

“Caugli”

It came to pass on one cloudy day,
I found myself wondering if I should stay.
The man is beating knowledge into my head,
and I think about home and if all is in good stead.



I found on Day One I was a modern thinker,
And as a supervisor I was a real clinker.
My ego I knew was as big as a mountain,
But my physical maintainers were surely a fountain.



By Day Number Two I understood respect,
But “Willing Commitments?”, oh, what the heck.
As things progressed on down the road,
I surely in the past have been a toad.



On Day Number Three I had no valid statement:
My objective were noble and there was no abatement.
“Motivated” I was to a certain extent,
But woe is me; still no “willing commitment.”



The “Communications” was the thing of the day,
And we all sat around and had much to say.
My angles were good but in the wrong places,
And to my amazement I tried all the cases.



We all started out on that final day,
Evaluating each other in the most awful way;
Before it was done we were all in the dips,
“Planning and Scheduling” turned out to be the pits.



Point Hope, Alaska is where it all came to pass;
We all finally realized we just had no class.
Duke, the Teach, was with us all the way,
And negotiating “willing commitments” is here to stay.



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