

Doug's Diary

Friday, Nov. 25, 1966

We were herded on to the "M.S. Dumea" about eleven this morning. Boarding was a mass of confusion... even more confusing as I did not know what anyone was saying or yelling about. I understand that there are about 1000 passengers – Arabs, Indians, Pakistanians, and, oh, yes, an American. We have all made ourselves at home wherever we could find a vacant place on the deck. I am located on the "outer deck" where the wind blows! In this certain area, of about 50×60 feet (which should include room from (or for) walking) we are about sixty strong, and I mean "strong." Down below there are two enclosed decks. Here several have set up their little shops, selling about anything one would care to buy (to waste money on) – most of the goods were made in China. Also below is the "eating center" where our meals are served (delicious, if you like rice morning, noon and night) to us at one long seventy-five degree angle table by bare-footed, skinny men dressed in their "T: shirt and shorts which they put on last week or maybe the week before. Meal time is "exercise time" as I'm constantly on guard to avoid being splattered with food.

We did not get underway until about four this afternoon and are scheduled to dock in Bombay (India) on the 2nd of December.

Saturday, Nov. 26, 1966

Last night was a wonderful night of peaceful "wind blown" sleep. My bed of boards is not the softest in the area, but at least I will not slip or roll over the side for a few live "bodies" are lying on either side of me.

We dock this morning at the port of a small so-called "country" of Bahrain about 11:00 a.m. I managed to leave the ship and walk about four miles to the city. I had to hurry back, but did have time to stop in a small tea shop. I was befriended almost immediately by an Arab who wanted to try out what little English he knew. He bought me tea, as they always do and then gave me his address as they usually do. Left him with my address written on the back of the best Arabic tract available – "Here's How."

I went back and reclaimed my passport at the customs office and then began to walk down the long half-mile "dock road" but the police called me back, indicating that I was not allowed to walk, but had to pay for a taxi. This has happened to me several times before, especially after I'm spotted as being English or American. One is allowed to "get" into a certain situation then asked to pay to "get out." This time, as several times before, I refused to pay, mainly because I didn't have any money! The police captain had become involved by now and I politely but sternly reminded him that I may be an American, but not a "rich American;" then I asked him what his "cut" was in the taxi charge – he let me walk!

Enjoyed a tour of the “U.S.S. Johnston” destroyer which was docked at the same port. Surely was nice to be on American “soil” again! A Navy “beach man” showed me a few of the small arms he used in action. It felt strange to hold a Thompson machine gun in my hands again after six years. Wanted to fire it, but we thought I’d better not as America is still on peaceful terms with Arabia – as far as politics go (certainly not with Christianity!). Trust the Saviour will bless the small witness that went forward on the ship, especially with our guide, Larry.

We finally sailed from Bahrain about 4:00 p.m. I now have an English speaking man from Pakistan bedded down next to me. He moved here as we had spoken previously and he wanted to talk more. He’s a good looking man of about fifty who has been working in England for the past five years. His name is Mohammed Khan and, yes, he is a Moslem. As the beautiful Asian moon “God’s creation” shined on us tonight we spoke at some length of the Koran and the Bible. He said that Moslems believe both “books.” I explained to him (Praise the Lord for His Spirit’s leading!) that this is impossible and then centered our discussion on the person of Jesus. He was amazed at the discussion and thus in turn explained what I said to his friends on the other side of him.