

## SEAMANSHIP, GUNNERY, D. C., COMMUNICATIONS

Weighing in at two credit hours apiece, the 'minor courses' seemed like so many light jobs in a selter of haymakers. If you were amazed to learn that alpha radiation travels a mere inch and a half, you must have been positively stunned by the revelation that rope is made of wire.

Everytime you turned around, another punch landed in the solar-plexis of your illusions. 45's cannot be fired from the hip. You may never get to say "Wilco". Those openings in the bulkhead are called doors! You can survive a nuclear explosion. Lifeboat survival gear includes smokes and candy. Snap! Snap! Snap! Those little jabs flicking at your smug, psychic chin.

Well, Cassius cut down the mighty Sonny!

### C. G. O.

Effective naval leadership is the ability to get five men and yourself onto the roof of a rickety baseball dugout and off again without losing your foam cans. Some say it is the knack of getting your crewmen to use Arrid. There is merit in both points of view.

One thing we all agree on. There is no simple explanation of C. G. O. We started off learning that Mr. Pepple is a Lieutenant - a significant fact when you are a green coastie, unsure even of your own status. From these rudiments followed a rapid progression into the intricacies of military justice. Among the more progressive punishments under the U. C. M. J. - solitary confinement on bread and water. -- Oyvay!

We learned how to write a Coast Guard letter and the meaning of all those numbers on various directives. But the meat of the course, the very grits of it, must be the Quasi-psychology of military adjustment. To wit: "Now, Seaman Barnes, just sit down. Relax. Have a smoke. Tell me why you're fouling up my whole department."