

and four o'clock in the morning came and went, and the flight was moved back to 1120 in the am.

I availed myself of the snack bar with my dwindling funds, and wound up counting one hot meal between these two days. The last time for the C-5 was correct. We would cross the Atlantic in 12 hours. The C-5 was a fantastic thing to look at. It is easily three times taller than a regular passenger jet. It was designed to have trucks and such drive into it's cargo bay. We were seated forward and in front of the cargo area., in decent seating. Regulations required earplugs again, but the noise was less as the engines were a good distance from the fuselage. I got a few more hours of sleep.

We arrived at 1545 Dover, Delaware time, about nine hours later. Me and three others were hustled into a van from the air base to Philadelphia after getting our tickets to our destinations. I was initially set up to stop over in Chicago and connect up directly to San Diego. When I was dropped off in Philadelphia it was raining and colder than I had felt in years. I waited in the ticket line and when I got to the counter found out my flight was down because the weather was bad in Chicago. I bitched and they set me up with a TWA flight to L.A. that connected from there to San Deigo. My plane to L.A. came at 2200 and I fell asleep sporadically and was awakened for some yukky lunch at 0115 the next day. I arrived in L.A. after dozing off to Rocky II with no sound track at 0130 L.A. time. TWA closes it's office at night, and my funds were slowly dwindling. I was quite a wreck and way into a state of insomnia. I put two real hours of sleep together in two days, and the last time I had what could be considered a real sleep was in Sicily, and five hours at that. When TWA opened up I guess I was functioning on sheer will power alone. I tried to sleep in the terminal before I did my business to get to San Deigo but the faint voices of people talking played on my nerves something fierce and I drifted in and out of a light doze. At 0645 the 26th of October I flew Golden West to San Deigo. I had breakfast in the terminal lobby, called the USS Barbour County and found out nobody would come get me. They got these vans in San Deigo called the short run. I paid \$3.95 for a ride to the base and the new ship. I found out later the regular ride was \$1.00 on a route these guys have. I got to the ship and it took a good length of time to get me a bunk. I think the people could easily tell I was one exhausted sailor just by looking at me without hearing my story. The first couple of people I talked to didn't know I was coming. A bunch of hub-bub took place and they eventually decided to take me with my orders and get me settled in. I only got to take my medical record with me along with the orders, so there I was a basic bootcamp BT who already did a cruise to Beirut. With no money, no car, and no way to substantiate a story I was in quite a position. After a couple of days of getting the run around in administration I wrote a letter to my US Senator again asking if he could help get my service record to me. I went on quite a bit how I'd be forever in his debt for getting me off the Vreeland. He really saved my life and I was glad he did. I ran into the captain who I had not been introduced to in any way a couple days after I arrived. The personnel men were having a feild day running me around the ship on check-ins and other matters of my transfer.