

had normal lighting and alot of the grime wiped away, but I just didn't feel hungry. Many of the bars had hospitality house set ups along with them. Many of the hospitality houses had small bars attached to them. I was dogged out to the maximum extent I think I could have standed and running around with pennies in my pocket and settled for a few bouts with the local Red Stripe beer. The women there asked more than they looked ~~like~~ like they were worth and probablu were having a field day with the unusual influx of customers. Things were wild and loose and way to tough for me, a guy with no whoring experience to that date. The wrong place and times to start. I was scheduled for murederous duty for that port and probably just as well.

That island was a paradise with the right setup though. Some rich man had a island hideaway across from the pier where we pulled in. He went for the tahiti style, and probably travel by boat or seaplane from his plantation. Port Antonio is a banana port and sugar cane port. The peddlers sell sugar cane on the streets. Marijuana is also a booming business. Apparently the price is low, I tasted some and found the quality the same. Some of my shipmates decided otherwise and were able to get pound quantity onboard,

I found an aidas bag of it laying around the compartment one time. I wasn't surprised as I walked into situations were the guys were snorting some drug, cocaine?, speed?, before we left. I just tried to ignore it was I thought the Navy could be a career for me. I decided not to rat on them though as I planned to live through it and learn my trade in engineering. The BTs (boiler techs) went at it full blast though, mess cooking I couldn't quite find the energy. I watched the guys who I knew had as much time as me in the late teens and early twenties go through some fantastic changes. They changed to a mental attitude of paranoia from the drug use and fear of getting caught and became severely sarcastic, they aged quickly with the work and partying. I could see individuals change as if from day to night. I tried to leave the drugs alone, but they prevailed in the BT's lives and I couldn't change them if I wanted. I looked for people who wouldn't live that life and made a few friends who could leave it alone.

We had liberty on Gitmo as well. It was the standard Naval installation. The females were remote and outnumbered by the guys on the base to start with. So everybody took to the stag recreations and wished they were someplace else. A couple beers, bowling, movies when we had time off. Living was cheap and the cruise left little time or place to spend money. I was saving up enough for a wreck to drive around Jacksonville, to make my getaway. A bunch of BTs had an incident with the base cops involving scuba diving. They wouldn't leave an authorized area and three or four were thrown in the brig rather rudely. Some of the same potheadswere always 'lumping' each other, beating each other to show gang membership. They were basically a group of thugs who got out of hand once in awhile, and payed the price in all sorts of disciplinary programs the Navy had, things like rehab and driver's ed programs. If a guy seemed worth keeping or was penitent he'd go to CAAC and alcohol program. The Navy figured out how much they had invested in the man in bonus money and decided to try rehabilitation rather than lose money booting him out. Urine tests were the order of the day when an individual went overboard behaviorally.