

One the way back we stopped at an out of the way restraunt out in the country. It was a nice exposure to the country, and the true Italian cuisine. We had more spaghetti, bread, and table wine. It was a little diferent than that at the hotel or the Naples restraunt, but the diferences were infinitesimal.

Things seemed much unchanged returning to the ship. The wild bunch took the trip to Capri for some beach recreation. They were caught up in drinking stories, nobody was detained by the authorities. We were headed back to the sea, and I think I had one more shot at liberty, and feeling that Naples was done had a couple drinks one time and bought a seven dollar pair of shoes, which proved to be worth just that.

The dope problem escalated after Rome. I know for a certainty that cheap hashish was available, and who knows how much was smoked on snore. Needless to say the users were delighted, also stoned. A saw some fairly large quantities on the fireroom. One petty officer who stood top watch and who just reenlisted was capable of huffing hit after hit and still stood watch, I saw him smoke a half a gram in only a few minutes out by the feed pump in the space. He became incoherent and had trouble speaking. He laughed deliriously and his eyes were glassy and crossed up wildly. This same guy was always an imperial pain in the ass to get out of his rack for his watch, and got real snappy and mean. Towards me personally, he thought I was an idiaot for not doping, and you couldn't really deal with the guy. He threatened me physically once, but didn't take a swing. Other of this bunch would pound me and provoke me to fight. One kid my size spared seriously with me but never got into it seriously. A real big goofy brute of a kid kept pushing me around and screaming insluts at me. I just tried to back off because he had fifty pounds on me and was inches taller. I got clobbered by one other big bully on the mess decks one time and had to defend myself. This big slob definatly attacked me and I had to box with him. I imagine he was surprised I didn't fold up on him, I stuck him a few times to get him off until I got some help. I had quite a problem with fighting. Before we left one skinny kid must have got hopped up on cocaine and wouldn't stop for nothing. He couldn't do anything and I tied him up in a hammer lock until I got some backing. At least there were usually enough people on the ship, that when somebody wanted to fight with me I could get a hand. It si hard to say how all these punks get in the service, but their crumby little a tempts at bravery are rewarded by there peers. Since I didn't real fit in with them, not a doper, I was the one in the wrong, the way the hubbub runs in such a situation. I could just take so many threats and insults. and would tell these clowns to shut up. When it came to scrapping with one of these fucked up prima donnas I'd have to save my own hide. I had no choice. These people hated by abilities I was trying to exercise, and would do anything to fuck me up. When news of a fight went around my name was involved however, so I had not choice in trying to move up in OCS or other Navy programs. My name was getting to be mud and the antagonism didn't stop. Most of these successful sailors were high school drop outs and truly resented me being in their Navy. Dsiciplene wasn't there as men my age were