

After that night I was burned out, but on purpose as we sailed the next day for Java. This was my first time over the equator and we gauged the heat by the water temperature which was up to 86F. That's one hot ocean. The space temperature got up to as high as 128F and everybody turned into monsters to say the least. At least the back biting lessened as everyone's energy went down. I was suffering from heat stroke and barely stayed conscious under those conditions. I finally dropped the feed water on one watch and was bitten up for it as well. The reasoning behind it was that I was told many times to not drop the water. It did not matter if the system was not set up in regular operating conditions and I was sick. I later went to mast and was reduced to fireman, the above reasoning did not help at all. Others on board were dropping purifiers full of oil, that stuff costs money, and having no disciplinary problems. I was just plain being watched to close. I could see where water was lost by others on the org, but not singled out. A couple of times I saw distilling topped off twice on other watches, but nothing said. I really didn't care anymore, I could forget OCS since the Vreeland thing was stuck on my record.

We pulled into Surabaya and found a very nice looking base. Their Navy had quite a few ships that looked on the most part to be hand me down but probably ruled the area quite well. Surabaya is a large town, million plus population. A fifteen foot tall indian warrior statue meets you at the dock. The Indonesian Navy Band played a tune for us when we pulled in. I felt like my shoes were melting into the weather deck as we stood there manning the rail. The set up in this port was a bus ride into town. It was a military base occupied by natives and not set up for US sailors. When we got to town we found it was pretty much a party like the P.I. You had high class treatment here as well though. The hotels were American standard and about half priced. Drinks and food were neighborhood price in the nice motels. I did my usual walking tour and shopped around. There was no McDonald's but they had the Colonel. I don't eat at the Colonel at home and skipped it. I found european still supermarkets, I call them that because they had European items. One time i munched a nutritious can of cocktail weenies, but mostly had beer or pops as the heat killed my appetite quite a bit. In the heat about all I could enjoy was an omlet or eggs at breakfast while

I was cool. I found a liquor store in a food store and bought an ornamental bottle of Chinese wine to send home. It is still decorative but I forgot the seal at reduced atmosphere would rupture, so the contents got a airplane cargo hangar drunk. I picked out a 45¢ bottle of native WHISKY. It looked like a disposable beer bottle, but that stuff really put me on a bender. I drank about four ounces and let my crew sample it.

Once downtown a rander would shuffle you off on a two dollar ride to the 'jungle'. With two to four guys in a car that was not bad. You could have a guy peddle you on a trike for 50¢, but I would make it a buck even and make the poor guy happy. The jungle setup was such that you could have a drink in a lounge in a house and meet a woman you desired, or who latched on to you. It was funny as the girls would shower up in this one place off on the side of the lounge and you could sit there and watch the young naked beauties while you figured out what to do. as far as I was concerned they were all beautiful as I drank the whisky. I went with an older husky woman of thirty or so for ten dollars for a short time.

She was really strong and did something I never saw before. She hungs on to my rubber and clamped on to it with her pussy while making some Indonesian sounds of joy. That leaves an impression.