

"I gave you an order", speiland I told him I'd have to let the oil shack know I was going to have to go to the fireroom. He was unreasonable and said do it now, etc, etc. I simply couldn't be in two places at once, this was obvious to me. I said I'd go tell the oil king anyway, because the importance of redoing the risers was stressed, and another BT was assigned fulltime to that cleaning area anyway. I had one in the fireroom as well and painted it out pretty good already, I guess the first class I should apply my work talents where others wouldn't. I went out looking for the oil king and by this time we had a fullscale manhunt on for me to do somebody's work. The second class started in commandeering me again and since I couldn't find my real boss followed him back to the fireroom worried about his threats of punishment. When we got back to the burner bench area another second class, who had some pull and seniority but was a scum bag dooper on CAAC etc, started piping in too. So they turned it into a three ring circus. I decided I had enough of the bullshit finally, and left a second time. I found the oil king in the logroom and told him what was up. The chief engineer was there at the time as well and told everybody I was assigned to the oil shack, the second class still was saying I was given an order and being quite loud. I was stuck in the middle. I found out a day later I was written up for disobeying the second classes order. It's too bad that the authorities on board couldn't find out what a disgusting case that second class was. He was supposed to be in charge but jumped around like an idiot with his walkman, congregated in pot smoking areas, I seen him holding a film canister with hash in it, and would roll up his t-shirt and stroke and grasp his breasts, he was sort of obese. He sort of drool when he talked on a cassion and generally acted like a retarded jerk. Too bad indeed as as things were going the division was ready to make his charges stick later on.

I went back to fix the oil risers anyway and suspect I was vindicated in the whole mess. We pulled into Augusta Bay Sicily for maintainance to the ship. By this time my nerves were getting pretty shot with another report chit to answer because of bad communications on the ship. I was just caught in the middle remember. I told the hospital man on the Vreeland I wanted to see a real doctor on the tender the Puget Sound. What I really did was found somebody to document my story with. The Vreeland's command could not see my side of the story, it did not fit in with the Navy way, ranks and all. If you had more stripes you were right. I saw the doctor on the Puget sound and said I wanted my story documented as I felt I had no protection from the drug users who were harrassing me. She wrote me up as coherent and all and said I was obviously under a lot of tension. I carried her report back to the ship. About this time I really felt plotted against with this trumped up discipline charge, and wrote my folks I feared for my life, and I truly did feel that way about it. I was being talked about all over the ship.

The mess deck MAA accused me of being a narc and informed me he thought I should have my throat ripped out. Another time a mess cook starts yelling narc at me and threatens to kill me.

Catania was the closest town to the tender for us. We were bused there rather than Syracuse, don't ask me why, there was no way to the second town. Catania was explored by foot again, a nice pace to see things as they are. Catania has a poor side of town and a rich side. the line is markedly drawn here. The nice side of town is beautifully laid out with a mansion row and adjoining park, and farther over a shopping area. The poor side of town was real 'red' with socialist clubs on every block. The clubs were sort of poolhalls with propoganda mixed in I guess. In the nice shopping area it was depressing to see the happy well clothed people.