



crawled through slime, dirt and oil of the engine spaces, lifting deck plating and poking into corners while the perspiration poured out of his body and the overwhelming odors almost gagged him.



It was a typical boarding. There was seldom, if ever, anything suspicious found. But it was part of our mission. We were to prevent the infiltration of enemy supplies and personnel from seaward. Boardings were a deterrent. A small part of the long hot war.