

THE DECISION

(104)

AS THE END OF MY HIGH SCHOOL YEARS NEARED, I HAD A DECISION TO MAKE. IT APPEARED THAT THE COLLEGES I TRIED OUT WITH WERE NOT GOING TO GIVE ME A FULL SCHOLARSHIP (FOOTBALL) THIS DID NOT UPSET ME. I WAS NOT READY FOR COLLEGE.

THE DEPRESSION WAS IN ITS LATTER STAGES - SO THERE WERE NOT MANY OPPORTUNITIES FOR A 17 YEAR OLD. A LOT OF GROWN MEN WERE MAKING ONE TO TWO DOLLARS A DAY.

SO I DECIDED TO JOIN THE NAVY. (FORGIVE THE 4 LETTER WORD) MY DAD ASKED WHY THE NAVY. I SAID TO SEE THE WORLD. HE SAID THROUGH A PORT HOLE. HE SAID IF YOU'RE GOING JOIN A SERVICE - MAKE IT THE MARINE CORPS (I HAD NEVER HEARD OF THE MARINE CORPS) HE SAID THE CORPS WAS THE ELITE FORCE IN FRANCE IN WORLD WAR I. THUS THE DECISION WAS NOT MINE - AS HE SAID HE WOULD ONLY SIGN FOR ME TO GO INTO THE MARINES.

NOTE: THE FIRST WEEK OF BOOT CAMP I WONDERED WHAT MY DAD HAD AGAINST ME.

BUT AS THE OLD SAYING GOES - FATHER KNOWS BEST