

On the way to P.I. the seas were heavy. Our boy sea sick was getting less sea sick until we hit a little storm. The ship pitched around so badly they had to replace the gruel with boiled hot dogs and chili and a couple meals closed the mess line down. I do not get sea sick, but this one storm on the way to P.I. really tired me out. Hours of hanging on to a handwheel on watch and bouncing off the bulkheads really wore you out after only one day. The storm lasted two. Sleeping was easy enough as you dozed off, but within a half hour you would be flipped around grasping at a handrail as the ship did a fantastic roll. Our boy seasick disappeared until a day after the seas went down. He was trying to get out of the Navy by then.

We were starting to notice my division was not able to make enough water about this time into the cruise. The ocean temperature was going up and the setup, Made in my home town, quit putting out as much. I think the big circulating pumps lost efficiency or something. The guys were thirsty, and a lot of clean up water was needed for all the marines who barfed in the storm. We started on water hours and the ship really started to smell. We could get water any old time, if you want a drink of warm untreated water. It was distilled and no one got sick from it. You tend to be less hypochondriac when you are living in a 120F environment and are very thirsty. We would get drinking water turned on every hour for the engineering spaces due to heat stress regulations. I had a cruise already and had adjusted to the heat once for a long time and was settling into that mode of existence on the physical plane again. What was once extreme discomfort turn into an annoyance. There was no weather deck time with the number of hands on board, so you continually sweated. You could get a little air during the day, but coming off a watch in the evening meant you could wash up if there was water, sometimes even shower, but then you had to hit your rack in a sweated up atate. The perspiration would flow from your forehead over your ears as you laid on your back, and as exhausted as you were you would sleep. When you awoke you were clammy, and within an hour completely broke into a swaet again.

We had a privilege of rate on the BT Flats. It was the feed tank shower. While the grunts smelled the picae up after three days of no showers we would enjoy a little drain valve on the bottom of the boiler feed tank. We fooled one chief by filling the tank solely by distilling to start off and ran the condensate overboard. Later we would cut condensate back to the tank and enjoy the difference in showers. We had to be careful to blance the feed usage as he got a report sporadically and bitched when too much got used. We knew he was on to us, but never showed up at the right time to catch some he bare ass behind the boiler hosing down with the boiler feed water. After awhile the grease and all built up and seriously, it was a wonder we were not caught for smelling good.