

WEDWWWWWWWWWWWW

TUES - SEPT 11 1945

OUR SHIP WAS TIED UP TO ONE TO THE PIERS IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY, ALL NIGHT THE GANGWAY WAS BUSY, MEN AND THEIR SEABAGS CLIMBING UP IT AND THEN TO BE HUSTLED BELOW IN THE HOLE WHERE THEY WERE TO SPEND THE NEXT FEW WEEKS AS OUR PASSENGERS. A BUNCH OF YOUNG LOOKING FELLOWS, PROBABLY FRESH OUT OF BOOT CAMPS AND RECEIVING STATIONS, HEADED FOR THE JOB OF REPLACING THE BOYS ON THE ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC.

SOMETIMES DURING THE MORNING WE PULLED IN THE ANCHOR, AND THE TUGS PULLED AND PUSHED THE HULK OUT INTO MIDSTEAM. AFTER A LOT OF WHISTLING AND TURNING WE FINALLY MADE IT WITH OUT RAMMING A FREIGHTER THAT WAS RUNNING AROUND TRYING TO GET OUT OF OUR WAY. THE WIND WAS BLOWING HARD AND COLD AS WE PASSED UNDER THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT OUR TOP MAST WAS GOING TO HIT THE BRIDGE AND BREAK OFF, BUT TO MY PLEASANT DISAPPOINTMENT IT WAS STILL STRAIGHT AS A EVER WHEN I LOOKED BACK AT THE IRON BEAM STRETCHED ACROSS THE BAY.

I WENT DOWN BELOW TO SLEEP AND GOT UP FOR MY WATCH, GLANCING OUT THE PORT-HOLE I COULD SEE THAT IT HAD BEEN A WONDERFUL DAY.

WEDWWWWWWWWWWWW

WED-SEPT 12 1945

THE SEA IS VERY CALM WITH VERY LITTLE CLOUDS. HAD AN ARGUMENT WITH ONE OF THE SAILORS. UP TO NOW WE HAD BEEN PRETTY GOOD FRIENDS, HE WEIGHS AROUND 190 LBS. BUT DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO USE IT. IT STARTED OVER ME GOOSING HIM AND HIM CHALLENGING ME TO COME BACK AFTER I HAD RAN FROM HIM. DIDN'T WANT TO SHOW THE FELLOWS AROUND I WAS YELLOW, SO BACK I COME. HE WAS SITTING ON TOP HIS RACK AND SLAPPED ME ON THE HEAD, THEN TO MY SURPRISE KICKED ME IN THE CHIN. I INVITED HIM TO GET DOWN FROM HIS PERCH, AND HE DID, BUT FAST, HE JUMPED ME AND FORCED ME BACK AGAINST THE BULKHEAD, HITTING ME IN THE HEAD. I FOUND THAT HE WAS AWFULLY HEAVY AND COULDN'T FOR THE BEATING I WAS TAKING, PUSH HIM OFF. I FINALLY GOT LOOSE, BUT NOT WITHOUT TAKING A LOT OF PUNISHMENT ON THE TOP OF THE HEAD, FOR HE WAS A COUPLE OF INCHES TALLER THAN I, WE CLINCHED AND I COULD FEEL HIM BREATHING HARD, HE WAS TIRED AND I WAS GLAD FOR THAT. PUTTING MY HEAD IN HIS STOMACH I DROVE HIM BACK AGAINST THE LOCKERS, THEN QUICKLY I BACKED AWAY FROM HIM AND HOOKED HIM IN THE STOMACH A FEW TIMES. I CAUGHT HIM OVER THE LEFT EYEBROW AND SPLIT IT WIDE OPEN, THE BLOOD POURED OFF HIM ONTO THE TOP OF MY HEAD, I STEPPED BACK FOR ANOTHER PUNCH AND HE YELLED QUIT. WE BOTH LEFT THE COMPARTMENT FAST TO NURSE OUR SORES. HE HAD CAUGHT THE INSIDE OF MY MOUTH, AND GAVE ME SEVERAL BRUISES ON THE FOREHEAD, OTHER WISE THERE WAS NO SERIOUS DAMAGE. I WENT TO THE SICKBAY AND FOUND THE PHMATE STITCHING HIS EYE UP, I ASKED HIM DOWN TO THE HOLD TO FINISH UP THE FIGHT, AS I HAD YET GOTTEN NO SATISFACTION FROM THE SMALL RESULTS. BUT HE WON'T OBLIGE AND I WALKED AWAY A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED. THAT WAS ALL FOR TODAY.

THURS-SEPT 13 1945

NOW I SEE WHY BALBOA CALLED THE PACIFIC BY SUCH A NAME. THE OCEAN IN CONTRAST WITH THE SKY IS DARK BLUE, JUST AS THE SKY IS LIGHT. THE WAVES ROLLING IN LOOK LIKE RIPPLING SILK, AFTER SOME ONE WAS SHOOK IT. NO SMALL RIPPLES. ITS GETTING WARMER AND EVERYONE GOES TOPSIDE AS OFTEN AS THEY CAN, INCLUDING MYSELF. THEY ARE BEGGING TO RATION WATER, THE TAPS GO ON FIFTEEN MINUTES EVERY HOUR.

FRIDAY-SEPT 14 1945

IT IS AMAZING HOW CALM CAN GET WITH THE ABSENCE OF THE WIND, AND TODAY IS WITHOUT WIND. WHICH IS NOT SO GOOD BECAUSE WE LOSE OUR FAN, OUR ONLY COMFORT IN SUCH HEAT. FELT THAT MAN IS A HYPOCRITE, AND ARGUED IT WITH ONE OF THE GUYS. AFTER A WHILE WE LOOKED OUT THE PORTHOLE. THE MOON WAS SHINING - HE MUST THINK HIMSELF AS BRILLIANT AS THE MOON, AFTER HIS DISCOURSE ON MAN.

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 BEGGINING TO LINE UP FOR SHOWERS. NUMEROUS CARD GAMES ARE IN SESSION ALL OVER THE DECKS AND IN THE COMPARTMENTS. THE TRIP IS BEGGINING TO GET BORING OR ELSE THE BOYS ARE BECOMING ~~WWW~~ TIRED OF LOOKING AT THE WAVES AS THEY BREAK AGAINST THE SHIPS SIDES.

SUN-SEPT 16 1945

WORD HAS GOTEN 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 ~~U~~ 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 SHOEHORN TO GET US TO AOUR ANCHORAGE. WE TIED UP TO ANOTHER SMALLER TRANSPORT, WHICH WAS CROWDED WITH SOLDERS. OUR SAILOR PASSANGERS 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 ~~WW~~ 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 EVERYBUILDING ON THE BEACH LOOKING LIKE A BARRACK. EVERYONE IS TAKING ABOUT LIBERTY IN HONOLULU, THAT IS OVER THE HIDL. 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 LIBERTM CARD IN FRISCO.

TUES-SEPT 18 1945

WOKE UP AND FOUND THAT THE TROOP SHIPS" CAPE CLEARE" HAD PULLED OUT AND IN ~~TT~~ 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 OUR 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 BLINING BOR.

WED-SEPT 19 1945

THE SUN SHONE ALL DAY, AND IN THE AFTERNOON THE STARBOARD WATCH WERE ALLOWED OVER 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 TOMATOE 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 ~~OB~~ 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 STOMACK, KIND OF A JELLY FEELING IN THE GUTS. EVERYONE ENBORED IT, AND THE GIRLS DID A LOT OF GIGGLING IN ANSWER TO THE SHOUTS THEY RECIEVED FROM THE GUYS, HANGING OFF THE KINGPOSTS AND STANCIONS.

THURS-SEPT 20 1945

LEFT PEARL HARBOR EARLY IN THE MORNING, DIDN'T EVEN GET UP TO GET A LAST LOOK. THE SKY WAS THREATENING 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 BLANDING 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. COMPANIONES DOING ALL THEY COULD TO SAVE HIM, GAVE HIM ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION, 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 TOMORROW 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 TURNED OVER 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 I WALK 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.

MON-TUES -SEPT 24 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 NOWHERE AND SOAKS EVERYTHING. BUT THE SEA STILL REMAINS CALM.

THURS-SEPT 27 1945

BEEN AT SEA A WEEK AND THE SIGNS ARE BEGGINING TO SHOW. THE CHOW IS GETTING LESS APPETIZING, EVERYTHING IS A STEW, WITH BULLY BEEF THROWN IN. BUT THINGS ARE NOT BAD YET. WATER IS ON HOUR AND A HALF EVERYDAY, COULDN'T GET NEAR A SPICKET TODAY, BUT WILL TRY TOMORROW. AGAIN WE WOKE UP TO THE RAIN AND WENT TO SLEEP WITH IT COMING IN THE Portholes. DON'T WANT TO CLOSE THE Portholes BECAUSE IT GETS TO HOT, RATHER BE WET THAN STIFILED. ONE GOOD DEED THE RAIN DOES THOUGH IS COOL 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 ON THE CHIN. THE WATER RATION STILL HASN'T CHANGED. HAD A SHOW COOKED UP BY THE CREW TONIGHT. THOUGHT IT WAS GOOD CONSIDERING THE FELLOWS THAT WERE 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 THE 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 IT'S NOT THE HUMIDITY IT'S THE HEAT. THAT'S 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, THAT 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 TOMORROW AFTERNOON. BEEN READING MAGIC MOUNTAIN BY THOMAS MANN, KINDA DEEP BUT I FIND IF YOU FOLLOW HIM CAREFULLY, IT'S WORTH ANY TEN BOOKS PUBLISHED TODAY.

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 WAS IN A FLOATING DRYDOCK FOR THE PRESENT AS A RESULT OF A TORPEDO HIT. THE BEAVY 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 CHEESE BOXES WERE THERE, THE LITTLE 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 1500 PASSENGERS, BUT ALSO THE BEGINNING 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 VISITORS, 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, WHICH 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 ON TERRA FIRMA, WWWWW BUT TODAY I GAVE WAY TO MY LOVE OF THE EARTH. A RECREATION PARTY WAS FORMED TO GO ASHORE AND DRINK THE ISLAND'S BEER. NOONE SEEMED TO KNOW THE REASON WHY THEY REFUSED TO LET US 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 A 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 BEGINNING 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 ACCUSTOMED TO STARING AT HER. I AM BEGINNING TO FEEL THE STRAIN OF THOSE CONTINUOUS RADIO WATCHES - SITTING HOUR AFTER HOUR UNCOMFORTABLE BECAUSE OF THE HEAT, AND ALWAYS THAT STEADY DIT-DAH. WENT OVER ON THE BEACH AGAIN, STOOD IN LINE FOR BEER, AND DRANK IT UNDER THE RAIN. WALKED UP TO THE AIRFIELD THROUGH THE MUD, SPOTTY GRASS AND DIRT, AND CAME OUT ON THE SURFACE TO STRETCH MY LEGS. THIS

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 SHIPS 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 OF 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-BOSTS 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. NOONE 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 LCT, HE WASN'T SERIOUSLY HURT, A FEW BUSTED BONES AND SWOLLEN HEAD. THE LATEST SCUTTLEBUTT IS THAT WE ARE HEADED FOR SAIPAN-IWO JIMA-TOKYO-OMINATO- I KNOW THIS I 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 INFlicting ON OUR SHIPS--THAT'S 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 VISITORS 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 SHIPS 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 THIS GUY, THE CHINESE RED ARMY WAS MARCHING ON THE CITY, AND BEING THAT GENERAL-ISSIMO CHIANG KIA SHEK, EITHER DID NOT HAVE HIS OWN FORCES THEREIN 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-BAH!

MON-OCT 8-TUES-OCT 9

ORDERS HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO READ -RETURN TO FRISCO, WITH 1750 MEN AND ABOUT 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 SIDE OF THE PENINSULA. 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 PASSENGERS CAME ABOARD, MOSTLY C-BLES THEY WERE TANED, AND THEIR FACES VERY MUCH WEATHER-BEATEN. THEY ALL WERE ELIGIBLE 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 THERE'S NOTHING TO DO EXCEPT WAIT PATIENTLY FOR THE POINTS TO POLE UP.

WED-OCT 9 1945

I AWOKE TO BE TOLD THAT WE HAD SHOVED OFF FROM GUAM Ø700 IN THE MORNING, I LOOKED OUT OF THE PORTHOLE TO FIND OUT FOR MYSELF AND SURE ENOUGH GUAM WAS BEGGINING TO SETTLE BACK INTO THE OCEAN. WITH A STONG TAILWIND OUR SHIP MADE GOOD TIME, EVERYBODY ABOARD SETTLED DOWN TO A LONG VOYAGE. THE SHIP WAS TAKING A STRAIGHT COURSE BACK TO THE STATES, NO STOP-OVERS WHICH MEANS, THAT THE PIECE OF LAND WHICH THE OCEAN HAD JUST SWALLOWED UP WAS TO BE THE LAST LOOK AT LAND UNTIL WE HIT THE STATES-TWO WEEKS AT THE LEAST.OH WELL MIGHT AS WELL SETTLE BACK AND HOPE FOR A CALM SEA.

THURS-OCT 10- 1945

SQUALLS CONTINUALLY SWEEP OVER US AND SPIT ON THE SHIP, OTHERWISE THE SUN IS SUPREME. HEARD OVER THE RADIO, THAT A CONINGUENT OF MARINES HAD LANDED ON NORTH CHINA. WHICH REMINDED ME OF THE ACCOUNT I HAD WRITTEN UP A FEW DAYS BACK. THE STORY GIVEN BY THE RADIO WAS SOMEWHAT DISTORTED OR I WAS SCREWED UP. ANYWAY HERE IT IS--I'LL QUOTE THEIR TRANSMISSION.

UNITED STATES MARINES AGAIN HAVE LANDED IN NORTH CHINA THIS TIME TO HELP
GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KIA SHEK AND ACT AS A COLLECTION AGENCY FOR PERSONS
TO BE SURRENDERED BY THE JAPANESE. THE MARINES WENT ASHORE SUNDAY WITH
THEIR OWN TANKS AND ARTILLERY ALL PREPARED FOR TROUBLE. A SMALL MARINE
ADVANCE PARTM HAS BEEN HERE SINCE SEPTEMBER TWENTWIGHTH BUT SUNDAY'S LANDIN
WERE IN STRENGHT--UNQUOTE-- FROM ALL THIS I COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT
CERTAIN GROUPS IN AMERICA AND ANY OTHER COUNTRY WITH INTERESTS IN THE FAR
EAST ARE DETERMINED NOT TO HAVE COMMUNISM HAVE A SAY IN THIS REGION OF
THE WORLD, MAINLY THE FAR EAST. YEP, AMERICANS ARE GOING TO HAVE TO SHED
BLOOD AGAIN IN ORDER TO MAKE THE PATH CLEAR FOR CONTINUED PROFITS AND POWER
WHICH THE MONEY-WELDERS LIVE BY, AND ARE GOING TO DEMAND.--THANK YOU FOR THE
PEACE, THANK YOU FOR VICTORY, THANK GOD THE ~~WWWW~~ END OF THE WAR IS HERE,
THATS WHAT THEY SAID IN THE CHURCHES AND WHORE HOUSES---BULLSHIT.

FRI-OCT 11--OCT 12 SAT--1945

NOTHING NEW NOR EXCITING HAS OCCURED, UNLESS I WRITE ABOUT THE THOUGHTS THAT HAVE BEEN FILTERING IN AND OUT AGAIN. GOSH IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE MY OWN HOME, AND THEN IT COSTS TO MUCH--AH-SHIT WISH I HAD A WOMAN TO GET IN BEDWITH.

HAD AN ARGUMENT WITH ONE OF THE BOYS. THE SUBJECT SOON CAME UP. THE MORAL ADVANCES MADE ALL THE TIME, I SAID TO HIM. HE ASKED ME WHAT I MEANT. I SAID BECAUSE MARX AND ENGELS MERELY OCTOBER MET ME IN MEANING, ME MEANT ME MEANING, UNMIRRORING,

EXCUSE ME FOR MAKING SUCH A MESS OF TH\$ PAGE.

HAVE BEEN STANDING OUR WATHES FAITHFULLY BUT NOT WITH MUCH ENTHUSAISM, ITS JUST THAT I'M GETTING SICK OF THE DAMN ROUTINE AND GETTING RATHER ENVIOUS OF THE FELLOWS WE ARE TAKING BACK TO BE DISCHARGED. FIRGUED OUT MY OWN POINTS TODAY AND FOUND THAT I HAVE A MEASLY 39 1/2, NEXT MONTH I OUGHT TO GAIN ANOTHER POINT AND A QUARTER. AGAIN WE FIND OURSELVES CONSTANTLY TALKING AND THINKING OF DISCHARGE.

SUN-COT 13-MON OCT14- TUES-OCT 15 1945

NO SAILOR COULD ASK FOR BETTER SAILING WEATHER, ITS LIKE A FIFTH AVENUE BUS RIDE, NO BUMPS NO ROOLS BUT BORING. THE WEATHER HAS BECOME COOLER SINCE WE'VE BEEN TAKING A NORTHERLY COURSE, BY NOW WE SHOULD BE ABOUT TWENTY NINE OR THIRTY DEGREES NORTH. CARD GAMES ARE NUMEROUS, PLENTY OF MONEY BEING WON AND LOST ABOARD.

FELLOWS, ESPECIALLY THE YOUNG GUYS WHO ARE THE DREAMERS, THAT HAVE LOW POINTS, LIE IN THEIR RACKS GAZING UP ON THE OVERHEAD, TRYING TO FORM A PICTURE OF THEIR DREAMS, BUT NO SOAP, ONLY A BLANK PICTURE. IN SOME WAYS I HAVE A COMPASSION FOR THESE GUYS WHO HAVE ANOTHER YEAR OR SO TO SWEAT OUT IN THE SERVICE.