

Jonnie Rankin: I didn't know, none of us knew anything, half the men didn't either. We just worked and I was put out on the water on the the boats right away and my job was with the sheet metal. First I worked with a fellow that was...Frank, that's his name, he used to be embarassed because my nickname's Jonnie, and we worked below the rivetters and we used to put the cowvents in. And he was a real old-fashioned sheet metal worker, mechanic: very nice old guy and accepted women and was nice, so all the rivetters used to say Frankie and Jonnie and he used to die over it, but he was a nice man; and then I got assigned, shifted over to Kenny Sherry, this little fellow that you read about, a Cockney. He told me a hundred times that he was born within the sound of the bells, he was a cute little guy and he didn't like to work with women, he was really snorty when I came up. And I said, well, here I am. You can take it or leave it. And so we used to argue all the time about politics...neither one of us knew a damn thing and then, I liked Kenny because he was temperamental, he was more suitable to me, we'd work hard one time and not hard the next, and he never did, he put me on one job...and where it was...at that time it was old fashioned, we had cow vents...that was the ventilation we worked on out on the water and we had to hammer these screens around and hammer things around 'em, and I couldn't hammer. I hammered my hand and mashed up the screen...I finally threw it across the deck. And he should have fired me, and he said, and he was an amateur psychologist so he said, "I understand your personality", so he had me all over the yard, burning and I was all over the place. He was very nice. Yeah.