

was going on much along the lines of the US programs.

We got something like a week in Bunbury. I jogged some and so discovered the town. A park was placed on top of the highest hill and gave one the whole of Bunbury in panorama. I must admit that the restraunts drove me to the mess decks. They wanted too much the food was bad and they had bugs. The people were not really upset with us being there but not too outgoing or interested either. The VFW gave us a free beer party and the captain gave a speech and was really a jerk. The ex-corporal was better said than our old man. I hung around an hour and told some old hard of hearing old guy about how sailing was for us, and he spilled what he knew about or could still recall about World War II. Still it was disgusting to watch the XO grinning at the old man's cloddish speech at that event. I was embarrassed to see the lack of class our top representative displayed. There were only a half a hundred locals there and no big deal but his presentation bordered at rudness.

We went back out to sea and headed for the Phillipines. By this time my sexual attitude was on a par with the rest of my crewmates. If I felt up to it I would be out butterflying. For a guy such as myself it was a sort of paradise. Due to my continuing financial drought I was truly accustomed to being a loner and never met any women as I could never establish myself in a community. I had absolutely no respect in any feild of work and had taken the lowliest of jobs with no sort of future. My dollars bought me a life I knew existed and never dreamed of and I lived like a millionaire. It was amazing how my self image and confidence improved with sucess at something as basic as sex. I was far from any social activity in my own country and truly socially disfunctional. I went through a type of transformation from a ugly overweight old castoff and imagined my self as a sort of prince. There were moments my proper upbringing and morality depressed me but a real outlet for my years of frustration was reasily at hand and I used it. The Navy was slowly and surely taking away my competence and self-image as a professional through its unbending military pecking order and I had lost my hope for a career in the service. The women were willing and I had money for them.

One night I was picked up from the street by a young woman. We jumped into a jitney and went to her apartment. When we got there she removed her close and fucked my brains out. For some days after her manic pounding showed bruises on the meat around my penis. I could never keep up with such aggressive and hard athletic intercourse. I was too drunk that day to remember any details but had the evidence of some real hard sexual action. I couldn't fathom what this woman wanted from me as I couldn't stick with her on this last stop. I assumed she was living in pocerty and left fifty pesos with her and felt mentally devastated in a way not understanding the situation but the alcohol numbed any true sensations of the experience.

I found an old gal at a bar called Daisy Mays, a really low class place on my last stop. There was no reason to not take a younger woman but I liked her style. She was experienced and easy going and spoke more than the younger girls and was open to showing me di ferent intercourse. I can remeber her mounting me with her top hole with her rump on top of me on my back and ~~showing~~ back of her right shoulder on my left and humping away for many moments. This novel approach seemed to allow her an excellent control as we both relaxed at a medium heat. I swelled and flashed and did not come for what semmed an eternity of bliss until we actually came to a verbal agreement to climax.