

THE LIFE OF J. D. HARVEY

Written in 1987.

I was born June 13th, 1921 at Willow Grove, Texas, a small community south of Moody, Texas. I was the sixth of ten children of Pearl Goad Harvey and Charles Henry (Buster) Harvey, two boys and one girl died while still infants; three boys and four girls grew to adults. There were two boys and two girls older than I and two girls younger than I.

When I first remember, we lived at China Springs, Texas. I don't think we were there very long. We went from there to West Texas where we all picked cotton. In 1926 we moved to Fulton, Arkansas. I remember dad and the older kids cutting pulpwood. That fall we moved to Oklahoma, where again we picked cotton. We stayed there the next year and farmed on the halves. We made a good crop that year. That was the year I started school, but I got sick after about a month and didn't go back to school there. Dad sold his crop in the field and bought a truck and we moved back to Arkansas. That was in the fall of 1927. I started to school again in Arkansas.

We made a crop at Cedar Grove in Arkansas in 1928. That fall dad traded his mules and plow tools for another truck and we went back to Oklahoma, but he couldn't find any land to rent so we went back to Arkansas and rented some land and made a crop at Floral in 1929. We also went to school at Floral.

In the fall of 1929 he rented some land at McJester, Arkansas, which is about 12 miles from Floral. The year of 1930 was the beginning of the Great Depression. There was a terrible drought that year and we didn't make any crop at all. The man we rented from owned a general store and he would furnish us from one crop to the next. In the summertime we cut wood and hauled it to town four miles for \$1.00 per wagonload and were glad to get that.

We raised almost everything we had to eat. We had a big orchard of peaches, pears, and apples. We cut and dried fruit, and also canned some. We grew a lot of pinto beans, black-eyed peas that we would let dry on the vine and pick and thresh them to have to eat that winter. Also we would plant a big patch of both Irish and sweet potatoes for which we would build a big mound of dirt and put straw under them and cover the potatoes with dirt to keep them from freezing because it got very cold there. We would also take apples and pears and use Sears Roebuck catalogues and wrap

each piece of fruit separate and put them in boxes and store them in the storm house. Some years they would last to almost Christmas.

No one had any money in the community at that time. We even took our car and tore it up and made a wagon out of it. Sunday we always went to church. That was a big day. We didn't have a church house, but had church in the schoolhouse. We would have a Methodist preacher one Sunday and a Baptist preacher the next. We had Methodist Sunday school and Baptist BYPU on Sunday night. We had a two-room schoolhouse. The school year was not very long because of not enough money to pay the teacher, but we always had to wait until we got all of our cotton picked before we started to school.

Dad traded for a shingle mill while we were there, fixed it up, and for about two years we cut shingles for other people. They would cut the timber and bring it to us and we would cut them for half of the shingles which we would sell or trade for anything.

In 1934 dad bought a place of about 125 acres down on Little River. It was mostly in timber. We rented some river bottomland to farm. By the time the market for lumber had begun to come up we did cut some timber and sell it for lumber. That's how he made the payments on the place. In 1936 dad began to get itchy feet again so he found someone to take up the payments on the place and he sold everything he had and bought an old truck and we moved back to Moody, Texas, None of the kids wanted to leave as we were getting old enough to have a few friends and didn't want to leave. In 1936 and '37 I was told that the man that bought the place, Mr. Toll, sold enough timber off the place to pay for it.

When we got to Moody it was in the early winter. Most of the land was already rented, so dad and the two older boys got work plowing for other people. He traded the truck for a smaller truck and several cords of wood cut and delivered to Stampede where we lived. Dad sold wood for a while. We started to school at Stampede. It was almost mid term. We had not started to school in Arkansas so when we started at mid term we were so far behind that we all were put back one grade. Pauline didn't like school so she quit. That left only Mildred and myself and Hazel. Hazel was in the tenth grade and really did want to get a high school education.

After the first of the year, 1936, dad found a place to rent near Holland, Texas. Dad borrowed money from the Rehabilitation Association and bought four mules and some plow tools. So we tried farming the place in 1936. I believe that was the most rocks and cuckleburrs on any 100 acres anywhere I've ever seen.

Mildred and I started to school in Holland and somehow we did pass that year. Hazel stayed in Moody and worked for her board and room and did manage to finish high school. Louis did work for other people most of the time so I did most of the plowing that year. Needless to say, we made a very sorry crop.

That fall dad found a place at Moody for rent so we moved back to Moody. They wanted someone with a tractor to farm it, so somehow dad talked the Rehabilitation Association into loaning him enough money to buy a tractor. We were late, but Mildred and I started back to school at Stampede. I finished the ninth grade and that was as high as they taught there. So in 1938 I started to Moody in the tenth grade. We had to miss a lot of school to help with the farming. The farming came first and the school second. I passed all subjects except English the last semester, knowing that I had failed one subject and doubted that if I would get a chance to go back to school, I decided I would just quit school. I couldn't see much future at home.

Alvin McKamey, Bobby Carr, Orbie Guthrie and I went to Temple and joined the National Guard. After about three months in the National Guard Alvin and I decided to join the Navy. We were only seventeen years old and our parents wouldn't sign any papers for us. In April 1939 dad talked to the County Judge and he suggested me to join the CCC Camp for six months and then if I still wanted to go to the Navy to let me go. I agreed to that. They thought if I was sent off from home that six months would be all I wanted. I was sure I would get to go to Arizona or California or somewhere like that. We were sent to Bartlett, Texas 20 miles south of Temple, 35 miles from home.

In the CCC Camp you got paid \$30 a month, but you only got \$8. The other \$22 was sent home. You couldn't own or drive a car within 30 miles of Bartlett. It was real easy for the CCC boys to hitch-hike rides on the weekend, so I went home most every weekend. I liked the CCC Camp. I was there only a month when I was assigned to the garage. We did light maintenance on all the cars and trucks. All cars and trucks had governors on them so they would only run 30 miles per hour. The governor was very easy to break and when the governor broke they would have to let the truck set until I carried them another truck. I was the only one that had a special license to drive without a governor. We had two cars that belonged to management of the Departments of Agriculture that didn't have governors.

Mr. Franks, a retired Army sergeant, was in charge of all the cars and trucks in the garage. He talked to me a lot about going to the Navy. He had stayed in the Army 30 years. He was always telling me how the Navy had many more opportunities than the

Army. So at the end of the six months I went to Waco with a boy by the name of Bill Underwood and signed up for the Navy. They were not taking many in so we were told that we would be on a waiting period. So we went back to camp and signed up for another six months in the CCC to wait for the Navy to call us. Bill had some mix-up on his papers so when the call came for me. That was on February the 9th. Bill's papers were not ready, but the recruiter told us that Bill could come to wherever I went so I went to Waco the 9th of February, was put on the train to Dallas where we would take our physical examination. I was sworn into the Navy on the afternoon of February the 10th, 1940. We were put on a train that night at 10:00 p.m. for San Diego, California. That was the beginning of a great experience in my life.

The first day on the train when it came time for lunch, we had lamb chops. Growing up on the farm where we ate anything that was set before us, I had a big surprise. I guess lamb chops were the first thing I ever pushed back from the table. The train ride in itself was something when we got to the mountains. I had seen some pretty good-sized hills in the Ozarks, but when we hit the Rocky Mountains that was something else. We saw snow in Arizona. I never thought that it would be seven years before I saw snow again.

When we got to Needles, California the train stopped at the Harvey House for lunch and the temperature was over 100 degrees. I thought that was the hottest place in the world. The next night we got to Los Angeles about 6:00 p.m., had a layover for four hours. We walked around but were afraid to get too far away. That town shore was a lot bigger than Moody or Waco. We made the train trip in a pullman car. The porter would make out our beds at night and the seats in the daytime. I went to bed when we left Los Angeles and when I woke up the next morning we were setting on a railroad siding in San Diego. It was 6:00 o'clock and about 6:30 some buses arrived. There was a chief petty officer that came aboard the train and that was my first experience at Navy reveille. It didn't take him very long to get us all up.

The chief was a chief quartermaster by the name of Tucker. As it turned out he was our company commander, not too bad of a guy after we learned a little about the Navy. About five years later Chief Tucker was assigned to the ship that I was on for transportation. When the buses stopped we got off, put our suitcases in a pile and then lined up in a line. That was the first of six years of standing in line.

After everyone got lined up we started marching down the street to the mess hall for our first Navy breakfast and as this was Saturday morning we had baked beans and cornbread and ketchup. I began to have some doubts about the Navy. After breakfast we marched back to where our suitcases were; we were marched into a big room

where we completely circled the room. They gave us all a big box and were told to completely undress. All that we could keep was our billfold and anything that would go in it. Everything else went into the big box. We had a choice; they would either ship our things home for us or we could give it to the Salvation Army. After all our personal things were taken away, a team of doctors came in and went around the room examining us. There were six out of the 210 that were turned down.

After the examination we marched through a hallway where a pharmacist mate was standing on each side and between them we got a shot in each arm. After the shot we went by the storeroom door where we were issued our first complete C bag. That included all of our clothes, shoes, two pair, C bag, mattress/hammock. That was carried everywhere I went for the next four years and seven months.

After we dressed we were lined up with our new C bags and all marched out of the building and about four blocks to our barracks where we would stay for the next three weeks under Corn Keene and began to get our Navy training. Of the 204 men quarantined in our company, if you could call us men, most of us were like myself, 17 to 20 years old, but we had one that was from Bryan, Texas who was 28 years old. We called him the old man. He had been kicked out of Texas A & M and the University of Texas, so he decided to see if the Navy could teach him anything.

Of the 204 men, we had one from California, which no one liked, we had one from Las Vegas, Nevada and one from Salt Lake City and the rest of us were from Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas and most of us from the farm. We had quite a time adapting to Navy life.

After we were assigned our bunks we were lined up and marched down to the barbershop where we got our first haircut and I mean we did really get a haircut. From there we were marched to the ship's store where we were issued a coupon book of \$7. That was deducted from our first payday. We enlisted in the Navy at the rate of apprentice seaman and the pay was \$21 per month. Payday was on the 5th and the 20th of each month. After we got our coupon book, we were marched to the ship's store. We bought our ditty bag, which consisted of a black canvas bag with a drawstring. At the top it was about 12 long and 8 inches in diameter. In it was a bar of hand soap, a bar of laundry soap, toothpaste, toothbrush, safety razor, razorblades; that come to \$1.75 in coupons. After that we marched back to the barracks, put our things on the bunk and off to the mess hall again. We lined up about 100 yards before the mess hall door. The line moved fast. We went through the line and I never saw so much food in my life. I ate until I thought I would pop. We didn't have much time to

eat and as soon as we were finished we were lined up outside and had to run back to the barracks.

That afternoon we were taught how to make our beds, roll and tie our clothes and store them in our sea bag. Then we had to lay out our clothes for inspection and they would never be right. The inspector would make us tear everything apart and start over. That went on all afternoon. By the time 4:30 came it was again time to go eat and we thought after supper we would get to stop, but our company commander had other ideas.

After supper we all had to take a shower and then the big surprise came. We had to wash all the clothes that we had worn that day and hang them on the clothesline. They were tied on the line with little short strings that were called clothes stops and then we were assigned guard duty.

Guard duty consisted of two-hour turns. Some were assigned to guard the clothesline; some were for fireguard and anything else around the barracks. On watch we were not permitted to talk to anyone other than to warn them not to go near whatever it was we were guarding.

A few days later we were issued an old World War I rifle which we had to carry all the time we were on guard duty, but we didn't have any shells. The ones that were not on guard duty finally got to go to bed at 2200 hours, 10:00 o'clock, but the guard was changed every two hours so some were coming and some were going. At 0430, 4:30 in the morning, was reveille, so everything started over again. We were told to line up and go to the head, bathroom, get dressed; was told what clothes to put on. That was all done by about 6:00 o'clock and we were told to fall out and then line up outside the barracks. Then we had inspection of our clothes from hat to shoes and it was surprising how many had to go back to shine their shoes although we had only had those shoes for 24 hours. Then he asked each one if he had shaved. Most of us didn't have anything to shave but if we said no, that we hadn't shaved, we had to go back and shave. We were told that all sailors shaved every morning and there would be no exceptions.

We finally got to go to breakfast at 0700 or 7:00 o'clock. We were wondering if we would have beans again, but as it turned out we had a good breakfast of bacon and eggs. That was on Sunday morning. After breakfast we were told what time church would be and that we would be dressed in our dress blues and that everyone would go to church. There were three churches. Catholic, Protestant and Jew. After church, we went to lunch of fried chicken. After lunch when we got back to the barracks we were

told we could have the evening off except those that were on guard duty, which was still changing every two hours.

One man had been assigned as company yeoman and it was his job to assign guard duty. We took the afternoon off because we were told that we would have little rest before the next weekend. On Monday morning at 4:30 we were rolled out of bed, was told what clothes we would wear for the day. Before we dressed you can be sure that everyone had a clean shave. That was to be a regular morning chore for as long as we were at the training station. We really did start training that Monday morning. We started what we called close order drill, which we put in a lot of time doing. We were issued the old guns that I mentioned earlier and that became a part of us. We were taught how to break the rifle down and put it back together in two minutes. It had to be spotless clean at all times. If anything were not just right it meant extra duty of some kind.

We kept the barracks clean after other things had been done. Clothes had to be washed every night after supper, shoes shined, and a million other things that no one else would ever think of. It was not unusual for the company commander or one of his assistants to decide to have some kind of inspection at 1:00 or 2:00 o'clock in the morning and anything could happen if they found something wrong and they always managed to do that. It resulted in us having to do something, maybe scrub the deck or the walls for an hour or two. By then it would be time to get up, get dressed for the day, make our bunks. Sometimes when we came back from the barracks it wasn't unusual to find our bunks turned bottom side up. When that happened you knew you had had it.

The next Saturday night we were told that we would be assigned to the mess cook duty for the next day Sunday. When we got to the galley the next morning at 0300, we were assigned to different jobs. We arrived and I was assigned to the steam table on the serving line. First we had to make sure that everything was in place and the food was brought out to the line. I forgot, but before we went to work we had to be inspected by the pharmacist mate for cleanliness. Again, from head to toe and especially our fingernails. We started serving breakfast for the early watch at 0500 and continued serving until 8:00 a.m. when the late watch came in. Then we got to eat. After we ate we had to clean up and get ready for lunch. We started at 10:30 for the early watch and lasted until 1300. We ate after everyone else did and then it all started all over for the next meal. Sunday night supper was cold cuts, potato salad, and cold baked beans. That was left over from the day before Saturday breakfast. It was an old Navy tradition to serve baked beans and either cornbread or cinnamon rolls for breakfast on Saturday and Wednesday mornings and it was not bad after you

got used to it. Anyway, we finished scrubbing down the galley and everything in it, got back to the barracks about 2200. We still had to wash our clothes and hang them on the line, also some of us had to stand the usual watches.

Most of the first three weeks was a continuation of the same thing over and over. Mostly take care of the barracks and our clothes, bed and the ever-present rifle and of course, there was the drill field where we spent a lot of time learning how to drill and that was another favorite punishment for any mistake that we might make was to run so many times around the drill field. There were several more shots that we had to take. Some were made very sick but that was no excuse from duty unless you passed completely out. But somehow we survived for the first three weeks. The reason I went in such detail about the first three weeks was to show just how rough it could get.

After three weeks we got out of the South Unit, which we were quarantined, and it was much better. They really started trying to teach us what the Navy was all about. We were taught seamanship, how to tie knots, splice rope, although you never called it rope, it was a line. We spent three days at the rifle range learning how to shoot, first with the 30.06 Springfield rifle, and then the .45 automatic. We had a class in sailing boats, also we did some rowing, teaching us how to row the bigger boats that were used aboard ship for lifeboats. We was also trained in how to use the gas mask and that included going through the gas chamber where we went into the room, put on the gas mask, then they turned on the tear gas. As we were tapped on the shoulder we had to pull off the gas mask and find our way out. You talk about the coughing, sneezing and crying and everything else that was going on.

We didn't have as much extra duty. Most of the time after supper we were free for the evening. We still had to keep our clothes washed, but people were assigned for one day at a time to clean the barracks. There was a picture show we could go to on the weekend. Also after we got to the North Unit we were allowed liberty for 36 hours, but most like myself at \$21 a month didn't go very far, so my liberty while in the training station was a bus ride to town and a hamburger, a picture show and back.

After four weeks in the North Unit we graduated from the U. S. Naval Training Station and was transferred to the destroyer base in San Diego and assigned to the receiving ship USS REGAL to await transportation to the Pacific Fleet. While there we worked on the old destroyers, the USS WARD. It was in mothballs at the time. We spent about ten days chipping paint. The USS WARD fired the first shot of World War II there in Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

After ten days we were transferred to the USS BRIDGE, a supply ship for transportation. We left San Diego about 1300. That water was so pretty and blue. So we were outside the harbor and I saw my first flying fish. We were divided up and assigned to different divisions for duties. I was assigned to stand lookout watch from 1600 to 1800 but by 1500 I got my first taste of seasickness. I went to the boson mate of the watch and told him I couldn't stand watch because I was too sick. He said of, yes, you can stand watch. Seasickness is not an excuse for duty. So I stood lookout watch with a bucket nearby at all times. It took me two years to get over seasickness.

We were assigned a place to hang our hammocks to sleep so I hung my hammock and decided I would go to bed early as I had already skipped supper. In fact, I didn't even go to the mess hall. So I crawled in my hammock, which is not the most comfortable place. Everything went along fine for a while until I decided to turn over. The next thing I knew I found myself on the steel deck. I got back in but it wasn't long until out I fell again. I was not by myself. Others were doing the same thing. Soon we started looking for a place to spread our hammock on deck. That was the last time I ever tried to sleep in a hammock. I slept on the deck for the rest of my time I was on the bridge and was never assigned to a ship after that that didn't have bunks.

We stopped at Long Beach, California for one day but were not permitted to go ashore. We went to San Francisco and there the ship loaded with supplies. It was food supplies; we were there almost a week. We were allowed to go ashore in San Francisco. Then we started out to Pearl Harbor. It was a six-day trip and that was the longest six days I have ever seen. When I left the training session I wrote Bill Underwood a letter telling him I didn't know where I was going but my first choice I had requested the Battleship California because that's where Alvin McKamey was stationed. The second choice I had requested the USS LEXINGTON, an aircraft carrier.

When we got to Pearl Harbor we were all lined up on deck and they called out 50 names and we were transferred to the light cruiser USS DETROIT. We got to the DETROIT in time for lunch. After lunch again we were lined up and they called out five names, one was mine, and we were transferred to the USS FARRAGUT DD348, which was to be my home for the next two and a half years.

The next day when mail call I had a letter returned that I had written to Bill Underwood so I figured he had decided not to come into the Navy. I was assigned to the third division of the deck force. I can't say that I was too happy in the Navy. I had hoped to get into something more mechanical, hoping I might get into the electrical

department. I didn't really care about swabbing decks, scrubbing paint, shining brass and that was what the deck force did.

We were in Pearl Harbor for a few days when we took our first trip to sea. I thought the bridge had been rough but I learned just how rough it could be at sea on a destroyer and I still had the trouble of getting seasick. We were assigned to our battle stations; abandon ship stations, collision stations and fire stations.

While at sea we practiced going through all the drills and from the battle station I was assigned to No. 5 gun, which was a five- inch .38 caliber dual purpose. It was a surface gun or an anti- aircraft gun. I was assigned to the fuse setter for my first station and second as a backup pointer. The pointer is the one that moves the gun up and down when it's not an automatic, pulls the trigger and actually fires the gun. When at sea we would spend hours training on the guns, pointing them at another ship.

After four months we were automatically raised to Seaman Second. We had a pay scale of \$36 a month. Out of that \$36 I made an allotment of \$10 and an insurance policy of \$2,000, which cost me \$3.36 per month. It was a 20-year policy, which at this time in 1986 has been paid up since 1960. I get a dividend from it each year, which has been the lowest of \$4.40 and the highest of \$92.

After I learned the Navy routine I began to like the Navy. In the deck force we got up at 5:30 in the morning, shaved and got dressed. Someone would be assigned to go to the galley, bring back a big pot of coffee and cups. We would all have coffee the first thing. Then we would sweep down the deck. Everyone had his section that was assigned for him for his cleaning station. After that breakfast was served at 0700 and 0800 was turn-to time. That was when the regular workday started.

There was chipping paint, shining the brass or brightwork as it was called. There were still watches to stand when in port. The petty officers and the deck force would stand gangway watches. Some were assigned to boat crews. Most of the time seamen like myself would stand messenger watches with the gangway watch.

We had been in Pearl Harbor about two months and I had been to Honolulu several times. We were divided into two sections, port and starboard. When one section was on duty the other could go on liberty. The last week in June we were told that we were going to Mare Island Navy Yard for a three month overhaul at the Mare Island Navy Yard. Mare Island is about 40 miles from San Francisco. We went alongside

the repair ship DOBBIN the last day of June for some minor repairs before we started back to the States. We were to leave the 3rd of July.

On the 2nd of July I was standing messenger watch about 1600 and was sent over to the DOBBIN to carry some message. When I started back to ship the DOBBIN was about 10 foot higher than the FARRAGUT, I looked and there was six men coming up the gangway on the FARRAGUT and of all the surprises the first man was Bill Underwood. He was assigned to the FARRAGUT. We had not heard from each other since I had left the CCC Camp in February. We sure were glad to see each other.

We left Pearl Harbor the next morning, July the 3rd, from Mare Island. I was sure I would get leave to come home but the executive officer said we had to be in the Navy at least a year before we could have leave. When we got to the navy yard I was assigned to the chief petty officer's quarters as a mess cook. My duty was to serve their meals and keep the quarters clean. This was a duty that all seamen below first class had to do a turn at. Mess cook duty was for three months. Others were assigned to the general mess.

It was customary on payday to put a bowl on the table and everyone would put in 50 cents for the mess cook, but in the chief's quarters they would tip a dollar. We had 12 chiefs so that made me get an extra \$24 per month. Add that to my \$36 regular pay, I was drawing more money than a third class petty officer. It was a real good job, especially while we were in port. Most of the chiefs would go ashore most every night. The ones that did stay aboard would tell me that they would take care of themselves and I could go ashore almost every night if I wanted to.

When we went into the dry dock to scrape and repaint the bottom of the ship, everyone had to go to work, including the officers. The only one that was excused was the cook on duty and the mess cooks. That only lasted three days. While in the navy yard I went to San Francisco on an overnight liberty two or three times. One weekend we went to Treasure Island where the year before, 1939, they had had the World's Fair. There was still a lot of it open.

After three months we left the navy yard and went back to Pearl Harbor where we joined the rest of the fleet. I had to go back to the deck force. I would have stayed in the chief quarters but they wouldn't let me. I had tried to transfer to one of the other divisions but no one had any openings. We had a first class cook by the name of R. A. Floyd on the ship, the chief commissary steward went to the hospital, Floyd was acting chief. He asked me if I would like to strike for a cook. He said there were two openings. I turned it down. Bill Underwood took one of the jobs. We went on for

about two months. I didn't like the boson mate I worked with. The only other department I had a chance to go to was the radio gang and I didn't think I could handle it with no more education than I had. R. A. Floyd was from Dallas and had a wholesale grocery route around Waco Moody. Some of them I knew and we would spend a lot of time talking about the place and the people we both knew. One day he came back to the fantail of the ship, which was my cleaning station and brought me a cup of coffee. While drinking coffee and talking to him, a boson mate came by. He really did give me a chewing out.

Five days extra duty, an hour each day after everyone else had knocked off for the day. When he left I went up to the galley and asked Floyd if he still needed a cook striker. He said, "Yes." I said, "How soon," and he said, "Now." So we went up to the commissary officer's office and he had me transferred to the supply division then and there. I went back to the deck floor and turned in all my gear I had checked out and that started my career as a cook.

Somehow me and the boson mate by the name of Dan Wilson just never did get along too good. In the galley we learned our way around. We had three of us strikers. Floyd would work with us each day but we would cook supper, breakfast and dinner the next day.

After getting the galley cleaned up we would be off until the next morning. Then we would be the butchers. That day we would cut up all of the meat that was used the next three meals. Then be off until after dinner the next day. While at sea we would still practice a lot with the guns.

In January of 1941 we went out to practice where we were observed by an observation team. By that time I had been moved up to the pointer on No. 5 gun. We were firing at a target pulled by another ship. If your gun got so many hits then you got an "E" on your gun and each man on the gun crew got \$5 a month special pay. The gun captain and the pointer and trainer each got \$10. That sure did help the \$36 a month and we did qualify.

We were also trained in other places on the ship so that in an emergency we could be used anywhere. I was trained on the searchlight. It was a 36-inch diameter. Each of the special qualifications paid extra money but you could only draw \$10 and the searchlight only paid \$5, so I drew money on the gun crew.

For any aircraft practice the Navy had some radio control airplanes. We were not supposed to hit them but fire behind them. The fuses on the shell were set to explode.

The observer would be flying another plane and he would give us a grade on how we were doing. But accidents will happen. The first shot we fired hit the radio plane and knocked it down. Other targets would be a plane towing a sleeve behind on a long cable. We would try to hit the sleeve. We did a lot of practice in 1941.

Another training exercise was firing the torpedoes. The training ground for this was at Lehani Roads near the Island of Maui. I always liked this a lot. At times we would anchor out in the afternoon. There was fishing and swimming off the ship and sometimes we would get to go ashore. There was an old whaling village and not many military people there.

About the torpedoes, one ship would be the target ship; the other ship would fire her torpedoes at us. They would be set deep enough to go under. We would watch for the torpedo and after it passed we would then turn and chase it down and pick it up. All this was also where the submarines were training. We would track them on sound gear; they would try to get away from us; they would also fire their torpedoes at us and we would return them to them.

In 1941 we were not far from Lehani with the first division of destroyers. We were practicing blackout maneuvers. We were at general quarters, everyone at his battle station. Some of the ships misinterpreted signals. The command was given to turn on the lights so everyone could get back in position. When the lights came on there was the MONAHANS coming straight across our bow. We hit her right in the middle of No. 2 magazine, but the Lord must have been with us for the ammunition didn't explode. There was no one on either ship hurt. They had to cut off 30 feet of our bow and replace it, but we were able to get back to Pearl Harbor by ourselves. The MONAHANS had to be towed in as she was damaged much worse than we were.

We were in the Navy yard at Pearl Harbor and because of the collision the captains on both ships were relieved of their command. They both got a general court martial. I never knew how they came out.

The new captain was Lt. Commander Hunter. He was the most liked captain that ever served in the Navy. He would go out of his way to try to get extra things for his crew.

We made two trips to San Diego, California in November of 1941. One time we stayed three days and the other two days. We escorted the USS LEXINGTON aircraft carrier back to bring planes to Pearl Harbor.

In September of 1941 they gave the examination for third class cook. It was a competitive examination in the flotilla of destroyers. There were about 60 people taking the examination and only four ratings open. Somehow I lucked out and got one of them. That raised my pay up to \$60 a month.

We continued to operate out of Pearl Harbor for the rest of September, October and November. Nothing unusual happened except one time we were at Lehani Road on training exercise when we picked up something like a sub on the sound gear. The four ships stayed at general quarters all afternoon circling around waiting for orders from the commander of Pacific Fleet. About 6:30 p.m. we moved out and left. Whatever we had picked up, there was never any explanation for.

On December 6, 1941 we were anchored at Buoy X-ray 15, not far from the Pearl City landing. There was a group of us that decided to go over to the Richardson Recreation Center where we had a ballgame. On the way back to the ship Bill Underwood and Vernon Rose was picking at me and threw me in the nastiest water you ever saw.

We were still there the next morning at 0755 when the Japanese planes started coming in right over us dropping their torpedoes. When general quarters sounded most all of us that were below deck thought it was a drill. My battle station was in No. 4 magazine. I was supposed to go to the captain's cabin and get the key. When I got to the topside and saw the Jap planes, I took some bolt cutters from the after repair locker and went back and cut the lock off the hatch. I sent the bolt cutters back by someone. Before they got the top lockers open I already had the ammunition hoist full of five-inch powder and projectory. Almost half of the crew was ashore. Most all the battle stations were short and I was a qualified pointer. They called me up to No. 5 gun. Some of the gun crew were already firing by the time I got to the gun. They were firing in automatic, which means that a central station controlled all guns electronically. When we fired the first shot, the electrical fire control equipment went out. So from then on we had to go into manual operation. Every gun for himself.

I have been asked if I was scared. I guess I was, but it seemed more like a bad dream. I could hardly believe that it was happening. We were tied up with the first division of destroyers, the FARRAGUT, the MONOHANS, the DALE and the ALYAN. The MONOHANS had up steam and she was furnishing steam and electricity for the other three ships. We were to take over that duty at 0800 so we were getting ready to take over that duty. The MONOHANS pulled out first and she headed out. We backed up and started out behind the MONOHANS. As we steamed out the MONOHANS turned to the right and started dropping depth charges. We were not

too far behind. We saw the two-man submarine blow up above the top of the water and then sink. We continued on out of the harbor. We had to slow up to get around the Battleship NEVADA as she was trying to get out. But the Japanese really did start hitting her with bombs and torpedoes. They were afraid she would sink and block the channel, so they backed her up on the beach. All this time ships were exploding, guns were going off, we were shooting at everything that was in the air. The most beautiful sight I ever saw was the open sea. We were expecting to see the Japanese fleet setting out there waiting for us.

There were a lot of stories told about that morning and rumors were going on full blast. We had a Lt. Jones aboard ship as a senior officer, but he was supposed to have been in his cabin dead drunk. We had a young ensign that had the OD watch. He was in the Naval Reserve and had only been on the ship for a short time. His name was Sleeper. They said he really got shook up. The chief quartermaster took over, gave the orders and started the ship out of the harbor. As far as I know, that was the only two officers we had aboard the ship.

Bill Underwood had the cook's watch that morning. He had cooked oatmeal for breakfast. He had been gone on three months of temporary duty. He had not been assigned a battle station so he ran to the galley, scrubbed out the coppers he had cooked oatmeal in. The chief boatswain mate hid in the bread locker until a plane started strafing with a machine gun and shot holes in the bread locker.

Someone in the crew threw a crescent wrench at one of the torpedo planes as it flew over. One of the machinists came up out of the firing room and took over one of the machine guns on the midship and stayed with it the rest of the way out to sea. There were a lot of other things happening but are too many to mention.

As soon as we cleared the harbor we formed a formation and started steaming to meet up with the aircraft carrier ENTERPRISE that was returning from Midway Island. We met up with her about 12:00 o'clock or 2400 that night. When it got dark I was moved from the gun to the after search light as I was the only qualified search light operator on the ship. I stayed there all night with no one to talk to to keep awake. Also I had to wear a phone set all the time. Once in a while someone would bring me a cup of coffee. That was the longest night that I ever saw.

We steamed after the Jap fleet or where we thought it to be, but not getting anywhere near them. The next day we returned to Pearl Harbor. That was the sickest looking place. Ships sunk everywhere. Buildings burned. We got there just before dark. The rest of the crew came aboard. Some had caught other ships. Some had stayed at the

Navy yard. Motor launches loaded with supplies pulled alongside and unloaded on the ship. No one knew what we had. Also oil barges filled us with fuel oil.

There were several false alarms that night. About 2400 that night we got underway and back to sea. We met other ships where we patrolled around the island for several days. Then for the next few months we were assigned convoy duty. Then on the first trip back to San Francisco we went to Mare Island Navy yard, had radar installed and on the second trip we got to San Francisco at 1800 or 6:00 p.m. and left the next morning at 0600 or 6:00 a.m. That trip back to Pearl Harbor we had a bunch of old slow ships we were going at six knots, which took us 14 days to get back to Pearl.

In February we were assigned to the LEXINGTON in her group. We started making patrols out toward Midway and Wake, but didn't make any contact with the Japs. In May we were still operating with the LEXINGTON and her task force when we got down to the Coral Sea. At that time I had the mumps and they were gone down on my right side. As we didn't have a hospital aboard the destroyer, they fixed me up a shelter up on the topside so that if the ship was hit I could get out. We went alongside the LEXINGTON to take on fuel and bread. They had me tied up in a basket stretcher to send me over to the LEXINGTON for hospitalization, but we got a submarine scare and had to cut loose. We never got back to her.

They dispatched us and two more destroyers and three cruisers, CHICAGO and two other Australian cruisers, to the north part of the Coral Sea to patrol. The next day we were attacked by over 50 Japanese planes. They had their torpedoes set too deep and they went under us. There were no hits except a shell by one of the planes hit the CHICAGO killing five men. A shell from the CHICAGO 40 millimeter hit us in the executive officer's cabin, knocking a hole about two foot in diameter. That was all the damage done.

After the Coral Sea battle we went to Brisbane, Australia and was there for about a week, but I never got to see Brisbane because I still had the mumps. While in Brisbane the chief quartermaster killed himself by shooting himself with a .45 automatic pistol. The Army came aboard and removed his body. There was a big investigation.

While there at Brisbane I had a visit from Buster White from Arkansas. We both had a real good visit.

After we left there our next stop was the Island of New Caledonia. There we picked up a convoy. We escorted back past the International Date Line. We crossed the date

line on my 21st birthday. Bill Underwood and Vernon Rose pulled me out of my bunk and gave me a whipping for my birthday. The next morning it was still June the 13th so they done it all over again. So in 1942 I had two birthdays.

We escorted the convoys until we met another convoy of ships from Sydney, Australia. We left the ships with the convoy and started back across the date line to the Fiji Islands. We got six hours of liberty there. The next day we went to Tongatapu Island where again we got to go ashore. There was not any town where we landed. One of the natives had a bunch of horses. We paid him a dollar each to ride the horse. We got out into the cane fields and got lost. Finally we came to the native's house and it was a real grass shack. The man, his wife and daughter lived there. We asked for water. After some time we made him understand what we wanted. The man climbed a coconut tree and got some coconuts and with his big knife he cut out the husk and with one lick he cut the top off the coconut. We drank the milk of the green coconut. After a while the girl understood we were trying to get back to the ship. She drew us a map in the dirt. We made it back to the ship. I forgot to mention there were no saddles and did we ever have a hard time sitting down the next day.

We got underway the next day and met a convoy that split. We took one group of the ship south to Auckland, New Zealand. At the entrance of the Auckland Channel one of the ships reported a submarine periscope was sighted. We speeded up and dropped two depth charges. Then we saw a mop handle sticking up out of the water. We got to Auckland about 2:00 p.m. Half of the crew got to go ashore. Liberty was up at 2100, 9:00 p.m. The captain called all the crew to the top deck and told us that he had requested longer liberty from the senior officer present, but was turned down and said that if we came back to the ship by 2400 that nothing would be said. The Shore Patrol brought back 20 men to the ship that night before 12:00 p.m. That was a very interesting place and the people were very nice to us. We only stayed four days and got underway real early in the morning. We also had men that missed the ship, which later caught up with us in Pearl Harbor.

We escorted the convoy to the entrance of the harbor at Sydney, Australia and waited on the outside for another convoy, which we escorted back to Pearl Harbor. At Pearl Harbor we took on supplies and fuel and ammunition and was scheduled to leave Pearl Harbor on July the 4th at 1600. At 1400 I was called up to the ship's office. The executive officer told me I had 30 minutes to get my bag packed. I was getting advanced to ship's cook second class. I asked where I was going and he told me new construction. I just knew that I was on my way back to the States and a leave, but after I got packed and went back to the officer and got my orders, I looked and they read, "Report to the 14th Naval District." That meant Pearl Harbor.

I left the ship at 1530 p.m. with a quartermaster by the name of Hampton Miller and he was on his way back to the States. The next time I saw him was at a reunion in San Antonio, Texas in 1981. More will be said about that later.

I reported to the 14th Naval District and was told I was the first to be assigned to a new receiving station that was being built at AIEA Naval Barracks, which was about three miles from the navy yard gate. I was assigned to a night cook for temporary duty at the Navy yard mess. A few days later two CPO (chief commissary stewards) came into the galley one night looking for me. They had just arrived that day and assigned to AIEA. Their name was King and Turner. King had retired from the Navy after 30 years of service and had been recalled to active duty. This was his first permanent assignment. He had been on temporary duty for almost a year. Turner had 16 years in the Navy and had just been promoted to chief. They were both all Navy all the way. A few days later another cook, his name was Smith, he was second-class cook.

I never met any of the others until August the 1st when we moved to AIEA with two chief commissary stewards, six cooks, four cook strikers and four bakers, one chief electrician and six seamen. They were still working on the station. All that was completed was the cook's barracks. Our job was to clean up the galley and get things ready to open the station. We had one small walk-in refrigerator box, no freezer, so every day one of us would go to the Navy yard to get food for the next day. The cook of AIEA station was only about a quarter of a mile from Admiral Nimitz's headquarters.

The 1st of September the contractor had completed enough of the station where we could receive people. The first large group of people was the 10th battalion of the Navy Seabees. I was watch captain on one shift. Smith had the other shift. We would get up in the morning and cook breakfast, dinner and supper and had all the next day off. The troop movement officer would notify us how many men we had to feed for the next day.

On Thanksgiving Day of 1942 we served 4,000 people for breakfast and 10,000 for dinner. It was not uncommon for us to go as much as 5,000 differences from one meal to the next. We had the Navy, Army, and Marines stationed there. The Army had a ballon placement around Pearl Harbor. Their headquarters was on the station. We had three Army cooks assigned to us. The Marines were assigned to Admiral Nimitz's staff.

Thanksgiving Day was the largest group that we ever served in one galley, 10,000 people. The galley had eight mess halls. We were going 24 hours a day. We had a night crew that served special meals to people that came in at odd times. In January the second galley and mess hall were opened, the same size as the first one.

Before the station was completed there were three galleys, which the normal complement was 8,000 each. The bakeshop was one of the most modern bakeries at that time. It was located near the center of the station. The bakeshop had a big truck that delivered to the galleys. While there I visited the ship MEDUSSA where Hudson Goode from Moody was stationed. He had been in touch with Marshall Hargot, also from Moody. We spent quite a lot of time together. He was stationed at 1010 docks in the Navy yard.

In January of 1943 the test for first class cook was given. There were 12 of us from the Navy yard or attached to the Navy yard that took the test. Only four rates were given out. Of the four, Smith and I were rated. At one time I had 42 cooks on my shift. Then we had the butcher shop, the cold storage and the storerooms that cooks were assigned to.

In August of 1943 I was transferred to Palmyra Island, which was 1,000 miles south of Honolulu. I went down there to relieve a chief commissary steward. That was the last time I worked in a galley as a cook. I was assigned to the cold storage and the dry storage. The Island of Palmyra, 52 islands in a horseshoe shape. They had dredged out and connected them all together and built a runway for the planes to stop and refuel on their way to the South Pacific. There was no one there but military personnel. The Army, Navy and Marines. In the 13 months that I was there I saw only three women. Betty Hutton only got off the plane while it was fueling. Another plane lost an engine and they had to wait for one to be shipped from Pearl Harbor. It had a USO show made up of Don Red Berry and I can't remember who else, but one woman and four men and also an Army nurse was onboard.

The only recreation on the island was fishing. The record catch on the island was a 192-pound tuna caught by one of our cooks.

My job on the island was to order supplies, take the menu that the other chief commissary steward made out each week, and issue our weekly supplies to all the other messes. There were 12 separate messes on the island. I had two storekeepers and one first class cook for a crew. On July 1, 1944 I took the examination for chief commissary steward and was rated the 1st day of August. As all rates at that time were temporary and also first the appointment to chief commissary steward was on

an acting basis, which consisted of an acting basis of one year. So then after the year's time upon the recommendation of the commanding officer, you were given a permanent appointment, so my rate read, "Chief Commissary Steward, acting appointment temporary." In September I got my replacement and received orders to come back to the States. After four years and six months I had not had one day's leave.

When I was rated chief commissary steward I had a complete change of uniform and they had to be bought and as there was no place on the island to buy them and not time to order them, the chiefs on the island pitched in, one a shirt, one a hat and so on until they gave me two complete uniforms to come back to the States.

I left the island at 0025 or 12:25 p.m. on a B-17. It was on a navigational training flight. We landed at Kaneohe Air Base on the Island of Oahu across the island from Pearl Harbor at 0900 or 9:00 a.m. We caught a ride across the island to Pearl Harbor, turned in our orders and in less than an hour I was aboard a ship or transport bound for Treasure Island between San Francisco and Oakland, California. It took ten days to make the trip.

Arriving at Treasure Island I was given a 48-hour pass which I spent buying new clothes. I reported back and was given a 30-day leave. I left that night. I had to change trains in Amarillo, Texas. There I had some bad luck. My billfold with my tickets, money and leave papers were taken from me. I had to wire home for money. I was there for two days. I was met in Waco by Dad, Hazel and Donnie Fay. I wrote a letter and received a telegram that served as leave papers.

I spent the first few days at home visiting. Also I found out a friend of mine, O. C. Guthrie, who was a torpedo pilot, was also home on leave. We had a few days together before he had to go back. Dad and I went to Temple. Walking down the street I passed a bar, looked in, and there stood Vernon Rose and Bill Underwood from the FARRAGUT. They wanted me to go with them that night to Buckholtz, but I had promised my sister-in-law, Virginia, that I would be there at her house that night for a 42 party. That was another big turning point in my life. She had invited a girl that she worked with at McGregor down for the party. We met her at the bus. That was on the 1st day of September 1944.

Little did I know then that the next two weeks would make such a change in my life. It was love at first sight for both of us. We spent the next two weeks together and then I had to go back to Treasure Island. I reported back to Treasure Island and was

sent to Seattle, Washington to the APA Pre-Commissioning School. For the next few weeks I was sent to Astoria, Oregon for more training.

Then the 15th of October I was sent back to Astoria for the Pro-Commissioning detail, which consisted of four storekeepers, one yeoman and myself. There we met the supply officers, which consisted of Lt. Quigley, the supply officer; Ensign Olsen, the disbursing officer; and two warrant officers, a pay clerk, Fleming was storekeeper, and Mr. Hunter the commissary officer. That was another turning point. Mr. Hunter was my boss. He asked me how long I had been in the Navy, which was four years and seven months. His next question was how long I had been chief. I told him that I had just made it. He turned to Mr. Quigley and made this statement. "I don't think this man is qualified to go out on this ship." So you can see what a start we had. This continued for the next two years.

I asked him when did the Navy start giving acting pay clerks the authority to judge the qualifications of naval personnel on such short time and I sure would be glad to go somewhere else if this was the way that I was going to have to work. Then Lt. Quigley told us that would be enough of that as it was hard enough to get along when everybody pulled together as a team, but we never did get along. For the next two years Mr. Quigley turned out to be an alcoholic.

For the next six weeks we set up the books, received supplies, getting ready for the ship to arrive from Portland, Oregon. Three days before Thanksgiving we started loading the ship and cleaning up the galley. All the cooks and bakers were there. Our first meal was Thanksgiving dinner. That turned out pretty good. All the cooks and the bakers were in the naval reserve. None of them had ever been to sea but one-second class baker by the name of Smith.

Our first trip to sea was from Astoria, Oregon to Seattle, Washington. We spent the next few months in training up and down the coast from Seattle to San Diego. That Christmas we were in Long Beach, California. That was the only Christmas that I was in the Navy and not in Pearl Harbor.

Soon after the first of the year we loaded with troops and started for the South Pacific. On the trip we went to Pearl Harbor and from there to the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. They had already been secured. We went on to other places like Saipan and Guam. We went to Saipan where we picked up a load of casualties that were brought back to Pearl Harbor. We loaded with troops there and went back to Okinawa, picked up another load of casualties, which we took back to San Francisco.

Ann and I had been writing each other real regular. When we arrived in San Francisco we were to have three sections of leave, each of seven days, but when we arrived my good friend, Mr. Hunter, had a wire from his home town by the Red Cross that some of his family was seriously ill, so he got 15 days leave. As one of us had to stay there, it left me out in the cold. We never did learn who was sick, but did learn his wife worked for the American Red Cross. As soon as I was able to get ashore I made a telephone call to Ann and asked her if she would come out there and we would get married. She agreed to come.

When I called I found out that my friend, O. C. Guthrie, was at the Alameda Naval Air Station and I started trying to get in touch with him. I spent all day waiting for him to call me back. While I was trying to get in touch with him, he went out for a flight and as he flew over the Oakland Bay he saw my ship there. When he got back to the base he went over to the ship. That night I went back to the ship and found out that we had been waiting for each other. We finally got together the next day, which was Friday. Ann was supposed to get there Saturday morning at 8:00 o'clock. She had come by train to Oakland and from Oakland to San Francisco by bus. We met the bus at 8:00, but she wasn't on it. We met the bus all that day until 10:30 that night. Orbie had to go back to the base because he had OD duty starting at 2400. I kept meeting the buses every hour and at 4:00 a.m. she finally arrived. As it was so late we had to wait until Monday to get our blood test and our license. Orbie came over on Monday, also one of the storekeepers and his wife was there with us. We went to get the blood test early Monday morning, but we didn't get them back until 4:00 p.m. Then we had to go to the municipal court building to get the license. We had quite a time getting around. That was the rush hour and people were all lined up to get a cab. We were sure that we were not going to make it in time, but Caswell was quite a character. He walked up to the front of the line and asked real loud so everyone could hear him if we could have the next cab as we were trying to beat the clock to the courthouse to get married. Everyone gave us a big cheer as we got into the next cab. We got there with about ten minutes to spare. We got our license and were married by the municipal judge at 5:15 p.m., June 18, 1945. We had a very short week, but a wonderful week together.

I had to go back to the ship every day to order supplies getting ready to go back to sea. On Wednesday I was getting ready to go ashore when a barge pulled up alongside with frozen food and the storekeeper that took care of the storeroom was already ashore, so I had to stay to see that everything was unloaded and stored away. We finished up at 11:30. The last liberty boat left at 11:30. I missed it, but the OD called out another crew and sent me over so I got to the hotel about 12:00 p.m.

On the 25th after a short week, but a good week, we again had to put out to sea. We just had to make the best of it. We were loaded with troops, mostly Marines. On this trip we had a group of entertainers aboard. The senior officer of the group was Dennis Day, along with Danny Kaye, Claude Thornhill and Jackie Cooper. We made a short stop in Pearl Harbor, then to Ulithia Atole where we sat for 30 days with all the troops aboard. Then we went to Okinawa and unloaded our troops. I got orders to unload all the fresh provisions except 10 percent. I knew that that meant we were going to be going somewhere where fresh supplies were available and that would mean we would be without troops. I went up to the ship's captain's office and asked my buddy, Joe Aspatarty, chief yeoman, if he had any news. He said it looked like San Francisco. I wrote Ann a letter using the code telling her we were coming back to San Francisco. That night we got the word that the Japs had surrendered. I don't think there was a gun on the island or in the harbor that wasn't shooting. We sure were a happy bunch of people.

We got underway the next morning at 0800. At 1000 we got orders to turn around and go back. We were to set there for about three weeks. The next night we were having movies on the topside when a Japanese suicide plane landed on an APA like I was on. For the next three nights they came in. One was shot down about 200 yards from us. We got the credit for a direct hit with a five inch .38 caliber gun.

After about three weeks we got orders to put out to sea because a hurricane was coming in. We left there and went around the hurricane, but just on the outer skirts. It was the roughest water that I'd ever seen. We finally reached Manila, Philippines. I knew that Ann's brother, Joe, was in the Philippine Islands. The chaplain was going ashore so he asked me if there was anyone that I wanted him to look up while he was there, so I gave him Joe's address. Then he came back with a bunch of telephone numbers for me to call. He said he was told that Joe was in Manilla. I went ashore in Manilla to try to get in touch with Joe. I went to an Army building to use the telephone. Every time I got a busy signal you had to start over. After a while I asked a sergeant if he could help me to locate Joe. He took me upstairs to the troops movement and introduced me to a major. He looked up Joe's position and told me that he had already been shipped out for occupation duty. He would not tell me where, so I forgot about trying to locate him and returned to the ship.

The next morning we got underway for Northern Luzon. We started taking on troops for transport to Japan for occupation duty. That afternoon a captain in the Army came to my office to request supper for some men that were coming aboard late. While we were talking I asked him if he knew where the 6th Army was. He said sure, up the road about 10 miles at a place called San Diego. I went up to the executive officer's

office and told him where Joe was and asked if there was any way that I could go see him. He told me to come early the next morning if we had not received our sailing orders he would see if something could be worked out.

The next morning he sent a boat to take me to the beach, which was about 10 miles, and he told me that there would be a boat there for me at 1600, 4:00 p.m. I caught a ride in an Army jeep. He was only going about halfway but he took me on the rest of the way. I had never met Joe. When I asked where he was I was told to go to the kitchen. I had to introduce myself to him. He was peeling potatoes. When the mess sergeant found out that I was there visiting him, he told Joe to just take the day off. We had a good visit and after lunch I started getting ready to go back and knew I was going to have to catch a ride. One of the soldiers heard us talking and asked where I was going. I told him and he said, "Wait here a few minutes." In about five minutes he returned with a jeep and took me back to my boat.

The next morning we got underway for Japan. We arrived in Japan early in the morning, unloaded our troops and got underway that night for the Philippines. This time we went to the Philippines loaded with another load of troops and back to Japan which was a small fishing village. We stayed there for two days. The second day we were allowed to go ashore for four hours each section. There was nothing there and all the stores were completely empty. I found a place with a piece of red raw silk. I bought that for Ann as a souvenir.

We left there and went back to Mindenow, Philippines where we picked up High Point troops, then to the Manus Islands, then to Halandia, New Guinea. From there we left for San Francisco. I thought I was going to get off the ship for an early discharge. But two days before we got in we had orders that anyone who had enough time for the next scheduled trip would be kept aboard. There I was with a 37-day trip and 52 days to go on my enlistment. So when we arrived in San Francisco I called Ann, she came out around the 5th of December. I had five days' leave scheduled so that I could start it when she got there. This made Mr. Hunter mad because he couldn't have any leave because I took mine in the middle of the schedule, so he had no choice but to stay aboard and you can imagine how that made him feel. The executive officer and I were good friends and he had just been promoted to the position and he didn't like Hunter any better than I did, so he and I cooked up that little deal to try to pay Hunter back for what he did to me on our last leave.

We were scheduled to leave the 19th of December. Ann & I tried to get a ticket home, but found that all transportation was reserved for military personnel that were going home for Christmas. She had the name and address of a girlfriend of hers from

Whitney there at Alameda, California. Vie called and found that her husband had left her and one small boy with no money and no food. We paid the rent and bought food so that Ann had a place to stay while I was gone.

We left San Francisco the 19th of December 1945. Our first stop was Pearl Harbor, 12/24 of '45. That made five Christmases out of six that I was in Pearl Harbor. We made stops in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, Samoa, Guadal Canal, Esportita Santos, New Caledonia, arriving back in San Francisco on February the 8th. Ann was on the dock to meet me when we arrived. I was supposed to have been sent to Camp Wallace, Texas to be discharged, but my good friend, Joe Aspertarde, the captain's yeoman, fixed it up so that I could be classified as a hardship case. He also had himself classified as a hardship case. My excuse was that Ann and I could come back home together.

My enlistment was up on February 10. They kept me on the ship until the 10th of February. I was transferred to Treasure Island. They gave me two days off. Joe went home with me and we reported back on February 12, were sent to Camp Shoemake, California about 60 miles from Oakland. We were discharged February 14, 1946 at 1000 hours, or 10:00 a.m. That night the next bus to Oakland was at 1400 or 2:00 p.m., so Joe and I hitchhiked a ride back to Oakland. When we got there we went by the train station and Joe's train was to leave at 1:00 p.m., so that was the last time that I saw him.

I went on to Alameda that afternoon and we went to get our tickets and left Oakland at 8:30 p.m. We arrived in Temple at 3:00 a.m. and dad and Louis met us at the train. We stayed a couple of days in Moody. Ann's sister, Nora and brother-in-law Calvin Halbert came down and we went back to Hillsboro with them. We met her mother in Hillsboro that afternoon and went on to Whitney. Her dad was on jury duty and he came in later. The next day we met all of her brothers and sisters.

Civilian life was hard for me to get used to. I looked around for something to do. All I knew was that I didn't want to cook. Finally we moved into one side of the house with Calvin and Nora. I got my first job as a carpenter's helper with Brown Construction Company building a road bridge from Hillsboro to Itasca, Texas. I was on a bridge gang. I worked one day and got up the next morning and it was pouring down rain. We didn't work until the next Monday. The pay was 75 cents per hour.

That night when Calvin came home he was working for the cotton mill. I had put in an application there. He told me that I had a job there if I wanted it. The pay was 67 cents per hour but we worked five and a half days per week, but I went on and made

the best of it. I worked there for about three months and hated every minute of it.

Ann got sick with typhus fever and had to go to the hospital. We really had a hard time paying our bills. Ann was pregnant and we knew we would have more bills.

About the first of June 1946 I quit the cotton mill and went to work at a service station. It was long hours, but I liked it better. I was beginning to wish I had stayed in the Navy. In August, D.I. called and told me I might get a job with Humble Oil Pipeline where he was working, so we went to Pasadena, Texas in August and in about a week I got the job with Humble Oil Company.

We went from one job to the next, digging ditches, laying pipe, digging up old pipelines. The only thing, the pay was good, \$1.38 an hour, but all hard and nasty work. As soon as I got a job we started looking for a house. There wasn't anything to rent. Finally we found an old motel in South Houston, one room and a shower and a million cockroaches, but we were glad to be out on our own.

At night we kept looking for a house to rent, but we finally found some new houses on Hart Street in Pasadena and bought one on the GI loan. They were just building it. In November the loan was approved, but the plumber broke the lavatory putting it in the bathroom and they couldn't find another. On December 21st the builder came over and told us he was going to give us a Christmas present, although he could not get a lavatory or a final inspection, he was going to let us move in as we were expecting Reba at the time in January. So December the 23rd I went to Hillsboro and got my brother-in-law, Grady Westbrook, who drove a truck to move our furniture to Pasadena. Ann's mother, sister and their kids all came back to help us set up house. So on December 24, Christmas Eve, we moved in our new house. We sure were proud of it.

The day after New Year's I went to work as the truck was leaving the yard they stopped the truck and said Harvey get off. D.I. was on vacation, his first daughter, LaNell was born January the 1st, I thought they were talking about me. So I got off and they told me that I was wanted over at the electrical department. When I got to the electrical department I introduced myself and Mr. Gilbert said I have been waiting to take you out to the job. I didn't know what was going on, but I decided I'd just wait and see what happened. We got in the truck and started out. We went out west of Houston on the Katy Highway, but stopped at a cafe and had coffee. That was different from the pipeline gang.

Finally we got out to the job and it was the electrical line gang. Bubba Quinn was the foreman, Tidwell Joe Woods and Mike were the linemen and Red was the truck driver. We got out of the truck and Gilbert introduced me to Bubba Quinn. He said, "We've been looking for you." He turned and walked on down the road to where Tidwell was up on a pole. He said something to Tidwell, he looked back toward me, and he got down off the pole and stopped and talked for a few minutes. Then they came back toward me. When they got there Tidwell asked, "Have you got a brother working for the pipeline?"

I said, "Yes." He said, "Bubba, you got the wrong man." I didn't know it, but DI had worked with Tidwell in the pipeline gang and had been trying to get him transferred to the electrical department. I told him D.I. was on vacation. So Bubba said, "Well, how about you staying on to work with us for the next two weeks until DI gets back?" As much as I hated the pipeline I was ready for anything.

Before the two weeks was up they decided that they would keep both of us if I still wanted it. It sure did suit me. I was given the title of lineman's helper but I did a little of everything, kept track of the materials used each day, the job progress, ordered materials for the new jobs, drove the truck when the truck driver didn't show up for work. January 31, 1947, Reba Sue was born on Friday night at 11:50. Ann's mother came down and stayed with us a few days.

I liked the job with the electrical department. We also worked the telephone lines. The only thing, we covered so much territory that we were gone from home a lot of weeks at the time. We took our suitcase to work with us every Monday. We didn't know when we would be home. That sure did get old.

In March of 1948 I quit Humble and started selling Miracle Maid cookware for a while. We did real good. We made good money, but spent a lot of it. We were getting tired of leaving Reba so much by herself. The last of 1948 I joined the painter's union and started working construction. Everything went okay for a while, then work started getting behind so I started selling cookware again.

In August of 1949 we sold our house in Pasadena and moved to Ft. Worth. I got a job for 30 days working for Armour Packing Company helping to test the automatic sprinkler system. At the end of 30 days I was laid off and told me to come back Monday and they would rehire me in another department. Monday they hired me in the cheese-shipping department. I never knew there were so many kinds of cheese. That afternoon the boss told me that I would have Tuesdays and Sundays off. I didn't

much like that and the pay was only \$1.10 per hour, so the next day I went looking for another job.

I found a job painting in a housing project that had been flooded. The pay was \$1.87-1/2 per hour. The work there went well until winter set in and the weather wouldn't let us work. I got a job part-time in a service station. We were not able to work but three days in December and none in January, so the 1st day of February I left Reba and Ann in Ft. Worth and went back to Pasadena. I got a job working in a service station, rented a house and moved our furniture back to Pasadena.

While working at the service station I would spend my days off putting my application for a job in the plants around the Houston Ship Channel. On April 12, 1950 a customer came in and told me that they were hiring at Goodyear Synthetic Rubber Plant. That night I went to see my cousin, O. H. Altom He had worked for Goodyear before. The next morning we went to the plant and both were hired. Our job was sacking rubber. The 80-pound bales of rubber were hard work, but I was sure glad to get it. The job paid \$1.68 an hour. We worked rotating shifts.

In September of 1950 Terry Jean was born. The next big event in my life came about in March of 1951. I was saved and joined the Southmore Baptist Church. My life completely made a turnaround. We became very active in church and made a lot of new friends, a different kind of friends than we had had before.

While living on Austin Street in Pasadena, Earl and Virginia Dexter moved across the street from us. He worked for Diamond Alkali Company and also had a dump truck that he worked in his spare time. I started making a load for him once in a while and soon it got to be a full-time part-time job. He also bought another truck. I worked for him off and on for the next 15 years.

In 1951 we had our first vacation. We went to Ft. Walden, Florida to visit Louis and Faye. In 1952 we spent our vacation going to Colorado Springs with John and Lorraine Booth. In 1953 we bought our house on Wentworth Lane, a new subdivision. We were to live there for the next 17 years.

In 1954, I was ordained a deacon by the Southmore Baptist Church. Also in 1954 we moved our church membership to Thomas Avenue Baptist Church where we would attend until 1971. We made a lot of close friends that we would cherish for the rest of our lives.

Reba Sue graduated from high school in 1965. Before she started a full-time job we decided to take a good vacation. In June we made a trip through Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Canada. While in Michigan we visited with Herbert and Mabel Windle. He was a cook on the last ship I was on in the Navy. We returned through Chicago, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, back to Dallas, Texas. That was a trip we all still talk about frequently. We had a lot of laughs.

I bought a new movie camera just before we left and took seven rolls of film. When we had the film processed we found the electric eye on the camera was not working, only the pictures that were made at night or in a real dark cloudy area, were the only ones good. We could hardly tell what most of them were. The store that sold me the camera was real generous. They gave me two rolls of film. You can imagine how we felt about the pictures that were taken, but didn't get any results from them.

Reba went to work for the Prudential Insurance Company sometime in 1965.

All these years I worked for Goodyear I worked shift work. I had a long weekend of four days off once a month. We took advantage of these long weekends by taking short trips with the girls. Also I worked a lot on the side. If I wasn't driving the truck I painted houses, did some electrical work, plumbing, or anything else that came along.

Terry Jean finished high school in '69. She went to work for the Bayshore Hospital.

In 1967 dad bought a small mobile home and moved it on our lot in Pasadena and lived with us.

In the early sixties we started thinking about a retirement place. After looking around for a while we bought 92/100ths of an acre from Ann's brother, Marshall Booth, five miles south of Whitney. In 1969 after having several rounds with ulcers, respiratory problems, ear infections and other things, the doctor told me that I should be thinking about changing my occupation and get away from all the chemicals at Goodyear.

In 1969 and '70 I took some night courses in air conditioning. After that I started working in my garage on mostly window air condition units. Then I cleaned a lot off and bought an old small house and had it moved on the lot and proceeded to remodel it. We had our last Christmas on Wentworth in 1970. Reba and Terry had rented them an apartment. December 11, 1970 Reba and Bill were married. Terry was living alone in an apartment.

In December we started trying to sell our house, but didn't have any luck. We had set a tentative date of March 15, 1971 to begin my retirement with Goodyear after 21 years of service. In December we turned the house over to a realtor at 2:00 p.m. in the afternoon. At 8:30 that night we signed a contract. Three weeks later the deal was closed. We moved to Whitney the 15th of March as we had planned. We also moved my dad's trailer with us.

I started my electrical and air conditioning business in Whitney. Business was not great, but enough to keep us going. There were a lot of problems that we had not foreseen. I took some night courses at Texas State Technical Institute at Waco, Texas in advanced air conditioning; in January of 1972 I put in an application for maintenance at the West Community Hospital. I went to work on February 14, Valentine's Day, 1972. That was to be an experience in itself.

By January 1973 I was the maintenance engineer also in charge of safety, along with a lot of other duties. I was grateful for the opportunity of going to seminars and other meetings to learn how to handle the job. The West Community Hospital was 26 miles from our house in Whitney. I was subject to calls around the clock for the first year. Sometimes I would have to return one or two times an evening. In February 1975 while attending a hospital engineers' convention in Austin, Texas, I suffered a severe heart attack. I was in the Brackenridge Hospital in Austin for eleven days, then was moved by ambulance back to the West Community Hospital where I stayed for another fourteen days before coming home. In May, I was released to go back to work on a limited basis. My doctor suggested I get a travel trailer and park it at the hospital. Then I could be at the hospital two hours and go to the trailer for two hours and rest. My brother, Lewis, had a trailer and he brought it to me from Houston.

After I came home from the hospital Ann started a course in Nurses Aide at the Whitney Hospital, which lasted two months. I had been back to work for one week before she finished. On Thursday before she finished on Friday, the administrator called me to the office and asked if Ann had found a job. I said, "No." She told me that if she were interested there would be an opening in the therapy department. She took the job on June 23, 1975, which lasted until we retired. We stayed in the trailer for about a month, then started going back and forth home.

ABOUT THE GIRLS

In May 1971 Terry moved to Whitney with us. On May 20, 1972 Terry and Mike Clements were married. They moved back to Houston for a short time and then back

to Whitney. On September 2, 1973 our first grandson, Jay Darren Watson, was born to Reba and Bill Watson. On June 26, 1974 Jennifer Juan ell Clements was born to Terry and Mike. On September 14, 1976 Danny Eugene Watson was born to Reba and Bill. On March 21, 1980 Anna Marie Clements was born to Terry and Mike. That made two boys and two girls. However, Bill had two children when he and Reba married. Lisa Lynn Watson, age 13 years and Christopher (Chris) Edward Watson, age 6. They were our first grandchildren.

In 1977 while working late one night I pulled the muscles in my back and landed in the hospital for a long spell. At the suggestion of the administrator, I borrowed my brother, Lewis', trailer again and we started staying at the hospital. I would take physical therapy and supervise maintenance and safety and rest at the trailer when I got too tired. We bought our own trailer and for the rest of the time we worked at the West Community Hospital the trailer was there for us to stay in during bad weather or a lot of times through the week. We did use the trailer for vacations and short weekend trips. One of the weekends that stand out was a weekend in New Braunfels, Texas where we met the kids and grandchildren and enjoyed floating down the river. On some weekends we would take the trailer to Loafers Bend Park at Lake Whitney, one mile from our house, and spend with Terry, Mike and the girls. We also met Reba, Bill and the boys and Terry, Mike, and the girls at Crockett, Texas for the weekend.

In 1979 we made a trip with Bill, Reba and the boys to Red River, New Mexico. On one weekend we went to Fredericksburg, Texas with Mike, Terry and the girls to visit the Chester Nimitz Museum.

In 1981 with the help of the kids and others we were able to go back to Pearl Harbor in December for the 40th reunion of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association and Ceremonies. It was a real enjoyable trip and we saw a lot of beautiful sights. But, oh, how things had changed since I was there during the war.

In 1985, due to health and other added pressures on the job, we started thinking of retiring. So we set June 1, 1986 for the day we would retire from the West Community Hospital. We were given a retirement lunch and a bonus. We left the West Community Hospital with a lot of good memories and a lot of good friends that we will always treasure.

After retirement we made a trip to the Grand Old Opry in the travel trailer with Bill, Reba , Darren and Danny.

In June of 1986 my former administrator from West went to work for the Lake Whitney Memorial Hospital. He called and asked if I would go to work full or part time to help organize the safety and maintenance department. I put him off until Thanksgiving and then I agreed to work not more than three days a week through the winter. As of January 20, 1987 we are still waiting for spring and warm weather so we can be ready to retire again.