

Time dragged and I felt that I was accomplishing nothing. I was apprehensive about how my career in the Navy would turn out. I thought the whole deal so far was really unfair and prejudiced for a lot of dropout jokers who were having a laugh at my expense. I was extremely disappointed with the people I met in the Navy and could see myself getting more and more withdrawn and mistrusting. I was in charge of dusting and dirty underwear for a month and I thought I should be getting a medal for fighting drugs in the Navy. Believe it or not a system of actually logging in dirty underwear was instituted while I was on the Forrestal, I doubt if it still is in use. Each pair of shorts was recorded in a log and checked off to make sure it wasn't missing or misused. I know it was started after I got my compartment cleaning assignment, and I could help but think it was to give me a extra ration of shit. No other place in the Navy ever used that system and I doubt if the Forrestal still does. The skid mark contest was sort of cute, but it sort of wore thin after a couple of weeks.

A couple of weeks was all I had of that fortunately. By the 23rd of October I was catapulted off the Forrestal headed for San Diego. I left CV59 at 1500 hours and flew to Souda Bay, Crete. The launch off the catapult was a really unique experience. I knew the g forces would be intense. In a C2 such as I flew (a small transport/cargo plane) the passenger (up to ten) face backward, so the force pushes your head toward your knees into a belt. The cat shot is only a hundred yards long and the plane achieves a speed with its engines running so it can float away without entering the water below. The ship makes a few knots and into the wind at that to pull it off easily. I had a little distorted window about at my left earhole and could crane my neck to watch the aviation deck apes hook us up. I thought I'd fight the cat shot and keep looking out the window. I almost got neck cramps in anticipation of the kick of the catapult. I couldn't do it. The launch came unexpectedly and was over in a heartbeat. By the time we dipped of the end of the flight deck I was able to look out at the sea, but the cat shot itself was a blur of force my will could not overcome even with good concentration.

We needed two hours in the little jetprop transport to make Crete. Crete is interestingly rocky from the air. It is dry and mostly brown looking country with small mountains and sparse vegetation made up mostly of cultivated trees. It is as dry looking as the American west. From what I saw there was no feild agriculture as I saw on our liberty in Egypt. We had three days in Alexandria and were set up for a buse tour to Cairo and Cheops. The tour in general stunk quite literally, and the most I can remember is getting a headache on my trip to Cairo. The King Tut exhibit at the Egyptian Museum was adaqueate but not extensive. The museum displayed a great number of minor tombs, but it gave the impression all the great tinkets had been sold off. I guess the scope of the pyramids left an impression, but they failed to shine the way they do in cinematic presentations. Needless to say they are immense but one doesn't realize how crumbly and picked over they are until they get there. The Sphynx's face has entirly fallen away. I remember this wonder of the world as crumbly mounds. It takes a bit of imagination to visualize them crisp and painted as they must once have been. The 'hey, Joes' are truly a pain in the ass all over Egypt