

let it be known that I have a temper, not knowing the way it was constantly incited. One night R. & N. roommates at the barrack came in and carried on and turned my rack over with me in it. No fight ensued, but even half asleep a drunk at two a.m. isn't much to handle. More hijinks the next night, as when I awoke I found N. in a puddle on the floor. On yet another occasion I woke up in a highly damp atmosphere, earlier I watched R. drink a cup of coke from Taco Belle half down and then put in a couple fingers of 409 cleaner in and drink it down. He then went out drinking at the strip next to the base. I crashed and later had the atmospheric incident. Yes he pissed on himself in the bunk above. Just fun loving guys. The Navy can be one laugh after the next in all types of situations.

The benefits of the base were not taken away once I flunked out. It's known and unspoken as to why some drops occur, it's a quota system. Some months all the classes pass. So I was still able to enjoy all the facilities and liberty. I was not confined. I did a lot of weight lifting in the old gym. Not a game but still competitive once you understand the ritual. You get respect for putting out even if you don't develop into superman. I was knocking off ten clean pages of EOSS, Engineering Operating Systems Sequencing, material some days, and at my level of typing ability was pulling a load in that department, and the weights helped me to loosen up my preying mantis posture. As I typed my engineering I must have been stimulated on my directed energy concept I wrote: " In regards to the formula ($E = exL(f) \times M(f)$); e, particles at high MeV; L, directional cohered light; M, Electromagnetic directed ordering) Proton electron separation needs to be effected through a polarity diaphragm before magnetic acceleration for any compact fire usage. Residues for large scale deliveries call for pulse actuation. More on vacuum delivery zone needed, as per actual equipmental usage. PC-PD'-MA'-UDZ=E" What the hellis that supposed to mean? Talk about tripping off the line.

The Captain's Mast finally went down and I took the reduction in rank and all as I was told and explained earlier. I nearly immediately move to Transient Personnel to await orders. About eight more students were lined up a ARB when I left the school. About this time I started a ten page 'ode' quite a raucus piece of writing. The TPU experience was quite easy, you went on working parties in the barracks or you went on working parties out on the base doing different and varied jobs. There was some pot usage in the barrack, but I kept my nose out of it. The people in TPU were all miscreants of some kind or another, school drops or discipline. The kids were rough all over, I had another incident were a total stranger came in and started a ruckus, looking to fight. I took off outta there in my underwear so I wouldn't get involved. They must have been selling them cheap drugs outside the base. I never ran into as many violent fools in my life. There was a locker search and some were busted.