

As I said my POIC carried on a campaign about finding out the details of my experience on the Vreeland. I finally broke against my better judgement and told him. I couldn't tell by looking at him if he believed me, but no one much believed me anyway. When I finally went to mast I told the captain I wanted to tell him and anybody who wanted to hear about the Vreeland and said I was having trouble because I could not tell anyone I informed on the old shipmates for fear another reign of terror would develop similar to the one I just left. I said it was rough keeping a secret like that and I knew that people like the ones on the Vreeland would crawl out of the woodwork and start in on the same routine I experienced there. When I wrote up my POIC I guess I was right. There would be no end of his harassment. If I could have been treated like the rest of the crew things would have worked out, but due to my supervision that was not to be.

The captain really put on a hell of an act at that first mast. I did not have the proper uniform and did not have any money to get one as I was never paid for third class yet, and was scrounging around on about forty bucks a week. He let that slide. He started in on a dramatic presentation of where I stood on the ship. He told me quite graphically about taking orders while lunging at me as I stood at attention before the podium. I went over the situation and

felt my plea was reasonable. He said if somebody tells you to jump just ask how far. I think I was tested to see if I could stand at attention with out jumping, because the freak would rush up to me and stick his nose right up against mine. He felt the POIC had a right to push me around, which he did not. I guess the old jerk was trying to see if I exaggerated the way the POIC handled me. Maybe the captain thought the world of the POIC and I had uncovered his true nature when he took the piss test. Things were going on in the old man's mind and he put on quite a show. He told me I was in the 'belly of the beast' and forget all that stuff that happened and 'Stand up straight and walk like a man.' I think in reality he did not like the way I weaseled out of this case by taking down my boss.

The incident I wrote up for was ridiculous. It was about changing a locker after all. Discipline can be carried too extremes. If an appeal went to the commodore it would look silly, so the captain decided to put me on probation and suspended a nasty punishment if I stayed out of trouble for six months. If I screwed up I'd get bread and water for three days, reduced in rank, a fine and restriction for a month.

I guess it all proves there was no getting along with drug users. If I was out smoking pot and snorting PCP I might have had less trouble, but I knew that drugs only made me feel sick so I avoided them. I had to adjust with a supreme depression as I never would be accepted in OCS now. I really thought my RA would get put to better use. With the incompetent junior officer I met on this ship I would have really excelled. I was even denied any travel expenses by this command. After five days of travel under the conditions I mentioned the disbursin officer wanted bsck \$10.00 he thought I was overpaid. Per diem was set at \$50.00 to take care of food and expenses. I got none of that. I was not on leave and reported right to the ship cause I was broke. I tried to get an appeal of the case on the Vreeland and that never came through either, so it stayed a black mark on my record although I got the third class stripe.

Things remained grim with no car in San Deigo. I could have took a bus trip to Disneyland, or went to Marineland, or Oceanville, or whatever, but I was down for months. It was the pits to ride the bus off the base with the sailors to strip joints or nude encounter clubs. What sort of a pervert wants to talk to a bare ass chick anyway. I started in running quite a bit. I started out at four miles and limped it for a couple weeks. After awhile I could round the base in about an hour or if I felt real good less. When I finally hit some sort of form I was doing four miles in forty five minutes.