

That will be about an end to my sexual experimentation for the trip. After the last stay in P.I. we headed up to Japan and did another manuever. When we pulled into Japan we had to take a boiler down totally and do waterside and firesides. Liberty was non-existent and all I saw of Japan was Yokosuka at night. I had off one afternoon early and walked around town seeing Japanese life. I never had time to go to Tokyo. Yokosuka was a permanent military base and the locals did not have a class to service the sailors as in the P.I. Whores were scarce and the small population of them were taxed heavily by the sailors who had to go through a very unprivate system to use them.

The bars had them pay at the door and they could have sexual service in the back in a quick manner or the sailors could perform on stage in front of a crowd. I disliked the atmosphere and only relate the stories I heard. The population was conditioned to be courteous to us but not actually cordial. I imagine the fear of disease from us was intense as the Japanese are extremely neat people on an individual basis.

The town was not all that well kept and litter was of our proportions and the property of the town looked faded and rundown but maintained. The department stores were nice to visit even with the incomprehensible chatter of the crowds. Items were displayed on the order of our Sears and the electronic main was apparent. Every design in electronics was available here. A computer system with word processing was in the \$2,000 range, somewhat higher than in the states. I saw a beautiful combination with stand about half the American price. CRT computer word processor and stand that takes much more to get here. Home entertainmet and TV systems were not exceeding bargains but the designs were fascinating.

A sort of Italian look had taken the population. Other than the oriental faces you would think the clothing was the same as I saw in Italy. The kimono days were over as far as I could see. The men all favored suits as did the women. I hate to say it is racial but the uniformity of these people is fantastic. It might stem from the ancestor worshipping past but the uniformity of style in this country is phenomenal. Individuality means failure for the people and they conform with an unbelievable fanaticism.

Things on board need some note here. My boss was fucked up nearly the entire time. He was drunk every night and had been this way before and used habit to get him by. He worked face on the workers who rebuilt our evaporator electric heaters and pulled a boiler tube for examination. The workers showed him respect as he dealt with them and laughed as he left the work areas. I do not know what they thought of me but we seemed to have a means of communication and I listened to their tongue which was inflectually decipherable. I was used by the POIC with threats of restriction and curtailed liberty and worked more than the rest of the division. I was already a fireman and had no sort of say and had to fight to get others of the division to even help a little. I was basically conned into repainting the firerrom in the past through this routine and got no revognition. My incentive was now merely staying off restriction.

The fellow I mentioned as Mr. UA had a romantic problem now that he was to see his P.I. cherry girl no more. He left letter from his wife who lived in Montana around and the guys took to reading them, behind his back of course. She wrote him about her boyfriends who gave her use of their cars and drugs. I don't know what he thought but we seemed to intuit she was living quite a life while he was out at sea. She moved from place to place and had trouble with her folks and roomates she picked up with. One fellow kept trying to give her rings and such and fought other of her boyfriends. We added it up but Mr. UA couldn't She was even getting her teeth fixed for free by the local dentist who supplied her valuable mediation.