

It was on a Friday, and I remember they drug me off. I had a big swelled up bruise on my left leg. I went up there and they drug me to sick bay. Someone said "this man just fell off a ladder." I don't want to use no profane language but they said, "you get that SOB out of here. This is a field day and we got captain's inspection tomorrow. Bring him back Monday," If you recall this was war time conditions and up there a man was just another man. Now we laugh about little things like that. After all, I lived, so I don't think it was too bad.

In 1942, everything was spam, spam, spam for breakfast, dinner and supper with eggs. Then they had powdered eggs and then dehydrated spuds. Then they got a little bit better and a little bit better for a while. Now that I'm old and think about it, they had the finest food but we were young and criticized the cook and everybody else. There was a chief steward, his name was Jackson and for awhile he started giving nothing but bologna. I remember everybody making their "Oh horse collar Jackson." Somebody starts calling the captain, everybody, and they are going to throw him overboard. If I recall right they had an orderly with him for awhile. I believe and followed him around for a few weeks and they finally changed the menu. Actually it was just a rough time for everyone. But we were just young kids and I remember everybody talking about it and then everybody going to the captain. Everybody went around and they said if anyone gives the name of who it was, they would get thirty days leave when he gets in. Nobody knew who it was. I remember that about the food, but it was just rough in those days. See, I came on board around June or July 1943 and I stayed all the way until the war was ended. I had, soon as the war was ended, I got off. Everybody west of the Mississippi had to get off at Pearl Harbor. I begged to stay with the ship, but the only way I could stay was to sign on for four years.