

The trial began. The wind was picking up and by the time we reached the dreaded "potato patch" it was blowing about 20 knots with the seas getting choppy. For the old-timers on board this was a part of the trip which they were already familiar with and the seas didn't bother them. But for many of us it was the beginning of an experience that we knew would come but wished it wouldn't; sea-sickness. Buckets became noticeable on various parts of the deck, the wings of the bridge, and all other areas of the ship where men were located and the head was not. Half of us went about our business as usual, while the other half spent our time at one of three places: our racks, the head, or the slop-chute.

For some the seasickness lasted but a few hours and had passed away before the Golden Gate was out of sight. But for others it was a day or two and a couple of dozen crackers later before we could sit down on the mess deck and eat a normal TANEY meal.

