

Well, the cow got in. There's no top on the barrel when the mash sets up, so the cow just drank [Arthur laughed and shook his head].

The researcher said if the barrels had no tops, it seemed like other things would get in the mash. To this, Arthur replied:

They'd be pushing out frogs and other things. Cow flies. Push 'em back. You'd put it in whatever you had—lard buckets, whatever. Women, men, and preachers filled their containers.

Leaving Mullins Flat

Arthur said:

I went out to get a job [at the arsenal]. They wouldn't hire me because they said I had no "classification." We registered to get a classification and we got our first inquiry from the Government: Report to the nearest induction center. I got a questionnaire and sent it in and the next one I got was "Greetings from the President of the United States."

Arthur said you could "pick your service," and he chose the Coast Guard. Arthur was on a troop transport, the U.S.S. General Robert L. Howze, manned by the Coast Guard and the U.S. Marines. The war years took him to New Guinea, and he earned the rank of Petty Officer. One of his duties, as ordered, was to lock all the hatches if the ship took a hit. Fortunately, Arthur Jordan never had to do that, but it is evident that that task worried him more than did coming in harm's way himself, as he said, emotion still in his voice 60 years later, "How was I going to lock up those men I'd been knowing?"