

travels in this way along with my camera. Part of a long period of work was gone and couldn't be replaced I felt totally dehumanized if that's the proper word. I felt pent up, something of a prisoner with this violation of my privacy. I had another blank notebook and now it was used to record the circumstances of situations forced upon me by my crewmates. I mean situations in which the person giving orders seemed to have a clear mind through his attitude or actions of provoking a disciplinary problem out of me.

I tried to get the diary back by stepping out at quarters and asking if anyone had seen it, or if somebody had taken it on purpose to give it to somebody in authority so I could have it back. I never got it back. So a large part of my sailing experience was lost. Some good creative ideas might have gone down the drain as well. Some plot was in the works as I heard stuff like, "At least he ain't got nothing on us now." I went to the master-at-Arms and asked if he could hold an investigation as to getting me the diary back. The MAA said - probably lost it, and told me not to worry about all the death threats as the guys were only kidding. I told the MAA I was fed up and if he wanted to do a little checking he could find there was a lot of hashish in the fireroom. When that diary disappeared I began to feel somebody was after me and figured it was time to tell the shipboard authorities what was going on.

A urinalysis was called for B Division, my division, two days later. Eight people turned up dirty on August the fifth. Things really heated up with me and B division, the guys somehow knew that I told the MAA about the hash usage, although I do not know how, unless the MAA leaked it to B division chief and so forth down the line. My chief had been first class on the ship and with some of his top watches so I imagine this connection got the information spread. This was the biggest mistake of my life as it turns out. I had just been pushed to far by the users though, I cracked and sought some sort of vengeance.

A few days later I found a noose with my name on it saying "This is for you" in the entrance to the fireroom as I entered for watch. I dropped everything and took it to the MAA and said here is your proof about the death threats I had been given. My chief was in the mess at the time so on the 8th of Aug I was assigned to the oil shack to pick up the oil king rating and assist the understaffed crew of two who did the water and fuel test and reports. I took care of the divisions maintainance and feed water reports and broke in on boiler water testing and logging all that data. Both of the regular oil kings were older men, my age. one was a second class and the other older than us both was a retread. Both had some class and the violent talk and behavior did not exist except on the mess decks and berthing. I felt a little stronger without the constant hassle. I got in on keeping the underway replenishment activities in order, and just did whatever came up for ER04 (vs, ER01, the fireroom).

About a couple days after I started working for the oil shack the fireroom supervisor sent a second class petty officer to get me to go do some clean up work in the burner bench area. I told him the oil king had orders from the bridge to clean up and paint the fuel risers and it was important to get them all spiffed up because they looked like rusty salvage and we were pulling into a tender facility and the flag ship was going to be in at the same time and the bridge didn't want to look like shit in that area. The second class got real excited and started screaming and carrying on so I seen the fireroom supervisor and said I wasn't assigned to that ER01 any more that the oil shack had me on a training basis fulltime. The fireroom supervisor, a firstclass, started in on this