



*Act II, Scene I. Navigation class in KI-KI is just beginning. The plot thickens, most noticeably with faulty lines of position from Tue Marshes Light, reckless DR tracks smashing into the Chesapeake Bay Bridge, and fixes running wildly to Cape Henry and beyond. Amidst the chaos, an amused and bemused instructor asserts that the upcoming examination is "no sweat," as drops of perspiration trickle down 200 foreheads. Meanwhile, his sidekick is extolling the virtues of "hot skinny in the pubs" to interested gents. No one was ever sure whether hot skinny was some sort of refreshment served at amusement park stands, a liniment to nurture stubborn hair growth, or an exotic alcoholic drink since it is found in pubs. Navigation taught Snoof that sunset was not a time of peaceful beauty, but rather a tabulated entry on the daily pages of the Nautical Almanac; that the North Star did not shine for romantic contemplation, but rather presented an excellent opportunity for a latitude LOP; and that a fix was more than something a hippie needed to float in his celestial sphere.*

The consensus in the battalion, despite the outcry of a vociferous and often articulate minority, was that navigation provided the most valuable learning experience. Mr. Cragin and Mr. Beaty were thoroughly versed in their material and were more than willing to provide instruction on a personal basis. Mr. Engelson's informal, professorial (sorry, Bill, but it's true) manner and empathy with the victims for the more gross injustices imposed during our sentence gained him the respect of most OCs as both a teacher and a tactics officer.

