

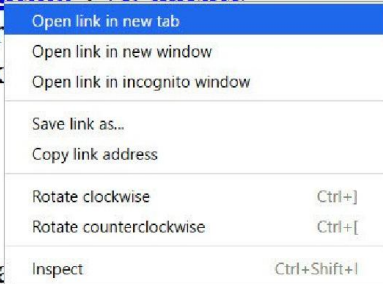
Military Advice

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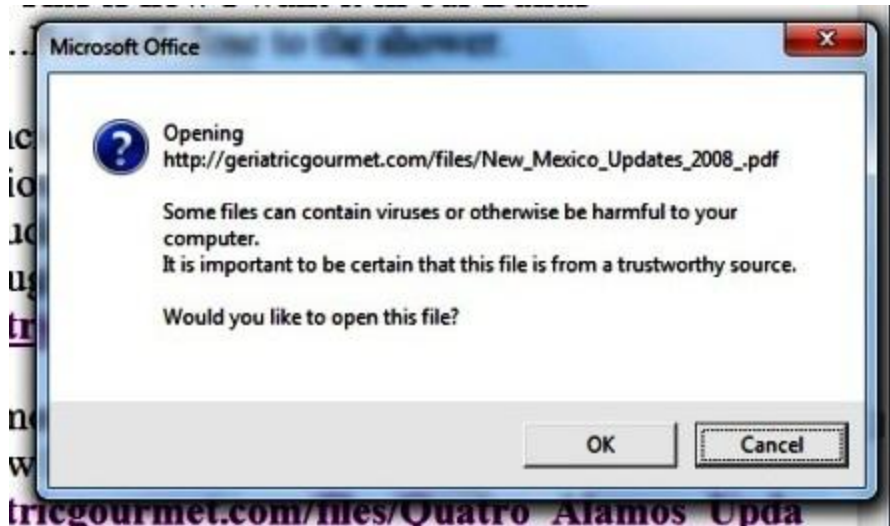
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You may get this warning but don't worry. It won't cause a flat tire on your car or your toilet to be stopped up. And they're mostly [just nonsense anyway](#).

This advice is for young people who are planning to join the **MILITARY**, or, if they ever bring it back, get drafted.

Most people have, at one time or another watched the TV show [MASH](#). A major character in this show is the **COMPANY CLERK, Radar O'Reilly**. In the Air Force, this

job title is **SQUADRON CLERK** and I think in the **NAVY** it's called **YEOMAN**.

If you want to have something to say about where you get stationed e.g. Europe, Asia, the States etc. this is the person you need. In a frequent **MASH** scene, Radar puts papers, needing signatures, on the commander's (**Sherman T. Potter**, **Henry Blake**) desk. And the commander asks "Radar, what am I signing?" This often happens when administrative assistants put equivalent papers on the desks of senior executives in civilian corporations and government officials e.g. US President. This is because these (clerks etc.) are, most often, the people who run the whole thing and the big bosses actually don't know what's going on around them. And never mind the 1st Sergeant and/or branch equivalents.....they don't know a lot more than the bosses. And they don't care where you go next.

So, regardless of your rank and/or job, figure out who this person is and make him/her a close friend (drinking buddy). Then, when time comes for you to be assigned, shipped out, transferred, reassigned etc. you tell him/her what you want. My WWII, Air Force, pilot father taught me this and it served me well for the whole time I was in (**Viet Nam-Cold War**). I was first sent to **tech school** and I befriended this person (Jimmy Green-Squadron Clerk) early on. I asked him to find me orders for assignment in Spain.....and he did! Later US bases were being closed in Spain (**Franco era**) and we were all being shipped out. I did NOT want to go to Viet Nam (maybe get

killed for nothing), or some god awful obscure place like Thule Greenland or Labrador. I wanted to stay in Europe and my good buddy (coincidentally named Martin) got me orders for Germany. When my USAF active term was up, I wanted to be discharged in Europe and my, by that time, Sq clerk, carousing buddy (Tom Posey) arranged it.

Some people I knew didn't know about this, got sent to Viet Nam, and came back in caskets. I had the grandest adventure/education of my life in Europe, made friends there and have been going back ever since.



None of this could have happened, had my father not taught me about the company-squadron **CLERK** trick.

