

ORRIN EUGENE INGLES – MY DAD – MY HERO

Jeanne Lee

Born during WW II, I did not see my father until I was about 18 months old other than pictures that my mother showed me and told me the man was my Daddy. Dad served in the Navy aboard the USS Hector. He wrote *My Navy Memories*, a 164 page, single-spaced book on an electric typewriter using the hunt-and-peck method of typing (grammar and punctuation are at times sketchy) and the typewriter had many splotches of White Out on it. It is very difficult reading, and abashedly, I must confess that until this week, I have never read it in its entirety.

He has a **WARNING** on the fly page that has his picture with the inscription “Daddy” on it. The warning reads: *IF YOU ARE MEEK, HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR AND DO NOT CARE FOR MILITARY SLANG, STOP READING HERE. IF YOU ARE CURIOUS AS TO WHAT I DID AND SAW IN THE NAVY AND DON’T MIND A LITTLE MILITARY SLANG, READ ON, BUT EXCUSE THE MISTAKES BECAUSE SOME OF THIS WAS WRITTEN AS LATE AS 3 A.M. IN THE MORNING.* (I think you can see about ease of reading.)

This letter and poem are in the back of his book. No corrections were made to the way they were written.

Dear Readers:

As I sit here reminiscing on my time in the navy over fifty years ago, most of it was fun, some it was exciting, a time or two it was disgusting and few times it was a little scary. It is something I would not take a million dollars for nor would I give a dime to do it all over again.

Having dug through boxes and albums of pictures, I came up with some pictures and things that I have written about.

By writing this little book, it brought back some of my pre and post navy memories and I thank God I still have those memories. I will attempt to write them in poetry plus adding a few of the eighty sketches I have drawn, from memory, for the AND MORE. (My note: This is one of the sections of his book.)

It has been a ball putting these true memories on paper for you to read. There were many times while writing this little book that I felt like I was twenty five, until I got ready to get up, then I knew that I was really seventy five.

THERE ARE SOME OF US

THERE ARE SOME OF US WHO RAN NORTH, THERE ARE SOME OF US WHO RAN SOUTH, AND THERE ARE SOME OF WHO JUST RAN OFF AT THE MOUTH.

THERE ARE SOME OF WHO RAN EAST, THERE ARE SOME OF US WHO RAN WEST, TALKING NOT RUNNING IS WHAT SOME OF US DO BEST.

SOME OF US ARE FULL OF LAUGHTER, SOME OF US ARE FULL OF RAGE, YET WE ARE ALL CLIMBING THE SAME LADDER AND THAT IS CALLED OLD AGE.

Dad was born on September 29, 1919 and passed away on July 21, 1999. His big regret was that he wasn't going to make to 80. Though my Dad had a hard time of telling me in word that he loved me, I always knew he did. I LOVE YOU DAD!!