

were in uniform of Vietnam and probably considered me a communist or draft dodger. To say I didn't fit the profile for Navy personnel is an understatement. There is a sentiment in the Navy that supercedes anything like civil rights or freedom in citizenship or equality. I still wish the recruiter could have explained the attitude I would be up against. He should have, but I imagine he had his numbers to fill and never considered. Younger officers seemed to view me as competition too, the only sympathy I got was from senior officers, they all seemed to think what I was doing was great and seemed to genuinely respect my background. They probably looked at me as an experimental case and followed with interest.

Things were really getting tough for me. Because I solicited the command for OCS and Beneficial Suggestions the druggies instinctively felt I was informing on them, which I wasn't. I gave them no investigative information about any individuals at all. I told the command the kids were real resentful about me for age and educational reasons, but some others had a more tolerant attitude. The captain, the educational officer, and the first lieutenant liked me and gave me things to keep me out of trouble. I couldn't take the constant harassment of the young ones in my division and I'd get a quiet spot to read and study when I wasn't on duty just to stay out of fights.

After Naples it started to be a regime of waking me up when I was trying to, and entitled to, some sleep. I guess the guys would get stoned on the weather decks or fireroom and come around and poke me when I was sleeping for entertainment. When your sleep gets messed with it really affects you, it is an effective form of torture. Combined with prying personal questions from my antagonists, life on board became a sort of living hell. I tried to use the Master-at-Arms to stop this program and talked to the chief about some kind of house rules regarding disturbances in the berthing area. The rules were never enforced. If one or two decided to get stoned and blast their tape players when other had to sleep they got away with it. I did go nuts one time and bit an A.C. cord in half while one joker, speeding probably, played his tape player over and over at high volume. My division was the worst on ship because when I was shipped to supply for mess cooking I noticed that none of this went on.

I kept a diary of my travels and wrote poems and plot ideas for stories or movies in it. I kept names of contacts for OCS and business ideas and phone numbers of people in Jacksonville in it. People in my division probably noticed the notebook and figured I was using it to prepare to rat on somebody. I assume this because one day my diary disappeared. To this point the provocations were seeming to intensify. I did not merely receive orders to do things. My orders were starting to be given as direct threats that included Captain's Mast. Before the diary was stolen the more vocal users would ask if I was keeping tabs on them, they were extremely wary of anyone who was not into drugs. So one day the diary was taken from my shirt pocket while I was sleeping. I intended all along to keep track of my