

We ran Anti-submarine Warfare exercises while out in the Indian Ocean or Arabian Sea. I put it that way as who can draw a line between the two from looking at it. The helo would take off and drop sonar bouys around and one of our subs would get in as close as possible and surface and shoot off a smoke bomb. We simulated killing the sub and vice versa. I had the lockout because a whole bunch of manueveuring was going on. + was on my toes and having fun at spotting the smoke bombs, and was the first with the news on a couple of occasions.

By the end of September I finally got word that my letters got to my parents about the situation with the drug using ETs, the death threats and all. The XO called me to his state room and recovered the trouble I was having on his ship with the users. I told him of all the unusual conflicts I had and how I documented with MAA if he had any reason to think I was making up some kind of story. He told me he would write to my folks and tell them all was well. I did not know at the time that my folks got to my United States senator and he had gotten to the Navy to get me moved from the USS Vreeland. Two days later I got orders to the USS Forrestal for reassignment.

The night before I was told to get my gear together and be ready to be heloed to the Forestal. The helo flew at 7:00am and I was given a little crash helmet threw my seabags on the helo and ten minutes later was aboard the USS Forrestal. I didn't have any idea on any of the details of why I was there, but a 8:00 I was having breakfast on CV59. On Sept thirtieth I saw the ships chaplain after i had no kind of answer from the personnel department as to what my future was to be. The chaplain said he would ask around, but that the Vreeland's CO had to decide what to do with me. The day I left the Vreeland Captain's Mast was being held. It had been stalled for all hands for the last month, we were at sea anyway was the cover rationale. I learned later that week from a friend of mine who came over from the Vreeland for some serious medical problem that eight of the B division drug users had been punished at Captain's Mast the day I left. The word was they were to be on restriction for some time, some of them when they got back to Florida. Some lost rank and money and some of the repeaters probably were out of the Navy. My friend said it would be a good idea if I didn't meet up with any of them on the beach when we get liberty, should some of them be off of restriction. I had no reason to trust this friend of mine - he could have been a messenger to get a 'hit' on me.

This first week on the Forrestal was a real bewildering time. No one could tell me what was going on. I was dead tired and had another environment to adjust to. But in no time I was facing a NIS investigation and had to meet eith an agent twice to give him details of the drug usage and individuals I saw using drugs on the Vreeland. I felt safe to talk so I laid open all the information that I had. I ran down the pot users I observed, the hash smokers I saw, and those who were involved in snorting horse that I observed, mind you just in the course of my comings and goings, not out of any amateur sleuth curiosity. The Nis agent wanted to know if there was any ascertainable leader or supplier and I told him the truth that I didn't get into it that far, didn't myself want any so wouldn't really know. What I told him was filed and maybe made available to the MAA on the Vreeland. This was the first time I felt free to talk as after awhile I was afraid of leaks through the chiefs quarters or from being overheard. So I told the NIS agent all he wanted to know was far as I knew it and cleared myself as being a ripped off party to drug dealings as well.