

on this ship that I think reflects the basic foundation of regulation. A regulation to the pre World War II man was the perfectly everyday normal way of following his assignments and duties. I didn't bother him. If they told us to wear a pink ribbon in our hair, we'd wear one; it didn't bother us. He did not have the time element, and it takes approximately a year to get a ship like this into commission with all the bugs work down and the crew click, click, click. We did not have that time in those days. The war hit us in December. He took and he kept us at general quarters and he had us every seaman every officer trained to a combat perfection within six months. Sure practice we needed, and actual shooting a little more yes, but I mean getting there, being assigned and being relied upon. So that you found this in all of the earlier months of this ship. We didn't mind a Saturday inspection in the old fleet. This was normal before you even went on liberty, standing an inspection and your locker was perfect and your bunks and all that. So as a "Man of Warsman" at this time, yes, we did very very much have a good foundation and a pride in our looks, our being in the ship, and our duties.

[You considered it a good ship. In terms of the ships crew, did they really indentify with the ship?]

Absolutely, as you know, I'm retired Navy; I did twenty-seven and a half years. It stems right from the top. A Captain that instills or his officers or his petty officers that takes upon their shoulders the personal installation into the individual of correctness, and the understanding of some of the man's problem so that he feels that he is a personality instead of a number or a uniform. You can't cut it off at any certain place; it has to come all the way down to the individual.