

One day I was pointed at by a petty officer in charge at the school and told to road guard. I was feeling bad due to a cold or something and said pick on someone else. This P.O. "A." was highly incensed and wanted me. From that day on I was constantly picked as a road guard. Some leadership I showed. So I ran out in front of the company and stood arm extended at each intersection each day in that crazy school. The rest of the guys were just as bad. They got a real kick out of yelling 'road guard, post' at me, it got me mad but it wore off. Liberty increased in the school and some of the sailors split each night to get bombed. I'd say half of them were droopfaced at quarters in the morning.

I behaved pretty well when I could stay out of the line of fire which I did by joining the Service School band. Another pat on the back and no cigar set up. My money was tied up so the band provided some excursions around the area each weekend. I got quite good on the clarinet, after starting out on the sax. I kept the clarinet with me throughout my travels, and when I was down found a place where I could blow it. My own self prescribed therapy. Anyway we went such exotic places as Harvard, Illinois and marched in "Cowtown Day" parades. The people loved us. We performed at "Cinco de Mayo" in little Mexico on Chicago's south side, and even marched down La Salle Street in the loop for Von Steuben Day. I should have joined up as a musician. The band was my caliber, maybe twenty pieces, but with regular practice, we won our CPO an award or two and made an outrageous sound with what we had. A definite highlight of the enlistment. The towns treated us real well and the potluck dinners provided by the townsfolks, have made me one of the finest culinaires in midwestern rural cooking.

Back in the school things were not as bright. I failed the first tri-weekly test, the big one. I was holding my own and had one flirtation with the authority in charge of the school a MCPO B. after one bad daily score. The P.O. a second class BT constantly made fun of me, as I couldn't hide the fact I had an education, the number sixteen kept appearing in the little box marked education on my forms. The boiler techs of the US Navy do not come up that way. Men with khakis had been kicking my bosses butts their entire careers and they saw me as one of them. I too had a chance at a commission, but due to administration had no chance of ever gaining it. I made too many systematic administrative errors to be considered although I tried my hardest. Since I walked in the doors of the school there was one insurmountable wall after another. The instructor insisted on calling me "professor" and books needed for homework were not provided.

Life wasn't all bad as the sailors were a philosophical bunch and were easy to talk to. They bitch about the little annoyances found anywhere like anyone else. Watches, sleep, chow, discipline, school, tests and instructors. These were common objects of contempt. One of the occupations of confusion prevalent was with the material presented in a haphazard and fractured way by non-teachers who would be good if they related the correct job material to the