

pants, big old clodhopper shoes, and needed a haircut. Among all the clean-shaven crew coming aboard the ship, I was the only one who stood out. Right away I caught a new name. Someone yelled, "Hey look, Jungle Jim is coming aboard." I was assigned to A division at the beginning. I was a machinist mate and I was in the room with Mr. Bar and Mr. Gerber. To me this is a joke, I'm not being radical or nothing. This really happened. When I first got into the Navy with a bunch of yankees, my name was Gonzales, an old Spanish name from Texas and all the yankees called me Gonzeles, Gonzeles. So after a few months time I answered to the name Gonzeles. On the minesweeper a new division officer took over; he was from Louisiana; he was a frenchman; he called me Gonzoleus, Gonzoleus. When I went on board the North Carolina, I answered to Mr. Bar and Mr. Gerber and Mr. Gerber says, "What is you name?" I can't remember whether I said Gonzeles or Gonzoleus. But he was from Arizona and when I said Gonzoleus, he said, "Your name is Gonzales. Say Gonzales." So I said, "Gonzales," and he answered in Spanish "hablas Espanole?" And I said "Si!" So he said, "Don't you ever let me hear you talking that Mexican. You are an American on an American ship." I said, "Yes Sir, Yes Sir." Now I laugh about it, but at the time I was probably confused. Now I'm just proud of it, proud of my heritage too because we are all Americans.

[Was Mr. Gerber?]

My division officer.

[Your division officer]

Yes. He and I, he liked me after that, he just told me that to put me straight to begin with. In the old Navy we obeyed the rules and we were proud of it. When I was assigned to after diesel generator room,