

We didn't get more than about a month in Mayport, Jacksonville, before we headed out on the Mediterranean (Med) cruise. We ran up to Charleston and picked up some missiles. We had practice shoots with them and it was quite an event to see them launched. The wait before things were set up, a drone launched, etc, was long. When the shot went it was gone in a flash, a roar, and you sit there looking at a trail of smoke. Something to see at least. After mess cooking I had built up some credibility for OCS. I learned of different programs and sent in a request to work in the Navy Directed Energy Program and concocted a fantastical nozzle arrangement as a particle energizing nozzle for a weapon. Purely sci-fi in a way and a novel approach to the problem. On the way back from Cuba I worked out a practical system of cheaply analysing the products of combustion, specifically tailored to the ship. It was workable down to the new guages, flue gas gear, and test charts. I was learning about government bureauacracy in this effort at least. I had to secure permission from the whole chain of command, and that took months. Eventually I got that permission and the idea was sent to the Destroyer Squadron and hasn't been heard of since. My testing would have dialed in the furnace exactly, it's a damn shame it was buried. The premise was that you are mixing different weights of air depending on atmospheric conditions, and as temperatures changed you had to adjust the mixture which is not done at this time on most Navy ships. Cold air weighs more in comparison to hot air and is a factor to be controlled. A boiler should preheat the air uniformly, but stack gas temperature show that this is not what happens in reality. Any one who can watch a guage panel knows the fluctuations I meant to control. Does recognition follow such an attempt, no - the attitude towards such an innovative person is that he is a troublemaker. The Navy is made up of entitlements not avhievements. Some intelligence is hard to come by.

I was pushing my suggestion when we pulled out into the Atlantic, saying by for now to the good old USA. When we pulled out their was a regular symphony of sea life. When the screws churn up the shallows at the mouth of the basin dolphins run in and feast on the sealife, this attracts the gulls who dive in on the action. The species form a sort of semicircular show of two arcs, the dolphins and porpoises between the gulls circling in above. The day we left we saw a hundred yard circumference of such show. A scene that will stick in the mind.

I was writing and conjuring up plots at the time, or spasmodically throughout the enlistment. For a screen play I outlined this: a retarded girl is raped by a school teacher winds up as a cook at the Art Institute, and: two artists of the opposite sex who settle down and admire the poetry of another man in the Navy who sails the seas. The woman follows the sailors exploits through connections and the husband summons the navy man who must speak to her as she has a mental/nervous breakdown, and; an artist works in the occult has here activity backfire and winds up with a hideous carcinoma that first eats large holes in her childs (daughter's) cheekm then her husband's then hers. The mind is a funny thing, but where does inspiration come from?