

I can not remember any kind of entertainment before the WESTPAC cruise other than bumming around downtown and Tijuana. A trolley to Tijuana was convenient and I guess I made two trips in three months, it wasn't that great a deal. I liked the restaraunts down there for there food. I had seen enough of roaches in the Navy to not be upset by uninvited dinner guests. I still paid on the damn motor home and funds were scarce. With third class I spent about sixty dollars a week if I got the notion. At the end of December I still had no seabag and I put in a special tracer again, and found it had moved but was not ~~mama~~ in San Diégo. I called the supply office weekly with no kind of results. Before I left I found the Star of India museum and toured that old merchant sailing ship. It has history, but truthfully looking at an empty hold is no big thrill. The quarters and mess deck were nicely done. It was nice to see it sitting with the sails flapping around and fantasize. The Berkeley was an old fairy ferry and converted into a museum. The engine room and boilers were left in it and it was wild to see a three cylinder reciprocating engine from the last century. The crank is exposed and seemed directly hooked to the shaft. It had all the details down to the oil cups which were filled manually. The boiler room decayed pretty much. On other decks of the Berkeley one could marvel at models of all sorts of ships. The Medea was a small steam yacht. It was tirty of forty feet long. The boiler and engine were in a tight little hole and looked like a one man operation. That would be a fun task. The museum was worth the couple ~~thous~~ bucks to see all that.

We made a predeployment cruise in January before we took off at the end of the month. That gave me a luxurious three months on shore, after a eight month cruise. I arrived in an overhaul period as it was so time was not plentiful. With a five man division on boilers things had to be done just like on a Steam ship. As many bolts hold together a little boiler as a big one. And since the donkey boilers, such as the auxilliary boilers are called, do not get a chemical cleaning like propulsion boiler they are torn down completely and mechanically cleaned. How the Navy saves money this way is beyond me. All my time on the Vree saw no mechanically cleaned waterside. These two lousy little donkey noilers were forever being water jettted. We had no scale to talk about and kept the boiler water treated, but the things were always apart. I wondered if my POIC was trying to show he was doing a good job this way. In three months I made little progress with the crew members either. Let's face it I was no longer a teeny bopper and could not get into the things they enjoyed.

The sailors must have been into some awfully heavy partying because we had incidents of guys urinating on the floor, I mean big puddles, and going through the dry heaves for half an hour. There is no kind of enjoyment in that behavior, but there were many cases of this sort of thing. One second class BT just wouldn't get out of his rack one day. He was sick, alcholol related disabled. He was busted and sent on vaction for six weeks to dry up in Florida. Navy justice. If a guy had enough time to do for his country after he reenlisted more than likely he went to the funny farm instead of being booted out and fined for his reenlistment bonus. One other BT went UA, the same as army AWOL, for months on end and did it twice, and remained in theservice because he took a \$10-16,00 dollar reenlistment bonus. I think a guy ripping off my tax dollars should just get brig time at his regular pay rate until he pays back with hard labor, and then get a bad conduct discharge. If you cry enough and plead for mergy you can get away with plenty in the Navy, if you see through the bullshit, the Navy gets upset, and you get nailed. That seems to be the administrative definition of pride.