



SAT-SEPT 15 1945

AFTER A FEW DAYS AT SEA, IT SEEMS THAT THE ONLY SUBJECT THAT INTERESTS US IS THE WEATHER, WHICH LAYS ON THE SHIP LIKE A CLOUD OF STEAM. THEY CUT DOWN ON THE WATER AGAIN, ITS ON TEN MINUTES EVERY HOUR, AND THE BOYS ARE BEGGING TO LINE UP FOR SHOWERS. NUMEROUS CARD GAMES ARE IN SESSION ALL OVER THE DECKS AND IN THE COMPARTMENTS. THE TRIP IS BEGGING TO GET BORING OR ELSE THE BOYS ARE BECOMING ~~WAAAA~~ TIRED OF LOOKING AT THE WAVES AS THEY BREAK AGAINST THE SHIPS SIDES.

SUN-SEPT 16 1945

WORD HAS GOTTEN AROUND THAT WE ARE TO SAIL INTO PEARL HARBOR TOMORROW. THE SEA IS SLIGHTLY CHOPPY, WITH WHITE CAPS BREAKING HERE AND THERE, OTHER WISE ITS STILL WONDERFUL SAILING WEATHER.

MON-SEPT 17 1945

THE CLOUDS ARE HANGING LOW OVER A CHOPPY SEA. A PLANE CAME OUT FROM PEARL AND HAD A TOW SLEEVE BEHIND IT, OUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS OPENED UP FOR PRACTICE. JUST AFTER FIRING, WHICH WAS TAKING UP ALL MY INTEREST, I SAW THE OUTLINE OF THE ISLAND OF OAHU. WE APPROACHED IT FROM THE SOUTHWEST, SAILING BETWEEN THE LARGEST ISLAND, HAWAII AND OAHU OUR DESTINATION FOR THE FIRST PORTION OF OUR VOYAGE. OAHU IS THE MAIN ISLAND OF THE HAWAIIAN CHAIN, AND HONOLULU IS LOCATED ON IT. FROM THE SEA IT APPEARS VERY MOUNTAINOUS AND TO MY EYE UGLY. TO ENTER PEARL HARBOR TAKES GOOD STEERING. YOU SAIL STRAIGHT INTO A WIDE BEACH, AND IT SEEMS THAT THERE IS NO BREAK IN IT, BUT AS YOU GET NEARER, YOU CAN MAKE OUT THE CHANNEL LEADING INLAND. THE STREAM MEANDERS FROM RIGHT TO LEFT, AND I THOUGHT SOMEONE WAS GOING TO NEED A SHOE HORN TO GET US TO OUR ANCHORAGE. WE TIED UP TO ANOTHER SMALLER TRANSPORT, WHICH WAS CROWDED WITH SOLDIERS. OUR SAILOR PASSENGERS AND THE SOLDIER EXCHANGED CRACKS FOR ABOUT FIVE HOURS. THEN WHEN THEY BECAME TIRED OF TALKING, JUST SAT AND STARED AT ONE ANOTHER. ALL ARE HEADED ~~FOR~~ FOR OCCUPATION WORK. MOST OF THE SHIPS IN THE HARBOR WERE TRANSPORTS AND SMALL LANDING CRAFT, WITH A FEW HARBOR CRAFT CUTTING THE WATER. THE PLACE RESEMBLES A BOOM TOWN, WITH EVERY BUILDING ON THE BEACH LOOKING LIKE A BARRACK. EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT LIBERTY IN HONOLULU, THAT IS OVER THE HILL. GUYS ARE BREAKING OUT THEIR WHITE UNIFORMS, AND THEN THE WORD IS PASSED OVER THE LOUD SPEAKER THAT NO LIBERTY IS TO BE GRANTED. SUITS ME, BECAUSE I'M RESTRICTED FOR FIFTEEN DAYS FOR LOSING MY LIBERTY CARD IN FRISCO.

TUES-SEPT 18 1945

WOKE UP AND FOUND THAT THE TROOP SHIPS "CAPE CLARE" HAD PULLED OUT AND IN ITS PLACE WAS A FREIGHTER NAMED THE "DANIEL JOHNSTON". LIBERTY IN THIS PLACE FAVORS THE OFFICERS. ENLISTED MEN ARE ALLOWED ON THE BEACH FROM 9 IN THE MORNING TO 6 IN THE EVENING. OFFICERS CAN STAY OUT ALL NIGHT. THATS A HELL OF A NOTE, SEEMS TO ME GODS EARTH SHOULD BE FOR ALL PEOPLE AND SO SHOULD THE WOMEN. AT NIGHT, MANY LIGHTS CAN BE SEEN ON SHORE, GIVES A GUY THE FEELING OF WANTING TO SEE WHAT THEIR BLINKING FOR.

WED-SEPT 19 1945

THE SUN SHONE ALL DAY, AND IN THE AFTERNOON THE STARBOARD WATCH WERE ALLOWED ON THE BEACH FOR A RECREATION PARTY. THEY CAME BACK AROUND FOUR O'CLOCK STEWED. THEY HAD BEEN DRINKING BEER OVER AT THE CANTEEN. SOME OF THE BOYS SMUGGLED BACK BEER IN TOMATO CANS. IT WAS STILL COLD WHEN I DRANK MINE. IN THE EVENING A GROUP OF NATIVES CAME ABOARD TO ENTERTAIN US. THE GIRLS DID THE HULA DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF THE MALE BAND, MADE UP OF FOUR NATIVE ~~WWW~~ GUYS FROM ONE OF THE NIGHT CLUBS IN HONOLULU. THE GIRLS WERE NICE TO LOOK ON, I COULDN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF THEIR HIPS, MADE ME FEEL ~~WWW~~ FUNNY IN THE STOMACH, KIND OF A JELLY FEELING IN THE GUTS. EVERYONE ENJOYED IT, AND THE GIRLS DID A LOT OF GIGGLING IN ANSWER TO THE SHOUTS THEY RECEIVED FROM THE GUYS, HANGING OFF THE KINGPOSTS AND STANCHIONS.

THURS-SEPT 20 1945

LEFT PEARL HARBOR EARLY IN THE MORNING, DIDN'T EVEN GET UP TO GET A LAST LOOK. THE SKY WAS THREATING RAIN, BUT NO SUCH LUCK. EARLY IN THE AFTERNOON WE PASSED THE BATTLESHIP MISSOURI, WHICH WAS ON ITS WAY TO PEARL. SHE HAD A CAN RUNNING INTERFERENCE AND A CARRIER BLANYING THE BACKFIELD. I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT ALL THE FUSS THEY'LL MAKE AS SHE STEAMS INTO PORT. TUGS BLOWING THEIR HORNS AND PUSHING HER AROUND. HOUSES ON THE BEACH WILL LOOK LIKE STICKS COMPARED TO THIS DREADNAUGHT. ALL EYES WILL BE ON HER. BUT OUT HERE, WITH THE OCEAN IN FRONT AND AROUND HER, AND THE SKY BEHIND, SHE LOOKS NO BIGGER THAN A SAILBOAT IN A BATHTUB, AND EVEN LESS IMPORTANT. LEAVE IT UP TO NATURE TO MAKE THESE MAN MADE MONSTERS LOOK PUNY. WHILE WATCHING THE MOVIES, ONE OF THE PASSENGERS FELL OFF HIS PERCH AND LANDED ON B DECK, A LONG FALL. PHMATES DOING ALL THEY COULD TO SAVE HIM, GAVE HIM ARTIFICIAL RESPERATION, AND THE BLOOD POURED OUT OF HIS ASS. HIS NOSE, EARS AND EYES BLED. HE DIED IN A FEW MINUTES. SENT RADIO MSG. TO PEARL TO ADVISE US ON WHAT TO DO WITH THE BODY. THEY TOLD US TO BURY HIM AT SEA, SO THE SKIPPER ARRANGED IT FOR TOMMORROW AT NOON.

FRI-SEPT 21 1945

WE BURIED THE DEAD IN THE AFTERNOON. FIRST TIME I HAD WITNESSED A SEA BURIAL, AND IT WAS VERY IMPRESSIVE AND INTERESTING. ALL DURING THE SERVICE WE ARGUED ON THE CHANCES OF THE BODY GETTING CAUGHT IN THE SCREWS. THE CHAPLAIN SAID A PRAYER, THEN THEY SHOVED THE BODY OVER, HE TORNED OVER ON FLAT AND HIT THE WATER ON HIS DEAD BELLY, THEN THEY FIRED THE RIFLES, BLEW TAPS AND HANDED THE FLAG OVER TO THE SKIPPER. THE SUN WAS HOTTER THAN BEING IN A FURNACE. THE OCEAN LOOKED WIDER AND DEEPER THAN EVER. WHAT A BIG GRAVE FOR ONE MAN.

SAT-SEPT 22 1945 --SUN-SEPT 23 1945

ALL DAY WW I WAKK AROUND DRIPPING WITH PERSPIRATION, SOAKED WET ALL OF THE TIME, AND I USUALLY SWEAT VERY LITTLE. THE DECKS ARE RED HOT, CAN'T STAND IN ONE PLACE FOR LONG, ONE GUY BURNED THE SKIN OFF HIS FEET, WHEN HE TOOK HIS SHOES OFF.

WWN-TUES -SEPT 25 1945-WED-26 1945

GAINED A DAY ON PASSING THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE 180°/ TTS BEEN RAINING OFF AND ON ALL DAY. THE RAIN JUST SWEEPS IN OUT OF NOWHERES AND SOAKS EVERYTHING. BUT THE SEA STILL REMAINS CALM.

THURS-SEPT 27 1945

BEEN AT SEA A WEEK AND THE SIGNS ARE BEGGING TO SHOW. THE CHOW IS GETTING LESS APPETIZING, EVERYTHING IS A STEW, WITH BULLY BEEF THROWN IN. BUT SHING ARE NOT BAD YET. WATER IS ON HOUR AND A HALF EVERYDAY, COULDN'T GET NEAR A SPICKET TODAY, BUT WILL TRY TOMMORROW. AGAIN WE WOKE UP TO THE RAIN AND WENT TO SLEEP WITH IT COMING IN THE PORTHOLES. DON'T WANT TO WW CLOSE THE PORTHOLES BECAUSE IT GETS TO HOT, RATHER BE WET THAN STIFLED. ONE GOOD DEED THE RAIN DOES THOUGH IS COOL THE THE DECKS OFF.

FRI-SEPT 28 1945 -SAT-SEPT 29 1945

LIFE FOR THE CREW IS BETTER THAN BEARABLE, BUT I'D REFRAIN FROM SAYING THAT ABOUT THE POOR PASSENGERS. MOST OF THEM ARE GETTING A GOOD GROWTH OF HAIR ON THE CHIN, THE YOUNGER ONES CAN ONLY AFFORD TO BOAST ABOUT THEIR STUBBLES BY THE CREW TONIGHT. THOUGHT IT WAS GOOD CONSIDERING THE FELLOWS THAT WEE BRAVE ENOUGH TO GET UP TO THE MIKE. PLENTY OF RAW JOKES THAT MADE ALL THE MEN LOOK TO THE CHAPLAIN WHO WAS PRESENT, SEEMS AS THOUGH HIS LAUGHTER MEANT THAT IT HAD PASSED WW ECCLESIASTICAL CENSORS. ONCE IN A WHILE I LIKE TO PUT IN A BIG WORD, GIVES MY FRIEND YUNCHY A LAUGH TO HAVE ME USE THEM WRONG. --AS SAMMY WOULD SAY ITS NOT THE HUMIDITY ITS THE HEAT. THATS ALL FOR THE WEATHER. QUITE A MAN THIS SAMMY LEVINE, HE'S SOMEWHERE IN HIS MIDDLE THIRTIES, AND IS ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH, NEVER MET A MAN BETTER LIKED THAN HIM. HE ALWAYS HAS A SAYING, WHAT THE ONLY WAY OUT IS THE PIPE, JUST PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH AND SUCK IT TILL YOUR OUT, USING A SCOTTISH ACCENT IT CERTAINLY SOUNDS FUNNY. RUMORS ARE THAT WE WILL SIGHT GUAM EARLY TOMMORROW

SUN-SEPT 30-1945

AS THE CLOUDS ROSE OF A MOMENT, WE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF LAND, FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS EVERYONE MILLED AROUND TOPSIDE, IN ORDER TO LET THE LAND SEEP IN TO HIS MIND. ROTA WAS THE NAME OF THE ISLAND WE HAD SIGHTED AND WAS OFF OUR STARBOARD BEAM, ANOTHER HALF HOUR AND THE ISLAND OF GUAM BECAME VISIBLE OFF OF OUR PORT SIDE. THERE SHE WAS, FLAT AS A TABLE TOP, AND RESEMBLING THE FLIGHT DECK OF A CARRIER. ~~WHEN~~ THE ISLAND BROKE UP INTO SEVERAL DIFFERENT PIECES AS WE APPROACHED NEARER, UNTIL WE COULD MAKE OUT VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS. IT WAS RAINING AS THE SHIP PASSED A HIGH CLIFF AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE PORT, APRA BY NAME. IT WAS A TYPICAL OCEAN PORT, SET IN BETWEEN THE PENINSULA WE HAD FIRST SIGHTED, AND THIS HIGH BLUFF AT THE ENTRANCE. A MAN BUILT BREAKWATER WALL ENCLOSED THE SHIPS INSIDE FROM THE OCEAN. WE TIED UP TO A BUOY AND LOOKED AROUND. SHIPS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS WERE ANCHORED IN THE BAY, INCLUDING THE BATTLESHIP PENNSYLVANIA, ~~WHICH~~ THAT WAS IN A FLOATING DRYDOCK FOR THE PRESENT AS A RESULT OF A TORPEDO HIT. THE HEAVY CRUISER COLUMBIA WITH HER THREE STAR ADMIRAL ABOARD, ~~WAS~~ THERE SLEEK AND CLEAN AS AN OPERATING ROOM. I WAS A BIT SURPRISED TO NOTICE THAT THE ORIGINAL ~~WWII~~ CHEESE BOXES WERE THERE, THE LITTLE ~~WWII~~ LOTS--ALL TYPES OF MERCHANT SHIPS AND NAVY APA'S FILLED IN THE REST OF THE WATER. WE HIT THE SACK WITH THE RAIN SPLASHING IN THROUGH THE PORT HOLES.

MON-~~WWW~~ OCT-1 1945 -TUES OCT 2 1945

THIS WAS THE DESTINATION FOR OUR ~~WW~~ 1500 PASSENGERS, BUT ALSO THE BEGGINING OF OUR POST-WAR EDUCATION. THE WAR HAS BEEN OVER FOR ALMOST TWO MONTHS AND THE SUBJECT THAT INTERESTS MOST SERVICEMEN ARE THE PROSPECTS OF HIS HOMECOMING. THE IMMEDIATE PROSPECTS OF THAT DREAM TURNED OUT TO BE VERY DISCOURAGING AND DISSAPPOINTING TO US WHO WATCHED THE SHOW. AFTER TALKING TO THE VISTTORS, WHO USUALLY CROWD THE DECKS OF AN INCOMING SHIP, SEEKING THEIR BUDDIES AND BROTHERS, A STORY OF CONFUSION WAS UNCOVERED TO ME. THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND MEN WITH ENOUGH POINTS TO BE DISCHARGED WITH ARE SITTING ON THIS ONE ISLAND WAITING FOR A SHIP GOING BACK TO THE STATES. COUNTLESS MEN ARE WAITING ON SAIPAN, OKINAWA, IWO JIMA, TAWARA AND MANY OTHER SEASHELLS. THEY LIVE IN TENTS AND EAT K-RATIONS WHEN THE FOOD RUNS OUT. AT THE CANTEEN THERE IS NO CANDY BARS, BUT PLENTY OF LEMON DROPS, AND VERY FEW HAVE EVEN VENTURED WITHIN THREE MILES OF A WOMEN, GOOKS AT THAT. WE SIT OUT HERE UNABLE TO UNLOAD OUR MEN BECAUSE THEY VE DECIDED THEY DON'T WANT THEM, THEY HAVE NO ROOM FOR THEM. TO ADD TO THE CONFUSION THE PORT DIRECTOR HAS ORDERED US TO JAPAN, WHILE THE OPERATING OFFICER EXPRESSES A WISH TO SEND SOME OF THE HIGH POINT MEN BACK TO THE STATES ON OUR SHIPS. A STALL MATE EXISTS, ~~WWW~~ CONSEQUENTLY WE SIT AND SOAK IN THE PERSISTENT RAIN, AND WISH THEY'D BREAK OUT THE BEER WE HAVE ABOARD. IT HAS BEEN MORE THAN THREE WEEKS SINCE I'VE BEEN ~~WW~~ ON TERRA FIRMA, ~~WWW~~ BUT TODAY I GAVE WAY TO MY LOVE OF THE EARTH. A RECREATION PARTY WAS FORMED TO GO ASHORE AND DRINK THE ISLANDS BEER. NO ONE SEEMED TO KNOW THE ~~WWW~~ WHY THEY REFUSED TO LET US ~~WWW~~ TAKE OUR OWN BEER WITH US, AND AFTER HAULING IT FOR SEVEN THOUSAND MILES. NUTS--I WISH I HAD SOME. THE PICNIC GROUND WAS A SECTION OF CORAL ROCK ALONG ~~WWW~~ SMALL BEACH. HUNDREDS OF SAILORS FROM THE ISLAND AND SHIPS IN THE HARBOR LINED UP FOR THREE CANS OF FORT PITT BEER, I WAS ONE OF THEM. AFTER I GOT MY BEER I WENT UP ON THE HILL AND VIEWED A USO SHOW BEING SHOWN IN AN OUTDOOR BOWL. THEY WERE ODD VAUDEVILLE ACTORS AND DID A FINE JOB OF ENTERTAINING US. WE SAT AROUND FOR A WHILE LONGER, OCCUPYING OURSELVES BY THROWING BITS OF SHELLS INTO THE WATER AND THEN WENT BACK TO THE SHIP.

WED OCT 3 1945

NEW FACES, OBJECTS AND PLACES FASCINATE THE OBSERVER, AND OFTEN GIVES HIM A PICTURE, LARGE IN COMPARISON TO HIS LAST IMPRESSION OF THE SAME VIEW. AND SO IT IS WITH THIS HARBOR, AT THE BEGGINING IT SEEMED LARGE, BUT AFTER SEVERAL DAYS IT HAS BEGUN TO SHRINK. THE BATTLESHIP, PENNSYLVANIA, LEFT ITS DRY DOCK AND PASSED OUR STERN, A MONSTROUS PIECE OF STREAMLINED STEEL. BUT THE STEEL MELTED TO A SMALLER SIZE AS MY EYE BECAME ACCOSTOMED TO STARING AT HER. I AM BEGGINING TO FEEL THE STRAIN OF THOSE CONTINUOUS RADIO WATCHES--SITTING HOUR AFTER HOUR UNCOMFORTABLE BECAUSE OF THE HEAT, AND ALWAYS THAT STEADY RIT-DAH WENT OVER ON THE BEACH AGAIN, STOOD IN THE

FRI-OCT 5 1945

WITH THE RAIN CAME THE WIND, WHICH WHIPPED UP THE WATER IN THE HARBOR. IT WAS ONE IN THE MORNING, WHEN WE WERE SUDDENLY ROUSED FROM OUR TIRED SLEEP, BY THE SHIP'S WARNING HORN. STAND-BY FOR COLLISION ON THE PORT SIDE, ALL PASSENGERS MOVE OVER TO THE STARBOARD. ALL BOATS IN THE WATER-THROW ALL BUMPERS OVER THE SIDE. RACING UP TO THE DECK AND MY STATION FOR COLLISION. I SAW THE CAUSE FOR THESE HURRIED, EXCITED ORDERS. OUT BE A DRIVING RAIN, THE BON-HOMME RICHARD-THIRTY THOUSAND TON AIRCRAFT CARRIER, WAS BEARING DOWN ON US FROM THE STERN. APPARENTLY SHE HAD BROKEN HER MOORING DUE TO THE STRAIN OF THE ROUGH WATER, AND WAS FLOATING DOWN ON US WITH THE CURRENT. I RAN OVER TO THE STARBOARD SIDE, FOR I COULD SEE THAT IF AND WHEN SHE HIT HER FLIGHT DECK WOULD BE OVERLAPPING OUR SUN-DECK AND TEAR THE KING-POSTS AND STACK RIGHT OFF. I DIDN'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN THAT HAPPENED. MY JUDGEMENT WAS WRONG, BUT SHE DID HIT OUR STERN AND TORE A LARGE HOLE IN OUR HULL WELL ABOVE THE WATER LINE. TUGS CAME OUT FROM THEIR BERTHS AND ADMIST A GREAT DEAL OF YELLING AND PUSING MANAGED TO PULL HER AWAY FROM US. A FEW MINUTES LATER THE BIG CARRIER BROKE AWAY FROM THE TUGS AND HIT US AGAIN. EVERYONE WAS EXCITED AND ORDERS WERE FLYING AROUND AS FAST AS THE RAIN WAS COMING DOWN. IT WASN'T UNTIL SHE HIT US THE THIRD TIME WERE WE ABLE TO GO BACK TO SLEEP. ALL THE REST OF THE NIGHT THOUGH WAS UNRESTFUL. NO ONE WAS HURT AND OUR DAMAGE WAS SLIGHT.

SAT-OCT 6 1945

ALL DAY IT RAINED. 500 HUNDRED MORE MEN LEFT OUR SHIP, IN THE PROCESS OF CLIMBING DOWN THE CARGO NET, ONE OF THE GUYS SLIPPED AND FELL DOWN INTO THE LOT. HE WASN'T SERIOUSLY HURT, A FEW BUSTED BONES AND SWOLLEN HEAD. THE LATEST SCUTTLEBUTT IS THAT WE ARE HEADED FOR SAIPAN-TWO JIMA-TOKYO-OMINATO- I KNOW THIS IS TRUE FOR WE SAW THE ORDERS BY MISTAKE, WHEN WE LEAVE GUAM IS STILL A MYSTERY. -GOT A REPORT OF A TYPHOON RAGING BETWEEN GUAM AND SAIPAN, IN FACT REPORTS COME IN ALL DAY ON THE TYPHOONS AND THE DAMAGE THEY ARE INFLECTING ON OUR SHIPS--THATS OUR GREATEST PROBLEM--THE INSOLUBLE WEATHER-

SUN-OCT 7 1945

WE CAME, WE SAW AND IT RAINED. FOR ONE WHOLE WEEK OLD STORMY WEATHER HAS BEEN ENTERTAINING US. HOW MUCH LONGER WE WILL STICK AROUND, DEPENDS UPON HOW LONG IT TAKES TO FIX UP THAT HOLE IN THE STERN. QUITE A NUMBER OF VISTTORS HAVE BEEN COMING ABOARD, A FEW DAYS AGO A BROTHER OF ONE OF THE FELLOWS IN THE CREW CAME ABOARD. HE HELD THE RANK OF LT JG. IN THE NAVY AND WAS STATIONED ABOARD A TRANSPORT LIKE OUR OWN. THIS SHIP HAD JUST RETURNED FROM JAPAN AND NOW HE WAS GOING OUT AGAIN. THIS TIME WITH MARINES HEADED FOR, I BELIEVE HE SAID SINGOW, CHINA. ACCORDING TO THE GUY, THE CHINESE RED ARMY WAS MARCHING ON THE CITY, AND BEING THAT GENERAL ISSIMO CHIANG KIA SHEH, EITHER DID NOT HAVE HIS OWN FORCES THERE OR THEY WERE NOT STRONG ENOUGH. THESE AMERICAN MARINES WERE TO HELP OUT. WHAT EVER THEIR JOB WAS, I SMELL NO GOOD FROM IT. --SO THE WAR IS OVER WITH-BA

MON-OCT 8-TUES-OCT 9

ORDERS HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO READ -RETURN TO FRISCO, WITH 1750 MEN AND ABO 200 OFFICERS, ALL HIGHT POINT MEN. WELL I'M HAPPY ABOUT IT, MAYBE I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO GET OFF THE SHIP AND OUT OF THE NAVY. WE WENT OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND FOR A RECREATION PARTY. AFTER CHUGGING THROUGH A LONG NARROW CHANNEL WE CAME OUT ON THE SOUTH BIDE OF THE PENISULA. THERE WAS A REGULAR BEACH RIGGED UP, WITH OPEN SHACKS AND TABLES UNDERNEATH, WE WAITED AN HOUR BEFORE WE GOT OUR BEER, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT. THE BEER IN THE CANS WERE VERY COLD, AND SPURTED OUT LIKE A FOUNTAIN WHEN YOU OPENED THEM. WHEN IT CAME TIME TO LEAVE, WE ALL SMELT LIKE HELL AND MY BEARD WAS STIFF FROM THE BEER THAT HAD SOAKED IT. BACK ON THE SHIP PREPARATIONS WERE GETTING UNDERWAY FOR A SPEEDY DEPARTURE, OUR PASSANGERS CAME ABOARD, MOSTLY C-BE THEY WERE TANNED, AND THEIR FACES VERY MUCH WEATHER-BEATEN. THEY ALL WERE ELEGIBLE FOR DISCHARGE, IT WAS ABOUT TIME FOR THE MAJORITY WERE IN THEIR THIRTIES. BOY HOW I'D LOVE TO GET OUT, IN FACT MOST OF THE BOYS WANT OUT BUT THERES NOTHING TO DO EXCEPT WAIT PATIENTLY FOR THE POINTS TO POLE UP





WED-OCT 16-1945

WE'VE BEEN AT SEA A WEEK ALREADY AND NOTHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO BUT ANOTHER WEEK OF OCEAN. LAST NIGHT WE PASSED THE INTERNATIONAL DATELINE THAT EXPLAINS WHY THIS IS STILL TUESDAY INSTEAD OF WEDNESDAY. GOT HOLD OF A CAMERA AND TOOK A FEW PICTURES OF THE GANG, I HOPE THEY COME OUT ALL RIGHT. THE WATER SITUATION STAYS THE SAME, BUT I MANAGED TO SHAVE MY BEARD OFF, LEAVING A MUSTACHE TO REMIND ME OF MY MONTHS GROWTH OF HAIR THAT ONCE DECORATED MY LARGE HOMLY FACE, AND ITS PROGNATHOUS PROFILE. WHAT A WORD TO MISUSE!

BEEN DOING A GREAT DEAL OF READING ON THIS TRIP, BUT DOUBT WW IF I COULD DO SOME THAT WAS WORTH WHILE. JUST CAN'T SEEM TO SETTLE DOWN TO ANYTHING SERIOUS OR CONCENTRATED. MY MIND IS NOT ACCUSTOMED TO SUCH STRAIN. I WONDER IF I COULD MAKE OUT, IF I HAD MY THINKING CLOTHES ON, MY GUY-CLATS DUDS ARE WHAT I'M SPEAKING OF.

I'M ALL READY TO GET MARRIED, BEEN TRYING TO TALK MYSELF INTO BELIEVING THAT I'M CAPABLE OF SUCH A CRIME TO MYSELF. WHO IS SHE, WELL ANY GIRL THAT COULD COOK AND LOVE, MAYBE BESSIE FROMAN. I BARELY KNOW HER BUT DOUBT IF I WOULD HAVE A DIFFICULTY TIME CONVINCING HER TO UNDRESS FOR ME THE FIRST NIGHT. THE THINGS AND THOUGHTS THAT CAN RUN THROUGH ONES MIND WHEN HE HAS BEEN AWAY FROM WOMEN FOR A SHORT WHILE.

WED-OCT 17-1945 -THURS-OCT 18-45

THE WEATHER HAS TAKEN A SUDDEN CHANGE, THE COLDNESS WE ARE NOW ENCOUNTERING CAUSED THE SHIP TO SIZZLE, ALMOST THE SAME RESULTS YOU WOULD GET BY TURNING COLD WATER ON A HOT FRYING PAN. I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE WEATHER, BUT IT ALSO HAS HAD OTHER RESULTS, MAINLY A OUTBREAK OF COLDS AMONG THE MEN. FOR A DAY OR TWO I WAS SNIFFING AND HAVING A DIFFICULT TIME BENDING MY BACK, BUT NOW IT HAS WORE OFF, AND I FIND MYSELF GLAD THAT I HAD NOT TURNED INTO SICK BAY. IF I HAD, IT WOULD BE THE FIRST TIME SINCE ENTERING THE NAVY. THE LAST TIME I REMEMBER BEING SICK, WAS A FEW DAYS BEFORE I HAD LEFT FOR EUROPE. IT WAS WINTER TIME, AND THE AIR IN N.Y. WAS VERY UN-ACCOMMODATING FOR ONE WITH A COLD. I HAD OBTAINED A THREE 72 HOUR PASS AT JINNY'S. I WAS DETERMINED TO GET MY LAST FLYING, I GOT TO JINNY'S HOUSE, AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME COULDN'T CARRY ON FURTHER. REMEMBER HOW JINNY PUT ME TO BED, THROW ALL KINDS OF COVERINGS ON TOP ME, AND PED ME TEA WITH LEMON JUICE IN IT. AFTER TWO DAYS OF SWEATING, I MANAGED TO GET UP AND BACK TO THE BASE, NEXT MORNING I WAS SHIPPED OUT. I THOUGHT I'D DIE, LYING IN MY RACK, WAY DOWN IN THE HOLD OF THE TRANSPORT, WHAT A MARKED DIFFERENCE FROM THE MANNER I HAD BEEN TREATED WITH AT JINNY'S. SORTA GRATEFUL TO MY TWO PASS.

FRI-OCT 19 -SAT -OCT 20 1945

THE POINTS HAVE BEEN LOWERED AND THATS THE ONLY TOPIC BEING SPOKEN OF AT THE MOMENT. I SHOULD BE OUT OF THIS LASH UP BY THE END OF THE YEAR OR SOONER, ALL DEPENDS ON HOW LONG WE STAY OUT AFTER DELIVERING OUR MEN TO SAN PEDRO. GUYS WITH ENOUGH POINTS DON'T SLEEP VERY WELL, ALL NIGHT THEY SIT UP TALKING ABOUT THE GREAT MOMENT WHEN THEY WILL BE HANDED THEIR DISCHARGE PABERS.

THEIR PLANS ARE VAGUE, THE MAIN OBJECTIVE IS TO GET SAFTELY HOME, AND THEN SIT DOWN, WW FOR A WHILE, JUST REST AND LET THE THOUGHT OF BEING A CIVILIAN SOAK INTO THEIR STILL DOUBTFUL MINDS. MOST OF THEM HAVE NO IDEA OF THEIR EVENTUAL GOAL, WHEN THEY BECOME HUNGARY, OR THE TIME COMES WHEN THEIR SUPPORTERS TIRE OF THEM SITTING AROUND DOING NOTHING, THEY WILL UP AND START PUSHING WWW ABOUT A TRUCK OR RUNNING ERANDS. PISH PASH WHAT A BRIGHT FUTURE.

OCT 21 -SUN-22 OCT MON 1945

GETTING PLENTY OF SLEEP BETWEEN WATCHES, IN FACT I FIND THAT SLEEPING AT NIGHT IS BECOMING DIFFICULT. I'VE ALREADY GONE THROUGH ABOUT FIVE BOOKS ON THIS TRIP, BUT THAT TO IS GETTING STALE, WHAT TO DO TO PASS THE TIME? GOT OFF OF WATCH TWELVE OCLOCK AND SAT ARGUING WITH THE HIGH-POINTERS, WHO DON'T SLEEP ANYWAY, TILL SEVEN IN THE MORNING. THE SUBJECT SOCIALISM, THEY'VE CONVINCED ME THAT ARGUING NEVER GETS ANYONE ANYPLACE. PROBLEM WITH THE ARGUMENT WAS THAT EVERYONE WAS MY OPPONENT EXCEPT ONE



UNITED STATES NAVY

OBT 23 TUES 1945-

I KNEW THE WEATHER COULDN'T BE SO CALM FOR SUCH A LONG PERIOD OF TIME. THE STORM HIT US LAST NIGHT, AND IS POUNDING US ALL OVER THE OCEAN. WATER HITTING THE DECK ABOVE ME, SOUNDS LIKE A HOUSE HAS BEEN DROPPED ON TOP OF US. ITS COLD AND WITH THE STORM THE PEOPLE ARE VERY UNEASY. FELLOWS THROWING UP IS A COMMON SIGHT, AS FOR MY SELF, I'VE BEEN ABLE TO KEEP MY MIND OFF OF THE SWAYING. SLEEPING IS NOT EASILY DONE, BEAUSE OF THE MOTION OF THE SHIP. YOU MOVE AROUND IN CIRCLES WHILE YOU LIE IN YOUR SACK. THE ENTIRE SACK MOVES UP THEN ~~WWW~~ OVER TO THE SIDE AND DOWN, GOOD MOTION FOR INTERCOURSE, BUT LOUSY FOR THE STOMACK. MOST OF THE TIME I FIND MYSELF SHIVERING, WHICH IS DUE TO THE SUDDEN CHANGE IN CLIMATE. WRAPPING YOURSELF UP WITH CLOTHES DOESN'T ~~WWW~~ HELP, ONLY THING LEFT IS TO STAY UP ALL THE TIME AND DRINK COFFEE. TWO WEEKS AT SEA, A LONG TIME FOR ANYBODY, I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS IS OVER. BUT THEN AGAIN I BELIEVE I WILL MISS THE WATER AND SHIPS AFTER SAYING THAT I'D BETTER GET OFF SOON, ELSE I'LL FIND MYSELF SIGNING OVER IN THIS OUTFIT. FOOD ISN'T WHAT IT SHOULD BE, BUT WHY COMPLAIN, ONLY ONE MORE DAY AND PERHAPS I'LL GET OFF AND OUT. WHAT WOULD I LIKE FOR A MEAL. AH, ~~WWW~~ BAKED POTATOE, THICK STEAK SET ON ONE PLATE. CORN, LETTUCE AND TOMATOES, AND A SEPARATE DISH OF CUCOMBERS SOAKED IN VINEGAR. FOR DESERT CAKE AND TEA, THEN ANOTHER GLASS OF TEA WITH A LEMON. A CIGARETTE, AND A GOOD GUY LIKE YOUNCHY TO THROW THE BULL WITH, WHAT A LIFE. ---FOR SUPPER WE'LL GO AND GET A STRICKLY KOSHER MEAL, BOY I'M GOING NUTS THINKING ABOUT IT, AFTER SUPPER THOUGH I'D WANT A GIRL WITH A BED THROWN IN UNDER HER.