

Page 61

and didn't have to act out this lie and could tell the officer knew what was going on. The command could not beat this man's lawyer on the dependent fraud, but had caught him red handed in the PMS coverup. Shore steam would have to have been secured for the job and tags removed to do the jog. None of this was done in any form, and I had never been scheduled or signed in the log for having done the work.

My POIC was being had. He was up for reenlistment and had done his own self in this time through mere negligence. It was not the only case the officers discovered and he went to mast two time on two seperate charge of covering up work that was never done. I was not even needed as a witness as his paperwork was that obviously negligent.

Mr. UA faced a court martial before I left and although gone a second time within eighteen months pledged his honor on never doing it again and was reduced in rank, put on probation and restriction to the ship, and got off easy considering the brig time and discharge he should have got for this second offense. He was proud of the military but just had problems with his wife. He was high on drugs when they got him to San Diego, but no matter. He had a year to ask out of the Navy on a bad conduct clause as well. He felt he could redeem himself.

I am sure Mr. UA went rthrough hell in that restriction. He was left with the guy who broke his hand who never worked on the gear except sporadically and did half ass work. I magined how fun it would be lighting off the plant with that guys work on the distilling plant cooler zincs half done. He was assigned the job and tried to bully me into completing it, and although it was half done so it showed no sign of being faultly I did not feel I wanted to help him out that much, since I was leaving anyway. One day me and the other dude packed a potable water pump that was done at the shore facility, I watched him ruptur a quarter inch guage line which would produce another showere. When the guy with the broken hand and Mr. UA lit off for the cheif all of them were going to take a bath. a bath their attitude had ordered for them.

I worked out my restriction and went camping in the forest east of San Diego a couple of time to get out of the mad house. It looked like I'd be on vacation permanently by xx Christmass. My POIC was out of the NAVY with a general discharge just like his boy he tried so hard to fuck up, so a justice of destruction had worked itself out. The guy with the broken hand would actually have to work and get in a bunch of trouble on his leak he was scheduled to do and Mr. UA went rthrough withdawal from the outside world.

The day I left a ceremony was going on at the Sliver Strand across the bay and cannon were fired. I loaded my junk in the old VW van and headed east over the mountains .