

Philippine war. I didn't like that very much. We got up too early. However, I accepted everything, and did the best I could, I guess. I never did do any extra duty work, hardly at all. I think one time, not that I didn't deserve it. Oh, during all the drills we used to have on Sunday, show off in the spring, you know. We didn't have a representative. I think I was in company B or A, I don't know what it was. It was a drill contest, and being goofy enough to try anything, somebody said, "Hey, why don't you get out there?" I hadn't practiced any, and I got out there, and I won the championship in 1930, no - 1931.

The thing that I really didn't like about that was the uniforms. When they made us wrap them legs in, that old kaki outfit, and made us go to church in them. I think they hadn't done that, I'd have really enjoyed the church.

(To me it was just a little bit on the degrading side. I always felt that way, and I wasn't alone.)

No, I tell you, when we first went there, I think most of us were too subdued. In other words, we just accepted what they threw out there, and we didn't - I don't know - maybe we -

(Well, we had just come out of the first world war, actually, not too many years hence, and most people of our financial status and all of us were in the same boat that went up there. We did have an atmosphere of submission, and we took whatever came along. I think that was what led to most of our attitudes. By the way, how many children went up there when you were going, do you remember?)

The enrollment was about 1200; we ended up with about 980, because lot of them would run off, you know, and leave.

(What'd they do to them when they run off?)

Well, if they caught them, they brought them back and put them in the guard