

Wow what memories. I was housed on the third deck up in Headquarters section. I was chief clerk of the company in 1967-68. Down in the bar next to the PX is where I learned to eat french fries with mayonnaise sprinkled with pepper. Wow - with a cold one they tasted great! What else was there to do there when stuck with weekend duty. The first time I had to stand Duty NCO in that small office next to the barber shop . . . I was introduced to the log book. Someone was going to put in for a "pi** call" . . . oops . . . sometime during the night. We had to clean that up and was re-introduced to the Urination Summons Sheet," it was called. Ha Ha!

I remember getting back late one night after meeting a close friend from the High School days . . . who was stationed over at HQMC, Henderson Hall. I got back on a bus . . . somehow, and returned and hugged the porcelain receptacle for a couple of hours up on the third floor head.

Yes, the click click click of those horseshoe cleats sliding over those slick floors getting ready to go down to the front entrance overlooking Leutze Park and having an inspection prior to getting onto the busses.

Or hanging out of the third floor windows when the ladies exited the Navy Yard after work . . . those seat covers were beautiful. Until the XO caught wind of that, his fiancé used to be one of those automobiles. We were told never to be looking out those windows ever again !!!!

Or when the riots of 68, when the Navy Yard was full of tear gas. Almost had to wear a mask inside the barracks.

Yes I will miss all those great days .

Semper Fi,

Don Maurer (67-68)