

and things I recall back there; first off, everyone had to serve three months mess cooking which is the same thing as KP in the army. No matter where I went, I had to get the three months over with. I got the mess cook duty off and I was assigned to the after diesel generator room. The people I would like to remember, who stand out, Pat Pasqualivella, they called him Pat Vella, from Rockport, Illinois; Dagma from New Orleans, and Eagleburger from Utah. I remember when I met Eagleburger, he kept saying "I'm not a Mormon, I'm from Utah but I'm not a Mormon." He was Paul Richard Eagleburger. Incidentally we wrote each other and lately he is a detective in Arizona. I believe it is Farmington, New Mexico or Mesa, Arizona, one of the two places. Patrick Bonclayberry from L.A. I remember him well.

I made a wooden ship inside of a bottle. Incidentally I have one of them at home and I'm going to send it over here one of these days. The first one I made, I constructed it and put it in the bottle and put wax to keep it in place. I got a little wax and no one has ever, ever known this, and this is the first time that I'm going to put it in the record. If it had happened thirty years ago, I would have been shot in the fan-tail. But once I put that wax in a bottle and I got some on the sail. After that it didn't look good so I figured I'd put it all on the sail to make it look even. I had a cold iron watch, which meant that everybody on the forward diesel generator didn't have any duty. We'd just stand by. I was a machinist mate then, and I had a fireman and he went out somewhere by coincidence. I put the bottle on the hot plate to melt the wax, and it clicked, and the whole thing set on fire. I got a blanket and smothered that and the fireman came back there and said "what has happened?" "Oh nothing." Incidentally the fireman is just like a deck four seaman on the lower rate, machinist mate. No one