swimming pool. On the way, no enemy had attacked us but many had fallen - victims of the hot sun and the good sense to keel over. Those of us who made it had guts but no brains. I remember well howinviting that swimming pool was to me. However, our brass was made of sterner stuff. They could resist temptation. They had the inward strength to convince us to turn our backs on the prospect of plunging into that cool, sweet, refreshing water and to become interested in pitching our pup tents and policing up the area. Finally, after a brief dip in the pool our day was nearly over. Nothing left to do but eat and drag ourselves into the sack.

Reveille was more of an ordeal than usual the next morning. All that I could think of was that 8 miles back to camp. A friend of mine had been assigned to the cook's truck so I lightened my pack by having him take my rain coat with him. I began to doubt the wisdom of this act as we lined up for the return trip. The clouds were rolling in. We had marched barely 100 yards when we were hit by a cloudburst, and I had fond thoughts of my rain coat - for a while. As I was wading through waist deep ditches I realized that it would have been excess baggage. As bad as it was I preferred it to the previous day under the hot sun.

We arrived back in camp about noon and were immediately subjected to rifle inspection. The barrel of mine was badly pitted when it was issued to me. There was nothing that could be done about it. I knew it and the Army knew it. However, I worked at it all afternoon. I accomplished nothing but the rifle finally passed inspection. The entire episode was ridiculous but I suspect that it was something the Army thought it had to do to make a man out of me.

As my tour drew to an end I was both happy and sad. Happy that it was all over and that I soon would be home. Sad to leave my buddies. I still have fond memories of them.

As soon as I got home I made a bee line to the Purity, a popular hang out; andas I entered the door the horrible sound of Valencia greeted me.

Arthur W. Grandpa