

correct text material. I was one of many that couldn't put it all together. I went to ARB, Academic REview Board, or Arby's as we called it. It was my second appearance before MCPO B. and we talked things over and he started to burn me and I could tell he had made a decision as he talked so when he said, "I could send you to the fleet," I said "That would be just fine." That was about all that was necessary to get out of the school, and get me busted, I lost my honorary Third Class Petty Officer, and was fined for my "bonus" money and had my enlistment cut two years. Some good news, some bad news. The next step was seeing the Captain of the command, who had a real bird, that is rank of captain. The students I talked to said that he talks to the offender about two minutes, that things are already decided. The only times he is lenient is when he hears from a detailer that they need more 6YO (adv. training) BTs. The mast is basically a ceremony changing your school and orders.

While in 6YOs (six year obligator) the polish situation was flared up, and I was taking cheap Walgreen's decongestant to clear it up. I was temporarily assigned to the Tomich Plant logroom awaiting administration and editing some prelight off orders, a nice atmosphere after clomping around with the class in rank and file. Right about the time I flunked out all but one of a class of six got dropped at the second phase of the school. We learned that the quotas had changed and too many bodies were signed up just at this time. If that error hadn't been made I'd still be in. The teen peer pressure was constantly on me, I couldn't blend. I constantly fielded moronic comments and when a situation developed I got to the point when I would simply answer "No comment."

Before I went in I was really on a self-improvement kick. I read a lot of philosophy, Milton, Dante, and engineering. I was apparently in a megalomaniac phase at the time, and actually thought I had worked out a corollary to the theory of relativity that could be applied to directed energy. At this time I never formally conceptualized on paper, but read everything I could and contemplated it constantly. One time walking a perimeter watch me and another bootcamp heard an unearthly loud whine on the base, louder than ventilation coming on, not a boiler blow down, we thought the martians were landing. It was two a.m. - it must have been the chow. My engineering lust dated back to the early sixties when I first saw a Olds Starfire 425 cu.in V-8. If all of science was as well presented as that vehicle there would be no shortage of professional engineers and scientists.

Typing drills for the Tomich Trainign Facility invold reworking low water, and low deaerating feed tank sort of scenarios for the officers, many who never saw such gear before, and were being designated as "B" Division officers. The people there were the nicest I met in my career in the Nay to that point. My overseer put me to the test and tried to "snow" me, and I'd just day nothing, I thought he might be a homo, but think he is merely one of the timid souls. Getting no aggravated response from me really blows his mind. The people from the school apparently