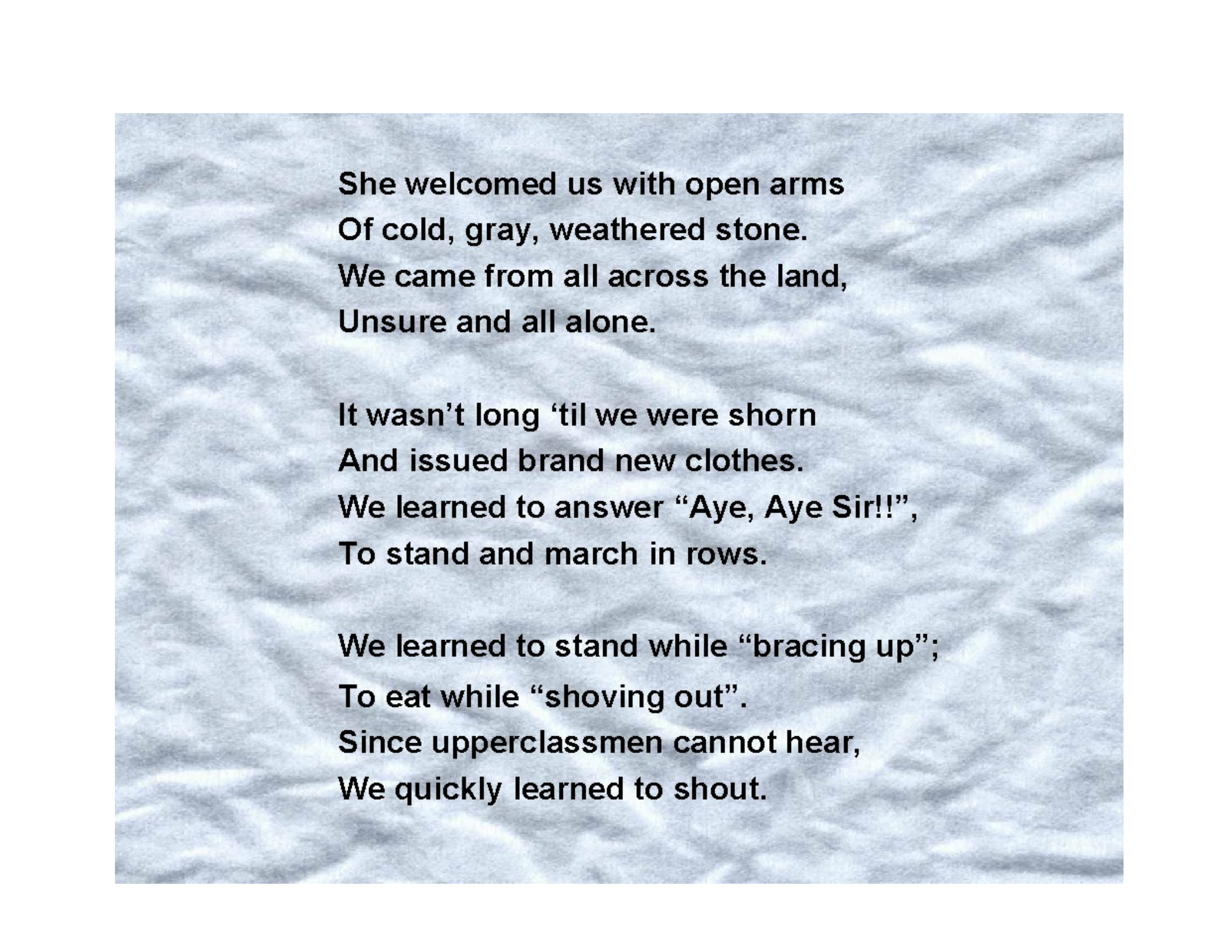


# Plebe Year

*J. C. Lyster*

*20th Company*

*USNA '64*

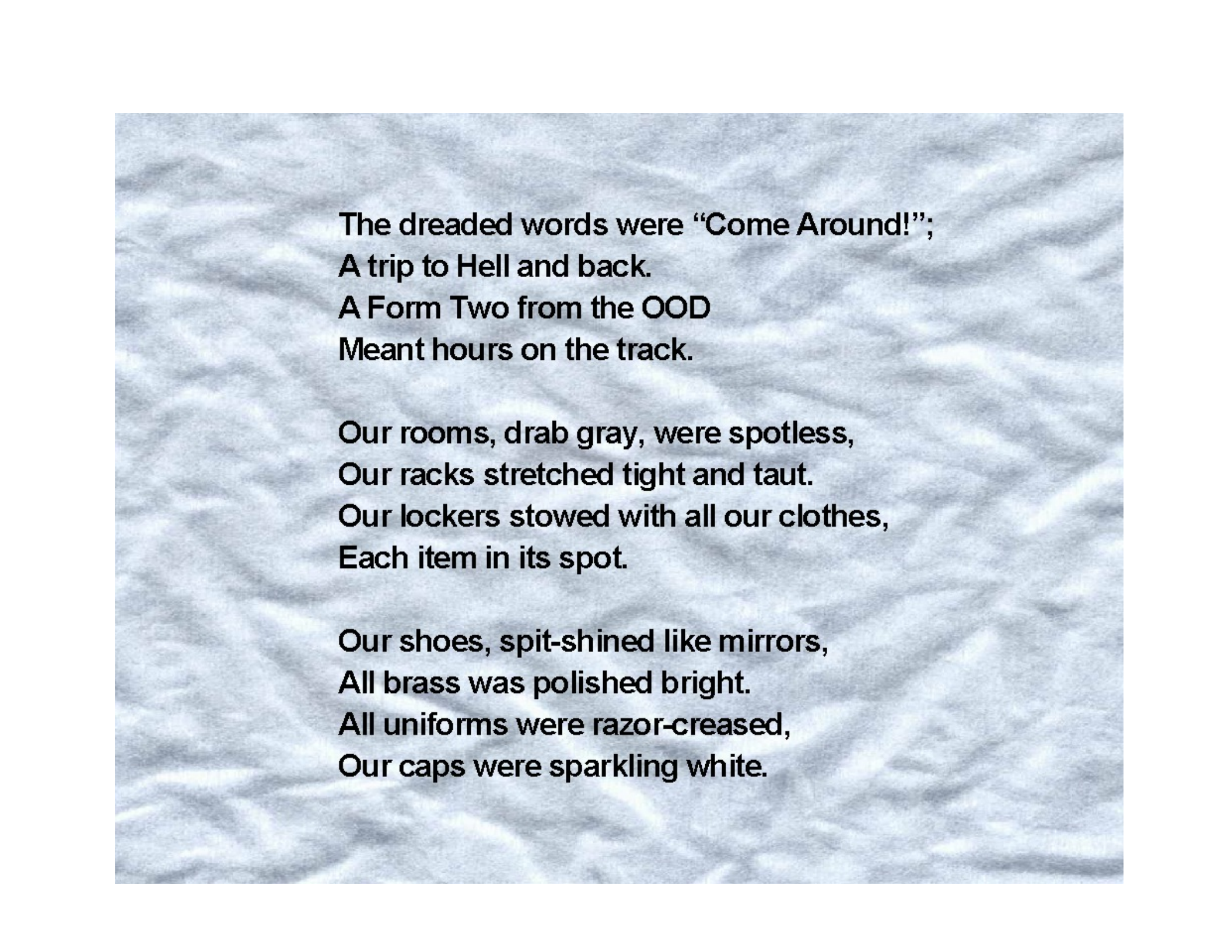


She welcomed us with open arms  
Of cold, gray, weathered stone.  
We came from all across the land,  
Unsure and all alone.

It wasn't long 'til we were shorn  
And issued brand new clothes.  
We learned to answer "Aye, Aye Sir!!",  
To stand and march in rows.

We learned to stand while "bracing up";  
To eat while "shoving out".  
Since upperclassmen cannot hear,  
We quickly learned to shout.





The dreaded words were "Come Around!";  
A trip to Hell and back.  
A Form Two from the OOD  
Meant hours on the track.

Our rooms, drab gray, were spotless,  
Our racks stretched tight and taut.  
Our lockers stowed with all our clothes,  
Each item in its spot.

Our shoes, spit-shined like mirrors,  
All brass was polished bright.  
All uniforms were razor-creased,  
Our caps were sparkling white.

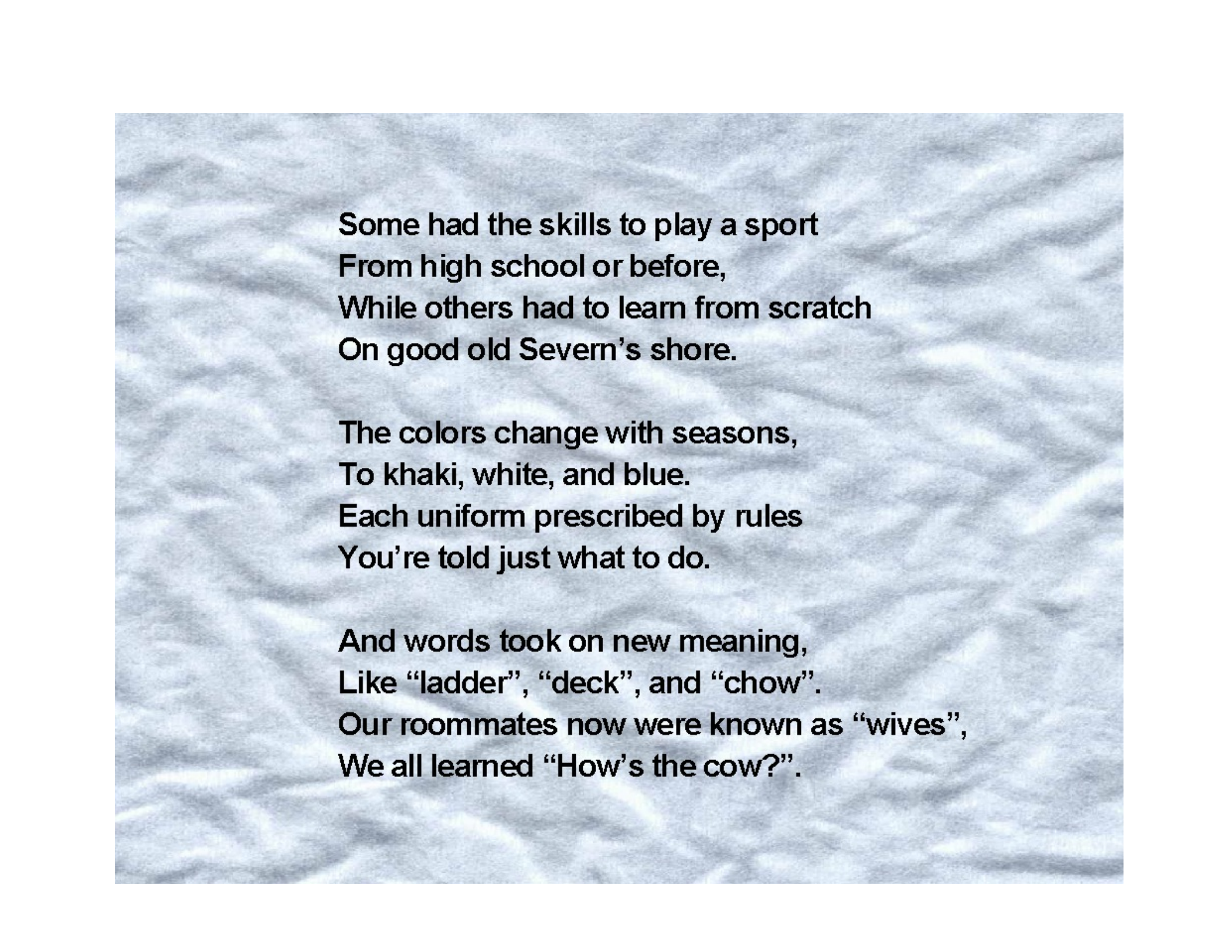


We marched to class; we marched to meals,  
Sometimes we marched asleep,  
And if we didn't march in step  
'Twas demerits that we'd reap.

In class we studied "Skinny",  
And "Math", and "Steam", and "Bull",  
And we didn't have computers,  
Just a sliderule that you pull.

And girls were a distraction  
Unless you counted dreams.  
As Plebes we weren't allowed to "drag",  
We saved our strength for teams.



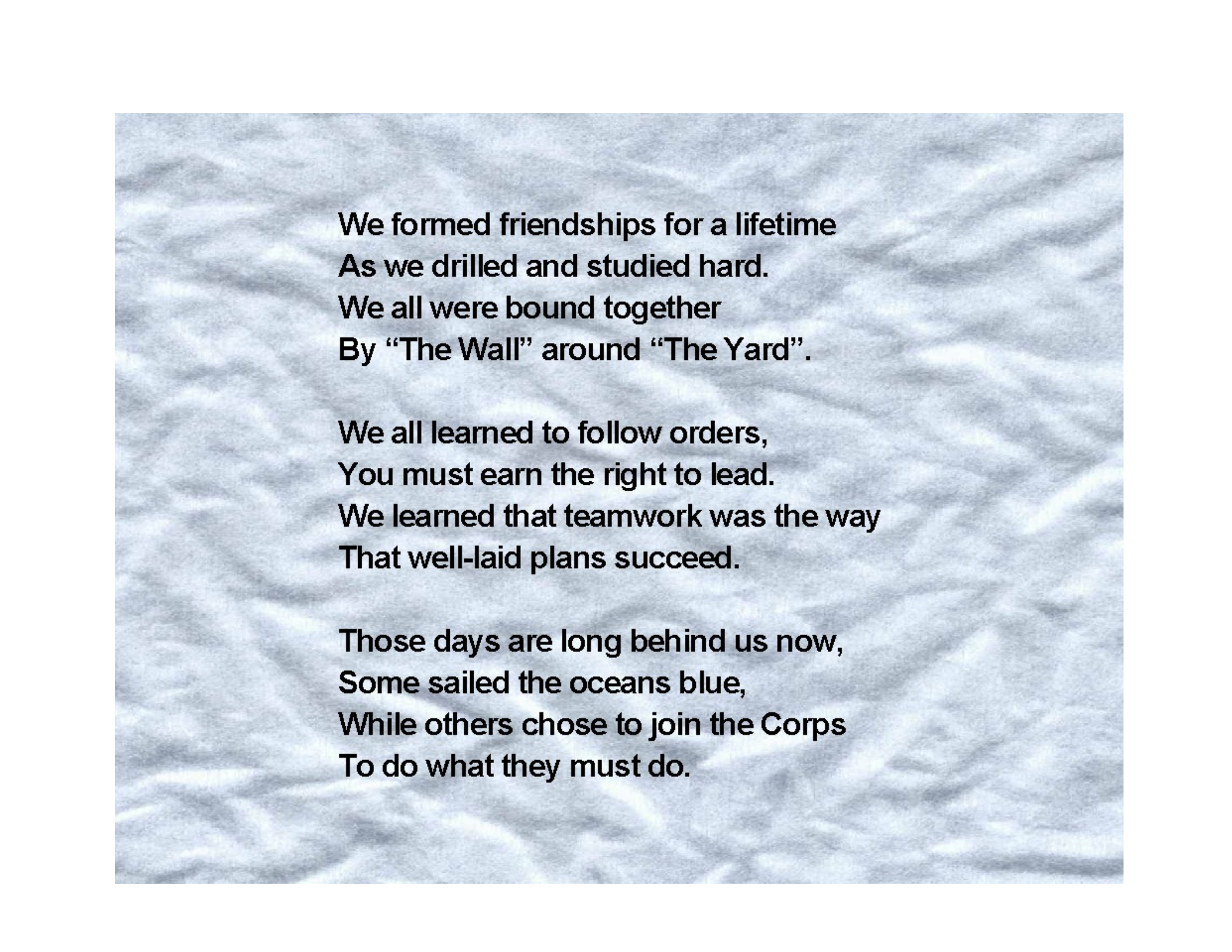


Some had the skills to play a sport  
From high school or before,  
While others had to learn from scratch  
On good old Severn's shore.

The colors change with seasons,  
To khaki, white, and blue.  
Each uniform prescribed by rules  
You're told just what to do.

And words took on new meaning,  
Like "ladder", "deck", and "chow".  
Our roommates now were known as "wives",  
We all learned "How's the cow?".



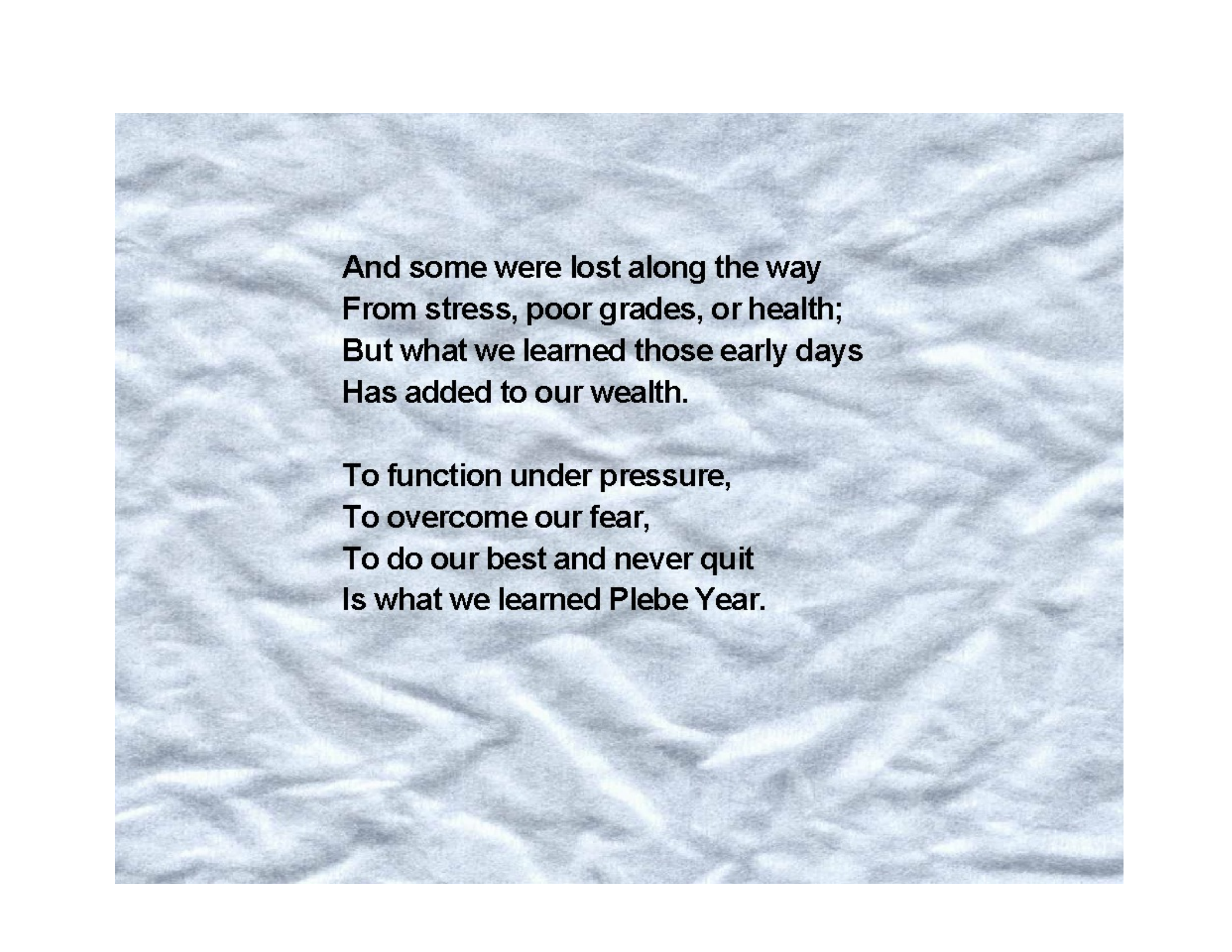


We formed friendships for a lifetime  
As we drilled and studied hard.  
We all were bound together  
By "The Wall" around "The Yard".

We all learned to follow orders,  
You must earn the right to lead.  
We learned that teamwork was the way  
That well-laid plans succeed.

Those days are long behind us now,  
Some sailed the oceans blue,  
While others chose to join the Corps  
To do what they must do.





**And some were lost along the way  
From stress, poor grades, or health;  
But what we learned those early days  
Has added to our wealth.**

**To function under pressure,  
To overcome our fear,  
To do our best and never quit  
Is what we learned Plebe Year.**