

feet wide and eight feet long, supported on steel legs painted gray. The ten tables were clearly marked with their numbers and the four places at each table was also marked. But the boys hardly noticed.

The remaining half of the space was occupied by an airplane. The boys immediately recognized it's make and model although few had never seen one in the flesh. Having their eyes fastened to the plane made it difficult for them to find their places at the tables but all eventually did so, even though their heads remained cocked toward the airplane. The airplane was why they were there. It was a dream come true, a thing too exciting to ignore.

But as soon as they were all at their places the man, who said simply "I'll be your instructor," explained sorrowfully that they would all have to go back outside. Someone had created a bit of a mess - two cigarette butts -- and it would have to be cleaned up.

First one then the other of the guilty boys confessed their crime and moved toward the door but the man would not allow it. It had to be all or none. That's how things were done here. And so long as he was in charge, it would be all.

Brooms and dust-pans were found and the area in front of the building given a brisk but effective sweep-down. But by the time the brooms were put away several boys had forgotten their numbers. And again, it was all or nothing. Rather than look up their numbers individually the man called the entire roll.

Each table held four drawers and the space under each table was marked off into four sections. Inside each drawer was an identical kit of tools and an inventory sheet. Each boy was required to inventory his tools as the instructor called them out, marking them off on their inventory sheet which the boy then signed. Lining up by their numbers, the boys were conducted to a room on the far side of the building where they turned in their inventory