

One was real graceful and went to his knee as instructed and then got up some time later. Another tried his very best to fight the feeling and gave it his all. His fall was a dramatic nearly slowmotion loop stifflegged to the arena's floor. He stayed at attention the whole time until he hit. Goes to show you the power of discipline.

Like the naïve fool I truly was entering the service I was hoodwinked into a six year enlistment. Supposedly I was to become the Einstein of boilers with an Advanced Training course. I imagined walking around in clinical frocks in a setting like the Stanford institute. That training was at Great Lakes so my interment there was virtually non-stop. The next school ~~xxxx~~I attended in a series of three, was Power Engineering basics. Here all the fireman ratings got a look at the ballpeen hammer and nuts and bolts, nothing too deep. I was bored and took two weeks or so to complete the course. I younger fellows out of high school, probably more into the "adventure" of the whole affair, away from home the first time, enjoyed liberty in Chicago. Many took a long time in that idiotic school. Many had troubles staying awake in the computer modules that fed out the self-paced information. There were stories of some individuals being there three months but I assumed it was a joke.

The next school was known as BT'A' school, I was there for about a month. I was close to some sort of honor grad but missed by a few tenths of a percent. No big cigar entailed as I recall nothing of the prize. This school had the budding boiler technician trace all the engineering systems, the plumbing, of the ship. Pumps, motors and turbines were explained, and all had to commit to memory the firerrom cycles and draw them out from the boiler to the turbine and back. You weren't allowed to miss any of the fifty or so parts and parameters so it was no small fete with my memory. At your final exam called the "Comp" you did this trick on a blank piece of paper. I think i remember it down to the main condenser air ejectors, but feel no compulsion to test myself. I passed the darn thing after a look around the mock plant for a week and I was all set to get to a ship.

Ready to go except I had signed up for the Advanced Training course. To say the least, I was getting sick and tired of the lousy old school house architecture and marching around at lunch after mass produced double cheeseburgers. I can't complain about food it was plentiful. Over two months at one of these facilities is two much. The Navy shouldn't even have a policy of schooling it's people for such long periods to start with. If a guy or gal has a desire to enlist for six years it should be done after a certain amount of active duty in the fleet. I definately had had it. The rest of the students in the advanced school, a high percent of married men, complained incessantly as well and I chorused along in with them.

The exception being I think I really meant it. My performance in* the advance school was mediocre. Due to my attitude.

I seemed to get singled out more than the others. It started immediately on entering the advnced school.