

David Greathouse Oral History Interview

ED METZLER: This is Ed Metzler, and today is the 18th of August 2009. I'm interviewing Mr. David Greathouse at the Nimitz Museum in Fredericksburg, Texas. This interview is in support of the Center of Pacific War Studies Archives for the National Museum of the Pacific War Texas Historical Commission for the preservation of historical information related to this site. So, let me start out, David, by thanking you for spending your time this morning to share some of your WWII experiences with us as a child during the war. Let's get you started by having you introduce yourself. Tell us when and where you were born, and we'll take it from there.

DAVID GREATHOUSE: Okay. I'm David Greathouse, and I was born on the 7th of January 1928 in Fort Worth, Texas.

EM: And what did your parents do for a living?

DG: My father was a lawyer, and not a very successful one, and my mother was a housewife.

EM: I see.

DG: And I was the firstborn.

EM: You were the firstborn? Well, how many siblings did you have?

DG: I have one sister, and that's all.

EM: Okay. So how much younger was she than you?

DG: Six years.

EM: Oh, okay, all right. So, you went to school there in Fort Worth?

DG: I lived and went to school in Fort Worth from the time I was born until the time I left Fort Worth in February of 1945 when I went to Tulane University for [a few?] semesters. Then, I came back to the University of Texas for one semester, and then from there on, in boot camp for the Navy, and my life was in the Navy for 26 more years.

EM: Oh, so you've had quite a bit of Navy under your belt. When did you go into the Navy?

DG: February the 27th, 1946.

EM: Well, you just missed the Great War then?

DG: I just -- I relieved the watch.

EM: You relieved the watch. So where did you go to elementary school, there in Fort Worth?

DG: I went to De Zavala Elementary School. See, we had Spanish-speaking people back in those days, and De Zavala Elementary School from first grade to sixth grade, and then E.M. Daggett Junior High School, and then R.L. Paschal High

School for three years. Back in those days, we had only three years in high school.

EM: Really? Well, they had three years of like what we call middle school now, I guess, or...

DG: No, they had two years of middle school.

EM: Really?

DG: Yeah.

EM: So, you really had 11 --

DG: Eleven years total, right.

EM: -- years curriculum then?

DG: Uh-huh, yeah.

EM: All right, okay. Well, what's the first thing you remember about your childhood in Fort Worth?

DG: I was always busy doing something.

EM: Doing what?

DG: Working, mainly. I can remember we lived with my grandmother because the Depression got hard, and we moved out of a little house where the folks had planned to build a bigger house in a posh residential district. But the Depression hit and so we moved into the back part of my grandmother's house. My grandmother is a rather famous artist, and she had her own studios upstairs in the house where we were, and I remember living in that house. I

remember putting on little plays out in the backyard. I organized the kids in the neighborhood to do little plays, and stuff like that, and I remember stringing a crystal radio in my bedroom with antenna all over the ceiling, and I was amazed that I got reception without --

EM: You actually got reception?

DG: -- and stuff like that, and my father, I remember, he was a national champion in rifle and pistol for a number of years. That's why he wasn't a successful lawyer. I think he spent more time shooting than he did with the law.

EM: Well, I was going to ask you about that. Why do you figure he wasn't so successful?

DG: I think he wasn't so successful because he didn't really want to be a lawyer. He wanted to be an artist, I think. My grandmother though had come up from meager beginnings. My great, great grandfather came over from Scotland, and fought at the Siege of Béxar in San Antonio in 1835, and from there, they were working their way up the social scale. My grandmother taught at TCU in art for a while, but she wanted her children to be professional. We had never had a professional in this family before, so she forced both my father and my uncle into law school. My dad didn't want it. He didn't get along too well with it.

EM: There wasn't a fire. It wasn't in his gut for it, huh?

DG: He didn't have the gut for it, and as my mother said, bread-and-butter jobs for lawyers back in those days was divorces. And every time that one came to dad, he'd bring them over to the house and try to patch them up.

EM: Oh, gosh.

DG: And they'd get tired of this (inaudible) and go to some other lawyer somewhere. So that's the way it was, and that's what happened.

EM: He should have been a marriage counselor instead of...

DG: Well, he could have been except he wasn't very successful at getting them back together. Let's see. I put in the early, early years -- this is before WWII -- I remember a trip to the family (inaudible), and I guess I was about eight or nine years old. The family being my father, mother, grandmother, my sister, and I went to Fort Davis, Texas from Fort Worth, Texas --

EM: That's a long drive.

DG: -- in the summer. One thing I can remember is Dad fixing flat tires a lot. We stayed in Marfa on a ranch that belonged to my grandmother's cousin, and we stayed there two or three weeks. Then, Dad and H.B. Holmes, the owner of the ranch, organized two cars to ferry down to what was

the Big Bend State Park at the time, I think it was, and here comes my dad's photographic or artistic event, and he took about 500 pictures of the Big Bend while he was down there.

EM: Those are probably historic pictures now.

DG: Well, they are. They are because when we got back, he had his own little darkroom in our kitchen, and he had the pictures all lying out one day in his office in the Burkham Building in downtown Fort Worth. And one of the other semi-employed lawyers came down the hallway, "What are you doing, Mac?" And he had his pictures out, and he showed them, and he said, "Hey, my part-time boss, Mr. Amon Carter would be interested in seeing these." And Amon Carter was the publisher of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

EM: Yeah, that's a famous name.

DG: So, they took those pictures over, and Amon Carter selected I don't know how many, and ran weekly pictures, things in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram using my dad's pictures --

EM: I'll be darn.

DG: -- promoting Big Bend as a national park, so Dad was...

EM: It didn't become a national park until back in...

DG: Until after that, until the 40s and 50s.

EM: Yeah, the 30s or 40s I think (inaudible). Well, it sounds to me like you've got a bit of an artistic bent, but it sounds like there's a little bit of a technical hands-on type bent in your life, too. You've got crystal radios and then you're putting on plays. How did that...

DG: Yeah, the technical bent came. I have a master's degree in electrical engineering from the Naval Academy, from the Navy post-graduate school.

EM: Yeah, but this is before you entered that.

DG: This is long before that, right.

EM: So, did your crystal radio translate into an amateur radio license?

DG: No, this is just receiving, and I was only about seven or eight years old then. I couldn't have been older because we moved not many years after that to another house. We got out of grandma's house.

EM: So that was still before World War II though, huh?

DG: Definitely, definitely.

EM: So, kind of got back on your feet. Your parents got back on...

DG: No, they didn't. No, they didn't.

EM: So how come they moved out?

DG: Let me -- well, I think my grandmother kind of bankrolled them to move out. She was getting tired of us or something. I don't really know, but we moved, I think, about in probably January of 1940. That's the way I've been reconstructing it since I volunteered to come over here, and at that time, I got into junior high school, January of 1940. And what was the question that we were following?

EM: Well, we were following why...

DG: Technical bent and artistic?

EM: Well, that was part of the question, yeah, so anyhow, go ahead.

DG: Why? Why did I bring that up?

EM: Well, I think we started with what caused you to get out of your grandmother's house so...

DG: Well, okay, yeah. Had we gotten better by that time? No, we hadn't, and --

EM: So, the Great Depression was still on, huh?

DG: -- I remember -- yeah, it was still on, and I remember December the 7th in 1941, and I think we heard it on the radio. It was just before we went to church or something like that and...

EM: What was the reaction in the room when you heard that?

DG: I don't really remember. I don't think I was paying too much attention, really. What was I? Eleven or twelve years old maybe. It went over the top of my head, I think.

EM: You were more interested in your radio receiver?

DG: No, that was just -- the radio wasn't very important really. It was just one of the things I do remember doing when I was a really young kid, but I do remember sometime in January of '42, that a bunch of dad's friends came over and watched him put on his Navy uniform. He had been invited to come into the Navy as a lieutenant, two gold stripes, and help run the Navy's small arms training program because he was on the NRA board. And he was a national rifle, and (inaudible), and all that kind of stuff, and...

EM: So, he entered the military, so he volunteered then?

DG: Yeah, yeah, he wouldn't have had to, but I remember mother saying some time after that, "If he hadn't gone into it then," she didn't know what we'd have done to keep food on the table. So, the war came along basically as a good source of income for us.

EM: It was a great stimulus package, wasn't it?

DG: Yeah, yeah, so he went off to, I guess, first Newport, Rhode Island and other places. But what he did was he went

in as lieutenant, and a buddy of his went in as lieutenant commander, and they ran the small arms training program for the Navy. They designed the rifle ranges at the recruit training centers. They enlisted the cadre to do the instructing and so forth, and then after they got it all set up, Dad was a commanding officer of the rifle range in Newport, Rhode Island where they had a boot camp back in those days.

EM: So, you and the family are still in Fort Worth?

DG: Yeah.

EM: He's up in Rhode Island?

DG: Right.

EM: So how did home life change when he left? I mean tell me...

DG: I can't really remember too much difference.

EM: Really?

DG: It seemed like he was always out either lawyering or shooting anyway. I don't know. I do remember going out to the rifle range several times with him before he went into the Navy. I [didn't?] learn to shoot from him though, some of his shooting, but he taught me how to shoot, and well, let's see. My high school was very -- let me shift to high school. Can I shift to my working activities while I was

in school? Because that's what I remember the most, I think.

EM: Okay. Well, let's talk about that, go ahead.

DG: And I can't figure it all -- I can't put it all together chronologically, but I think soon after I went to junior high school, I got a job as a soda jerk and delivery boy for a drugstore that was about two blocks away from the house. I do remember...

EM: So, you're still in junior high school at this point?

DG: I just started junior high school. I was about 11 or 12-years old.

EM: That's pretty young for...

DG: Well, that's the way things were.

EM: That's the way things were, yeah.

DG: And I had an old 28-inch, high-pressure bicycle. And a bunch of kids hung out around the corner by the drugstore, and I got jealous, and didn't want to come up with my old, high-pressure, 28-inch bicycle. And I went and bought myself a brand-new Schwinn-built bicycle on credit without telling my father or my mother.

EM: At the age of 13 or 12?

DG: At the age of 12 or 13.

EM: Well, credit was easier than I thought it was back then.

DG: It was. Well, I was making 12 and a half cents an hour. It took a long time, but I got tired of that thing after about three weeks of making payments. And I took it back, and asked if I could turn it back it in to the guy that sold it to me, and he come up there, and said, "Hey, what do you want to do? I'll take it back if you want." They said, "No. Teach that little so-and-so what it's like to have credit."

EM: To (overlapping dialogue; inaudible).

DG: And so, I have never bought anything on credit since then except one house in College Station. That's the only thing I've ever bought on credit.

EM: So that's an example of a childhood experience that had a lasting impact on you?

DG: Absolutely.

EM: So, we're still in junior high school so...

DG: We'd just started junior high school there, right.

EM: Yeah, yeah. What else happened in junior high school?

DG: Okay. I joined the Boy Scouts. I got to be a Star Scout, but I wasn't really -- and an assistant. I was a patrol leader or assistant, whatever it is, the next step in patrol. I never got to be an Eagle Scout, but I took my scouting seriously. I spent four two weeks, four times two

weeks each time out at Boy Scout camp and then I did a lot of camping in the summertime. I don't know how I fit it all in because also, there was an ROTC camp called Camp Dallas out near Mineral Wells, right alongside Camp Walters Army Camp. And I spent four weeks out there on four separate summers.

EM: Okay. So, these are summers during your junior high or are we in high school?

DG: Junior high and senior high.

EM: So how long did you stay out there at a time during the summer?

DG: Four weeks --

EM: Four weeks.

DG: -- at ROTC and two weeks at Boy Scouts.

EM: So, you're getting a taste of the military life --

DG: Oh, yeah.

EM: -- there at a young age?

DG: And when I was in junior high school, I was an AAA crossing street guard, and I had a white Sam Brown with a belt on it and everything. There was a badge on it and all, and I was the head of that in the second year in junior high school. So, I had a badge that had a blue background on it. But I was also in the junior/junior ROTC, and I don't know

exactly -- this is what I can't remember chronologically, but I took a platoon to the city competitions, and my platoon won the competition drill that year. That may have -- and I was the platoon commander, and we all got little medals and everything.

EM: So about how old were you when this happened?

DG: About 12, maybe 13.

EM: You were a precocious --

DG: Oh, yeah.

EM: -- young fellow.

DG: I've lost it all since then, but anyhow, the summer before my last semester in junior high school, I spent my first four weeks at the ROTC camp, and by that time, I had just been promoted to second lieutenant. There was only second lieutenant in the junior/junior ROTC, and I got out there, and I remember meeting my tent buddy who was also a second lieutenant. We're the only two officers. Everybody else is something else so -- and we became lifelong friends. He was from another junior high school, and then we went to senior high school, and...

EM: Well, I tell you what. Describe to me what you can remember about what that four weeks was like. I mean I gather you're sleeping in a tent?

DG: Oh, we had a tent city. Our tents, officer tents, were up the hill on the company street. The tents were, when it rained, in a mud streak, and when it didn't, it was hot as hell.

EM: That sounds like Texas.

DG: The tents were, I think, six or eight-men squad tents for the enlisted people. And there must have been probably 80 of us altogether in that one company, and that we were just one of two or three companies from Fort Worth, and there was something like 10 companies from Dallas. That's why they called it Camp Dallas of high school ROTC.

EM: So, we've got hundreds and hundreds of--

DG: Of kids out there, right.

EM: -- junior and senior high school ROTC guys.

DG: Right, and we were right next to Camp Walters, which is an infantry training camp, I think it was at the time.

EM: Mm-hmm, so you could see what you were going to be when you grew up then?

DG: Well, yeah, and then we got to go to town on passes on the weekend. And there I was with my little Sam Browne belt with my little cloth epaulets of (inaudible), rank, and everything, and we went to town to Mineral Wells. I don't know if you've ever been to Mineral Wells, but it was --

EM: Oh, I've been through it.

DG: -- a pretty decent town, and it was full of soldiers from Camp Walters at the time. And I'd go walking down the street, and here I was 12 years old, and all these soldiers would salute me. They didn't know what to make of me, and I started stopping them and say, "Hey, no, we've got this little ROTC camp next door to you guys. You don't have to salute us. You're farther along than we are."

EM: We should be saluting you.

DG: And I finally got tired of that and just started returning the salutes.

EM: Well, now what kind of adult supervision was there over the ROTC (overlapping dialogue; inaudible)?

DG: We had next door to our officers there, we had two officer tents, I think it was, and one old retired captain. Captain [Hess?] is his name, I think. He was retired from the US Army, and he was our PMS, professor of military science, and each company had one of those, I think, in charge. I don't know what else they had. I don't remember. We had close (inaudible) drill. We had field problems. We had map reading. We had to stand sentry watches all night long, and so forth, and so on, with a gun over our shoulder, and this, and that. And I can't

remember the general orders now, but the first one is my general orders are to take charge of this post, and all government property, and (inaudible). Is that right? And we had no other general orders, and we had to challenge anybody coming to our post. They didn't have little rifles or anything like that.

EM: I was going to ask you about the firearms. What did you have?

DG: We did have -- well, they were just dummy rifles. They were light as I think I saw Marvin talking about during one of his things out there where they gave you light training rifles to do the manual arms with and all. But we did also have a firing range out there, and I qualified as an expert there, and I qualified -- I guess one year, I was Camper of the Year, got a big medal for being the star camper or something. I don't really remember.

EM: So, did all the ROTC participants go to the rifle range?

DG: No, no, no, not -- I don't know how we were selected. Maybe we could afford it. I don't know. Maybe my grandmother paid my way. I don't know what it was, but anyhow, I got out there, and by going there, you got promoted one additional rank, so instead of being second lieutenant when I came back, I was a first lieutenant, and

I was head of our high -- in my junior high. Then, I went to high school, and I got to be a PFC by virtue of having been a commissioned officer in junior high. And that gave me sort of a one-up when I went to camp next year, and I got to be a sergeant. By going to camp, you got one automatic (inaudible) going to camp. I ended up, when I graduated from high school, my last semester in high school, I was regimental commander, lieutenant colonel, cadet lieutenant colonel, and I had two high schools under my great command. I never saw them except on Armistice Day parades lined up, but we had a number of parades. And we got little numbers to put on our ribbons on our Armistice Day, and I guess probably County Fair Day. I don't know what it was but lots of activity.

EM: What was the food like there?

DG: Food?

EM: Yeah.

DG: It was good. It was good.

EM: So, did you get food from the Army camp or did --?

DG: No, they had their own cooks and everything.

EM: Really?

DG: We didn't cook, but they had their own cooks. And I can remember, we had an Army-type latrine with a long --

EM: Not fancy, huh, trench warfare.

DG: Yeah, trench warfare, right. And I can remember crawling around in the deserts (inaudible) like that wondering when I was going to meet a rattlesnake coming at me or what. We did some real field problems, things like that.

EM: So, what do you think that had -- what kind of impact did that have on you as you're a young teenager? I mean you're coming out a professional soldier or is this just --?

DG: I don't know. It may be more demanding of other people, and so forth, but not so much of myself. But I also, at that time, joined what was called the Texas State Guard. Have you ever heard of that?

EM: I've heard of it. I don't know much about it.

DG: It took the place of the National Guard when the National Guard was nationalized, and it was there to maintain order amongst the population, and do this, that, and the other. And I wasn't supposed to be there because you're supposed to be 17 years old or older, and I was something like 15 when I joined up, and I don't know why they took me except that I could shoot a rifle, and I drilled with them. I wore their uniform. Captain [Sandell?], the company commander, let me be a PFC, but he said, "If I do anything more, I'll have to declare you, and you're not supposed to

be with us. And if you have to be a corporal or something, we can't mention it." But I do remember teaching the people in my National Guard company how to shoot a rifle. I can remember they had a rifle range in the basement of the armory where we met.

EM: And where was the armory, there in Fort Worth?

DG: On Lancaster Street in Fort Worth, right, and we met every Thursday night for four hours, something like that.

EM: And this is while you're in high school now?

DG: Yeah, this is high school, and I teach all these old fellows how to shoot a rifle. And my picture was in the paper one time with them doing something. I don't know what it was.

EM: When you say, "old fellows," how old were they?

DG: Well, they were draft exempt and--

EM: For one reason or another.

DG: They're all older than I was because I wasn't supposed to be there.

EM: Well, yeah, you were just a pup.

DG: I was a real pup, but I did take charge and tell people -- and teach class on how to do that, the rifle range, and then I worked all the time it seemed like, and the drugstore, that lasted probably a couple of years. And

there's another thing a lot of people don't remember and never heard of probably, selling *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, and *Country Gentlemen Magazine*.

EM: Door to door?

DG: Door to door.

EM: You bet.

DG: I can still remember when I go knocking on someone's door, friend or whatever it is, I can sense them coming to the door, just like I could when I sensed the customer coming to the door. And I sold some, and I got paid in greenies and brownies. I think five or 10 brownies equaled one greenie.

EM: And what were these?

DG: And so many greenies, you could buy a bicycle. You could buy something else.

EM: This is like the Green Stamps?

DG: Sort of like that. They were certificates, but they were -
- yeah. They looked sort of the size of a dollar bill.

EM: Oh, that big?

DG: Well, yeah. I mean they were to go down and buy the stuff with, but that was one of the things I got into. I guess when I was still in junior high school, I walked about a mile and a half, two miles to the local theater on Saturday

nights. It was called Buck Night, and that's where all the people would come out to try to win a few dollars. You get into Buck Night, and I guess the people, when they bought their ticket, got half their ticket put into a barrel or something like that. And they selected the winner by having three kids get up on the stage and then have some kind of a stupid contest. Like, one time, I won a freckle contest. I don't have them now, but I did.

EM: You used to have freckles.

DG: I used to have a bunch of them, and we kids would sit down in the front two or three rows waving our hands, trying to get chosen, and I got chosen several times. And one time, I won the freckle contest, and so having won the contest, that I would go over, and pick a ticket out of the big barrel that they rolled around, and somebody would win \$50 or something like that.

EM: Fifty dollars?

DG: I don't know how much it was.

EM: That's serious money back then.

DG: Well, it was serious money, and when it only cost \$0.10 plus a penny tax to get in, for kids anyway, it was pretty serious money, but that was what they called Buck Night. And it was very popular with the older population.

EM: Did you ever go to class?

DG: Yeah.

EM: It sounds to me like you've described a full life already.
We haven't talked about classwork.

DG: Yeah, I went to class, and for some reason or another, when I went back, I was perceived as being a real whiz brain and everything, although I can't remember making anything but A's and B's, and to be a brain, you've got to make all A's.

EM: Yeah, you made some B's in there, huh?

DG: I made some B's, maybe a C or two. But I can remember we lived about a mile or a mile and a half from the high school, and at one time, I brought an old Model A, traded it in for an older Model T that was more fun, and had a B stamp, a B rationing stamp because I drove three of my neighbors to school and...

EM: So, the ration stamp came with the car?

DG: No, but they came when I went down to apply and said, "I'm going to drive three of my neighbors to school."

EM: That was enough to get the B then?

DG: That was enough to get a B stamp, right, and it was a wreck of a car but a lot of fun. But also, I remember driving -- I probably got rid of it and just bicycled back and forth

the mile and a half to school or on the street car. We had street cars back in those days.

EM: How did you afford to be able to buy a car?

DG: I don't know.

EM: I guess with all those jobs, you had some money.

DG: Yeah, it was a cheapy car. I mean I was bargaining up or something. I don't know, but good question. I'll research that one.

EM: Yeah, you'll go back and check, huh?

DG: But I do remember that I would always carry my books home. I would put them on the dining room table and going off to school the next morning, I'd pick them up from where I left them and take them back to school. I had never cracked a book at home.

EM: So, homework wasn't necessary for you?

DG: Homework wasn't part of my deal, nuh-uh, and I guess I was pretty sharp. I don't know.

EM: Well, you mentioned the A stamp and the B stamps. What do you remember about rationing during the war?

DG: Not an awful lot.

EM: Were things in short supply?

DG: Oh, definitely, but food was in short supply at our home because we were economizing, also. I don't really remember

as Floyd does. In his footlocker thing, he talks about pouring out the grease and this, that, and the other. I think I remember that. I think I remember saving the grease, but I don't remember an awful lot of other things that we saved, to tell you the truth. We must have been short on paper because these two little bitty things here are our schoolbooks or our, what do you call them, graduation books or something. They're, what, 4x8, and they're a quarter of an inch thick for, what, about 500 people I guess it was.

EM: Yeah, yeah. This is your high school yearbook, the *Panther*?

DG: Yes, it is my high school...

EM: I see one dated 1945, and you also have the *Panther* from 1944. And it's got all the photos, and you've got all the signatures of your friends in here, just like the post-war stuff, only it's small and thin.

DG: Right, and I cheated and got myself as a senior in '44, I don't know why I did that, but I cheated, and there I was, all right.

EM: So, I know that there were things like sugar ration, meat ration, butter, those kinds of things.

DG: Oh, I remember mixing...

EM: So, your mother dealt with that okay, and you ate okay?

DG: Yeah, yeah, I remember mixing the margarine with the yellow coloring. That, I remember --

EM: Well, that was the daily lobby that got...

DG: -- get your hands all gushed up in that. Oh, rationing, rationing, something else popped in my mind. Oh, my standard lunch that I can remember was peanut butter and banana sandwiches, which had a lot of protein, and everything else in it, and that was good.

EM: Yeah, and in fact, tasted pretty good, too, if (overlapping dialogue; inaudible).

DG: It did taste pretty good, and I don't know if they served lunch. I think they served lunch at school, but I always carried sandwiches, and that was that. I also had a job later on in high school as a stock boy at a merchandise store, a clothing store downtown, Strickland's Clothing Store. I'd go upstairs where I'd put the price tags on them, and I'd put them all in a little hand truck, and take them down, and put them on the shelves, and all. I also remember working -- I don't know where it all fits in -- but I worked about six weeks or something a summer job helping Texas Electric Service Company clear a right of way, which meant an ax (inaudible)...

EM: Clear a right of way for road construction, you mean, or...

DG: For their electric lines.

EM: Oh, electric lines.

DG: It's way out in the country, and I can remember climbing up the trees and cutting off limbs way up high (inaudible).

EM: Trimming them all?

DG: My friend that I met when I was in the junior/junior ROTC, he and I both worked there that summer. And I can remember him lowering himself down on his safety line to where he nearly touched the ground, but he couldn't quite get his feet on the ground, and he couldn't get up the line. And somebody had to come and let him loose because he couldn't un-tie it as long as there was --

EM: Weight (overlapping dialogue; inaudible), yeah.

DG: -- pressure on the line. As long as there was pressure on the line, he couldn't untie it, so we had to go and lift him up so he got it untied. I remember that.

EM: He might have still been there if guys (inaudible).

DG: And when I graduated from high school, I weighed 128 pounds, which is not very heavy for doing the kind of work like that, but it was good work, and I enjoyed it.

EM: Well, you're fairly tall though, so you were...

DG: Yeah, but 128 pounds spread over --

EM: You were...

DG: -- I was about 5'10", 10.5" then. I was tall but skinny.

EM: So, you were Slim Jim, huh?

DG: I was 138 when I got out of boot camp, I think it was.

EM: Well, I guess we all put on a little weight as we go on.

DG: Yes, and my father was extra big. I tried to find a picture of him to bring over here but...

EM: What about tires on cars? I understand it was impossible to get a tire for a car, and a lot of times, cars would just be sitting there because they didn't have tires.

DG: Right, and Dad going into the Navy, he went in with a bunch of retreads. I think Dad had been a second lieutenant in WWI or something like that, so he (inaudible) retread, and that's what we call tires. You take your old tires, and you get them retreaded and they'd last 1,000 miles or so, I guess.

EM: Until they flopped off or something?

DG: Yeah, yeah.

EM: Did you hear much from your father back home when he was up in Rhode Island?

DG: No.

EM: Okay. It's 10:15. How are we doing?

DG: Doing fine. I've got half an hour to go. I'm going to have it all done.

EM: Yeah, we haven't scratched the surface yet. It's just now starting to get really interesting.

DG: Let's see.

EM: So anyhow...

DG: I can remember Dad has been transferred from Newport, Rhode Island to somewhere in upstate New York, Sampson Naval Training Station, near the Finger Lakes in upstate New York.

EM: Ithaca, etc., yeah.

DG: And I was at Tulane University, I think at the time, and mother said, "We're going to go see Dad." She wrote me a letter, or called me, or something like that, sent me the money, told me to get on a train, and meet at so-and-so's apartment, a cousin's apartment in New York City, so I got on a train. I went up there, and I remember...

EM: Now, where were you?

DG: I was in New Orleans, and she was in Fort Worth.

EM: And why were you in New Orleans again?

DG: Going to Tulane University.

EM: This is when you were in college? Okay.

DG: Yeah, and this was the last year of the war because I remember VJ Day came, and they declared unlimited time off at Tulane University, and I hitchhiked home for that. I figured what the hell? I'm here. They don't know when they're going to start again. They'll let me know. I might as well go home, but before then, I got on the train, went to New York City, went to the big city. I'd never been to the big city before. The train was crowded, crowded, crowded. Everybody is standing room, this, that, and the other, and I can remember...

EM: Did it have a bunch of GIs on it or just passengers?

DG: GIs, and passengers, and I just remember that it's just crowded because I can remember climbing up on the luggage rack and sleeping up there.

EM: You became a piece of luggage, huh?

DG: Yeah, and we got to New York. Is that [Reagan?]?

EM: Mm-hmm.

DG: We got to New York, and went on over to the Sampson Training Base, and his dad was a -- hi, Reagan -- Dad was in charge of training there. And he's also the judge advocate general, I think, for the base because he's a lawyer, too, and things like that. And his final job in the Navy was he was the last commanding officer at Camp

Peary Virginia, which, at that time, as a Navy camp. It's been other things since then. He was the last commanding officer there, and he brought a number of souvenirs, Navy blankets, and things like that. And I can remember in 1946, he was still in the Navy. I had just joined the Navy, our paths crossed, and I remember saluting him.

EM: That felt kind of strange, I bet.

DG: Yeah, yeah.

EM: I'll be darned. Well now, when you were in high school in Fort Worth during the bulk of the war because you went to Tulane right towards the end of the war then, didn't you?

DG: Mm-hmm.

EM: What kind of news did you and the general public get about how the war was going? I mean you had radio. You had newspapers. You had the Movietone News at the movies.

DG: You know, I don't think that I paid too much attention to it. I was just too busy doing my thing, I think. I don't remember much about that.

EM: But you were still very much into the military, and shooting, and ROTC?

DG: Oh, yeah, but just because it was there to do, something to do. I do remember the Movietone News, and the Fox News, and things like that at the movies that would bring us up

to date on what's going on here and what's going on there.
I don't remember ever sitting down listening to the radio.
Of course, we didn't have television.

EM: Of course not, yeah.

DG: I'm just too busy doing other things, and life was just too full of other stuff. I do remember -- and this goes back to before I went to junior high school, so I must have been nine or 10 or 11 years old -- they had chewing gum that came in, it must have been, about three by four squares that you could break off pieces of.

EM: It was like a sheet, fairly thin?

DG: It was like a sheet of chewing gum, and it was sold in a package that had a cardboard backing to it, and the cardboard backing had war propaganda on it.

EM: Is that right?

DG: And I can remember about the atrocities that the Japanese were inflicting on the Chinese. I can remember a couple of atrocity scenes, Chinese streaming down a mountain path or something like that. That, I remember from back in those days, but that's about all I remember. I don't remember too much else about -- and I knew you were going to ask me that, and I tried to think about --

EM: Well, that's all right.

DG: -- what do I remember? What else?

EM: But I mean you remember what your life was at the time.

DG: Yeah, and I was just busy doing this and busy doing that.

EM: What about sports? Did you play any sports when you were in high school?

DG: No. No, I was in the ROTC.

EM: You were in the Army.

DG: There were two factions basically in high school. One was the sports, and the other was the ROTC. We didn't have to go to physical training if we were in ROTC.

EM: That's right. Did you feel a division --?

DG: Oh, definitely. In fact...

EM: -- between you and the "civilians" in the school?

DG: I felt it alongside my jaw one time.

EM: Tell me about that.

DG: Each company in ROTC has elected, or selected, or somehow another one of the good-looking gals to be the company sponsor. And she dressed in officer gray, and had a neat-looking uniform, this, that, and the other. And she wore on her shoulder the rank of major, and they were all cuties, and their personalities -- I can show them to you in this book here. I wasn't much interested in girls

either. All I did was I was just doing my job, basically.
That's what I remember, that and shooting.

EM: That's interesting.

DG: And we did have dances a couple of times a year, I guess, the ROTC ball, and we had one ROTC ball at the women's club down on Pennsylvania Avenue in Fort Worth, Texas. And I was a lieutenant colonel, and I invited young Pat who was a major to be my date. Man, I felt I was really fortunate that she accepted me and had a wonderful time. We went in my little Model T, which had its top cut off. It looked like a convertible without a top.

EM: It was a hacksaw convertible.

DG: Yeah, it was a hacksaw convertible, and she had her beautiful, long dress on, and I had my uniform on, and my sword. I don't know why we had swords at the dance, but we had our swords there and everything.

EM: It was part of the dress.

DG: And after the dance was over, we pulled up at a local hamburger joint, and a bunch of the football team were there. And they came over and pulled me out of the car, "Look at Mr. Fancy here." I was...

EM: Fancy pants, huh?

DG: Fancy pants. She was also a cheerleader. Pat was a cheerleader, also, and I was dating one of their girls, and that wasn't a nice thing for me to be doing.

EM: Yeah, you were out of bounds.

DG: And so yes, we did have differences, and I was sort of a prude in those days, too, about smoking, and a prude about drinking. I didn't believe that that was in our -- what we were supposed to be doing. I changed my mind after I got to New Orleans.

EM: New Orleans can do that to you.

DG: New Orleans was an education, and it seemed like all the football gang, football boys did drink, did smoke, did this, that, and the other. I'm sure not all of them did, but that was my opinion. They were the hard riders.

EM: Yeah, the hot shots.

DG: One of them lived next door to me, one of the stars of the football team. And his sister was one of our ROTC-sponsored girls.

EM: The girl next door, the proverbial girl next door.

DG: Yeah, but they were, I think, a year older than I was or something. So, they were -- I didn't have anything to do with them, and they didn't have much to do with me.

EM: Yeah, but tell me what happened at the hamburger joint.

DG: Well, they just pulled me out, knocked me around a little bit.

EM: Roughed you up.

DG: And took my sword, and banged it against a post, and bent it so it couldn't come out of its scabbard. But that's about all and then back home I went.

EM: They didn't...

DG: I was mortified more than hurt physically.

EM: Yeah, I mean did you like fight back or not?

DG: No. There was six or seven of them (inaudible).

EM: Very good thinking.

DG: Also, that reminds me of another fight I had and another job I had.

EM: Well, tell me.

DG: Every Saturday night for -- and I don't remember. This was some time in high school, I'm sure -- I would go down to the *Star-Telegram*, and I would work for about eight or nine hours from probably 7:00 or 8:00 in the evening until three, four, five o'clock in the morning slipping papers. Slipping papers means taking the printed edition, and putting it into the preprinted comics, and so forth, and so on. Somebody had to put them together. So, a bunch of us guys would get down there and do it. And we got a lunch

hour about 1:30 or two o'clock in the morning, and we would go out to a local park with our little khaki sack lunches, and sit on the park benches, and eat lunch there.

EM: In the middle of the night?

DG: In the middle of the night, and I remember we were beat up that time during one of those times. Another just a roving gang came along, and thought we were good marks, and so they took into us. They didn't beat us up real bad. They just threw us over the bench and a few things like that, but (overlapping dialogue; inaudible).

EM: So, there were roving gangs even back then?

DG: Yeah, oh, yeah. We were just sitting there minding our business, and I guess there were about six or seven of us, and there were probably 14 or 15 of them.

EM: That used to be what we called juvenile delinquents back then.

DG: That's what I would have called them, right.

EM: Now, they're full-board gang members, I guess.

DG: Yeah. What else do I remember? I can't remember too much.

EM: Well, how did your mother handle all of this? Her husband's away at war, although at least in the US, got two active kids she's raising, money's tight.

DG: I don't know.

EM: Everything's in shortage. How did that go for her?

DG: I made my own spending money. My sister was much younger than I was. She was about four or five years old I guess at the time, so she was housebound pretty much. Mother, I remember -- I still feel sorry for her, washing sheets in the bathtub, and hanging them out on lines out in the backyard, and things like that.

EM: No washing machine yet, huh?

DG: No washing machine, not in that house anyway. And I can remember sleeping there and having Jack Frost form on the windows. Do you know what Jack Frost is?

EM: Mm-hmm.

DG: A lot of the people these days don't know what it is.

EM: On the inside.

DG: That's the...

EM: Or is it on the outside or the inside?

DG: No, it was on the inside.

EM: That's what I thought.

DG: It was your breath that condensed on the inside of the windows, and when we woke up, definitely, it was freezing in the house or you wouldn't have had Jack Frost. And we would run to the kitchen where mother had gotten up, and turned the stove on, and we would stand in front of the

oven to warm up. And that was it, and then we'd have breakfast in there, and everything.

EM: No central air, and no central heat.

DG: No, sir. No, sir.

EM: And, of course, during the summer, it was hot as you know.

DG: Yes, sir, and we did have fans. We had only one bathroom between the two bedrooms. We had gas heat, the old gas heaters, and the gas plugs coming into every room. And you put a rubber hose on it, and a bunch of spigots coming up, and (inaudible) background, and it did a pretty good job of heating once they got started, I guess. I remember mother put pans of water on the top of each one of them to keep the proper humidity going, so our skin wouldn't dry out. What did she do? I don't know. She was something of an artist. She learned how to paint from my grandmother who's my father's mother, and she was going...

EM: What about scrap, gathering up scrap iron, and newspapers?

DG: I don't remember any of that.

EM: I've heard stories about that during WWII. There were paper drives, and trying to get all the copper, and all this kind of stuff. Any recollections of that?

DG: No. I remember Floyd talking about it during his presentations and all, but I'm sure it went on. I don't

remember much about it. Talking about Pat, my girlfriend -
- and I didn't have any girlfriends until -- girls didn't
hit until the Naval Academy as far as I was concerned --
but Pat did organize a thing called a teen canteen. Back
in those times, they had the Hollywood canteen for the GIs.
GIs that were fortunate to come into Hollywood, they would
go in, and meet the stars, and one thing, and another, and
dance, and so forth. And Pat, while we were in high
school, came up with the idea that there wasn't anything
for the kids to do really to stay out of trouble except
work. And so, she organized, and got some kind of an old
warehouse or something loaned to them downtown, and
organized what she called a teen canteen. And they got
bands to volunteer to come in and play, and this, that, and
the other.

EM: So, have dances and that kind of stuff?

DG: So, dances, and then drop-ins, and so forth, which leads to
one other thing. I remember one of the -- oh, this is
terrible -- about some of the high school girls offering
themselves down at the train station to the poor GIs that
were on their way to the front, and so forth, and so on.

EM: I haven't heard about that.

DG: I don't know how much of it went on, but I do remember, talking about Pat, I think part of it was she wanted to give those girls something positive to do instead of go down and try to make out with the soldiers on the train.

EM: That's funny. That doesn't show up on most of the textbooks that little thing.

DG: No. Well, it was there. They were big patriotic.

EM: Hmm, I'll be darned.

DG: I don't know how much of it went on, and it could be entirely word of mouth that got carried away. I don't know.

EM: Yeah, maybe it got blown out of proportion.

DG: A rumor.

EM: But maybe not. Who knows?

DG: Don't know. It does ring a bell back to how I went off to the Navy.

EM: Well, I want to hear how you went off to Tulane first, just --

DG: I don't know.

EM: -- work our way through the chronology.

DG: I graduated. I was a pretty good graduate, I guess, and everything.

EM: So, let's see. What year, David, did you graduate from high school?

DG: January of 1945.

EM: Okay. So, you were a mid-termer, we used to call those?

DG: Yes, that's right.

EM: January of '45.

DG: The war was still on.

EM: Right. School was in session including universities are in session.

DG: That's right.

EM: So, what did you do, go (overlapping dialogue; inaudible)?

DG: Why I went to Tulane and how they could afford it, I don't know except that Dad, by that time, was in the Navy. I know that my mother said if I hadn't gone to the Naval Academy, they wouldn't have been able to put my sister into college. But I guess by that time, they gave me the proposition, "All right. You want to go to college. Where do you want to go?" And I had heard of the mean, the green wave.

EM: The mean green, huh?

DG: The green [wave?] of Tulane University. I didn't know what the hell I was talking about except it sounded good, and

New Orleans sounded good, so I said, "I want to go to Tulane," so that's where I went.

EM: A private school and relatively expensive.

DG: Relatively expensive. I had a great aunt that ran a secretarial school a block away from Tulane University. And I stayed the first two or three weeks with her until they -- housing was hard to find back in those days for students, and I stayed with her for two or three weeks while we looked for a place for me to stay. And I finally ended up in the ATO fraternity house. Now, going back to me being a prude in high school, they also had high school fraternities, and I thought they were very divisive, and I didn't like them at all. And I basically ran campaigns against them.

EM: High school fraternities?

DG: Yes, and sororities.

EM: Like Greek letter societies --

DG: Yes, absolutely.

EM: -- on a small scale?

DG: Right, yeah. And I was active against them because I thought that they were very divisive, and anyhow, there I was going to Tulane living in a fraternity house.

EM: Yeah, but were you a member of the fraternity?

DG: No, no. They needed the money, and I needed a place to stay, and so I lived at the ATO fraternity house within walking distance although I brought a bicycle. It was 10 blocks away from the university or something like that, and they let me participate in most of their social activities, their dances at the house there, and things like that. I didn't go away on their weekends to Slidell and so forth, but I lived more or less half the life of a fraternity boy. That's where I learned to drink, and that's where I learned basically to handle it pretty much, I think.

EM: And I guess all those fraternity parties, and the women, and all that, huh?

DG: Well, yeah, and I didn't pay too much -- I made sure that I kept my grades passing, but I really wasn't interested in business administration.

EM: Is that what you were taking?

DG: That's what I was taking. I figured well, I don't know what I want to do, and I still don't know what I want to do although this oral history stuff is getting to be very interesting over at the Historical Society. Now, where was I?

EM: Anyhow, you didn't know what you wanted to do, but you were taking business administration courses.

DG: Right, yeah, so I figured I want to make money. That's definitely it.

EM: Money is important.

DG: So, business administration will be a good way to keep track of the money. I didn't do it though, and I came back. The money ran out, and I came back. I had to go to the University of Texas for a semester.

EM: Okay. So how long were you in New Orleans and at Tulane?

DG: Two semesters.

EM: Okay, so the spring semester of '45?

DG: Yeah, and then a mid-term semester or something like that, and a summer semester.

EM: And during the summer?

DG: Yeah, yeah.

EM: Okay. So VE day happened in May, so it was starting to look like the war was going our way.

DG: Yeah, and then they declared an indefinite holiday. They didn't bring me back, I guess, because I finished the semester.

EM: Now, was that VE day or VJ day?

DG: VJ day.

EM: Okay. So now we're back in August/September, and so tell me what impact did Victory in the Pacific have on you and everybody else? What happened?

DG: I remember everybody was very happy. They're dancing in the streets in New Orleans and so forth, but basically...

EM: Did you go down and dance in the streets?

DG: No. I think I did some quick thinking and said, "I want to go back to Fort Worth. I'm homesick," I think is what happened and...

EM: Especially since (inaudible) to just shut down basically.

DG: Yeah, and what I did as a graduation -- now, kids take a trip to London or somewhere like that for graduation from high school.

EM: Yeah, or Cancun or something.

DG: What I did for graduation from Paschal High School in 1945, my buddy and I hitchhiked to San Antonio, and I had never been out -- well, I'd been out of town, but I'd never been out on my own, and so...

EM: That was a fair old trip back then probably.

DG: It was. It was. It was interesting, and we hitchhiked to San Antonio, and then we hitchhiked back. And he had orders to check in at West Texas, which is just near Waco. I don't mean out west, but West Texas. One of his aunts

lived there. So, we checked in with her, and she gave him orders and me orders to get on the interurban, and get back home, and to heck with this hitchhiking. We're worried about you boys. It was a great experience. I'd never been on an interurban before. Have you ever heard of an interurban?

EM: Yeah, it's the little, kind of local trains, huh, kind of half trolley, half train.

DG: It was a trolley car that ran across the --

EM: The countryside.

DG: -- the prairie, right. So, we ran and got on -- it probably ran from Austin to Fort Worth, and on to Fort Worth to Dallas, or something like that. But we got on the interurban in West Texas and rode home to Fort Worth. And I think because of that -- that was my hitchhiking experience at that time -- I said, "Well, I might as well go home. And I don't have money from home, but I've got enough to buy a few meals. I'm going to hitchhike home," so I got out on the road. I think that's what happened. So, I didn't join the great celebration downtown. I just went home.

EM: So how did the hitchhiking work back then? That was a pretty common way to get around.

DG: Oh, it was.

EM: Everybody would stop for hitchhikers, right?

DG: They did. They did, and I'd get out on the road, and they'd stop, "Where are you going, son?" And I told them where I'm going, "Well, we can take you so far." "Fine with me."

EM: And it wasn't considered risky either to pick up hitchhikers --

DG: Not at all.

EM: -- or to be picked up?

DG: Not at all, not at all.

EM: Things have turned...

DG: I can remember getting stuck in some little town in Louisiana, getting sleepy. I never drank coffee before. I said, "Well, I've heard coffee will keep you awake." I went in, and I tried that coffee in that little town in Louisiana. I didn't have coffee again for another 10 years.

EM: That will make you swear off coffee, that old chicory-aging coffee.

DG: But then that experience led to -- when I got out of boot camp -- led to hitchhiking across the country. And by the way, in boot camp, I was my own boot camp company commander

because I had been for a year and a half in college because I had a GCT/ARI way up there. You know what that is?

EM: No, tell me, GCT/ARI?

DG: General Classification Test and Arithmetical Efficiency, or something like that, intelligence test.

EM: All right, so it was like an IQ test.

DG: And because of my ROTC experience -- I should have recruited -- I had the warrant or whatever they called them for non-commissioned officers of a staff sergeant, I think it was, because I had been a lieutenant colonel in the...

EM: You were already a military guy.

DG: But anyhow, when I got to boot camp, instead of having a boot camp pusher -- what do they call them in the Marine Corps?

EM: Yeah, a boot...

DG: Well, anyhow, having a non-commissioned officer in charge of -- I was in charge. I did have one that I reported to that came and checked us out every week, every two or three days to see how things were going along, but except for that, I ran 180 guys that we had in a boot camp.

EM: Now this is after the war is over?

DG: Yeah, this is February '46.

EM: Let me go back to when you went back home from Tulane. The war was over. Money is still tight. You're homesick. What did you do after you got back home to Fort Worth?

DG: I don't remember. I really don't remember.

EM: Well, you mentioned you went to UT. Now, is that after you got out?

DG: Well, I found that money was tight and things, and I guess my mother and I talked about, "Hey, if you go back and finish this semester, you're going to have to come back to UT," or some other university.

EM: Yeah, so did you go back to Tulane?

DG: I went back, and I finished that semester --

EM: Oh, good for you.

DG: -- whenever they picked it up. I don't remember that either, and then I went to the University of Texas and...

EM: So, this is before you went into the Navy?

DG: Before I went into the Navy.

EM: So, what was the UT experience like after being at Tulane?

DG: Well, I remember the fellow that I hitchhiked to San Antonio with and I looked for a house together. He also had been somewhere else, and we went to UT together. And we'd been on a private home out by the, was it the deaf school, way out...

EM: School for the Deaf, yeah.

DG: School for the Deaf.

EM: On Lamar Avenue or something.

DG: Oh, way out north of town, and we took a -- and that was the only housing that we could find. And it was in a private home, and we shared a double bed. And I remember getting a great big rope, and putting it right down the middle of that bed, and saying, "You stay on that side, and I'll stay on this side."

EM: And these were not king-sized beds either. This was your standard bed.

DG: Well, it was a large -- it was a double bed (overlapping dialogue; inaudible).

EM: Right, which looked smaller by today's standards.

DG: Yeah, and we would take a bus to school every day. When we wanted to splurge, I think we got a T-bone steak dinner with all the trimmings for \$1.25, I think it was, at a diner out near where we lived, but we saved up for that.

EM: That's a big event, yeah.

DG: Yeah, and I remember that Bill liked to play the pinball machines. Right where the bus dropped us off right across from the commons, there was a bookstore and something else that had a bunch of pinball machines.

EM: Oh, gosh.

DG: He got hooked on pinball machines. I continued my business curriculum, and didn't learn too much about that either, and still wasn't interested in learning.

EM: It still hadn't captured your head?

DG: No, no, so...

EM: So, what did you go, a semester or two? It must not have been too long because you went into the Navy in '46.

DG: Well, then I got a phone call from my mother toward the end of the semester. And my birthday was January the 7th. I was going to turn 18, hadn't turned 18, I guess, maybe, and she said, "Your number has come up. And you will be in the Army if you don't come up here and joined the Navy real quick."

EM: Really?

DG: So, before I officially was notified that my number had come up, I went to Fort Worth and joined the Navy.

EM: So, this is even after the war is over. They're still drafting, is that right?

DG: Well, they wanted to replace all those guys so they can get them home. Yeah, I think so.

EM: Wow!

DG: But no, the draft went on for quite some time, but I would have been drafted into the Army, but my father had told me, "Don't get into the Army. Join the Navy where you can learn a trade." And so --

EM: Well, all right, I guess there's some logic to that.

DG: -- I went into the Navy, went into boot camp. I remember the ride out to boot camp from Fort Worth.

EM: And where was boot camp for you?

DG: San Diego.

EM: San Diego, yeah. Tell me about the ride out.

DG: Well, how are we doing?

EM: We're doing fine. You tell me when you have to quit.

DG: I've got about four more minutes.

EM: All right. Well, we'll wrap it up.

DG: I joined -- I was told to report to the train station on such-and-such a time on such-and-such a day, and I reported there, and there were 12 others that had been signed up in Fort Worth, also. The train came in. The chief in charge says, "All right, up into there," and there were about another 15 or 20 guys that had been recruited in Dallas. And he told all of them, "Mr. Greathouse here is in charge. Do what he says." And he gave me all the papers of all the guys in that draft --

EM: Wow!

DG: -- of 30-some odd guys or something. I didn't expect this, but I'm a take-charge guy, so I took charge and said, "Okay, let's go." And I didn't give any orders because you couldn't give those guys orders. Some of them were wild Texans and really, I didn't have any authority, and I don't...

EM: And they knew it, I guess.

DG: Huh?

EM: I said, and they must have known it --

DG: And they knew it.

EM: Sensed it, yeah.

DG: And we got on, and we lived in a boxed car that had beds in it, canvas stretched around metal frames. They were about, I think, four bunks high. That's where we slept.

EM: Whoa!

DG: And we went to a [fancy?] diner for breakfast, lunch and dinner, so we were up and down, up and down. And then the train would pull off to sidings from time to time to let an express route. We were not really a high priority, I guess. I think we went through Mexico for a while. We went down into Mexico, back up into --

EM: Really?

DG: -- Arizona or somewhere like that. I don't know exactly, but I do know, and I do remember this specifically that when we were on a couple of the sidings, there were a couple of beer joints that were within visual distance, and some of the guys would say, "Hey, a beer joint," and off they would stream off that train. And I thought, "Oh, my gosh, here's the end of my Navy career before it even got started. I'm losing..."

EM: I've lost control.

DG: But somehow or another, they all got back, and we all streamed into San Diego at the local station down there. And I turned the papers and the guys over to the chief in charge there, and I went back. And we got up to boot camp, and I remember being marched in, and people saying, "Make way, ship's company." And we were the junior guys on the block, so we made way. And I guess I better go.

EM: Okay. Well, we'll shut it down here. Thanks a lot.

DG: Did we do good?

EM: Thanks a lot, David, for spending your time sharing your experiences, and we'll end the tape here.

END OF AUDIO FILE