



November, 1943

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**Veterans**  
**History Project**  
**Transcript**

**Interview conducted**  
**March 15, 2005**

Niles Public Library  
Niles Public Library District  
Niles, Illinois

**Chuck Jacobs**  
Charles Theodore Jacobs

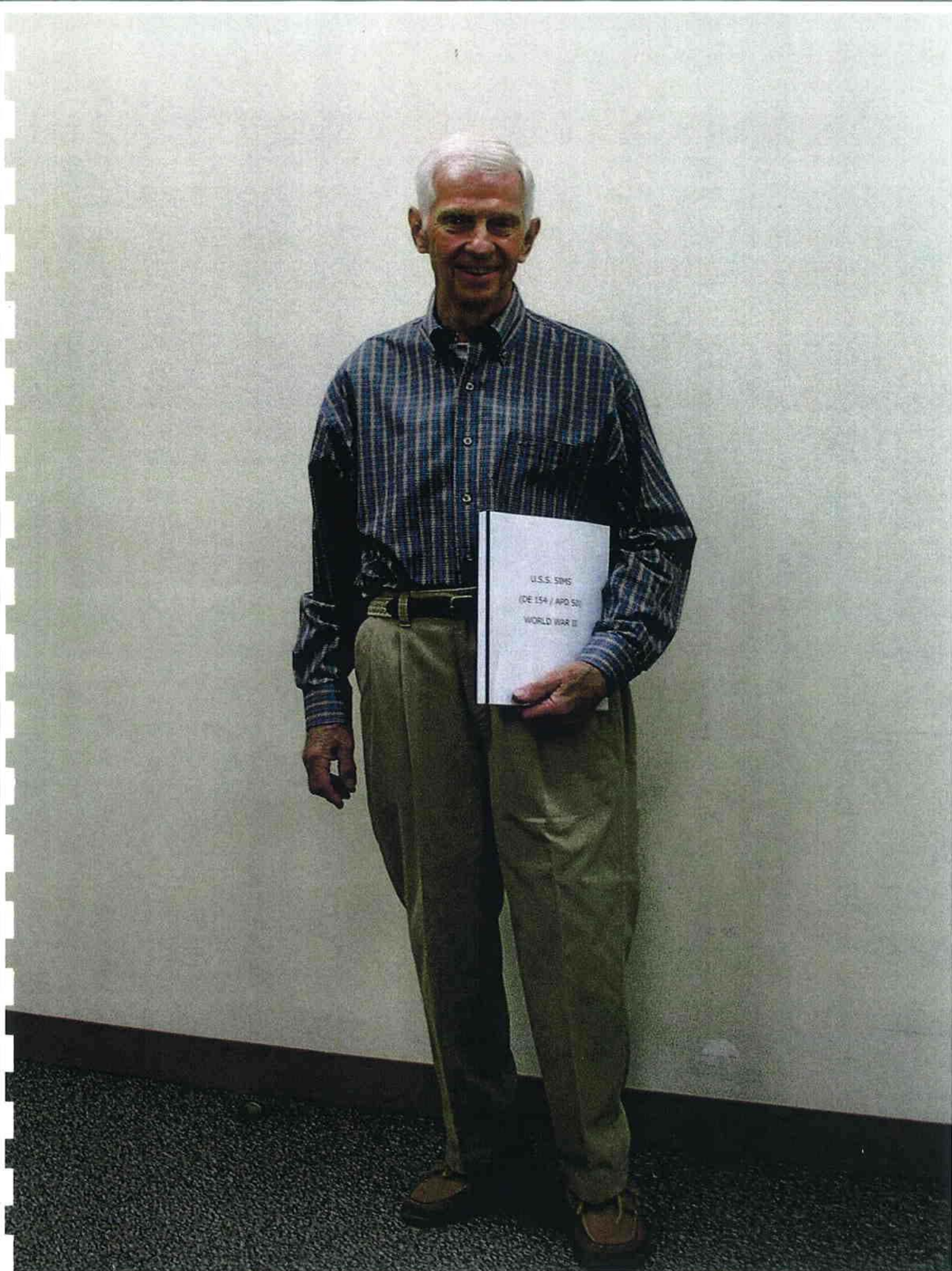
**U. S. Navy**

**World War II**

**Pacific**







Niles Public Library District  
Niles, Illinois

Veteran's History Project Transcript

Veteran: **Charles Theodore "Chuck" Jacobs** Rank: **Pharmacist's Mate, 2nd Class**

Branch of Service: **U.S. Navy** Theater: **Pacific**

Interview Date: 3/1/5/2005, 1:30-3 p.m. Place: Upper Level Group Study Room

Equipment: Panasonic Standard Cassette Transcriber Interviewer/Transcriber: Neil O'Shea

*Please state your full name.* (Interviewer's words)

My name is Charles Theodore Jacobs. (Mr. Jacobs's words)

*On this bright afternoon of March 15 in the year 2005, Charles Jacobs, a World War II Navy veteran who served in the Pacific, is being interviewed by Neil O'Shea, a member of the Veterans History Project team at Niles Public Library in Niles, Illinois. Maryellen Essig, Mark O'Brien and Kate Wolicki are the other members of the Veteran's History Project team. The team would like to thank Chuck for being our first veteran to be interviewed. This interview is being conducted in the Group Study Room here at the Niles Library at 1:30 on the afternoon of March 15. "Chuck" is a perfect first interviewee as he is not only a colleague here at the Niles Public Library, but he also maintained a diary throughout the war and as part of this interview experience is providing the National Project with a copy of his diary.*

*Chuck, what did you do before you joined the service or how did that come about?*

Well, I was a student. I was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, went to St George parochial school there and to the public high school, Kenosha High School. I graduated in June of 1943. And, of course, at that time, the war had already been in progress for approximately 2 years. And very many of my friends and relatives and neighbors were already in the service because nearly everyone once as soon they finished high school went into one of the branches.

22 (Tape Counter Mark) - Choice of Service Branch

I had a brother, Peter, who was training to be a naval flier, and I had a sister, Catherine, who was in the WAC, the Woman's Army Corps, so I was the third in my family which gives you an idea of how widespread this thing was ...so in September of that year I volunteered for the Navy and that's where it all began.

*Was your brother also in the Navy... so that helped to make up your mind ...*

Yes, he was training to be a naval flier down in Florida, and when I was subsequently stationed down there I saw him quite often and then strangely enough when I went out to the Pacific, my brother was there right near to where we were for most of the Okinawa campaign.



*Where did you go for training then?*

OK, I went to the Great Lakes Naval Station which is about 25 miles from Kenosha, where I was living, my hometown. While there I was put in the hospital corps school. The Great Lakes Naval Hospital is right there. That's where I received my basic training to be a Navy medic.

*That's where the Navy placed you - in the Medical Corps. Was that based on a particular aptitude test or your grades in high school biology?*

Yes, they gave everybody tests of all types, and then they decided where you might fit in well. I ended up in the hospital corps. Following the training at the Great Lakes Naval Base, I was sent to Florida for 9 months to the amphibious training base at Ft. Pierce, Florida. As I recall there were about 15,000 sailors training there for all types of landing activities, amphibious training. They had a hospital. Everybody lived in tents on the home base – the whole base was a tent base, few if any permanent buildings there – it was an island just off across the river from Fort Pierce, Florida.

*It must have been a new and different experience for a recent high school graduate from the Midwest to be so far away and training with people from all around the country and all types of people.*

One of the reasons I chose the Navy was that I was crazy about traveling and I figured this would be an opportunity to travel. My dad was in the Army in World War I in France, and he said if you go into service, I recommend the Navy - you always have a roof over your head and have your food that would be nice so that's a couple of the reasons that I ended up in the Navy, I guess. And they took me in the Navy.

*So after the training in Florida were you assigned to a ship?*

We were down in Florida for approximately 9 months, then in November of 1944, I was sent to Massachusetts - Boston, and became a crew member on the USS Sims.

#### 71 – USS Sims - from Destroyer Escort to APD

At the time the Sims had just been recommissioned as an APD (Auxiliary Personnel Destroyer) - prior to that the ship was a Destroyer Escort in the Atlantic. They did escort duty mostly of tankers and ammo ships, and well of the groups of ships - the convoys. And they convoyed mainly tankers down to Curacao and then they made several trips to Northern Ireland. Then about that time the war was nearly 3 years old for the U.S. The U-boat menace was taken care of in the Atlantic so they decided to convert part of these approximately 500 destroyer escorts built, starting in 1941-42. They decided to convert a limited number of them for transporting troops. They could continue escort duty and anti-submarine. They took off our torpedo tubes, but they left the ashcans for dropping on contacts. We had a 5 inch gun as a Destroyer Escort or 2 three-inch guns and smaller guns. They put on all these twin 40mm guns around the ship and a 5 inch gun on the bow which was a pretty good-sized gun for a 200-300 man ship. Then they took all of the wide guns and the launchers for anti-submarine off the ship and housed that all in for



carrying troops. We had a crew of about 200, and we could carry about 200 passengers of one type or another whether troops or whatever.

#### 103 - Training Cruises off Norfolk and onto the Pacific

*So how long after you had been inducted before you set out for sea on the Sims?*

It wasn't very long. This was the middle of winter. This was November, about November 20 when I went aboard the Sims. We did some training cruises out in the Atlantic in mid-winter. That was pretty hairy – what with the cold and the waves. That was my first experience at sea. It didn't bother me at all. Then we went down to Norfolk, and we did some training of other APD crews. Because a large part of our crew was already seasoned sailors, because of these trips in the Atlantic prior to this on the DE, they knew how to handle the DE. The ship was essentially the same except we could carry troops and different armaments. Then we were down around the Norfolk area for a bit. Then we shoved off; we loaded up, and we also had gunnery practice out in the Atlantic. Then we took aboard 100 or 150 Marines and headed for Panama. We had a very nice cruise, beautiful weather down through the Caribbean to Panama. The first landing in Panama was at Colon at the east end of canal. That was a really wild liberty night. They left me on board. (laughter) I never got ashore in Panama. Anyway the cruise through the canal was wonderful, beautiful and historic of course.

#### 133 - Ship's Medical Unit

*At this time you have a formal office or duty or responsibility on the ship?*

Oh yes, right off the bat, of course, I was busy most of the day although I did get a little time to do some studying down through the Caribbean since we had our passengers plus our crew. There were about 350 people. By the way, there were 3 of us in the Medical Department. There was a Doctor Kellum, a Lieutenant, and a Chief Pharmacist's mate by the name of Mobley from Alabama. We were three people. And then I was a Hospital Corpsman, First Class.

*In addition to serving as a hospital corpsman in this three-person medical department, did you also have duties that might involve gunfire?*

No, we were spared from other duties because there was plenty to do in sick bay. Three times a day we'd have sick call. That might last for hours, again at noon and in the evening. Then there were minor operations and injuries. We didn't stand duty like all other crew members had certain duties although we had the sick-bay duty. But there was some time in between when we played cards. We played a lot of pinochle. Big part of the crew, of course, was into poker. They played poker games down in the bottom of the ship, down in the bilges.

*You have an excellent memory and a command of the details. I would suspect that's been aided to a degree by the fact that you kept a journal or diary during the war. I'd be curious to know when you decided to keep the diary.*

Actually, I kept a diary from the time I went into the service so I have another year when I was in Florida that I never typed up, or I never have taken out or never read, in fact, in 60 years. Someday I think I might put that on paper too.

*Were you involved in high school in the student newspaper and yearbook?*

To some extent, not too much.

*Was it a family practice to keep a diary?*

No, I had kept a diary for quite a few years when I was in high school at home so it was just natural for me since I went away into the service to keep a record from the day I joined the Navy until the day I got out.

#### 174- Fighting Seasickness

*In your diary you mention some of the medical conditions that your team had to address with various medications and procedures. You got quite a medical education.*

Oh, no question about it. For about two and half years or better that's about all I did was, handle sick calls and take care of injuries. We had our share of seasickness. There were crewman who were seasick all the time. If they were really bad, they were transferred off the ship. We got into some really rough weather. In fact when we were off Okinawa, there were three typhoons. We'd take the whole anchorage, the ships, and head out to sea to try and run ahead of the storms. We got into some really, really bad weather. We were fortunate that we had the experience of the prior year. In 1944 we lost 3 destroyers in the South China Sea with all hands - about 500 sailors lost their lives in the typhoon because they sailed right into it. At that time they didn't have the warning. A year later it had improved somewhat with weather planes and things like that.

*You had to treat...*

I never was seasick. I'd be down below decks in the heat and working and I'd get it right up to my throat. And then I'd just go up on deck on the fantail and look out, steady myself, and look out at the horizon. And sometimes we'd be down in the trough and we could look up at 30 feet up at the waves. Next time you could look out at horizon and you couldn't see any water at all. But you'd get your equilibrium that way. The only we thing we had was scopolamine for anti-seasickness that I recall dispensing but I never used it myself. For the most part I was able to combat mal de mer (chuckle).

*There were cases of dengue fever, laryngitis and somebody had a circumcision?*

Yeah, our doctor liked to operate. So he'd think of minor operations that he could perform to keep him in practice for when he got out of the service. And of course there was suturing from accidents, etc. We had some sailors who came down with pretty bad illnesses, all the way up to pneumonia, but fortunately we had shots for various tropical diseases, and we weren't ashore that much. Aside from a few liberties, we might be weeks before we would get ashore.



*You arrived in the front lines, as it were, at Okinawa.*

Yes, I was telling you about our cruise. We went down through the Caribbean and through the canal, then we went up to San Diego while there I got a short leave we were only there only 3 days as I recall. I had relatives in L.A. so I took the train to visit my relatives. We weighed anchor, tied up at the time, for Hawaii, and, as I said, my brother was at that time ...they had an excess of Navy fliers so they put him as a deck officer on a ship, an LST. I didn't know this but when I got to Hawaii, he was there. I had a good buddy of mine, a high school friend, named Robert Kollman who was stationed in Hawaii all during the war or during the part that he was in. He knew I was coming out there because we corresponded. He went to meet us, and he ran into my brother, and so my brother Pete and I and Robert Coleman we were all were together in Hawaii so, of course, when we had liberty, we had a good time in Honolulu and Waikiki and we didn't stray much from that because we had our regular duties, but we had a good share of liberty. While there we took a training cruise up to Maui, up along the cliffs of Molakai, gunnery practice, there was one of the ships - they towed these sleeves behind these ships and then we practiced gunnery practice. I think we were in Hawaii for about a week, and then we shoved off for the Philippines.

#### 265 - The War Zone

When we reached Eniwetok (Marshall Islands) which had been probably 6 months before taken from the Japs and that was a bad battle for that little coral atoll. We saw the shredded palm trees from the ship and shortly after that our captain told us to be more alert, no more horseplay anymore because we were in the war zone now. We got to Samar Island in the eastern Philippines, and Leyte Gulf, the latter, about the last week of March of 1945 and then about the end of March about March 27th we had a couple of nice liberties ashore in the native villages and that was very interesting. It was extremely hot, over 100 degrees every day. We didn't really mind. Then we took on provisions and more ammo and food and everything which was a constant thing of course.

#### 290 - Invasion of Okinawa

Then later about March 27<sup>th</sup> something like that we headed for Okinawa with a huge convoy of troop ships, freighters and all kinds of ... AKAs, APAs - all the different designations. Then on April 1 which was Easter Sunday, they also designated it "Love-Day," that was the invasion of Okinawa. It was uncontested which was a surprise, I think, to everyone. The small boats, I remember, that morning we had a big breakfast, and all that for the days ahead, of steak and eggs. That was one fortunate thing on board ship that we had pretty good food and good cooks. I never suffered from want of food and I think for the most part, the crew some of the crew thought at times we were short of food and that, but I don't think so. I remember that morning it was still and a lot of smoke that was about it because we were out away from the shore; all the activity was going on further in. The Army landed there uncontested and the Marines. The Army

went south toward where 100,000 Japs were dug in along the Naha Shuri, Naha Yonabaru was the line called there Shuri Castle. It was a rugged area with thousands of caves. Then they started slugging it out for the next months in a terrible, last battle. The Marines just swept up to the north up to Motubu peninsula. There was a big island, Ie Shima, which was heavily fortified. That was a key point, I think, for Jap communications because it was north of the island when the Kamikazes came down. They'd have contact with their ships and all.

We were only at Okinawa for a few days. There was no action for us. Then we were sent to Ulithi, which is a big, enormous atoll south - I'm not sure exactly, we escorted other ships down there whether they were freighters going back for more supplies and ammo ships and things I don't recall. We were an escort. That's what we did. A few days after that we were back at Okinawa we did that twice and plus a trip to Saipan during the first month we were there.

#### 345 - The Kamikazes

When we were at Okinawa we were put on this inner screen. They had what they called the screen - the outer screen was mostly destroyers with more fire power. They were probably 35-40 miles out around the whole western side of Okinawa to intercept the Japanese. We were on an inner screen. What we'd do we would travel back and forth in a big oval and contact other ships, and there were hundreds of ships doing this. In our group there were APDs, destroyer escorts, patrol craft of different kinds, corvettes, all that type of thing. The idea was that we would intercept the planes coming in from Japan, because we were about 300 miles south of Japan at that point, or Kyushu (could also have been flying from South Korea). On April 16 we watched as our ships bombarded Ie Shima, and our planes strafed around the volcanic cone. We could see all that from our ship. We were cruising back and forth on patrol there. And that was the 16<sup>th</sup> of April and that was the first really large kamikaze attack that we encountered. There were as I recall about 200 suicide planes came down. Our planes and ships probably "splashed" (shot down or missed the boat) about two-thirds or more of them.

#### *Terminology "splashed" means to?*

We'd call it splashing when they'd shoot down or when a plane would miss, of course, I guess you wouldn't call it when they hit a ship that they splashed against a ship. There were dozens of ships were hit by suicide planes, but there were a great many more planes that either missed the ships or were shot down by the ships and missed the ships or the patrol by then the especially the F4F Wildcats and the F4U Corsairs. Those Corsairs, they'd be just goin' crazy when the Japs made a big raid. We were saved many times by our air cover.

#### 399 - "Our First Kill"

That was the day, the 16<sup>th</sup>, the big raid that we got our first "kill" you might say. There was a battle, and a Japanese patrol plane with a fixed landing gear and the all clear hadn't been sounded I remember and everybody figured "gee" the battle was over because prior to that when you're in midst of an attack like that they put the ship at full speed and turn it. You'd be going from one side, one bulkhead to another. You knew they, we, were trying to elude these planes. We came through that all right, but just at the very end this Jap plane somehow came out, as I recall, there was a low cloud cover. He came down, there were just, I can still remember, a few



rounds went off, and then he just missed the ship and exploded in the water, crashed in the water. I don't recall if there was an explosion because he hit so close if he had exploded we would have had more damage. That was our first encounter with the kamikazes.

Then most of the activity was in April, May and June. During that time four or five thousand Kamikazes came down and were either crashed or shot down. There were all kinds of incidents... where one night a Betty, a medium-range bomber, a Japanese bomber flew in and landed on the airfield at Okinawa. The Japs poured out of it and destroyed a lot of our planes until they killed them all. They did some kind of odd things. There was a big group of islands called Kerama Retto right off there, and we would go in there at the anchorage with ships that were damaged and some perhaps that were perhaps repairable. They'd be at anchor there, and the Japanese still held some of the land there so they had suicide boats, and they had frogmen that would come out and attach explosive devices. There were all kinds of things going on there all the time. Sometimes the Japs, I remember, one evening a Jap plane flew right between a group of our ships, and everybody started firing at this plane. Shells were exploding above each ship; it was a pretty dangerous situation. Then I don't know what date it was, we were very lucky, because on at least three occasions we changed our screening position. And the ship that took over was hit by one or more kamikazes.

#### 470- "Our Second and Third Kills"

The second time we, of course, every night and part of every day you'd be at battle stations sometimes for hours, sometimes for a short time or you'd go to battle stations for an hour then they'd blow the "all-clear" and you'd go back to your bunks or whatever and about ten minutes later "all hands man your battle stations" again so sometimes we were up all night. That was kind of spooky. One night we were attacked by two planes simultaneously and I remember ... on the port bow, I heard our 5 inch gun go off—boom-boom-boom, they could fire that thing pretty fast and then when the 40mms, boom-boom-boom, started going off (faster) you knew he was getting close and then the 20mms they were like big machine guns. And that same time another plane came in on our stern. I think most of our guys on the port sidebow and stern were looking at this guy coming in. This guy was sneaking up from behind us. They had put big davits on there for loading supplies and things on our fantail. They took off most of the ashcans that they used. We had about hundred when it was a DE. We had a dozen left. There was room to carry jeeps and supplies plus, a pretty big fantail, plus there were these booms for loading cargo. I didn't mention, we had 4 LCVPs (Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel), landing boats, on the ship when they converted it and that made us pretty top-heavy — I don't know how many tons each. When we got in rough weather or when we were maneuvering, we'd keel over and you'd think that we were going to capsize at times - especially in typhoons. The ship would keel over and hang there and then go back all the other way. It was pretty scary. These 2 Jap planes attacked us at the same time. Either one or both of them blew up right on top of us. We were 2200 tons or something. I remember it lifted the ship right up out of the water, then we heeled over and hung there for a long time and then we slowly righted. There was smoke and smell. I was up, my duty was up near the officer's quarters during the battle. I remember the smell of all the after-shave and things like that combined with and then I remember running over to the hatch going down to see what was doing down in the engine room - everything was turmoil down there. We had some damage to the ship but very little. One of the radiomen got hit with a piece

of equipment I remember. But we came out of that smelling like a rose. That was when we got our two planes.

#### 551- Aiding the USS Little

And then the last one I should mention. We went out one night. The US Little a destroyer had been sunk out in the outer picket line, and we went out to pick up survivors. We didn't get any off the Little but we got survivors from another destroyer that had been sunk or badly damaged. And we had casualties aboard – burn casualties primarily. And we had one body picked up out of the water. That was extremely scary because we came along side and we were still under attack and pulled along side this other destroyer to transfer casualties and we were dead in the water. That's really scary when you're under attack. We worked all that night and the following morning with the casualties.

#### 604 – “Our fourth suicide plane”

The third time, the end of April, our fourth suicide plane hit us. And we only had fortunately about 10 injured from mostly shrapnel and burns but the force of explosion ...

#### 2nd Side

The ship was covered with parts of the plane and the pilots. In fact, you could smell the stench of the pilot or pilot(s), I'm not sure if it was one or two, probably one, it was a Zero or whatever it was, for weeks afterward. We had pieces of the plane, thousands of pieces of aluminum. I brought a piece home about a foot long, and I had it for years at home and then my mother threw it out and that was the memento.

We were fortunate; we never lost a single person, killed. Two of the officers subsequently received Purple Hearts and about half a dozen of the crew, were gunner's mates mostly, I think, that were injured.

#### 638 - Aiding the USS Barry

Oh, ok, then that same evening the APD Barry – that book (Tempest, Fire and Foe) that tells about the Barry, was hit the same evening. It had been abandoned; it was an inferno. I think probably that was about one of the scariest (times.) We still had our casualties aboard. At that point we were the flagship. We had the Commodore aboard our ship, we were the flagship of our group, and somebody decided to go and save the Barry, and so we pulled alongside it with all our fire-fitted fighting equipment and the guys went in. Their own crew, part of it, was circling around telling us, because they were afraid, and so were we, that the thing was going to blow up. We parked that thing til like 3 or 4 in the morning. There were couple of other ships came and laid down smokescreens, I think, at one point we heard Jap planes circling around looking for targets. We were sitting dead in the water, fighting the fires on the Barry. Before daylight they did get the thing under control. It was towed ashore and stripped. Then unfortunately while they were towing it out as a decoy because it was so badly damaged, a Jap sunk it and the tow ship - just happened to come by and saw these slow-moving ships going out. They were going to anchor it out there as a decoy. Well, so that's how it went. There's all kinds of stories.



In the early days the Navy suffered hundreds of casualties because so many ships were hit and sunk. The cruisers and battleships were sitting off the island, lobbing thousands and thousands of shells into Okinawa to help the troops, the Army there. I remember one Jap plane flew down the funnel of the New Mexico and exploded inside the ship. There were a lot (of casualties). Near the end there we anchored one night; we went over to the east side of the island which we rarely did. For some reason we were over there anchored. And when we got up in the morning right next to us the battleship Pennsylvania was at anchor there, and the stern was down in the water. It had been torpedoed a couple of nights before. This was very late. Somehow a Jap torpedo plane got through. As I recall there were 18 quartermasters killed, which was probably all they had on the battleship. Shortly after that, I think, they started dispersing them, the various groups of technicians so that in the event of a hit like that they wouldn't lose everybody.

Anyway that's the way the thing went on and off. We went back to the Philippines at least once. We went to Saipan; we escorted them. I remember the group of ships; they were all missing guns, big holes in them, we convoyed a whole group of damaged ships back to Saipan at one time. When I think back on it, we were on the same course from Okinawa to Leyte that the Indianapolis was taking when this Jap submarine sank it so maybe we were in their sights at one time! But they figured we were too small and they would wait for a big ship to come along. I don't know, just conjecture.

#### 680- Celebration

Near the end of August we remember the big celebrations when VE (Victory in Europe) Day in June, and I guess when they dropped the bomb on Hiroshima that was just an incredible celebration, thousands and thousands of guns on shore; there were a lot of casualties from our own (guns).

*I think you mentioned that there were 36 men killed or wounded in celebrating*

Yes, they finally had to tell everybody "cease firing"! Because on shore they probably didn't know what the hell was going on - those troops in the trenches there were fighting. But it was a real Fourth of July celebration, I'll tell you. All the ships were firing, all the guns ashore.

#### 695 – Sailing into Tokyo Bay with HMS King George V

At the end of August, we weighed anchor. We went up near Japan and rendezvoused with the British fleet up there - the King George V and a couple of Australian destroyers. Landing parties came to our ship, and then finally everybody was waiting to see the Japanese surrender, and it seemed to take forever. We anchored in Sagami Bay outside Tokyo Bay which is enormous, of course, and that was interesting. We were sitting there at anchor, and they had these big Jap naval guns – all these were still being manned. It was interesting.

And then finally we got the word to go in. We took these British and New Zealand troops into Yokosuka, the big Japanese Naval Base or one of them, and occupied a big naval warehouse there, and these small boats all day long were going in there and coming back with - they'd lift up the floorboards, and they had just an unimaginable array of guns, uniforms and silverware, everything you might imagine - swords there so everybody, in fact, I don't recall I thought I had one of those naval machine guns at one time. I indicated there (in the diary) I think that I had some other weaponry. I did eventually get a sword, I had it at home. My dad had it in his office - one of these officers's curved Samurai swords, they called them, and I carried that thing. But unfortunately with all the armaments that we had aboard all the guns and swords and things - most of them got thrown overboard because we thought they'd confiscate them when we got back to the states, but I kept my sword, and I had it sticking out of my duffel bag because it was a long sword, all the way through New York and on the trains and everything (no one) never said boo about it.

But anyway it was very interesting there at the Naval Base. And then a few days later we took a contingent of marines over to the Takiyama Naval Air Station on Tokyo Bay, and that was again very interesting. The Japanese were still there in their uniforms and everything. This was a couple days before the surrender, I think, which was September 2<sup>nd</sup>.

## 734 – Shinto Shrine

Then I remember there was a Japanese shrine there and apparently there had been ceremonies for Kamikaze pilots on their last flights. I remember there were a lot of pictures of Japanese pilots, you know, lying around. The shrine had been pretty well-desecrated. I picked up a scroll which is somewhere in Japan now. I kept it for many, many years. I finally sent it. I went to the Japanese consulate in Chicago, and it went back to Japan to, hopefully, the same place. It listed the names and went way back into the Thirties, and this big scroll listed the different ceremonies that occurred there at this Shinto Shrine.

## 755- Tokyo City

And then later on we went to Yokohama which is another big part of Tokyo Bay. That's where we finally got ashore and saw the buildings and that - pretty ramshackle. There wasn't much war damage there. But later in the month we anchored at Tokyo, and we went by jeeps or buses, I don't recall what. We went, rode for mile after mile through the desolation from the fire bombing. There was nothing there just thousands and thousands of acres charred and ruined; people living under metal sheets and things, but we finally got into the heart of Tokyo. That was very interesting. We wandered around all over through the business district. One day we were at the Daishi Building when General MacArthur came out. There was a huge crowd; we didn't know this, but we went over and joined it. They had the intersection blocked. I always remember there was an extremely beautiful Japanese girl in the most gorgeous kimono there in the group. Little things like that you remember. (Chuckle) I remember the general came out and saluted everybody and got into his car and took off. We spend a lot of time in the parks around the Diet Building and the Imperial Palace and the moats. We wandered everywhere, and there was no indication of - the Japs would be standing round in groups still in uniform. There seemed



to be no animosity of any kind. We couldn't speak; we just looked at each other and walked by. There wasn't much to buy. We traded cigarettes which would cost a nickel a pack for some things. It was really interesting to see, as far as we could determine, it looked like the Japs were really done. I can't imagine that they could have put much of a defense or would have wanted to even if the emperor hadn't told them to quit, but once he told him to quit, they were out of it completely.

At Yokohama I remember there were these Japanese midget sub pens, midget subs being built there. These caves, we walked for miles, really spooky, but apparently they had been checked or they would have been blocked if there was any danger of booby trapping. They were wet and spooky and dark. There were rows of American milling machines that drove presses and all those things. We just bummed around when we were on liberty and then we'd be back to the ship. We saw a nice part of Tokyo - what was left of Tokyo - the Business District.

#### 809 - Visiting Hiroshima

Then we got orders to take a survey of atomic people, experts down to Hiroshima. This was probably in October. We were down there for a couple of months at Kure, the huge naval base. That was interesting from the standpoint of all the ships and planes or the remains that were there from the war - battleships and cruisers all types of big float planes that been shot up and crashed. And then we had wonderful liberties. It was a gorgeous, gorgeous area, that Inland Sea is the prettiest part of the world down there with all the islands and the rice paddies and the pine forest, really pretty. We'd hike. We had one little island in particular we went to, and we hiked through these paths, and there were all these machine gun dug-outs all the way up there and at the top was a big anti-aircraft emplacement. The trees were all hanging with tinsel which our planes dropped to jam their radar and their guns. We played baseball. And we had our ration of beer always.

#### 834 - A beer story

I remember my next door neighbor; he was in the Army. He just died recently, was in the Army in the South Pacific. He was telling us about when they came out. They were relieved at Guadalcanal. They were finally relieved and going back to the shore. When they got back, there were some US Navy ships there and these guys just went aboard and went into the storage and took all the beer and drank it and they were such a bedraggled, dirty, rotten mess of guys that came out of the jungles there that no Navy officer bothered arguing with them. He said later on though they got charged by the Navy for the beer (laughter). We were fortunate to have our beer rations, played a lot of baseball, but mostly just wandered around. Most of the little villages were off limits because we would have made a shambles of them with all the guys there.

And one day the officers, our doctor and a couple of the other officers, took me on a ride through Hiroshima - this was about a month after the bomb was dropped - that was an experience, an unbelievable experience because one couldn't fathom that one bomb had done all that and that there was nothing to compare (it to). After that we went back to Tokyo Bay again and we took on provisions.

I should say something about the mail. We got mail pretty good. In fact my brother was on the mail ship the LST 890 (Landing Ship Tank) at Okinawa so I saw him quite often, or a number of times, and he came to our ship once when we'd go in for supplies or ammo or whatever or fuel. Sometimes the mail would come through pretty good. But there was one period there at Okinawa where we didn't get mail for weeks. When it came there were thousands of letters. I got 30 letters in one day – a lot of catching up to do.

#### 874- New York and USO

From there we sailed over, stopped at Midway and then went down the chain to Hawaii and from Hawaii, I think, we stopped in San Diego again and then went down to the canal and then back up to and our home port – we thought would be Norfolk, but it ended up being New York which was really nice. New York at that time was really wide open as far as safety and everything was concerned. We'd have liberty until 5 in the morning as I recall. We'd go out at 7 in the evening. We'd go to Greenwich Village; we'd go all over. We'd go downtown to the USO and see all the museums. The USO provided us with tickets for all kinds of things going on and all that – whether ice shows, opera, musical events of all different kinds and, of course, the dance halls. It was a wonderful experience.

After New York, eventually, this was in January, 1946, I got leave and went home during that time, and then we went down to Norfolk and to Savannah, Georgia or to Charleston and then finally to Savannah where I left the ship, left the Navy. That was my year and a half cruise in the Pacific. Is there anything else you wanted to ask me?

*Chuck, in the history books you hear about Tokyo Rose but you had a reference to "Lyn' Lou"?*

This had to be another person. He would broadcast to us and tell us how many of our ships had been hit by them the night before and things like that, but I never heard Tokyo Rose that I know of. But this was evidently another one of those broadcasters.

*You learned to play chess in the Pacific?*

Yeah, and near the end I played bridge, and I can play a little bridge today. I only play about once a year when we go to Colorado because my wife is in the bridge club but she doesn't want me as partner. A few weeks ago I did play. Her partner didn't show up so she corralled me, and I played and it worked out ok. Pinochle was my big game; we'd have tournaments all the time going. And we played a lot of cribbage. I don't even know any more how to play cribbage but pinochle still is my game.

*During the war you forged friendships with other people in the service; were you able to maintain those through the years?*

When we came out, everybody went their way all over the country and a lot of them went to college, then started working, and raising families. It must have been like 20 years ago when finally, our ship, we had a guy – his name was Percer, on our ship. He started a newspaper and he

mailed that out. And everybody would contribute to it. That went on for quite a few years. At the same time we had reunions probably about a half-dozen or eight of them at various places all across the country. I never went to any of the reunions. But I contributed to the paper and kept in touch. I met one of the people that was on our ship who had a daughter out in the western suburbs; I met him a couple of times. But other than that I never really met any of the people, but if I'd gone on these reunions I would have kept in close contact.

956- College/G.I. Bill

*So Chuck as a young man you didn't have much difficulty adjusting to life after the war and then you decided to go to college?*

As soon as I came home, I got out in April and in September I was at college.

*Were you able to use the G.I. Bill?*

Yes, everybody was going to school under the G.I. Bill. It was really nice: they paid your tuition and board and everything plus we got \$50 a month expenses. It was a marvelous thing. I think the American Legion was instrumental in getting the G.I. bill passed. My dad, I know, was a really strong supporter of it because it was nip and tuck. They had to rush people in for the vote in Congress to finally approve it nearly didn't happen but it thousands of GIs got a college education, and went on to build the country what it is today - this so called "greatest generation."

*Which college did you go to it and did you major in something medical after your experience in the Navy.*

I went to Beloit College, Beloit Wisconsin. I took pre-med courses, but I was more interested in archaeology, anthropology and geology. A few more courses and I would have been a geologist. But I ended up in the insurance business. I worked for 30 years for All-State Insurance. Once you get married, and you then get tied into a job and that but I've always kept my hand in so to speak. In school I spent 3 summers excavating in Wisconsin, North Dakota and Indiana Indian villages. It was interesting.

*I'm thinking as we sit here that 60 years ago today would have been March 15, 1945 and you were probably in the Pacific then?*

Yeah, we're probably somewhere out near the Philippines then.

*Thank you for being available to take us back there and for being available for any necessary follow-up interviews.*

If there's anything you would like to talk about, I'd be glad to talk there's so much detail.

*You had an expression in your diary - "mobs of gobs" - does it refer some type of soldiers?*



No, it doesn't. I read a lot of books on the Navy and World War II. I don't recall it.

*You did meet a lot of interesting soldiers from different countries. You had good things to say about the "limey's and the Aussies.*

1037 – At the Surrender

We got on really well for the short time they were with us. We talked about what they did during the war and all that. It was interesting to have them, and it was a real piece of history to have taken those troops off and to have seen the King George V, one of the old battlewagons. At the time we were building the Iowa. The day the peace was signed we were probably 10 miles from the Iowa, no the Missouri when the peace was signed. I was getting ready for inspection in the sick bay at the time. That was unbelievable, the hundreds and hundreds of aircraft, every conceivable type of American plane flying around that area and ships by the hundred of every type, the newest battlewagons and cruisers and destroyers, even our little ship was there.

It was a wonderful experience really and probably the highlight of my life – those two and a half years. You never forget any of that. People will say forget it; its byones, but it is all still there. It is something you remember in detail.

1057- the book, Tempest, Fire and Foe

When the Sims came in from the Atlantic, the captain of the ship Lewis Andrews went ashore. We got a new captain whom I didn't mention - Donaghue was his name, a big, tall Irishman. Mr. Andrews compiled subsequently the story of all the destroyer escorts in World War II. The book was published *Tempest, Fire and Foe*, and in it there is a section which tells about our experiences fighting the fires on the Barry. I would recommend this book to anybody, and we have the book here at the library, and I have a place in history because my name is in the index (chuckle and laughter).

I guess that's about it.

*Thank you very much.*

Note to reader:

Mr. Jacobs's diary, bound separately and entitled U.S.S.Sims (DE 154/APD50) World War II, should be considered as part of his testimony. His written history provides background and further, often richly colored detail of key events mentioned in the above transcript. For example, his letter home of November 4, 1945 describes his reaction to seeing the blackened rubble of Hiroshima. The accompanying diary booklet is comprised of 3 sections: Chuck's service diary from November 1944 to April 1946, Chuck's letters home from November, 1944 to March 1946 and background material on the

USS Sims. Chuck also provided these two websites as useful in describing the destroyer escorts: <http://www.desausa.org/> and <http://www.navsource.org> .

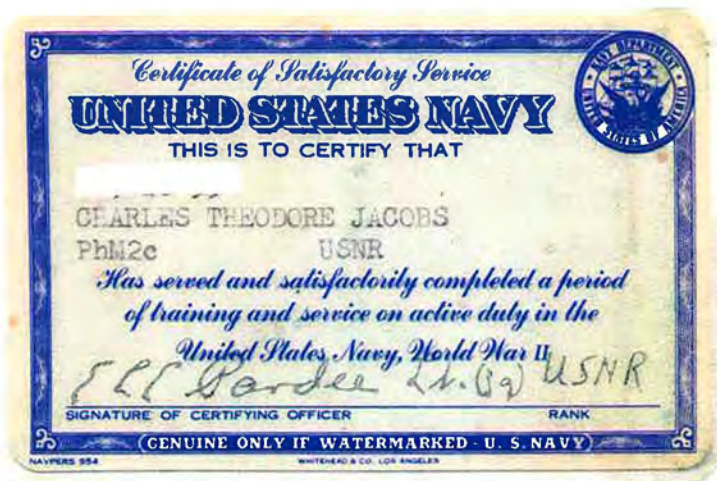
He is a member of the Northern Illinois Destroyer Escort Sailors Assn. at 40 W. Eureka Drive, Lemont, IL 60439-3978.

Chuck's last entry in his war-time diary provides this summary reflection:

**“Well here, at long last, is the end of my story of my memorable journey, long ago, aboard the U.S.S. Sims, APD 50. It really doesn't seem so long ago, tho, and it was a really wonderful experience. I wish I had recorded names and some of the thousands of little happenings sailor to sailor, although I do recall many of them pleasurably in my memories. Fishing off the fantail in Pearl Harbor and on the training cruise to Maui. The sheer cliffs of Molokai. The beach parties at Ulithi Atoll and watching the natives thru binoculars. Sliding around the mess hall as we outran the typhoons. Drinking medicinal alcohol and grapefruit juice with the laundryman in the hell-hot laundry. Eating New Zealand mutton and all those other delicacies. Drinking beer and playing baseball and exploring the recreation island at Kure, Japan. Drinking sake and beer and exploring the shore villages on Samar. The poker and pinochle games. Learning to play bridge topside in the LCVPs. Tourist in Tokyo. Giving shots and swabbing throats. The fear under kamikaze attack and while fighting fire on the USS Barry. Almost all good memories though and pride. I could go on and on and on.”**

Chuck also provided 18 photos and documents which have been scanned as well as a homecoming photo for photocopying. They are appended in the following 7 pages.

Back Side reads:  
 Period of active duty:  
 13 November 1943 to 21 April 1946.



Back Side authorizes ribbons for  
 for Asiatic-Pacific and Victory Medal II

PACFLEET 111

UNITED STATES NAVY

U. S. S. SIMS (APD-50)

NAME JACOBS, Charles Theodore

RANK PhM2c USNR FILE OR  
 RATE USNR SERVICE NO. 1

IS HEREBY AUTHORIZED TO WEAR THE RIBBONS INDICATED  
 ON THE REVERSE SIDE. UNAUTHORIZED WEARING OF DEC-  
 ORATIONS IS A VIOLATION OF UNIFORM REGULATIONS AND  
 WILL RESULT IN APPROPRIATE DISCIPLINARY ACTION.

**18 DEC 1945**

Date 18 DEC 1945 Title: Lt., USNR



Boot Camp, Great Lakes Naval Training Station



Miami, Florida, 1944



Chuck on right





Initiation card for crossing the 180 Meridian of longitude

## Brothers, Friend Meet On Island in Pacific

When Ensign Peter Jacobs went ashore on one of the islands in the Pacific recently, he was surprised to find an old friend, Bob Kollman, EM3/c, on the dock.

He was more surprised, however, when EM Kollman told him that he was waiting for Ensign Jacobs' brother, Charles, a pharmacist's mate. The brothers enjoyed the day together before returning to their respective ships.

Robert Kollman is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kollman, 4906 Sheridan Rd. Peter and Charles are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Jacobs, 3803 Sheridan Rd. A sister, Catherine Jacobs, is serving as dental laboratory technician with the WAC at Crile hospital, Cleveland, Ohio.

Kenosha newspaper clipping

Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not reliable.

No. 16 301123

From Mrs. L. C. JACOBS  
(Sender's name)  
SHERIDAN RD.  
(Sender's address)  
KENOSHA WIS.  
3/14/45  
(Date)

To CHAS. JACOBS PH.M.  
U.S.S. SIMS APD-6  
c/o FLT. P. O.  
SAN FRANCISCO  
CALIF.

(EDITOR'S STAMP)

Kenosha Mar. 15 '45

Dear Charles.

Spring is here I guess. It is raining today. Yesterday it was 60°. The last letters we had from you and Peter were those telling of your meeting. Chester is having a vacation in Hawaii, and Mrs. Kollman wrote that Bob had seen him. I am hoping to hear from Chester whether you and Peter were still there when Chester arrived. Jackie Ludwig has been home for a week. I haven't seen him. He and his Dad are painting the living room. He doesn't have much to say but that he has 30 days leave, waiting for orders. Grandma, they fell again and broke her wrist. They said she is able to get around so I think she will be alright.

Did I tell you Aunt Rose and Eugene are going to be married after Easter? Catherine has three days coming so may come home. She is still taking it quite easy in Cleveland. John will be home for a few days for Easter. Bob's like the and is near for Germany. Hope you are well and happy. Everyone here is the same as usual. Write soon

Mother & Dad

V-MAIL

Example of V-Mail of a letter from home via Uncle Sam



## Hawaii Photographs



January, 1945



Sims crew on liberty, Waikiki Beach,  
December, 1945

Waikiki Beach , December, 1945  
Standing left to right: L.A. Parent, Ike Miller,  
Kneeling left to right: Tonathy, (sp?) Shimark (?), Eichas





## The U.S.S. Sims, "The Fighting 50"



Part of the Sims crew, "a wonderful bunch of guys," on the fantail,



The U.S.S. Sims, side view

U.S. Sims in tranquil waters, perhaps the Philippines



British and Australian landing party of 200 troops from the King George V taken aboard the fantail of the U.S. Sims, Yokosuka Naval Base, Tokyo Bay 20 August 1945



Japanese float plane, Tateyama Naval Air Station, 9/4/45

HMS King George V Battleship offloading





January 30, 1946 - U.S.S. SIMS (APD-50) Homecoming, Savoy Plaza Hotel, New York City. At left, Helen Baroncelli and Chuck Jacobs, to right, Dick Wilson.





# **U.S.S. SIMS**

## **(DE 154 / APD 50)**

### **WORLD WAR II**

This booklet was submitted by Chuck Jacobs when he was interviewed for the Veterans History Project on March 15, 2005. The booklet is comprised of three sections:

- his service diary from November, 1944 to April, 1946;
- his letters home from November, 1944 to March 1946,
- and background material on the U.S.S. Sims.

The booklet complements the transcript, providing background and further, often richly colored detail of key events mentioned in the interview.

THE WORLD WAR II PACIFIC VOYAGE OF THE U.S.S. SIMS APD 50  
AS RELATED IN THE DIARY OF CHARLES JACOBS PHARMACIST'S MATE 2/C  
FROM NOVEMBER, 1944 TO APRIL, 1946

THE WRITER GRADUATED FROM MARY D. BRADFORD HIGH SCHOOL, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN, IN JUNE, 1943, AND ENLISTED IN THE U.S. NAVY, IN NOVEMBER, 1943. FOLLOWING "BOOTS" AND HOSPITAL CORPS SCHOOL, AT GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING STATION, I WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE NAVY'S AMPHIBIOUS TRAINING BASE, AT FT. PIERCE, FLORIDA. NINE MONTHS LATER, ORDERS CAME TO REPORT TO THE U.S.S. SIMS, NEWLY CONVERTED FROM DE 154 (DESTROYER ESCORT) TO APD 50 (FAST TRANSPORT), AT THE BOSTON NAVAL YARD.

THE U.S.S. SIMS WAS LAUNCHED IN FEBRUARY, 1943 AND COMMISSIONED IN APRIL, 1943. SHE HAD BEEN BUILT, ALONG WITH OVER FIVE HUNDRED OTHER DESTROYER ESCORTS, TO COMBAT THE NAZI U-BOAT MENACE IN THE ATLANTIC. FOLLOWING CONVOY ESCORT DUTY BETWEEN CURACAO AND NEW YORK AND LONDON-DERRY, NORTHERN IRELAND, AND WITH THE U-BOAT SITUATION NOW UNDER CONTROL, THE SIMS WAS CONVERTED TO A HIGH-SPEED DESTROYER-TRANSPORT AND RE-COMMISSIONED THE APD 50 (FROM DE 154), IN NOVEMBER, 1944. THE SIMS WAS 306 FEET IN LENGTH AND 36 FEET 10 INCHES AT THE BEAM, AND HER ENGINES DEVELOPED 12,000 HORSEPOWER. HER THREE TRIPLE TORPEDO TUBES HAD BEEN REMOVED AND REPLACED WITH FOUR LCVP LANDING CR AFT AND DAVITS AND HOUSING FOR TROOPS OR OTHER PASSENGERS, AS THE SITUATION WARRANTED. MANY OTHER CHANGES, MAINLY IN ARMAMENT AND CARGO-CARRYING CAPACITY, WERE ALSO MADE. WE HAD A CREW OF JUST OVER TWO HUNDRED MEN.



## THE DIARY

26 NOVEMBER 1944 BOSTON NAVAL YARD

Went aboard the re-commissioned U.S.S. Sims, but found that the crew had not yet come aboard, so I returned to the barracks.

29 NOVEMBER 1944 Some of the crew is arriving back aboard, old hands from leave and us recruits. Met Dr. Basso and chief pharmacist's mate Mobley, from Alabama, and other shipmates, all of whom seem to be swell fellows.

30 November- 1 December 1944 Busy stowing medical supplies for the cruise.

2 DECEMBER 1944 Moved aboard at last with my gear.

4 DECEMBER 1944 Six hours at sea in the winter Atlantic on a shakedown. Very rough sea. Mobley was sick. We tested our guns. This baby really rolls.

6 DECEMBER 1944 We sailed out of Boston for Norfolk, following a 3-hour fog layover in the channel.

11 DECEMBER 1944 NORFOLK NAVAL BASE

Shakedown cruise out of Norfolk. Had aboard another crew which we are training. Test fired our guns again and anchored for the night at Cold Point, Maryland.

23 DECEMBER 1944 Went Christmas tree shopping, by streetcar, with Dr. Basso. It was an unusual but enjoyable experience!

26 DECEMBER 1944 Another crew came aboard for training.

30 DECEMBER 1944 I was restricted for "sleeping in". Chambers let "us" off easy, with three hours of extra duty, instead of the usual six.

31 DECEMBER 1944 New Year's Eve; Still restricted to the ship.

1 JANUARY 1945      Worked off my 3 hours extra duty last nite in 1½ hours. Went to Fleet Parktonite with Tony Ward, a PhM3/C from the APD 110.

4 JANUARY 1945      Mr. Urmy (executive officer) OK'd my chit for a ten-day leave. Home to Wisconsin.

21 JANUARY 1945      A couple of hundred sacks of mail, bound for Panama were brought aboard. Also, several hundred cases of beer!

24 JANUARY 1945      We puled out of Norfolk bound for Panama with 150 sailor passengers. The Sims is escorting the New Hanover AKA72, a Navy cargo ship. The sailor pranks began. I had my tail whacked good , when I bent over to look at a captured "sea bat" in a cardboard box on the fantail.

25 January 1945      Heavy seas, Many of the passengers and crew are sick. By evening, however, the sea was calming and the breeze is getting gentler.

26 JANUARY 1945      We are now in the Caribbean. The weather and the sea have turned beautiful. I have two sack patients with cellulitis and laryngitis. Two of the passenger corpsmen are helping me out with my duties.

27 JANUARY 1945      I am loving this Caribbean cruise. Lazing in the tropical sun when off duty.

28 JANUARY 1945      Short on fresh water. Lots of sunburn cases to care for. About 1700 hours, we tied up at Christobal, Canal Zone. Doc Kellam and I gave the skipper (Mr. Donohue) 500 cc of saline solution for dehydration. The liberty party had one wild time ashore in Colon.

30 JANUARY 1945      Our passage through the canal was beautiful. Took aboard 80 soldiers at San Miguel lock, bound for San Diego.

Dusk was falling at the Miraflores locks, as we were floated up and pulled slowly through. Myriad lights were twinkling on up the surrounding tropical foliage- covered hillsides to the military installations. The air was soft and fragrant, a hushed scene of peace and quiet. The war seemed far away.

31 JANUARY 1945      Heading north in the Pacific. Very hot!

4 FEBRUARY 1945      Removed a cyst from Pietrantonio's neck. Off the Mexican coast.

7 FEBRUARY 1945      Tied up at San Diego.

8 February 1945      Shoved off on a three-day maneuver. Target practice and "general quarters" all day. Plenty of gunnery practice.

10 February 1945      After more gunnery practice at "general quarters", we pulled back into San Diego at 1630. Nice evening liberty at the Trianon. Summerson took a dive into the liberty boat. Doc Kellam and I were up till 0300 repairing his head.

11 FEBRUARY 1945      Chief Mobley left on a "72" (3-day leave).

12 February 1945      Liberty this evening with Pressley.

13 February 1945      Our final evening in San Diego. Danced to the music of Tiny Hill at the Trianon.

14 FEBRUARY 1945      Pulled out of San Diego and the U.S.A. about 1300, after loading fuel and ammo.

15 FEBRUARY 1945      Hawaii here we come ! Rough seas.

16 FEBRUARY 1945      Calmer sea today. Circumcised Ruiter. Parker had cellulitis. Two more sack (bed) patients.

18 February 1945      The sun was out, but little time to enjoy it.

19 FEBRUARY 1945      Reopened Piet's cyst incision. Ruiter is off the sick list. Knutson is on.



20 FEBRUARY 1945 Pearl Harbor! Beautiful and exciting. A beehive of activity.

21-25 FEBRUARY 1945 Busy and fun days in Honolulu and at Waikiki.

26 FEBRUARY 1945 Maneuvers and more gunnery practice of the cliffs of Molokai. Anchored for the night in a Maui cove. Swimming party.

27 FEBRUARY 1945 More maneuvers with APD 6. Dr. Kellam caught a large brilliant fish off the fantail.

1 MARCH 1945 Chief Mobley and I went up to the area hospital to draw supplies. Walt Nuremberg from the Diachenko - APD 123 paid me a visit.

3 MARCH 1945 On the beach at Waikiki.

4 MARCH 1945 Gave typhoid and tetanus shots to the crew. A few needles collapsed on alligator skin. Only one gob collapsed.

5 March 1945 Shoved off for Tokyo!

6 March 1945 Rough seas. The consensus is that we are bound for Saipan.

8 MARCH 1945 Got a haircut from Edwards, our new ship's barber.

9 March 1945 Twelve hours in the sickbay. The weather is getting hotter.

10 MARCH 1945 Attended Mr. Ryan's aircraft recognition Classes.

11 MARCH 1945 Fueled at 14 knots from the LSV 6. Passed Eniwetok. Could see the blasted palms. Captain Donohue spoke to us regarding special alertness, since we are now in the forward war zone.

14 MARCH 1945 Captain's inspection. General quarters now at sunup and sundown.

15 MARCH 1945 Rough sea.

16 MARCH 1945 Dropped anchor at Saipan, newly won.

17 March 1945 Saipan. Watched 300 B29's return from fire bomb raids on Kobe, Japan. Swim party off the fantail. Fueled. Under way

for Leyte Gulf.

18 MARCH 1945 Dr. Kellam keeps getting more casualty preparation "ideas".

2 March 1945 Pulled into San Pedro Harbor on Samar Island (the Phillipines) about 0800. 6700 miles from San Diego. Very hot. Hundreds of ships.

22 MARCH 1945 loaded more medical supplies from a medical supply barge.

23-24 March 1945 Wonderful tropical days touring native jungle villages along the shore. Beer. Saki. Friendly people. Nice cowry shell jewelry and Japanese currency. Women pounding corn. Guerilla outpost . Bamboo and thatch schoolhouse.

27 MARCH 1945 Shoved off for Okinawa at 0900! We are escort with eight DDs (destroyets) for twenty-five APAs and AKAs (troop and cargo ships). Another group behind.

28 MARCH 1945 Lots of the crew are seasick, due to slow convoy speed, large swells and slow rolls.

29 MARCH 1945 Penicillin shots to R.E. Mayo.

30 MARCH 1945 Rough sea again. "Lyin' Lou" on Tokyo Radio is trying to scare us. Penicillin shots to Mulligan and Mayo.

31 MARCH 1945 Last day preparations.

Apr. 1, 1945 "Love Day". G.Q. at 0430, after steak and eggs breakfast. Hundreds of ships. Lots of smoke. Quite a sight! We are anti-sub screen.

Apr. 2, 1945 Picked an ensign out of the water at G.Q. He jumped from the AKA 80, when it was hit by a two \* engine kamikaze. Refueled at Kerama Retto Gunto. Three BBs, two CVEs and dozens of other ships at anchor. Couldn't leave for Ulithi due to long G.Q. (nets closed). Played "500" with Kilgour and Parris.

Apr. 3, 1945 Left for Ulithi with APD 12. GQ at 0100 last night. Secured at 0230. Heavy smoke screen. GQ again at 0250. Secured again at about 0400. Back to GQ third time five minutes later till day-break. Joined by APD 100.

Apr. 4, 1945 Doctor Kellam operated on Couch's head, after he dropped a foot locker on it (?). Some feat! Done about 2130. At 0100, back to sick bay for an operation on Summerson's finger. Hit the sack about 0430.

Apr. 5, 1945 Headache and tired, Worked all day, except for an hour of bridge in LCVP #3.

Apr. 6, 1945 Ulithi Atoll. Hundreds of ships at anchor. Mr. Jungkind was transferred to a hospital ship.

Apr. 7, 1945 Pulled out of Ulithi. Twenty-two supply ships and six escorts. 180 plane attack at Okinawa. At least twenty ships were hit.

Apr. 9, 1945 Made swabs all P.M.

Apr. 10, 1945 Sank a mine with 40mm gunfire.

Apr. 11, 1945 Back to Okinawa. Joined a "screen" to the south of the island.

Apr. 12, 1945 Took up new screening position 15 miles north of the



invasion beaches. High Motobu Peninsula to the east. The Marines are mopping up the Japs ashore here. GQ at 0330.

Apr. 13, 1945 Twenty plus ships (cruisers, DDs, APDs and LCIs) are bombarding the large island of Ie Shima to port. Dive bombers are blasting the volcanic peak. Quite a sight! At least 111 out of 175 Jap planes were "splashed" in yesterday's raids, but over twenty U.S. ships were hit. Patrolled off the peninsula and the island all day. GQ in early evening.

Apr. 14, 1945 Patrol off Ie Shima. Pre-invasion bombardment still going on.

Apr. 15, 1945 Patrol off Ie Shima. LCI 757 brought some guard mail. The crew was disappointed. GQ 1830-1900 and 2030-2145.

Apr. 16, 1945 Invasion of Ie Shima. GQ from about 0900 to 1100. Steady suicide plane action. Splashed our first Jap, a "Val", just as we were securing from battle stations. A very near miss. We fired 51 rounds from our five-incher. At least six Japs were knocked down by the F4Us (Corsairs) within sight of the ship.

Apr. 17, 1945 Patrolled off Ie Shima all day. GQ from about 2000 to 2100. Fueled earlier. One hose slipped and sprayed some of the crew forward. At anchor tonite. My brother's ship (LST 890) is within sight.

Apr. 18, 1945 On screen west of Okinawa.

Apr. 19, 1945 Continued patrol. Heavy casualties ashore. Heard that Ernie Pyle was killed on Ie Shima on the 16th. No mail for the past three weeks. Apr. 20 Left for Ulithi about 1600 with another APD and ADE escorting the cruisers Biloxi and Portland.

Apr. 23, 1945 A scout plane from the Biloxi towed a target sleeve for the DE and APD gunners today.

Apr.24,1945 Anchored at Ulithi. 2nd birthday of the U.S.S. Sims (formerly DE 154) She has sailed approximately 108,000 miles, consumed 3,000,000 gallons of fuel and anchored or tied up at 23 ports. 30 officers and 435 enlisted men have served aboard her.

Apr. 25, 1945 Beer party and swim on tiny uninhabited island Crystal water. Everyone has coral cuts.

Apr.26,1945 Swam off the fantail. The ship is being re-painted a blue grey.

Apr.27, 1945 Swam off the fantail. Liberty later in the day, but no swimming due to oil. Movie "Fighting Lady" this evening.

Apr. 28,1945 Shoved off for Okinawa.Three APDs escorting nine cargo ships. GQ at 1000. Chased Jap sub into convoy, but couldn't drop charges. Left APD behind to keep sub busy. Slow speed. Very hot.

Apr.29,1945 Passed TF 58 this evening. Lots of "wagons", cruisers and DDs. Beautiful , hot, moonlit evening.

May 2,1945 There is a "bald look" mania aboard. Buroza is sporting an Indian scalplock.

May 3,1945 Back at Okinawa.Visited brother Pete on his LST.Later, we were ordered to pick up survivors from the DD Little, sunk on picket, about 50 miles SW. Our search was negative, but we transferred casualties from another DD to the Sims, in a fairly rough sea. Quite scary. One dead, six stretcher cases and about another dozen survivors.

May 4,1945 Worked on the DD Little casualties all last night and this morning. Terrible burn cases. Several non-medie crew members assisted. Took up screen off Kerama Retto.GQs this evening.

May 5,1945 GQ from 0230 to 0445 this morning. Worked in sick bay all day. GQ again this evening.

May 6, 1945 At GQ this morning, a Jap "Tony" kamikaze sailed over us on a dive into the anchorage at Kerama Retto. As a result, friendly fire from surrounding pickets burst all around us and shrapnel landed on our fantail. Fortunately, no injuries.

May 8, 1945 The War has ended in Europe. Tremendous fireworks display from ships and ashore, until desist was ordered.

May 9, 1945 Captain Kennaday came aboard. We are now flagship of our division.

May 10, 1945 At GQ two hours this evening.

May 11, 1945 Battle stations 0300 to 0430 and again from 0830 until 1020.

\* On May 9, the ship that took our screening position in the morning was hit, as was a ship two stations down. The Corsairs knocked down a Nip right over our heads. Some of the crew are getting jumpy, but morale is high.

May 12, 1945 Read all day! Gq tonite for an hour.

May 13, 1945 Left screen at Kerama Retto and returned to O kinawa.

GQ at 1830 At 1900, we went out to the outer picket line to search for survivors of a hit DD. The APD which relieved us at Kerama was hit on her fantail by a kamikaze. The third time our relief on the picket has been hit!

May 14, 1945 Back to Kerama with DD, which is under tug tow. Mr. Moreau examined our screws in a diving helmet. One is bent. Fired at a Jap Betty and a PBM Mariner (ours) at GQ this evening.

May 16, 1945 At GQ for four hours this evening. Moved back to Okinawa screen from Kerama. Fired at Jap bomber.

May 17, 1945.. New screening position near Ie Shima. GQ until midnight.

May 18, 1945 Another oil spill while fueling. At 1600, took up "hot spot" screen north of Ie Shima. At about 1910, a Jap attacked at water level. We took him on with our 5-incher, then our 40mms and finally



our 20mms, but he kept boring in, finally exploding at our water line and lifting us out of the water. We heeled over and I thought we would capsize, but the ship slowly righted herself. Simultaneously, the Jap's buddy had attacked from astern and was splashed. Miraculously, there were no casualties (the radioman suffered a head cut). There is a small hull leak.

May 19\*20, 1945 At Anchor. GQ from 1830 to 2015. Smoke screen.

May 21, 1945 APD Chase damaged at Kerama by a mine or explosive charge applied by frogman. Mail call. Thousands of letters. I got 30.

May 24, 1945 GQ at 1900. "Splashed" kamikaze #4 about midnight.

He blew up and scattered debris and shrapnel all over the ship.

Mr Bacon and Mr. Harris were injured, as was Schneider (in the Butt).

A dozen others had minor wounds. Fought fire on the Barry APD 29), which was burning and abandoned, until 0430. A smoke screen was laid down eventually, but we were a real sitting duck. Never prayed like that in my life. At GQ for nearly 17 hours straight.

May 25, 1945 Work. Finally hit the sack at 2200. Up at 2400 to give penicillin shots.

May 26, 1945 Slept late- 0900! Closed Mr. Bacon's wound- 24 sutures.

May 27, 1945 Sedatives for Mr. Bacon and Harris at 0130 and 0300.

Left on 6-day "cruise" to Saipan. Sixteen ships, including a DD, 3 APDs and 2 DEs, all damaged. Motley group. Captain Donohue asked everyone to attend services to thank God for bringing us safely thru the last 24 nights.

May 28-31 Uneventful days at sea. Glad to be out of there (Okinawa) for awhile.

1 JUNE 1945 Last day at sea. Rainey fell sick with a probable kidney stone.

2 JUNE 1945 Anchored at Saipan. Good news! We have to go to Samar for damage repairs.

3 JUNE 1945 Easy day. "Doc" and Mobley went ashore. Swim party off the fantail.

4-8 JUNE 1945 Hot days and calm sea enroute to Leyte Gulf. Lots of firing practice. "Dropped the hook" off Samar at 11000 (8 June). Another armada forming here. China or Kyushu? Liberty at Osmeña Park.

9-10 JUNE 1945 Requisitioned supplies. Pinochle. Movies on the fantail in the evening.

11 JUNE 1945 Saw Wade Miller (corpsman) on the hospital ship Refuge. Also, first white women (nurses) since Pearl Harbor.

12 JUNE 1945 Liberty ashore at Osmeña Park. Two cans of beer. Lots of S.F.s and baseball diamonds.

13 JUNE 1945 Took on food and unloaded ammo cans.

14 JUNE 1945 Liberty. Another movie this evening, along with three tropical showers.

15 JUNE 1945 Got soaked repeatedly on liberty. Wet shirt battle on way back to ship. Haralson took a beating. Several hats overboard.

16 JUNE 1945 Transferred Tomasko to the Refuge.

17-18 JUNE 1945 More hot days! Good movies each evening.

19 JUNE 1945 Lost all power after bilge fire. Liberty called in the P.M. due to terrific heat aboard. Thousands of sailors. Hot as hell! Melee at the landing and water fights as many dove into the gulf to cool down.

21 JUNE 1945 Departed for Okinawa with 24 LSTs and three other escorts. Followed underwater sonar contacts for half an hour on June 22. Two crewmen sick from heat.

23 JUNE 1945        Three more of crew sick with fever. Treated twenty for colds (is the elixir of terpin hydrate too tasty?). One tooth abcess. At about 1500, one of the escorts dropped charges on a sonar contact. We also picked up a good contact, chased it, made a run and dropped three depth charges. The Sims shuddered and the ocean boiled and some of us ran for cover, but no Jap sub surfaced! After circling the green dye for a while, we lost contact, the gun crews relaxed, and we again took up normal escort procedure. Beautiful air and water show this A.M., as we watched Task Force 38 steam by. Four carriers, including the brand new Ticonderoga, heavy and light cruisers and DDs. What a sight and what a proud feeling!

25 June 1945        Sunk a mine today, after considerable expenditure of 20 mm ammo.

26 JUNE 1945        Back at Hagushi anchorage on Okinawa. Very quiet. Visited brother Pete, ensign on the LST 890.

27 JUNE 1945        Pulled anchor for Ie Shima. "Doc" Kellam stayed behind to take three men to a hospital ship for dental work. Anchored close to the beach. Lots of P-47 Thunderbolt activity at the airfield.

28 JUNE 1945        Mr. Collins and I went to the mail ship.. Nice visit with brother Pete. When we arrived back at the Biscayne, we found that the Sims had gone for fueling. No screening. No raids.

29 JUNE 1945        Took up screen. Dougherty and Wilson are finalists in the checker tournament. Started to learn chess. Rigler is my teacher.

30 JUNE 1945        On screen. No raids. The tide has turned!

1 July 1945        "Bogies" over twice tonight, but this area of operations seems and looks like another world compared to conditions two months, even one month, ago. Thousands of lights are aglow on shore



(Okinawa) and on Ie Shima. We even kept the "smoking lamp" lit topside while on screen. Took aboard fuel and stores at Kerama Retto this afternoon. More activity here than I've ever seen.

2 JULY 1945 G.Q. at about 0400. Some five-inch fire, but no bombs dropped or suicide attacks. At anchor during the day loading more stores, mostly New Zealand mutton. Underway to Hagushi anchorage at dusk.

3 July 1945 G.Q. at about 0400. On screen again between Hagushi and Ie.

5 July 1945 No G.Q. past two nights. About 1600, approximately 40 B24s, with P51 escort, flew over, returning from Japan.

7-9 JULY 1945 The days are hot. This is getting monotonous, cruising back and forth on screen, day and night, day and night.

11 JULY 1945 Another uneventful day, Task Force 38 is pounding Japan, as well as B24s, P38s and P51s from here.

12 JULY 1945 G.Q. about 0300. One lone "Betty" (medium bomber) dropped eight "eggs" into the drink off Ie, "hailed ass" for home (Kyushu) and was "splashed" 80 miles out by one of our night fighters. Five more Japs joined their ancestors.

13 JULY 1945 Round and round we go, day after day, on screen. Lots of cards and chess, reading & letter writing. Mail is brought out each day.

15 JULY 1945 Excitement today! The mail boat (LCI 1090) caught fire this afternoon. Her smoke pots forward went off and 20mm ammo began exploding. We added five or six hoses to her one and had the fire under control in about an hour. We lost our starboard anchor.

17 JULY 1945 Today we escorted an LST to Kume Shima, a large and beautiful island some 50 miles west. A beautiful and peaceful day, but the drone of B24s and B29s overhead, on bombing missions to and from China and Japan, reminds us that all is not yet well in the world. off-

loading of the LST was delayed, so we screen overnight. A large group of cruisers and destroyers passed by.

18 July 1945      While returning to Hagushi, a Corsair made several low passes across our bow heading north. We finally realized that he wanted us to follow him. We did, and he led us, after half an hour, to a spot where two other F4 Us were circling something in the water. We approached and saw a pilot in his yellow liferaft, in a green dye patch, smiling broadly, as he paddled toward us, with hand flippers. His parachute and pistol were beside him, We hauled him aboard and O'Rourke dived in to retrieve the raft, which was floating away.

19 JULY 1945      This evening, the entire fleet at Hagushi anchorage is assembling in columns to steam south, retreating from an expected typhoon. We are part of the escort of DDs, DEs APDs and PCs (patrol craft). The wind is strong and the swells are getting larger and higher.

20 JULY 1945      We cruised slowly west and southwest. By afternoon, the swells had begun to diminish in size and our stomachs to rest easier.

21 July 1945      We returned our brood of support ships to Hagushi and left for Buckner Bay, on the east side of Okinawa, and went ashore looking for the F.P.O. (fleet post office). It's still on LST 890. Visited with brother, Pete. Left Buckner Bay for Hagushi but turned back, after about an hour, when our sonar gear conked out.

23 JULY 1945      The crew had a nice swim off the fantail today. Lost a chess tournament game to Borchers this evening.

24 JULY      The Sims left Norfolk six months ago today.

25 JULY 1945      O'Rourke is down in the sack with dengue fever. Brother Pete visited this afternoon and yesterday.

26 JULY 1945      The Third Fleet continues to operate off Japan. We left

Buckner and took up evening screen between Ie Shima and Motobu peninsula.

27 JULY 1945      Spent all day getting ready for inspection tomorrow Commodore Kennaday. General quarters from about 2200 to 2400.

28 July 1945      Almost continuous G. Q. from midnight to 0400. An LCT was sunk by a Jap bomber in Ie Shima anchorage and a transport was torpedoed in Hagushi anchorage. Inspection this P.M. The sky was alive with planes today. I identified at least ten types.

29 JULY 1945      Clement Attlee, the new British Prime Minister, will take over from Winston Churchill at Potsdam. Japan was given a surrender ultimatum- give up or at least four of eleven named cities will be blown off the map. A DD was sunk here last night.

30 July 1945      Two ships, one an APD, damaged.

31 July 1945      7500 tons of bombs dropped on Japan by 550-600 B29s in past two days. Last Saturday, our carrier and land-based planes knocked out 16 Jap warships, including a battleship and several carriers(?).

1 AUGUST 1945      Running from another typhoon. Thirteen ships in our group.

2 AUGUST 1945      Rough sea.

3 AUGUST 1945      800 B29s with 6,000 tons of bombs hit four Jap cities and a petroleum center. Biggest single raid of the Pacific war. Back on screen, then took a convoy to Buckner Bay.

5 AUGUST 1945      Took up screen about ten miles north of Buckner Bay, protecting a few ships in a small anchorage to the west. Sporadic fire from shore batteries all day. Some shells fell close.

6 AUGUST 1945      Continued screen. An LCM (landing craft medium) is dropping explosive charges nearby. We enjoyed watching the geysers, hearing the blasts and feeling the concussion.



7 AUGUST 1945      Back to Buckner Bay. Took on fuel and supplies.  
Henty Aldrich in the mess hall.

8 AUGUST 1945      The U.S. has unleashed the "most terrible weapon  
in the history of warfare " on Hiroshima, Jap army base, an atomic  
bomb , with the destructive capacity of 2000 Superforts. Returned to  
Hagushi anchorage.

9 AUGUST 1945      Russia has declared war on Japan. Firing practice  
at a radio-controlled drone. The Barr (APD 39 ) downed it.

10 August 1945      A second atomic bomb was dropped, on Nagasaki,  
at about 2200 hours. Japan announced it would surrender. on condition  
that Hirohito be allowed to remain in power as ruler. Heavy gunfire  
in celebration, from ships and shore, lit up our anchorage like the  
Fourth of July. An air raid alert was sounded shortly and cease fire  
was ordered by radio, in order to stop the indiscriminate firing, but  
36 men were killed or wounded.

11 AUGUST 1945      Much conjecture as to whether or not we'll accept  
Japan's offer of conditional surrender.

12 AUGUST 1945      Fueled. back on screen. Japan's surrender offer ac-  
cepted by the U.S., Britain, U.S.S.R. and China. In effect, we said,  
"Hirohito may continue to rule the Japs, we'll rule Hirohito".

13 AUGUST 1945      Most of us have a feeling that the war is over  
but not announced as yet. Fueled this afternoon and picked up the  
Commodore this evening. The ship is alive with scuttle butt and anti-  
cipation. All of our APD division is at Buckner Bay. It looks like we're  
on our way to Japan to take off P.O. W.s. Dr. Kellam wants to requisition  
vitamin tablets this evening. Is this a clue to our destination?  
Weighed anchor for Buckner. Happy day! Long G. Q. (general quarters)  
On the fantail about 1900, the depth charge detail informed us that

Buckner Bay, our destination, was under attack. Saw lots of ack-ack floating up. Searchlight beams. A little scary! P47s overhead (red, green and white lights for I.D.). A C47 crashed on Yonton- a fiery glare burst the sky. Hit the sack about 2400.

14 AUGUST 1945      When I went on deck in the morning, I saw we were anchored (Buckner Bay) next to the BB Pennsylvania, badly down at the stern. She was torpedoed a couple of nights ago , in the anchorage. 18 quartermasters were killed in an after compartment. Drew supplies from the Lignite(?) at about 0630. Other APDs arriving. At 1400, we shoved off for Tokyo, with sister APDs number 39 (Barr), 70 (Campbell), 124, 125 and the DE Dakins(#85). Speed 20 knots. Clear and sunny. Smooth sea. Evening G.Q. Peaceful and picturesque. Flying fish skimming across the polished, glimmering water. Our rendezvous with the AHS (hospital ships) will be 180 miles S.E. of Tokyo.

15 AUGUST 1945      0830. Japan has accepted our surrender terms. Mulligan scalped me this evening. What a haircut! Put on "whites" for the first time since leaving Pearl.

16 AUGUST 1945      Sighted supply train, T. G. (task group) 30.8, in the early A.M. About 40 ships, mostly tankers, with DD (destroyer) and CVE (light carrier) escorts. Also, a World War I cruiser, the Detroit. Fueled and took up screening position. Purple Heart ceremony on deck. I held the metal tray. The Commodore pinned Purple Hearts on Mr. Bacon, Harris, McMahon and Jones.

The Bass nearly hit a mine this A.M., Four additional mines were sunk by gunfire. One DD dropped depth charges on one of our subs., which promptly surfaced and challenged her.

17 AUGUST 1945      Continued screening the supply train. MacArthur is giving Jap peace treaty signers orders- green cross-marked plane to

Ie Shima, then U.S. plane to Manila. At least 16 kamikazes splashed since "surrender". Fighting continues on Okinawa.

Enormous fleet of U.S. and British heavy ships is raiding Jap mainland. About 1600, we left the train and joined a smaller convoy, including a repair ship, an LSD (landing ship dock) and 3 seagoing tugs. What's up now?

18 AUGUST 1945      Our 19-ship group split this A.M. We are now the six APDs, the LSD, an LSR (?), three DMS (destroyed mine sweepers) and tugs left. Our new Exec, Lt. Lienhard, gave us a pretty thorough inspection. Visual contact, at 1630, with TF 38, including three large carriers. The train is here again. Epidemic of colds, due to weather change. Wish to hell the Japs would sign the peace treaty.

19 AUGUST 1945      Six PAS (troopships) joined us in the night. Fueled in the A.M. Task Forces 31 and 38 within sight all day. In the afternoon, both TFs closed to within a few miles. A wonderful sight to see, "wagons", cruisers, carriers and DDs by the score. Also, HMS George V (British battlewagon). We are now part of Task Force 31, under the command of Rear Admiral Badger, on the Iowa. We are in the third screening column. Most ships are ferrying troops. We are now part of the emergency Tokyo Bay occupation force, according to scuttlebutt. On to Tokyo! Rough day in the sickbay.

20 AUGUST 1945      When I went on deck early, we were surrounded by the British fleet. By 1100, the first boatload of troops came aboard from the George V, and, in short order, we had 200 guests from that ship and the Australian DDs Nizam and Napier. Some Marines, a half dozen war correspondents. These English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and "Aussies" (Australians and New Zealanders) are a pretty swell bunch. We mixed readily. They are an emergency occupation force for Yokosuka Naval Base, fifteen miles from Tokyo. Three APDs are carrying more "Limeys", the other three



are elsewhere.

21 AUGUST 1945        The crew is having an enjoyable time with our guests. They are a regular lot of fellows, carefree, witty and polite. Spent the evening with a wit by the name of Art Fox, chatting and teaching him chess. This is a great experience.

22-23 AUGUST 1945        Circling off the Jap mainland and enjoying our passengers. General MacArthur will accompany a huge armada of troop transport planes to Japan, while our passengers go ashore at Yokosuka. The surrender documents will be signed August 31. 480,000 atomic bomb casualties (killed, wounded or homeless) in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

24 AUGUST 1945        Delivered guard mail to about twenty ships. Took on supplies and fuel while underway. very busy. Water is rationed- 2 hours showers and 4 hours basins. Hundreds of carrier aircraft flew over this P.M. An awe-inspiring sight! Captain Buchanan, in charge of landing parties, was beachmaster at Dunkirk. He seems very likeable. Nearly 10,000,000 Japanese have been killed, wounded or left homeless by our bombings (one out of six of the home population) and forty-four cities almost completely destroyed.

25 AUGUST 1945        Underway for Japan (Sagami Bay) at 0630. Pistol shoot on the fantail. We beat the British sailor and marine teams. Fairly rough sea. I taught pinochle to three "Limeys" this evening.

26 AUGUST 1945        At 0400, we changed course back out to sea due to typhoon. Our landing schedule has been moved back 2 days. Turned back towards Japan at 1600. Our convoy consists of about twenty-five ships, mostly APAs (troop transports), with a few LSDs and LSVs. Escorts are mainly APDs.

27 AUGUST 1945        Sighted Japan about 1130! Great day! Short GQ at 1230. Passed rocky island of Oshima. Majestic crest of Mt. Fujiyama

is visible above the clouds. Dropped anchor off peninsula near Yokosuka. Rocky. Large military installations, some camouflaged. Small dwellings. A group of civilians came down to the shore to stare at us. Inspiring view of Fuji.

28 AUGUST 1945      Remained at anchor. A well-dressed Japanese appeared at the large, tile-roofed villa on the cliff astern, Watched Japanese girls on the beach through glasses. Movie on the fantail.

29 August 1945      Penicillin shots to a British officer and crewman Maillet about 0400. Fished off the fantail this morning till 0615. No luck, but a beautiful sunrise over the "Land of the Rising Sun". White flags of surrender were hoisted from several heavy gun emplacements in the cliffs above us, this morning. They have made us a little uneasy. Movie this evening. Found out that the island we are to secure tomorrow, one of four guarding the approach to Yokosuka Naval Base, disappeared in the 1924 earthquake!

30 August 1945      Four APDs Indian file for Yokosuka in the early A.M. Past wooded bluffs and installations flying white flags. The Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin and dozens of other U.S. ships are already at anchor in the bay. Many small boats churn about, and the sky was filled with B29s, Corsairs, Hellcats, Avengers, etc. What an impressive display of U.S. naval might! Passed a badly battered Jap battleship. The Bass was alongside. At about 0930, we moored to a buoy close ashore and sent in our landing force. Quite a few small Jap ships, afloat in the area, seemed deserted, until two Japs stuck their heads out of a freighter hatch. The base is immense, with warehouses, shops and other buildings jammed between the foliage-covered bluffs and the shore. Huge cranes. Our LCVPs (landing craft) returned with piles of souvenirs—uniforms, flags, pennants, guns, swords, bayonets, etc. I got a Jap

helmet(where did it go?) and other small items. Admirals Nimitz and Halsey spent part of the day on the cruiser San Diego, tied up nearby. At 1400, a boatload of Jap army soldiers came alongside and all hands rushed to get a look at the "enemy". Many were boys and some were old men. They lined up on the fantail, some smiling, some somber. We didn't want them, so they shoved off a little later.

31 AUGUST 1945      Picked up about 125 Marines, their supplies and a jeep, and transported them to Takashima Naval Air Station, across Tokyo Bay about 30 miles, anchored and waited for the mine sweepers to complete their job, then anchored again close to shore. The APD 70 (the Pavlic) and a DD were there also. Eight Jap float planes (mostly Pete's and Jake's) were on the ramp. Our Marines and those from the APD 70, went ashore, with air cover. They were met by a welcoming committee, including officials and high ranking Jap naval officers, and they engaged in a long talk session on the wharf. "Doc" Kellam and I spruced up the sickbay for tomorrow's inspection. Took a break now and then for a snort of medicinal brandy, so it wasn't all bad!

1 SEPTEMBER 1945      No inspection. Oh well! we had a pretty good time preparing. The Marines continue to consolidate their beachhead.

2 SEPTEMBER 1945      While I polished up again for inspection, the war ended formally nearby, aboard the BB Missouri. We didn't get the broadcast, which was shortwaved home then back out to us. Too much static! The weather was overcast, the bay smooth as glass. Hundreds of planes flew over all day, including large formations of B29s. Beach party for all hands!

The hangers and other buildings here at Takashima were pretty thoroughly mauled by our planes. Our beer party was restricted to the sea-plane ramp area. I was designated part of the Shore Patrol, but we couldn't contain the mobs of gobs. Went up to a beautiful Shinto



shrine, on a heavily wooded hill (undermined with tunnels and caves) behind the hangers. The inside of the shrine had been vandalized and photos of Jap airmen layin the debris. Did final rites for the kamikazes take place here? Looting is forbidden, but most of the fellows came back with souvenirs!

3 SEPTEMBER 1945      Our Marines came back aboard today, and the Army took over, coming ashore ashore in small boats from six transports. Quite a sight! Mr. Peterman came down with pneumonia. Terrible chills and very high temperature. We gradually brought him around with ice packs, saline injections and alcohol rubs, but transferred him to a hospital ship, after dropping our Marines back at Yokosuka. Movie this evening and first mail since Okinawa.

4 SEPTEMBER 1945      At anchor in Tokyo Bay. Lousy movie!

5 SEPTEMBER 1945      Ferried sailors from a cruiser to Yokosuka. A very good movie on the fantail- "The Uninvited".

6-7 SEPTEMBER 1945      At anchor off Yokohama.

8 SEPTEMBER 1945      Dental appointment aboard the U.S. S. Piedmont. Ouch! Hiked up to the top of the bluffs above Yokosuka. Beautiful view! Powerful network of AA guns on top. There is a large drydock below and many midget subs in various stages of completion. The base of these bluffs is honeycombed with tunnels, lined with hundreds of machines: drill presses, milling and boring machines and the like, many "Made in U.S.A.". The tunnels are intricate and seemingly endless, and wet, dark and spooky.

9 SEPTEMBER 1945      Sunday. Attended Mass for the first time in a long time.

10 SEPTEMBER 1945      Reveille at 0430! Docked at Yokohama. The port facilities and city are intact! Troop and cargo transports and three hospital ships all tied up here. Only a few rusty hulks of Jap freighters. Took aboard about 60 Army personnel. A large contingent of Jap soldiers marched down to the docks to handle stores. Shoved off for

Shikoku at about 1000. "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" shown on the fantail while underway.

11 SEPTEMBER 1945 Transferred our passengers to the APD 71 (Odum) at sea and headed back to Tokyo Bay.

12 SEPTEMBER 1945 Today I am 20 years old. When I awoke we were back in Tokyo Bay.

13 SEPTEMBER 1945 Liberty in Yokosuka. The "geisha houses" are the main features.

14 SEPTEMBER 1945 Beer party! Doc Kellam and I took some medicinal rum ashore also. I was very sick in our assigned drinking tent and on the LCVF going back to the ship. Doc and Chief Mobley handled the evening sick call for me.

15 SEPTEMBER 1945 Duty ashore with the liberty party. My "duty" was to see that any patrons of the geisha house, from the Sims, got to the "pro" station. We entered the city through a breach in the wall, as suggested by an M.P. at the wall gate, since liberty did not begin until 1200. Nearly every male between five and fifty was wearing an army uniform, or part of one. The women wore a loose-fitting overall-type garment, mostly in bright patterns, or baggy pants and a blouse. Most had rouged cheeks, some wore lipstick and many had babies strapped to their backs. The people appeared healthy, and most smiled, bowed or saluted and moved out of the way as we approached. The buildings were mostly wooden shacks. Many were closed. The souvenirs were mostly junk. The interiors of the shops were filthy. There is a lively trade in cigarettes- 10 yen (about 70¢ American) for a nickel pack of American cigarettes. At the kabuki theater, we were the center of attention, mainly for our cigarette butts. Very educational liberty!

16 SEPTEMBER 1945 Shoved off on a mail run to Iwo Jima. Witnessed the prettiest thing I've seen in months this evening- a British hospi-

tal ship all lit up in green lights.

18 SEPTEMBER 1945      Anchored off Iwo Jima. Most of this small island is airfield. We can see the parked planes and numerous installations from the ship. 20,000 casualties, including 4000 dead, for this desolate bit of God-forsaken land!

Chief Mobley and about 20 other crewman( Haddock, Parker, Niessen) left us for good today. 70 pounds of mail. Headed back to Japan.

20 September 1945      Arrived back in Tokyo Bay.

21 September 1945      Transferred R.G. Miller to the Benevolence (AH 11) with pneumonia. Movie- "Lady in the Dark".

22 SEPTEMBER 1945      Took aboard stores. Good movie- "Captain Eddie".

24 SEPTEMBER 1945      We are a barracks ship now at Yokosuka. The Bass is alongside.



Sept.25-1945 Took liberty in Yokosuka this P.M. Saw part of a stage show and did it stink, and part of a movie. Plenty of walking exercise, but nothing much else. Wonderful movie this evening, "Rhapsody in Blue".

9/26/45 Uneventful day. Movie "China Skies".

9/27/45 Field day. Worked all day in the sickbay, mostly painting.

9/28/45 Another field day.

9/29/45 Commodore's inspection today, by division, with "whites" and neckerchiefs. The sickbay was satisfactory, except for fact that Dr. Kellam had tossed a cigarette into the slop bucket just before Comm. Kenneday walked in, and the smoking lamp was out!

9/30/45 Sunday. Attended services aboard the BB New Jersey.

Movie this evening was "a Guest in the House".

Oct. 1, 1945 Liberty this afternoon. The Navy has taken over a large hotel, cleaned it up, and opened up a first class recreation center. The beer hall (three 12-oz. cans of Schlitz or Pabst for five yen, or about 33 cents, is about 150 feet long and 40 feet wide, tile-decked, clean and comfortable. Above the patio and topside there is a large theatre. After a few beers, we stopped in for a few minutes of "He Married His Boss" and then joined the happy group on the patio. We met a torpedoman from the Salt Lake City, who had served on the Lexington and Saratoga and lost some of his best buddies. We were all pretty high. Our new friend and PARRIS stood up every few minutes and ordered our Jap waiters to "Clean that table", "swab that Deck" or "empty that spit kit". . The waiters responded

with bows and scraping and sly smiles, and everybody busted their britches laughing. In the end, somehow, I steered PARRIS back to the landing. The evening movie was "Glaudia".

10/2/45 Transferred GUIDICE to the Benevolence this P.M., with 104 temperature. Possibly pneumonia. Bought cigars and passed them out. I am now a Pharmacist's Mate 2/c. Double feature tonight, "Main Street after Dark", "The Loves of Edgar Allen Poe" and two shorts.

10/3/45 Stayed aboard. Evening movie "House of Frankenstein".

10/3/45 Weighed anchor at 1030. Cruised up the bay past Yokohama into Tokyo harbor. At its entrance there are forts built of earth reinforced with rock and set with guns. In the harbor, there are a dozen Jap freighters and "sugar Charlies" at anchor. Tied up at the dock are the World War I Detroit, the Tucson Victory, a British DD, some small U.S. craft and another Jap Freighter. The ruins of Tokyo are spread about us; the top of the Diet Building is visible in the distance. Dr. KELLAM went ashore a few blocks into the city and reported what he saw was a stinking ruin. Opposite our dock is the harbor director's office, a police station and barracks and a row of warehouses. This evening, we saw part of a new TECHNICOLOR movie, "Where Do We Go from Here", with Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie and June Haver. A group of Japs, policemen and civilians, watched from the dock. I imagine they had a hell of a time trying to figure it out, but, at any rate, they must have found it interesting and unlike anything they'd ever seen. And then we were all rained out.

10/5/45 Was all ready for a great liberty, but a typhoon warning wiped us out. The rains came all day.

10/6/45 Pulled out into the bay in the early A.M. and fueled. During the day, our small boats brought us tons of meat, fruit and vegetables, both fresh and canned. The freeze boxes were filled and marine

some time. We also took aboard mattresses for the bunks in the troops' berthing.

10/7/45 Worked till noon bringing aboard more food and breaking out mattress covers and life jackets, which we stowed away a short time ago. At 1230, we set out on wheels for Tokyo. On the way, we passed mile after mile of rubble, which had once been factories and homes. One vast junkyard, with a few partially wrecked buildings, or lonely smokestacks, which had withstood the blockbusters and incendiaries, jutting up grotesquely from the terrible ruin. Many of the people had built or were building shacks of tin sheeting or boards salvaged from the ruins, and some of the crude dwellings had small, neat gardens growing before them. The people paid little attention to us as we rolled past. I felt sorry for the kids whose chances for happy, healthful lives seemed also to have been wrecked.

The traffic was mostly trucks and "jeeps" and occasional horse-drawn wagons. Small, crowded street cars rolled by at regular intervals and heavily loaded electric trains passed.

When we finally entered the heart of Tokyo, the bombing became much less apparent. Large modern buildings sprang up. There was a large, modern railway station, department stores, mostly closed, and a banking section. Across from the imposing Mitsubishi Bank, several people were searching in the rubble that had recently been another large building. We strolled into Shiliya (?) Park, where many Japanese men, women and children were enjoying a peaceful, sunny Sunday afternoon. At the far side of the park, we came to the great moat, which surrounds the Imperial Palace.

U.S. soldier guards informed us that we could not see the palace, which was hidden in the woods above the many gates, so we continued on up to The Diet (parliament building), which appeared intact, except for some broken windows. The gate was locked and guarded.

The grounds around the emperor's summer villa were badly blasted and burned , as were the buildings from there back down to Shibuja Park. Back at the moat, we watched the giant carp and one beautiful, kimono-clad Japanese woman, in particular, then joined a large crowd of American servicemen and Japs, in front of the Dai Ichi (?) bank. Soon General Mac Arthur strutted out, saluted his admirers, stepped into his car and was driven away.

While we rested our "dogs" on the grass in the park, a young Jap sat down next to me and asked me to read him some English sentences from a sheet of paper. I complied , and then he produced a book, published in English in Tokyo, in 1942, and had me read to him from that. I gladly gave him a little aid. (How was I to know then that I was probably contributing to our enormous present trade deficit?)

Parris and I moved next to a small Jap beer hall, where we got pretty high on the potent stuff. . The Japanese waitresses were "mostly pretty nice looking". Many of them spoke some English and had wonderful laughs. We held their hands and did a little cheek-pecking in our hazy good humour. Six of us then commandeered a small Jap truck and perked back to the ship, only five minutes A.O.L. The driver refused 10 yen (67 cents) for his services. What a day!

Oct. 8, 1945      Our beer party was delayed, at 1330, when orders came to offload 400 cases of Army rations, which came aboard last Saturday. We passed a football and played catch, while we waited for the



Army trucks, which finally arrived at about 1500 hours. Then we all hove to, in the hold sweat gang, tossing 14 tons of 70-pound boxes into the cargo nets. . The beer party was cancelled, and we all died of thirst!

This evening, we took aboard K rations, 11 jeeps and seven trailers. Also, a small Jap car, which some Limeys", off the Bataan, gave to BODNAR. Tonite's work party got beer!. I had sick call!

OCT. 9, 1945 Moved to Yokosuka this A.M. Spent most of the Day at the Yokosuka Officers' Club, attempting to requisition two cases of booze, which never materialized. Our planned 1600 hours departure was cancelled due to weather. About forty bomb survey unit specialists are aboard.

Oct. 10, 1945 Spent the day at anchor, waiting for the storm to pass.

Oct. 11, 1945 Shoved off for Hiroshima at about 1900 hours.

Oct. 12, 1945 Columbus Day! And here we are, charting new waters.

It's great to be at sea again. The day is clear and fresh, the sun shines brightly on the deep blue swells, capped with white. The rocky coast of Honshu is clearly outlined as we proceed south to a new adventure. That old boy Columbus had nothing on us!

October 13, 1945 When I looked out this morning, we were heading west through the strait into the Inland Sea. The rocky shores of Shikoku were visible to starboard and those of Kyushu to port. The waters were calm and the sun bright. We passed a fleet of Japanese fishing boats, and we stopped briefly to sink a floating paravane. A DE, outward bound, delivered a small bag of guard mail to us. Rocky, wooded isles were very numerous along our route. At about 1400 we dropped anchor in the great Japanese fleet anchorage near Kure. On the way in, we passed a small Jap carrier, with no "island". She looked to be fully manned and still flew the "meat ball" flag. The battleship Ise, badly mangled and gutted by our

SOME ENCOUNTERS AND OBSERVATIONS WHILE ON LIBERTY  
IN YOKOSUKA, YOKOHAMA AND TOKYO

While sightseeing, in pairs or small groups, we frequently came across groups of Japanese soldiers, who stood and looked at us. We just looked back at them and passed on.

The Japanese government-run "geisha houses" are doing a brisk business. Long lines in the street. The price is twenty yen (\$1.33), but the Japanese gladly pay fifteen to thirty yen for a 5¢ pack of American cigarettes.

Urinating in the gutters, by both men and women, takes a little getting used to, but where are the restrooms?

Squeels are frequently heard from women and girls and girls on the narrow, crowded streets, as some of the more brash "conquerors" steal a quick, furtive feel as they pass.

We wandered into a shipyard in Yokosuka, where many midget submarines, in various stages of completeness, were being constructed. We explored long, wet, spooky tunnels, with row on row of American drilling, boring, milling etc. machines, amid miles of electrical cables.

In a Kabuki theatre, all eyes were on us, not the stage, as the audience waited for us to toss our cigarette butts. Then the scramble.

Beautiful, snow-capped Mt. Fujiyama always in the distance.

The remembrances go on and on.

aircraft, is resting on the bottom nearby, where she was scuttled. (The Ise was later sunk at Bikini atoll, in the atomic bomb tests). A damaged, 6-engine Mavis flying boat and an Emily are beached here, and there are extensive installations.

This anchorage is quite beautiful. The country behind is mountainous and heavily wooded with evergreen forests, and light green, terraced gardens and fields are lying on the slopes everywhere. Several villages climb up from the waters of the bay.

Oct. 14, 1945      Sunday. Mass on the Montpelier. After wards, we fished off the fo'c'sle, in green, sparkling water, and caught a mess of "blowfish", which hissed and puffed up like balloons, when we grabbed them to remove the hooks. No fishfry today! The bomb survey unit went into Hiroshima, about fifteen miles away, for the first time.

Oct. 15, 1945      Beer party today on the small island of Nasake Jima. We hiked for miles over foot trails thru dense woods and underbrush and climbed along several hundred yards of rock along the water's edge, where there was no beach. When we mounted the crest of the island's highest hill, we were confronted with a view of incredible scenic beauty. A magnificent panorama of bays and channels and small wooded, rocky islands was spread for fifty miles or more around us. The water, land and sky were all various tints of grey. What a reward for the effort of our climb!

A small village lay on one side of the island, and several dwellings and a large torii (?) were off to themselves, near the rec area. The SP's, however, assured the privacy of the occupants.

The large hill we had climbed was surmounted by a multi-gun AA installation, and we inspected the small, wooden, open-sided dugouts, where the gunners had been quartered.

On the way back to the ship, we went aboard the Ise. The water comes within about a foot of her main deck as she rests on the bottom. Her superstructure is entirely gutted, torn into indescribable wreckage by explosions and shrapnel, a mass of twisted steel and wires. Up to a foot of debris covers the deckplates in all compartments. There are huge holes gaping where the bombs hit, and a large pile of shell casings near one small caliber AA gun indicates that she had put up some sort of defense. Hundreds must have died here. Ten feet of her bow had been completely blown away, as was a section of the fantail, and who knows the extent of damage below her present waterline. I climbed up twisted ladders and pulled myself to the topmost point on her superstructure, atop the drum on which her radar antenna had once rotated.

OCT. 16, 1945 Uneventful day aboard. Movie this evening- "The Three Caballeros".

October 17, 1945 Liberty today was in three sections; recreation, Hiroshima or Kure.

October 18, 1945 Beer party today on Nasake Jima.

OCT. 19, 1945 Inspection today, but the captain didn't even come into the sick bay.

October 20, 1945 Informal personnel inspection (dungarees) this A.M.

OCTOBER 21, 1945 Sunday Mass on the U.S.S. Montpelier. Doc Kellam arranged for liberty for me in Hiroshima. After today there is to be no more liberty in Kure or Hiroshima until further notice. The doctor, MR. CLIFF, MR. CROSBY and I spent the afternoon Jeep riding through Hiroshima and Kure, where there were many blocks wiped out by bombing. There were many people and much traffic on the very poor roads. It was a really rough ride, but fun.

OCTOBER 22, 1945 Beer party on Nasake.



OCTOBER 23, 1945 This morning, on the fantail, Captain KENNEDAY awarded two Silver Stars, ten Bronze Stars and two Commendation Ribbons to fourteen of our officers and men selected as having done meritorious jobs on the night of 25 May off Okinawa. Most of them were among the fire fighting party which boarded the APD BARRY.

OCTOBER 24, 1945 Nothing doing. (what an entry!)

OCTOBER 25, 1945 Tied up to the tender Vulcan this P.M. for an availability(?). Beer party cancelled.

OCTOBER 26, 1945 Liberty in Hiro this afternoon. The shops were ramshackle and dirty, with nothing much to sell at high prices. There was thick dust everywhere from the Army vehicles. There were some pretty green farms, pleasing to the eye, after all the other drabness.

OCTOBER 27, 1945 First mail in three weeks- 2 letters from Mom.

OCTOBER 28, 1945 Mass on the VULCAN. TOM KACZOR, Ph M 3/c, reported aboard for duty.

OCTOBER 29, 1945 Beer party on Nasake today.

OCT. 30 & 31 and NOV. 1, 1945 Uneventful days aboard.

NOV. 2, 1945 Good movie this evening, "Shadow of a Doubt".

NOV. 3, 1945 Parted from the VULCAN. Movie was "Thunderhead, Son of Flicka".

NOV. 4, 1945 Exchanged Hiroshima liberty with Tom this morning, so that I could attend Mass on the VULCAN, and then missed the taxi boat. The doctor also spent the day ashore. Happy hour this evening. The entertainment was local talent (?), supplemented by men from the Compton (DD 705) and the Vulcan's band, the "High C's". Every body received two Robert Burns cigars. It was a fine Happy Hour, with lots of laughter, and a welcome change from the customary evening movie.

NOV 5, 1945 Long and cold ride in an open truck up to Hiroshima.

In the city, for half an hour, we rode thru mile after square mile of utter desolation, and it was all but impossible to conceive that one atomic bomb had wrought such ruin, but many of the homeless still smiled and the children shouted "hellos".

We climbed over the scuttled battle-carrier Hyuga's "pagoda" on the return trip. She was once a first class fighting ship. Her concrete catapult deck was a jangled mass, as a highway that had erupted would probably look. The belly and props of an upside down carrier protruded from the bay at one point, and a battered cruiser rested on the bottom in another spot. I guess we've really showed them who's boss!

NOV. 6, 1945 The days pass swiftly, but still mostly close to boredom.

NOV. 7, 1945 I saw a Japanese woman cry today. We entered the village on Nasuke, with a Japanese guide, early in the afternoon, but were soon escorted to a hillside above the village by the SP's. A Japanese woman, about 30, in tattered clothing, followed us, evidently with barter in mind. We had no cigarettes or gum to exchange for the obi and clogs which a man brought up, but we "talked" for an hour or so, by means of gestures and pencil drawings and emphatic English words. MUSYT (?) was primary spokesman for WILLSON(?) and me, and we soon got around to talking of kamikazes and bombings. The woman drew a picture of a house and made motions which would indicate the dropping of a bomb and its explosion, with sound effects, and then wept for a considerable time. Evidently, someone close to her had been killed at Hiroshima, as that city was the topic of conversation at the time.

NOV. 8, 1945 Pretty busy day. Physical exams for two men who want to sign over for two, four or six years in exchange for a 30-day leave. Also, an acute case of diarrhea on an LCI alongside. Movie on the front line.

NOVEMBER 9, 1945 Sick bay inspection at 1300.

November 10, 1945 Personnel inspection at 0900.

NOV. 11, 1945 - NOV.18, 1945 Uneventful week. Dr. KELLAM may leave soon.

Started inventory of all medical supplies and gear. Two beer parties. Sick bay and personnel inspections. We are getting quite a bit of mail now. Nearly broke my back one day bringing aboard fresh spuds, celery, eggs, oranges and apples. Two "swell" movies during the week, "Keys of the Kingdom", and "Song of Bernadette".

NOV. 19, 1945 Lost the pinochle tournament for Tom and me, due to idiotic playing of my cards. I was lucky Tom didn't throw me overboard.

NOV.20,1945 Won \$6.60 in last week's football pool. Three of us tied for second place.

NOV.21, 1945 Spent most of the day in the sick bay with FOX and his high fever. We finally transferred him about 1600, in the rain, to Army Hospital #2, at Hiroshima. During the hour we were at the flimsy hospital, I had a nice chat with a sweet nurse and several soldier patients. Played pinochle until 1:15 A.M.

NOV.22,1945 Thanksgiving. Holiday routine. Didn't wake up until 0845.

NOV.23, 1945 The greatest news of the year came today. We've been ordered home.Great "happy hour" this evening on the fantail.

Nov.24,1945 Uneventful day, but full of joy and anticipation.

NOV.25,1945 Fueled this morning. The ship was a madhouse throughout the day. 200 Navy passengers came aboard, and all excess provisions and stores were transferred off the ship.

Nov.26,1945 Shoved off for Tokyo Bay at 0600. Weather quite rough most of the day.

NOV.27,1945 The sea was still rough today. Speed only twelve knots.

NOV. 28,1945 When I awoke this morning , we were in Sagami Bay.

Fujiyama stood very impressive and beautiful in the clear early morning light, and she has put on a white mantle of snow since last we saw her. It adds greatly to her magnificent beauty. Anchored off Yokosuka at about 0930. Put to sea again at 1600 after fueling. Fuji stood out boldly against the sunset, providing us with our last view of Japan. I feel no sadness at leaving, but I wish I could have seen and done more while there. There is a 90 knot typhoon to the north of us. NOV.30,1945 The weather is overcast, and there is a slight roll and pitch, which we are accustomed to now. Played deck-and -a-half pinochle this morning and again this evening until late.

DEC.1,1945 The weather is clearing and already milder. Bucked good-sized swells all day long. Good pitchin', as we head gradually south at 13 knots.

DEC.2,1945 Beautiful sunny day, but long, high blue swells, which kept us bucking and rolling all day long. Played pinochle with the doctor and KACZOR (corpsman) and got set every time I took the bid.

DEC.3,1945 High swells again today.

DEC.4,1945 Uneventful days. Play pinochle every evening till 2400 or 0100. Passed a pretty APA westward bound.

DEC.5,1945 A beautiful, sun-filled day. The swells have diminished greatly, and the sea is a pretty lighter blue. Early this afternoon, a horned mine was sighted, and the 20's and 40's expended a few hundred rounds of ammo sinking it. Crossed the International Date Line at 1800.

Wed. Dec.5,1945 again Since we crossed the IDL, this is another Wednesday and another 5th of December. I went up to the fantail at 0800 and found a beautiful day waiting, fresh and sunny. Occasional clouds drifted by overhead, obscuring the sun at times for a few moments, and the sea was fairly calm and blue. Off to port and ahead, several



towers were visible on Midway Island, and blinker signals flickered out to us from them. As we slid closer at sixteen knots, we were able to see that the small main island was quite pretty, with a green forest of trees dividing it. The white buildings gleamed brightly in the brilliant sunshine. A boat put out to us, and a pilot came aboard to guide us through the narrow, shallow channel in the reef and alongside the fueling pier. A DE was fueling across from us. The island looked as inviting close up as it had from a distance, something unusual in many places. The bright white installations matched the bright white sand. Large radar antennae stood watch high above the island. The water tank was red and white, and a high signal tower had been converted from the old water tank, severely damaged in the Jap air attacks of 1942. There were areas of beautiful green grass, a sight for sore eyes, and everything was neat and clean. The water in the harbor and for quite a distance to sea was a pretty cloudy blue. Albatrosses and goony birds glided gracefully through the fresh, crisp air.

At 1200 hours, we began to take on fuel, and a representative of the Commercial Cable Co. took our messages for home at  $9\frac{1}{2}$  cents per word. At about 1600 hours, we set to sea for Pearl at 16 knots, and I sunned on the fo'c'stle, feeling good about our Midway visit and happy that we were getting closer to home at each turn of the screw.

Dec. 6, 1945 Proceeding through low, deep blue swells toward P.H. at 16 knots. Clear and sunny.

Dec. 7, 1945 Another beautiful sunny day. Speed 18 knots, over the smooth blue sea. The fourth anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Movie this evening.

Dec. 8, 1945 Last day at sea. Good thing, since we're all slowly starving to death. (no explanation in notes). Two TBMs towed targets for our gunners this afternoon, and it was a good show. Kauai is in sight. Overcast and cool.

DEC. 8, 1945 (Continued) At 1630, we entered the channel into Pearl and tied up half an hour later across from the sub base and near the old fleet landing. At 1900, liberty commenced. It was great to get my feet on good old terra firma again and see the bright lights and shops and people and the hustle and bustle of civilization again. The exotic looking Hawaiian girls in their pretty frocks especially delighted me. King Street was all decked out for Christmas.

KLAUSE, KENNEDY and I spent most of the evening just walking and gawking. Cold, fresh milk was the highlight of the evening, and it really tasted great after a year without. One dance at the U.S.O.

DEC. 9, 1945 After 0830 church service at the sub base, I took our sanitary report to the Naval Base Dispensary. Mail came aboard. I spent the next two hours in the rain hunting for Bob Kollman (fellow sailor and close hometown buddy). When I finally found his quarters, he wasn't in. I then became lost going back to the ship, but finally arrived just two minutes from my 1600 deadline. Another day to remember!

DEC. 10, 1945 MILLER AND I went on liberty today. After spending about an hour at the sub base's ship's store, buying pikaki shell necklaces and other souvenirs, we shoved off for Honolulu. The weather was grand. After bumming around Hono for a bit, we had fresh milk, ground ham and lettuce sandwiches, peach pie and tomato juice at the U.S.O. We spent the afternoon drinking beer and watching women at Waikiki, in the Banyan Court of the Moana Hotel. Several of our shipmates turned up there, and we rented a camera and took pictures of the tipsy group. The Royal Hawaiian is back in the hands of the Matson Line, so the war must really be over.

At 1600, we headed for Kau Kau corner and from there to Py Chong's. DR.KELLAM had given me ten dollars to have a steak dinner there, when we couldn't quite make arrangements to go there together. We had a shrimp appetizer, salads and plenty of bread and butter, a huge steak and one more cocktail, and the bill was \$6.00 each. Back in town, we made the rounds of the Get-Your-Picture-Taken-With-a-Hula-Girl joints. I fell in love with one pretty little Chinese-Hawaiian girl, with a great personality and a "wow" body.

When I arrived back at the ship, I found that the doctor's orders had arrived, and he was just about Packed. He will fly to the States on Thursday.

Dec.11,1945 At 0830,We shoved off on the last leg of our journey home. DR.KELLAM stood ashore and watched the Sims depart, no doubt a little sadly. I'm on my own now, and there'll be plenty to do for a few days. This afternoon, I sat on the fantail and watched Oahu slowly fade from view, and I felt really sad. I only hope that I can return some day. (believe it or not, I haven't yet).

DEC. 12, 1945 The weather gloomed over today. The swells are low, and we are cruising at a slow 14 knots. Spotted another APD going home. Hit the sack early to catch up on some lost sleep.

DEC.13-17, 1945 The past week has been a busy one, mostly paper work. I've learned quite a bit about medical forms, in fact, I feel more like a yeoman than A pharmacist's mate. Dr. Crothers (a passenger?) has been very helpful, and the Captain and Mr. TOLSON have left me alone for the most part. At about 1800, we picked up southern California on the radar.

DEC.18,1945 Today was truly a wonderful day in my life.At 0800, we passed Point Loma and entered San Diego Bay. A sign reading "Wel-

come Home, Well Done" greeted us as we passed a point of land about halfway down the bay. The weather was cool and misty, as we pulled alongside a pier near the fleet landing to unload our passengers. A Navy band struck up a rousing number and came marching down the dock, led by three pretty strutting majorettes. It was wonderfully exhilarating to see and hear this proof that America was grateful and had not forgotten us. A woman, accompanied by a sailor's accordion, sang beautifully to us, and the Red Cross passed out fresh milk and donuts. About noon, after taking on fresh milk and bread and other supplies, we tied up to a buoy. WILLSON and I went to the medical supply depot and while waiting for our return boat at the landing, I called Aunt Amanda in L.A. She was expecting a call from Cousin Chet, who arrived here yesterday morning. It took her about five minutes to realize that she was talking to Chuck not Chet. I can't leave for L.A. until morning, since there is no duty PhM on the APD alongside.

Dec. 19, 1945      At 0530, JENKS and I were up and about, and at 0645, we left on the first boat for the Fifth St. landing. We took a taxi out of town on the Coast Highway, and in five minutes had flagged a ride to L.A. Our driver and his young freckled son kept us informed on the attractions and towns we passed, Bing Crosby's race track at DelRay, near to Capistrano Mission, the oilfields and refineries, a dozen pretty little resort towns on the ocean. We detoured around the site of a Navy ammo truck explosion yesterday. We dropped Jenks 30 miles south of L.A., and I got out near Hawthorn Blvd., leading into Inglewood, my destination. Short waits brought me rides into downtown. A taxi ride to Engels (my aunt's) cost me \$1.20. There are a lot of crooks in the world today.

Aunt Amanda and I were excited and happy to be together again.



We had a great catch-up conversation, while I dug into a large bowl of homemade pea soup, an avacado and lettuce sandwich and fresh milk. Afterwards, we went to the nearby stadium, where the 1932 Olympics were held, and the State Building, where we viewed wonderful exhibits on California's history and parks and her many industries. We also dropped in on cousin Marcella Bente and her young daughter and Aunt agnes. . When we arrived back at the house, cousin Chet was there, just off his minesweeper, and we had a great time recounting our recent experiences in the western Pacific, while Aunt Amanda and cousin Bill listened to the hair-raising war tales of two old sea veterans (age 20). Uncle Henry arrived home and joined the party.

After a great dinner, we walked the streets of Holly wood. The boulevard was deacorated for Christmas with dozens of large, lighted Santa Clauses, and bustling with hundreds of happy shoppers and sightseers, and the air was sweet smelling. I stepped in Red Skelton's footprints at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. A large Santa float passed by, with Santa himself, Arthur Treacher, Roy Rodgers, a young Actor and a beautiful young actress. A wonderful evening at Christmas with the relatives. The lights of the area, from various vantage points on the way back, were amazing. After more visiting with cousin Coletta and her husband, John, we piled into the car again at 0330 (3:30 A.M.) and headed back to San Diego. After Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral and a quick cafeteria breakfast, I bid them adios y gracias at the Fifth Street landing and caught the last boat back to the Sims. My wonderful, whirlwind liberty tour to Los Angeles was over. Very tired from Lack of sleep.

DECEMBER 20, 1945 At 0900, we were underway for Panama. Chow was very good today, with plenty of fresh meat, milk, fruit and vegetables.

DEC. 21, 1945      Another beautiful day. Holiday routine. I decorated The ship's Xmas trees with cotton strips, colored green(food coloring), red (mercurochrome), orange(merthiolate) and violet (gentian Violet), with an atomizer and with brass and aluminum turnings from the machine shop. Lots of sunshine, leisure and good food. We are continually in sight of the mountainous Mexican mainland or islands lying off it.

DEC. 22, 1945 Another balmy, sunny day! This is a great life.

DEC.23,1945      Holiday routine again. Every day's a holiday. I'm getting a nice tan. The weather and chow are great. Each day is a little warmer than the preceding one.

DEC. 24, 1945      This evening, O'ROURKE played Santa Claus on the fantail and came up with a tobacco pouch for me. We also messed up some Christmas carols and sat thru a B picture.

DECEMBER 25, 1945      My third Christmas away from home. This mid-summer weather makes it seem like the 4th of July. . The turkey dinner was very good, but a little too much food for one meal.

DEC.26,1945      Lost sight of the Mexican coastline today, as we crossed the Gulf of Tehuantepec. My tan's coming along fine.

DECEMBER 27,1945      Having passed Guatemala by during the night, we should be off El Salvador today. Still on a wonderful vacation cruise.

DECEMBER 28,1945      Yet another swell day.

DECEMBER 29, 1945      Our last day at sea in the Pacific.Costa Rica was visible off to port now and then during the day, and in the afternoon we came abreast of Panama.

DECEMBER 30, 1945      At about 0900, we passed Balboa and started thru the two chambers in Miraflores lock. A Coast Guard frigate shared each chamber with us, while a KA went up opposite us. Pedro Miguel

lock was one chamber. We made at least 16 knots thru Lake Gatun, passing up the KA, but had to wait an hour and a half before we could go thru Gatun lock's three chambers. It was nearly 1900 hours when we tied up at Goco Solo. Liberty didn't start until 2000 hours, but Tom (Kazor?) got it, and I stayed aboard. The crew had a wild evening in Colon's wicked alleys and bars, and I was up most of the night running the "pro" shop and administering to some of the overindulged.

DECEMBER 31, 1945 There was a swell swimming party at noon. The beach area was fenced off against sharks, and there were a few women to stare at. The scenery was beautiful, with white sand, clear blue water and tall palms waving in the warm tropical breeze. At 1600, we shoved off for New York. The evening movie on the fantail was rained out. Interesting news over the radio. We're to have new uniforms??? Last day of the old but eventful year.

JANUARY 1, 1946 Happy New Year! Holiday routine! The sea was calm all day and the weather hot.

JAN. 2, 1946 Through the Windward Passage today. The island of Cuba could be seen clearly off to port.

JAN. 3, 1946 This will be about our last day of sunbathing. The weather is still balmy, but we are heading north at a fast clip. Our latest expected destination is the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

JAN. 4 We made twenty knots throughout the day. The sea was surprisingly serene off Cape Hatteras. The weather is getting chilly.

JAN. 5, 1946 The off duty crew spent the morning getting all of our ammo up onto the fo'c'stle and the fantail. I worked till my hands were so sore that I couldn't lift another 40mm cannister. At about 1300 hours, we edged up to the long pier at Sandy Hook, N.J. By 1600. we had unloaded every last round of ammo into freight cars and trucks. I've never worked harder. It was already dark when we passed the Statue of Liberty and headed up the East River and under Brooklyn and other bridges. At about 1930, we tied up just a few blocks from the

Sand Street gate. DR. KELLAM greeted us from the Dock! TOM (Kazor) left for the weekend. WILSON and I made dates with Helen Stalmer? and Eleanor Alleger? for Monday evening.

Jan, 6 , 1946      Attended Mass in the Marine barracks. Had an easy day. I really hurt all over from yesterday's workout.

Jan. 7, 1946      This evening R.A.WILSON and I double-dated with Helen and Eleanor of Stroudsburg, PA. ( A lengthy description of these very pretty and very nice young ladies follows, but I will spare you those details). We saw the "Bells of St. Mary's" at the Radio City Music Hall, along with a wonderful Christmas ballet, which included the Rockettes. After a bite to eat, Elly and I became separated from Dick and Helen (Did you ditch us on purpose, Dick?). After a few nice dances at the Roseland ballroom and a couple of drinks and pleasant conversation at a Childs bar, , Elly and I kissed goodnite, about 0230 hours. Returning to Brooklyn, I rejoined DICK at the Navy Cafe where we munched early morning ham burgers, and talked over our eventful prior evening , while listening to beautiful ballads on the juke box.

JAN. 8, 1946      Refreshed by three hours sleep. I spent the morning in sick bay and preparing for my upcoming seven-day leave. . At 1430, Ross Jacques (?) and I boarded a 17-hour train for Chicago and home. The ride was dirty, but we made good time. Each passenger, all servicemen, had a seat by the window.

JAN. 9, 1946 We pulled into Union Station about 0900 and , after washing and shaving, I shouldered my souvenir-packed seabag, with Japanese sword protruding, and headed for the North Shore station.

JAN. 9-14, 1946      Very busy and wonderful days, visiting old buddies and relatives, bumming and bowling, dating and dancing and drinking, at the Legion and Eagles and other "spots ". (I'll spare you the details. It was a fairly pleasant but dirty ride back to N.Y. We kept



falling behind schedule, and I arrived back at the Sims 1½ hours A.O.L. and was put to work before I could change my clothes.

JAN. 16, 1946 I was to have met Elly under the Washington Square Arch, at 2145 hours. However, I ran into an old Navy buddy from Ft. Pierce Amphib. Trng. Base and so arrived ten minutes late for my date. No Elly. After chatting with a cop for half an hour, I went up to the Evangeline Residence. School had let out half an hour early, and after waiting half an hour for me, Elly had gone back to her residence. Our date finally got underway at 11P.M. We met Dick WILSON and Helen at the Roseland and went from there to Zimmerman's, where we spent eight dollars together for a nice floor show and dancing. Rolled in at about 0500 hours, after Jimmy's and the Navy Cafe.

I have no entries for Jan. 17 and 18.

JAN 19-20 That wonderful first weekend with Dick as a guest of the WILSONS, in Stroudsburg, PA, which I recounted previously.

JAN. 22, 1946 I was to have had a date this evening with Helen Baroncelli, a cousin of corpsman Joe Troccia, of Elmira, N.Y., with whom I had served at Ft. Pierce, FL, in 1944. The train stop under Times Square was a madhouse, But I was finally pushed aboard a Jam-packed car and headed uptown. I exited at Tremont (177 th St.) and soon realized I was at the wrong stop. Well-meaning citizens soon had me on a streetcar bound for Radcliff. The conductor told me when I embarked that my destination was five or six short blocks to the left. After two blocks, the avenue ended in a prairie. It was very cold and the streets were deserted. I knocked on the door of a home, where I was instructed to cross the prairie, then go down the Esplanade two traffic lights and I'd be there. I ended up on Bronx-Pelham Blvd. and, after two more inquiries and a frigid night tour

around the Bronx Zoo, I arrived. Mr. Baroncelli plied the disgusted frozen fugitive from the North Pole with Whiskey and hot coffee, and I gradually revived. We went to a movie. Helen proved to be somewhat of a letdown from the girl of the correspondence, but then she could have been a little peeved with a sailor who was two hours late for his first date.

Jan. 25, 1946      Date with Helen B. I picked her up at her school, The Fashion Institute of Technology and Design. After a nice fish dinner at Mc Ginnis' and a drink at the Circle Bar in the Dixie Hotel, she treated me to the play Life With Father, for which she had purchased tickets previously. We enjoyed it very much. The acting was excellent.

Jan. 28, 1946      Met Helen at her school. We walked to Times Square and had a sandwich, cake and milk at the Automat. afterwards, we attended the movie "Spellbound", then spent three lovely hours dancing at the Rialto. Helen was very nice. Great evening.

January 29, 1946      This evening, DICK WILSON, JACQUES and I went to 99 Park Avenue and picked up tickets to Sonja Henie's Ice Revue. The show was wonderful, about the most lavish spectacle I have ever seen. The costumes and music and Sonja's hila were just great. Afterward, we went to the Rialto for a few dances.

January 30-31      Tonite the ship's dance was thrown at the Savoy Plaza. I had a date with Helen and went out to her house to pick her up. After three drinks of vermouth, she appeared before me, in a sequin-studded dress and upswept hairdo, and she really looked delicious. The party was in full swing, when we arrived at about 2130. The tables ran along both bulkheads of the long room, with the bandstand at one end and the punch bowl table at the oppo-

site end. The dance floor, in the middle, was large and smooth and the seven-piece band great. PARRIS supplied some good booze for our punch, and before long we were all feeling no pain. Later, after we had retired to the coziness of the lounge, I was summoned to look after SWANSON, who was yelling "bloody murder" and involved in a melee with McMAHON, TOM (Kaczor) and several other crewmen on a large couch in the lounge. He was really high, and when he had become too rowdy in the ballroom, MR. RICE had ordered McMAHON (one of the evening's designated SPs), to restrain him, which he did a little too vigorously, breaking his nose.

After a long, pleasant early morning subway ride to Helen's, I left her , a little sadly, and arrived back at the Sims at 0630, very tired but happy. A very memorable evening.

Today, I transferred SWANSON to the Brooklyn Naval Hospital with his fractured nose.

Feb. 1, 1946        We moved out of drydock this evening. Liberty for our section didn't begin until 2000. Had a fair time at the Rialto.

Feb.2-3, 1946        This mornning I had [ dental appointment at 0830 and at 1039 I was on a greyhound bus bound for Stroudsburg, Pa. The day crisp and sunny , and the trip up yhe Delaware Gap was pleasant and the scenery impressive. In the afternoon Dick (WILSON) and I went bowling with "Hedy" and Edna Fitzpatrick, my beautiful date for the evening. We drove later to a roadhouse called The Rancho, about 30 miles away , in New Jersey. The place was large and crowded,with a good dance floor and band music. ( I will pass over the details of this very memorable evening).

On Sunday morning, I went to church with Marie (?) In the afternoon , I went up to the Wilson's cabin with Dick's parents, Brother Jimmy and a neighbor girl, Jean Florey. Jimmy, Jean and I took a long

exhilarating walk through the woods, on crusty snow, to the trout stream, where I did some .22 shooting. When we arrived back at the cabin, a fire was going, and Mr. Wilson was out chopping wood. We all played games on the floor, for a couple of delightful hours, before driving back to Stroudsburg, in the beautiful dusk. The Wilsons are a very carefree, funny and happy family. We left for New York at 2000 and stopped at Jimmy's before going back aboard. What a weekend!

Feb. 5, 1946        Dick (Wilson) and I obtained tickets at 99 Park Avenue this evening for the movie "Saratoga Trunk", then went to the Rialto. Dick and I separated during the evening. I escorted a girl home to Jersey, by subway and the tubes, after fried shrimp at the Crossroads, arriving back at the Sims at dawn and crawling into the sack as reveille was being piped.

Feb. 6, 1946        DICK and I obtained tickets this evening, at 99 Park Avenue, to the stage musical "Up in Central Park" and to the movie "Because of Him" at the criterion. The play was a little slow and I nearly fell asleep a couple of times. Cost of this liberty- 60 cents. The ship moved to 36th St. yesterday.

Feb. 7, 1946        Spent most of the day loading ammo back aboard. Ruined my right index finger. We could not procure a tug to get us back to dock and had to anchor out for the night near Coney Island.

Feb. 8, 1946        This morning, we went back to our dock at Bush Terminal and tied up without the aid of a tug. Because of the ice, it took a long time to close in to the pier. We finally winched in. This evening DICK and I obtained free tickets to "Fallen Angel" and the stage show at the Roxy. Carmen Miranda and her sister Aurora were supposed to have highlighted the show. Dick nearly set the balcony on fire with a cigarette. Cost of liberty, including 1½ hours at Jimmy's- \$1.95.



FEB. 9, 1946      Joe Troccia (PhM from Elmira, N.Y. with whom I served at Ft. Pierce Amphib Trng Base in Florida in 1944) was expected in town today, so I pulled special liberty, in order to see him. He didn't show, so I went uptown to the Bronx and had a beer with the Baroncellis. Afterwards, Helen and I attended a good movie, "Too young to Know", and then dropped into a pub for roast beef sandwiches and Calverts and cokes. Helen got a little high, and we ended up having a very swell evening.

Feb. 10, 1946

Attended Mass this A.M. in a big church, about half a mile from the dock and slept away the P.M. Nice.

Feb. 11, 1946

Swell liberty again this evening. Dick and I obtained tickets at 99 Park to the "Voice of Firestone" broadcast, from the R.C.A. building in Rockefeller Center. We took an elevator to the observation tower at dusk, but there was a little too much fog for a good view. The broadcast was swell. Nino Martini and Helen Steiber were guest artists. Afterward, we tried out a new dance hall, the Arcada. It's the nicest dance hall I've been in in New York. We mixed with a nice SK 1/c, from Michigan, and her girlfriend, a Chief SK, until the Chief passed out and the girls went home. We then friendlied with a couple of nice Canadian WACs. Mine was short, sweet and pretty, named Betty, from Ottawa. Dick's was from Nova Scotia. For Furriners they was all reet. Afterward, we walked them and a girl friend from Winnepeg and her recently discharged sailor, "a really swell guy", to their hotel, at 34th and 6th, and bid them fond farewells.

Feb. 13, 1946

Early this evening, Dick and I went to a newsreel theatre and then the operetta Desert Song at the City Center Theatre. The lead actors Harry Stockwell and Dorothy Sandlin were very good. The comedy was supplied by Jack Goode, Sherry O'neil and Jean Bartel and Iris Whitney thrilled us all with her Arab dances. We then went to the Arcadia (no fun) and from there to Jimmy's ,where we "relaxed" until \$ 4:00 A.M., the drinks provided by "Joe the Coffee Pot" and another happy character with hundred dollar bills, they kept us well entertained.

Feb. 14, 1946

I had quite a hangover all day. (When I read this diary, I wonder how I managed to turn out not being an alcoholic). Saw "Scarlett ST." this evening, and a lousy time and three beers at the Arcadia.

Feb. 15, 1946

The weather turned cold and very windy today. Painted all afternoon in C-201 and the sick bay.

FEB. 16, 1946 At noon today. Dick and I shoved off for another weekend in Stroudsburg, Pa. It was great to spend another weekend (my third) with Dick and his wonderful family in his nice hometown. After chow, we went bowling at the Y.M.C.A. and dancing. Among my pretty partners were Sarah and Betty and Phoebe.

Feb. 17, 1946 A fast hike to church this morning with Marie, when Dick couldn't find his car keys to drive us. After lunch, Mrs. Wilson, Dick and Marie, and Jean Florey and I drove up to the mountain cabin. While Mrs. Wilson fired the stove and chopped wood, the four of us took a fun hike up the road to the girl scout camp. Back at the cabin ,we feasted on soup, hotdogs, cheese sandwiches, tea and cocoa, all the while talking and joking. while dish washing

and drying, we also managed a lot of horsing around. The ride home was cozy. It was to say goodbye to the Wilson family, probably for the last time, but warm memories will always remain.

Feb.18, 1946      Although we had tickets for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and the Arcadia for this evening, we didn't use them. Instead, we picked up Eleanor Alleger and Helan Stalmer at the Evangeline Apartments and headed for Greenwich Village. After viewing "Confidential Agent" at the 8th Street Theatre, we went into Nick's cozy bar and restaurant. The Dixieland jazz band was good listening, and we chatted and drank and split two hamburger steak dinners. The actor, Jackie Coogan, came in while we were there. Our bill was \$14.00. The farewells, back at the Evangeline, were fond and sweet and somewhat sad.

Feb.20, 1946      At 1600 hours, the Sims shoved off for Norfolk. The sea is quite choppy and the weather moderately cold.

Feb.21, 1946      This afternoon at about 1300 hours, we anchored off N.O.B. The weather is mild. The harbor is swarming with shipping. The massive 45,000- ton carrier Midway is tied up opposite us. After an hour's ride by streetcar into town, we found Norfolk to be the same old hole we had known before. We were disappointed to find the burlesque closed.

Dick and I spent a pleasant evening with Dot Wilson and a pretty blond from next door, at her home, chatting and playing hearts. Dot looked nicer than ever, and Dick and I both got a great kick listening to the girls' Rebel accents.

Feb.22, 1946 Washington's birthday. Holiday routine this afternoon.

Feb. 23, 1946      The liberty boat had trouble and I was late arriving at Dot's this evening. She and Shirley(?) were all dolled up and ready to go, but Dick wasn't there, so I went back out to the corner where we were to have met, and he arrived shortly thereafter.

The movie, "The Sailor Takes a Wife" was fine, and we had a nice coke afterwards. When we arrived back at Dot's home, at half past midnight, her mother was quite upset at the hour, so I left right away, despite Dot's invitation to stay. After pacing outside in the wet chill for half an hour, Dick had not arrived, so I headed off for the street-car line, arriving just as the final car, marked "CARBARN", clattered off into the mist. I then hitched a ride, after another half hour delay, to Hampton Blvd. and hopped a car there for the fleet landing. After a miserable hour in a motor whaleboat, chilled to the bone from the sporadic cold rain and icy sea breeze, I climbed aboard the good old Sims and headed for my rack. It was 0300 hours. A mostly bad evening of missed connections.

Feb.24, 1946      Dick woke me at 0730, and I gave him a good piece of my mind. Services in the base chapel and a miserable ride in one of our LCVP's coming back. Rained all day.

Feb.25, 1946      Spent a very pleasant evening with Dot at her home, talking, looking at scrapbooks, photo albums and yearbooks, and eating fudge. Mom didn't show all evening.

Feb.26, 1946      The harbor really kicked up this afternoon, and small boat operations were halted for a time. One of our VP's, loaded with trash and garbage, nearly sank.

27 Feb. 1946      ROTOLO came down with an attack of appendicitis about 1100 hours. We finally managed to signal a doctor from the beach at about 0300 hours. ROTOLO walked off the ship, and I accompanied to the pier, where an ambulance took him to the hospital, and he was operated on.

Had a wonderful date with Dot this evening (details omitted). The movie, "a Walk in the Sun", was very good.

Feb.28, 1946      Took ROTOLO's gear to the shore hospital at 0900, while the ship left for refueling. ROTOLO is doing fine. I enjoyed spending



the remainder of the day in the Marine canteen and library.

1 Mar. 1946      Tonite "Dot" (Dorothy Wilson) and I went out for a final time. She was dressed beautifully in velvet, with her hair up high and was delighted with my going away gift, a box of chocolate-covered almonds. The entrance fee at the Starlight Room was \$4.00, and we had great fun dancing. She's really very good! The flower and photo girls pestered us quite a bit, but we managed to put them off. A professional dancing couple entertained at intermission. They were very good. I drank one beer during the evening, and "Dot" had a ginger ale. After ward, we had a pleasant bite to eat, hopped a street-car for home and had a soft, if somewhat sad, farewell. a recently discharged sailor offered me a ride thru the fog, to within a mile or two of the air station and another sailor gave me an exciting ride on the rear seat of his motorcycle to the gate. Two rides without asking and one my first wild and windy motorcycle ride. The Marine sentry and I reminisced about Okinawa for half an hour before I hopped a taxi for the fleet landing. The last boat had left and after an hour in the boistrous waiting room, , I walked sleepily down to pier E and borrowed a sack on a PC (patrol craft) tied up there.

Mar. 2-3, 1946 Tom (KACZOR) went on a weekend to Washington, D.C. After church, I called Dot and wished her goodby and smooth flying (to modeling school in New York).

Mar.4, 1946      Had a nice swim this evening in the big pool at Fleet Park. Couple of beers and the five-cent movie. The weather is wonderful, mild and Junelike, and I am missing "Dot".

Mar.5,1946      To Fleet Park again this evening. Swell swim, afew bwers and agood movie. . Missed the 2300 boat. Had to wait for the 0100.

Mar.6, 1946 Had a pretty good time at the dance, following my evening swim and some beers. I went alone. Too bad some of the crew won't heed my councel on how to spend a pleasant en how to spend a pleasant evening in Norfolk!

Mar. 7-8 Stayed aboard these two days. Transferred my best pal WILSON to the U.S. Naval Hospital for observation.

Mar.7, 1946 All small boat operations were cancelled last evening due to rough water and did not resume until this afternoon At 1630 I shoved off for the F.R.P. (Fleet Recreational Park). Had a good swim before the dance. Spent most of the evening with a pleasant lady named Lorraine.

Mar. 10,1946

At 0730 this morning, I shoved off for early Mass at the base chapel. I took the streetcar to town, when I found out there was no 0800 Mass.I had \$3.00 in my pocket.At the Navy Y.M.C.A., I spent \$.70 for aswell breakfast of bacon and scrambles and then called the doctor (Kellam) collect to tell him that I couldn't make it to Cape Charles for his invite to chow. When he told me that they usually didn't sit down to Sunday dinner until 1400 or 1500 hours,I changed my mind and said that I'd be out.

The morning was fresh and sunny and peaceful and quiet, as I walked to the small church in a Negro neighborhood for 1000 Mass.

The service was aunique experience; a lesson in brotherhood. A small number of us whites were mingled with the blacks. The priest and nuns were white, the altar boys colored. A cute little Negro girl and her young mother, in Sunday best, were in front of me, and next to me a Negro girl sat. There were several well-dressed Negro women in the pews about me and dozens of young frizzled black heads. A pleasant new experience.

Fifteen cents went into the collection box, and .20 for a shoe-shine after the service. At the bus station, I was informed that the fare was .20 for the bus ride and .50 for the ferry to Cape Charles Little Creek. Since I had \$1.05 and two streetcar tokens, I would be 35 cents short for the return fare. After I called Cape Charles to say that I wouldn't be out after all, I had .30 cents left. (So much for youthful pride and stupidity. I know in retrospect that DR. KELLAM would have gladly given me a ride back to Norfolk or given me the few cents required had I explained my circumstances).

I returned to the ship and, after typing a few letters, set out for the F.R.P. The dance was nice. I liked a honey named Lois most of all. The movie, "The Virginian", was good.

No entries for March 11 and 12.

Mar. 13, 1946

Had a fairly decent time tonite at the dance at Fleet Park. No buddy, as usual.

March 14, 1946

KACZOR(PhM), PITTI, PALEDINO and L.A.PARENT shoved off for discharge today. ROBINSON put them on report at the last minute for refusing to carry stores, and the captain scared hell out of them during their last hour aboard.

March 15, 1946

Visited "WILLIE" in ward 5A at the U.S.N.H. this afternoon. He's feeling alright, except for a bad cold, and is hoping for a discharge. The weather today was something to write home about. Warm and springy, with a beautiful blue sky full of mountainous cumulus clouds. Saw Jane Russell in the "Outlaw" this afternoon. It was greatly overpublicized. There was a lot of laughter and bawdy remarks from the mostly serviceman audience. I think some of the girls were a little embarrassed.

I had an enjoyable evening at the City Hall Street U.S. O., dancing mostly with a pretty and pleasant Wave , named Cynthia, who is ~~and~~ a hospital apprentice.

No entries March 16 thru March 19 (?)

Mar. 20, 1946

Wonderful evening at the Fleet Park dance. Her name was Catherine.

Mar. 21, 1946

Tomorrow we shove off for Charleston, S.C. I'm anxious to see the place, but Norfolk has been pretty nice duty.

March 22, 1946

We spent the morning picking up new L.C.V.P.'s at Little Creek. The sea was only slightly rough.

Mar. 23, 1946

Smooth water and sunny sky all day. At about 1100 hours, we pulled into Charleston Harbor past Ft. Sumter and Ft. Moultrie and dropped the hook off Battery Park, half a mile from the fleet landing. At 1700 , we walked down Queen Street into town. The weather was mild and I was happy to be in a new town. We found the U.S.O. without any problem and took a bus from there to Battery Park. At the Merchant Marine Recreation Home ( a beautiful converted colonial mansion), STOKES, TONATHY and MILLER had southern fried chicken, while I indulged in a sundae , and we all enjoyed the sights. After the U.S.O. dance, I walked down Meeting Street , past blocks of beautiful old porticoed colonial homes, with branches hanging low over old brick walls enclosing dark, secluded yards. lots of exciting but ghostly history here. I walked several miles before finally finding the landing and hopping the \$100 boat for the Sims.



Mar. 25, 1946 (no 3-24 entry)

This evening I discovered that Meeting Street had lost some of its romantic atmosphere in the sunlight, but nevertheless was very interesting and unusual. After sending a few postcards from the U.S.O., I went topside for some jitterbug lessons and met a girl named Margaret

We dumped our ammo earlier today, but I wasn't on the detail.

Mar. 27, 1946 (no 3-26 entry)

We pulled up the river into the navy yard yesterday. It's a pretty nice base. Went swimming in their honey of a pool. Margaret and I went to see "Road to Utopia" this evening. Had to wait in line for nearly an hour, but I didn't mind. We had a sundae afterwards.

Mar. 28, 1946 Rain today, which we haven't seen any of for a long time.

Mar. 29, 1946

Attended the dance at the base this evening.

Mar. 31, 1946 (no 3-30 entry)

After lunch, three busloads of sailors, Waves and civilian guests left building #9 for Cypress Gardens. The day was warm and sunny. As we approached the gardens, some twenty-five miles out of town, Negro children jigged for us in front of their shanty homes, and we enjoyed the show and threw them coins. The gardens were very beautiful, with the stately cypress groves standing in the bright, black water and thousands of beautiful red, white and pink azalea blossoms sweetening the air. Wooden skiffs, propelled by colored boys in dungarees and sailor hats, and carrying two to ten passengers, slid silently down the swamp channels, while muted voices floated on the still air. Afterwards, I walked with a friend for two hours over the trails and bridges laid through the gorgeous garden.

At Summerville, the town park was ablaze with azalea blossoms, and we had free cokes and sandwiches. A memorable day.

Apr.2,1946 (no Apr.1 entry)

Went into the city this evening, Had a few beers , then hopped a bus out to No. Charles ton for the dance, which wasn't.

Apr.3, 1946

Wonderful dance at the U.S.O. this evening. Met a sweet southern belle, named Johnnie Scaffie. Great dancer. We met at the corner afterwards, and rode to her corner, and then I walked her to her gate.

April,7, 1946 (no entries for Apr.4,5 and 6)

~~April 7, 1946~~ Sunday, Mass at 0730. At 1100, I headed for town and picked Johnnie up at her home. We visited the Magnolia Gardens, which were very nice, and the Middleton Gardens, which were even nicer. We had great fun all afternoon and then returned to her home and played Famous Personalities. The southern fried chicken at the Merchant Marine Club was great. Afterwards, we chatted for a while on a park bench at The Battery and then returned to her home, where we listened to the radio and talked some more. After a goodnight kiss on the porch, I headed for the base feeling good.

April 10, 1946 (no entries for Apr.8 &9)

Met Jonnie at the U.S.O. and danced with her all evening without being cut in on once. It was swell. We both had a great time, but when I kissed her goodnight, it was a goodbye kiss, and I felt somewhat sad, because I was probably walking away from her for good. This Navy is a heartbreaker!.

April 12, 1946 (no entry for Apr.11)

I went into town this evening to pick up some photo developing and buy some tobacco ( I smoked a pipe then). On the way in, I passed an excited group of people milling around a body lying on the pavement, face upturned, at an intersection. No one seemed to know what had happened to the man. After a bit, I continued on, picked up my pictures and continued down King Street towards the U.S.O.

After stopping in a tobacco shop, I was proceeding down King Street again, when I heard a shot ring out. I turned the corner and there, not twenty feet away, another body, face upturned, lay on the sidewalk. In a few moments a crowd had gathered. Two SP8s arrived, and when they told us to shove off, some of us who were first on the scene did just that, our curiosity unsatisfied. Two unusual occurrences (at least one violent) in a single evening in the large southern city!

Apr. 13, 1946

Finished the Sims medical ~~xxxx~~ supply inventory this afternoon. We are just about ready to shove off. There is a great day(discharge) just around the corner.

( I show another entry for April 13(?) Jonnie and I had a swell time dancing to the music of STAN KENTON at County Hall. The charge was \$5.00 for the two of us.

April 15, 1946

WE left the Sims today (at Savannah?) and checked in at the receiving station. There was no clearance for US, so when the list came out, at 1600 hours, ofht fellows scheduled to leave on the 16th for their respective separation centers, WE weren't on it.

April 16, 1946

At noon today, WE returned tho the Sims, in a huff. The Captain squared things away for us in a hurry.

April 17, 1946

At 1630 today, we jampacked our selves into a bus and headed for the trañn depot. Shortly after 1800 hours, WE pulled out for Atlanta, 300 miles and 13 hours away. Our pullman car wasn't bad.

April 18, 1946

Arrived in Atlanta at 0700. Ate around the corner from the station.

After bumming around the city and visitin the capitol, for three hours, we were off again.

April 19, 1946

Our train pulled into Chicago at 0700, and at 0900, our group checked in at the "Lakes". At 1600, I had my final Navy physical and roared for home on special liberty.

April 20, 1946

Sat around the base most of the day. Every several hours, we'd march to another building for a half hour or so of processing.

April 21, 1946

At 1530 hours, we marched to Building 1000, attended a movie, listened to a short speech by a chaplain and were handed our diplomas.

And so I graduated from the Navy! I missed the 1700 train to Kenosha by seconds, hitched a ride to Waukegan and then another to the door of my home. CIVILIAN!!!!!!

Nice dance this evening at the Eagles. Wore my sailor suit, with the "Ruptured Duck", for a final time. Johnny (my younger brother) is home from school, and is he ever a Joe College.

April 22, 1946

Took beautiful Janie Lergen (?0 to the dance at Memorial Hall in Racine. We had a swell time.

April 23, 1946

Getting acclimated to civilian life in a hurry! FINAL ENTRY.



Well here, at long last, is the end of my story of my memorable journey, long ago, aboard the U.S.S. Sims, APD 50. It really ~~wasn't~~ doesn't seem so long ago, tho, and it was a really wonderful experience. I wish I had recorded names and some of the thousands of little happenings sailor to sailor, altho I do recall many of them pleasurably in my memories. Fishing off the fantail in Pearl Harbor and on the training cruise to Maui. The sheer cliffs of Molokai. The beach parties at Ulithi Atoll and watching the natives thru binoculars. Sliding around the mess hall as we outran the typhoons. Drinking medicinal alcohol and grapefruit juice with the laundryman in the hell-hot laundry. Eating New Zealand mutton and all those other delicacies. Drinking beer and playing baseball and exploring the recreation island at Kure, Japan. Drinking sake and beer and exploring the shore villages on Samar. The poker and pinochle games. Learning to play bridge topside in the LCVPs. Tourist in Tokyo. Giving shots and swabbing throats. The fear under kamikaze attack and while fighting fire on the USS Barry. Almost all good memories though and pride. I could go on and on and on.



LETTERS HOME FROM CHARLES JACOBS PHARMACIST'S MATE 2/C

USNR AND THE U.S.S. SIMS APD 50 FROM NOVEMBER 1944 TO MARCH, 1946

Nov. 26, 1944 I went aboard the re-commissioned U.S. S. Sims (formerly the D.E. 154) in Boston. The crew was not yet aboard, so back to the barracks in the Fish Pier area, where we were transferred after our first night in Boston in the Fargo Building.

Nov. 29, 1944 Doctor Basso and CPhm Mobley are the other members of our medical unit, and all of the shipmates I've met so far seem like pretty swell guys.

I sent the following letter home to Kenosha to my parents and brother, John: Hurrah for the Irish! Boston is the nicest place I've found away from home since I've been in the Navy. I really wouldn't mind being stationed here for a few months.

We began loading medical supplies aboard this morning. Our doctor is a swell young Italian named Basso and Chief Pharmacist Mobley is a good egg also, from Alabama. All of the officers and men of the crew whom I have met so far seem very swell fellows, and I'm really going to enjoy this duty.

The Sims is now the APD 50, having just been converted into an amphibious transport from the destroyer escort 154 (DE 154), which was commissioned at Norfolk in 1943 and saw duty escorting convoys across the Atlantic to Londonderry, Northern Ireland. We are putting to sea very shortly.

This town is a perfect place for Liberty. These Irishmen are very friendly, and I don't believe I've seen so many pretty girls anywhere. The USO's, of which there are oodles, have dances every night of the week, and there is actually a surplus of hostesses at most of them. All of these Irish gals have nice voices, and they invariably sing on the Dance floor.

My address is USS Sims APD 50, C/o Flt P.O., New York, N.Y. I'm mailing this letter from town, so that the censor can't chop it up,



and I can't therefore put the return address on it.

Except for a cold, I'm feeling fine. This is it but don't worry. Don't use any return address but the one above in the future. It will probably change to F.P.O. Frisco in a month or so, but this is military information, so please keep it under your hat. Love.

Dec 2, 1944      Moved aboard.

Dec.4, 1944      Six hour shakedown at sea today. Chief Mobley is sick.

Letter home:    No doubt you've got the three boxes which I sent home. The "boots" and heavy scivies (aviator's suit) might as well have been thrown away, but I thought I'd send them home anyway. It's pretty frigid, so I'm wearing the other pair of long johnsnow.

The Xmas- wrapped wooden box was meant to be Pop's Christmas present. I wheedled it off the ship's service. I haven't much of an idea what Catherine, Peter and John might like, so I'll send money around the 15th. I'll probably have to let dad do likewise with yours. The chow is still pretty good.

I'm going to send home my Hospital Corps and Seamen's manuals. My pint-sized locker doesn't allow for excess baggage. Love.

Dec.5,1944      Letter home:    I've swung down the operating table in the sick bay, as it seems to be about the best place I've found yet to write letters in, though it's terrifically noisy in here.

I spent the day again working over our medical supplies, and we seem at last to be making some order. Chief Mobley was quite seasick yesterday. I may have been blessed with a cast iron stomach.

I've received very little mail lately, but I think it'll start catching up to me soon. The Legion Christmas box arrived. It was very nice, and I'll send them a thank you note one of these days. I sat on my pipe a couple of nights ago and cracked it in half. so

I'm smoking the corncob now that came in the package. I have about the same kind of luck with my pipes that the Jacobs family has had with its dogs.

Please discontinue the (Kenosha Evening) News. I've not received any for quite some time. We have a small library on board, so I won't be needing any reading matter. I like to have one of those pictures that was taken when I was home on leave.

Dec. 6, 1944      Left Boston for Norfolk, following a three-hour fog layover in the channel.

Dec. 8, 1944      Here we are in Norfolk again. We had a nice cruise down, with very mild weather and no sea, quite a change from two days ago, when we had a very rough sea, on our gun testing cruise. Our ship is to be used for training purposes during the next six weeks; so I should be able to get some sort of leave out of the captain.

The medical department is still busy getting squared away to order from chaos. As the underdog, I'm constantly on the go. Doctor Basso is very good at giving orders.

I've just received your letter of the 13th, which included the family picture. I also received five other letters and a couple of newspapers. I'm staying aboard this evening, so that I can catch up on some of my letter writing.

My Navy luck is still holding out. A heavy steel watertight hatch slammed down on a couple of my fingers this morning, as I was on my way down a ladder into a forward hold. I thought the end of the world had come. By all rights it should have severed my middle finger or, at least, crushed the bone, but it came out with a bad laceration and a bruise. It taught me one thing- don't trust the catch on a latch.

I sent some Christmas presents the last night I was in Boston. I hope they arrive in good shape. Love.

The days are going by quite rapidly. Since our present duty is supposed to be of only six week's duration, I'm getting sort of restless for some sort of leave. The executive officer, Lt. Urmy, will approve or disapprove the leave chit I submitted yesterday this morning. It's hard to realize that Christmas and New Year's have come and gone, and they were not too eventful. I think I told you a little bit about our Xmas in my last letter. I'm still getting cards, and I also received a box of chocolates from Joe Troccia's (aprior pharmacist buddy) sister, Rita, in Elmira. We really enjoyed your box of homemade cookies. I think Aunt Adelaide's is the only baking that compares with yours. I seem to be living up to that "girl in every port" stuff the Navy tells about, thus far. Dorothy Wilson, a USO girl friend, and I do a lot of dancing. I've been invited to her home this evening for some jive lessons. I pay for her attentions with Wrigley's gum, of which I can get an unlimited supply. I've stowed some away to take home when and if.

Catherine was lucky to get duty north of the Mason-Dixon Line. I guess she knows that though, since she spent time in Georgia. (Sister, Catherine, a dental WAC at Crile Gen'l in Ohio). I finally heard from Bob Kollman (hometown buddy), by V-mail. He's ship's company with an electrical repair unit, and his discription of the country sounds like Hawaii.

I have to get back to my bookkeeping now. I have about a thousand medical items to post in my ledger. Sort os a "Jack of all trades", and I'm picking up a little medical knowledge each day. Love.

Dec.11,1944 Shakedown cruise with a crew we are training. Test fired our guns. Anchored at Cold Point, Maryland.

Dec. 23;1944 Dr. Basso and I went Christmas tree shopping. Brought back a nice one on the streetcar.

Dec. 26, 1944 There is a new crew aboard for training.

Dec.28,1944 Letter home: Dr. Basso left on a New Year's leave today, and Chief Mobley arrived back from Christmas leave. I was quite disappointed when I found out That I couldn't be home for New Year's, but I'll be home one of these days.

Christmas aboard wasn't too bad.The doctor and I couldn't find any decorations,when we bought our tree on the beach, but we dressed it up with cotton colored with various liquid medicines and other things. We had a non-denominational church service, and movies afternoon and evening on Saturday and Sunday. There was no curfew in town, and I went to three formal and semi-formal USO dances in four days.

The chow was fine on Christmas, with nuts and candy and cigarettes and cigars afterwards. Love.

Dec.30,1944 I was restricted for "sleeping in". Fortunately, I was let off with three hours of extra duty, instead of the normal six.

Dec.31,1944 New Year's Eve. Still restricted to the ship.

Jan.1,1945 Worked off three hours extra duty in 1½ hours last nite (New Year's Eve).Went to Fleet Park tonight with a pharmacist's mate from the APD 110.

Jan,4,1945 Lt. Urmy O.K.'d my chit for a ten-day leave.

Letter Home: All of the personnel on board are divided into divisions, and one man in each gives out the mail. I can never find the sailor who gives out C division's mail. Last night somebody told me I had a letter, but I couldn't find the mailman, It was just delivered at here to the sick bay.



Jan.5, 1945      The free air transport to Miami was a temptation, but the 1230 flight to New York made me feel good. There were Twenty-four sevicemen hitching rides aboard the Skytrain (C46), a full load, and it was abumpy ride in bucket seats, along both sides of the plane. We flew low above beautiful bays and streams, farms and fields, and I enjoyed it immensely. One sailor and a pooch were airsick, and had a bad flight. The passenger next to me provided some good music thru his nasal passages, exactly like a jew's harp. It was really fri-gid in New York. An air station bus took us to the subway. Our train left Penn Station 15 minutes late. I got a seat.

Jan.6, 1945      I slept part of the nite ans alternately read and slept all day. We were supposed to hit Chicago at noon, but at 1200 hours we were just out of Pittsburg. Arrived Chicago very dirty and tired at midnight, twelve hours behind schedule. The 17-hour trip took 29 hours.

Jan.7,1945      Left Northwestern Stationn about o230 hours. I stood the 60 miles home. Didn't mind except that my feet numbed from standing on the steel platform between the cars. Went to bed on the living room floor at 0400, and my leave was underway.

Jan.16, 1945      Letter home:      Back in the old routine. Dr. Basso is in the hospital, Chief Mobley is in the sack, and I'm doing medical bookkeeping. I want to get everything squared away, so that I can sit on the fantail and watch the flying fish, after we shove off for the Carribean.

    We lost four hours between Chicago and Philadelphia, but the ride didn't tire me. I guess sleeping till noon at home rested me up. I liked Philie. I walked around for an hour and a half, until my feet were wet and the train due.

I arrived in Norfolk on the St.Charles ferry at 0900, but had to wait seven hours, until 1600, for the Sims to pull in. The huge carrier Shangri La was docked at the base.

I picked up a "flying horse" for you , Mom. I hope you'll like it. I'll send it and Catherine's bracelet this evening. I got \$43 pay this morning, so don't worry about my money situation. There's no snow here, but there was plenty in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Love.

Jan.18,1945 Letter Home: Sunday again. This is the fourth Sunday in a row that I've not been able to get to Mass. Don't worry tho, since I do know how important my religion is. I've been very busy and have very little time to myself. When one task is completed there are always a dozen more to go. As soon as one of my sick patients is up and around, another is down, with more medications, and temperatures to take, and food trays and hot water bottles.

I assisted the doctor in a circumcision a few days ago. Each minor operation entails several hours of cleaning and wrapping and autoclaving. Doc cut out the ingrown toenail that's bothered me for so long. He said it was the biggest he's ever seen. I cleaned up after my own operation and couldn't afford any post-Operative recuperation. Love.

Letter Home:

Jan.21, 1945 Brought aboard a couple of hundred sacks of mail for Panama and several hundred cases of beer.

Jan.23,1945 This is it, or nearly so. We've been loading up for several days, bringing aboard all sorts of supplies, including tons of mail for Panama and lots of Schlitz for us.

Our new doctor came aboard today. Dr. Basso is still in the hospital, so we'll be leaving him behind. He insisted I keep a leather jacket, which he had left behind in the sick bay and which had been given to him by captain Donohue, so I am now wearing the captain's jacket.

Dad would really enjoy this naval operating base. Dozens of ships of every type. You ought to see the Shangri La.

I'll probably be sailing the deep blue sea and sunning myself on the fantail , as you read this letter. Love,

Jan.24,1945      We left the U.S. for Panama, with 150 sailor passengers, and escorting the AKA 72, the New Hanover (a cargo ship). Had my tail whacked good, when I bent over to inspect the captain's "sea bat", reposing in a cardboard box on the fantail.

Jan.25,1945      Heavy seas, Many of the passengers and crew are sick. By evening the sea is calming, and the air is milder.

Jan.26,1945      We are in the Carribean , and the sea and weather are now beautiful. I have two sack patients (C. Nutt and Cheek) with cellulitis and laryngitis. Two passenger corpsmen(Evans and Liberty), are helping out.

Jan.27,1945      Loving this"Carribean Cruise".

Jan.28, 1945      We are short of fresh water, due to our having about four hundred passengers and crew aboard. Lots of sunburn to treat. We tied up at Christobal, Canal Zone, about 1700 hours. Doc Kellam and I gave the skipper 500 c.c. of saline for dehydration. The liberty party had one hellofa time on Colon.

Jan.30,1945      The cruise thru the canal was beautiful. Took aboard 80 soldiers at San Miguel lock for San Diego.

Jan. 31,1945      Heading north in the Pacific. Very hot!

Feb.4, 1945      Removed a cyst from Pietrantonio's neck.

Feb.7, 1945      Arrived in San Diego.

Feb.8,1945      Today the Sims shoved off on a three-day gunnery maneuver. Target practice and "general quarters" all day.

Feb. 9, 1945      "General quarters" and more gunnery practice at 2100 hours tonite.

Feb.10,1945      Gunnery practica all day. Pulled backin at San Diego at 1630. Nice liberty at the Triamon Ballroom. Coming back Summer-son took a dive into the liberty boat, and Doc and I were up till

three repairing his head.

Feb.11, 1945 Chief Mobley left on a "72".

Feb.13,1945 Our final evening in San Diego. Tiny Hill was playing at the Trianon.

Feb. 14, 1945 After loading fuel and ammo, we headed out from San diego and the U.S.A., about 1300 hours.

Feb.14, 1945 Letter home: Aunt Amanda was all ready to show me L.A., but I could't get up there. We chatted on the phone. She thought Peter (officer brother on an LST) had already pulled out.

I didn't get to go ashore on our one liberty night at Colon in Panama, since I had the duty. The Canal trip was great. The skies were overcast at times ,so it wasn't too hot.

Lake Gatun is fresh water. Some of the fellows took advantage, be rigging a shower on the fantail. The lake is a maze of jungled islands, and the canal is flanked by hills and mountains, covered with dense foliage of every shade of green. Culebra is quite a Cut. There are three locks: the Gatun, with three chambers up; and the Pedro Miguel and Miraflores locks, with one and two chambers down.

Night fell as we waited at Pedro Miguel in the warm, serene and quiet dusk, and lights twinkled on one by one, atop the mountains around us. The lights of Balboa and Panama City were aglow, as we slid by out into the Pacific. A soldier pointed out a light high on a hill and said that there was the nerve center of the entire Caribbean Defense Command. I'd like to go back and see Panama some day.

Feb.15, 1945 "Hawaii here we come". Rough seas.

Feb. 16,1945 Minor operations and two more bed patients. Cleaning instruments and autoclaving and straightening up the sick bay.

Feb.18,1945 The sun mae out ,but little time to enjoy it.



Feb.19,1945      Doc and I had to re-open Piet's cyst incision. Ruiter came off the sick list and Knutson went on.

Feb. 20, 1945      Arrived Pearl Harbor. The setting is beautiful. Exciting. A beehive of activity.

Feb. 21-25, 1945      Busy and fun days on Oahu. Asea of servicemen. Exotic women. Strolling and shopping in Honolulu. Swimming and sunning at Waikiki. Relaxing in the Banyan Court at the Royal Hawaiian and watching the world go by.

Feb.25, 1945      Letter Home:      I spent several hours of my liberty Tuesday morning locating the LST 890 only to find that Peter (my brother) wasn't aboard or attached to that ship. Quite disappointing. I did find Bob Kollman, and we had quite a chat and arranged to meet on Saturday morning at the fleet landing. Bob was waiting, and the first thing he said was, "I just saw your brother". We hopped a "leaping tuna" to the administration building, where Peter had gone to get paid. He likes his ship and had boarded her the afternoon of the same day I had gone over there to meet him.

Bob Kollman and I took Pete, and an officer friend named Bob, to town, but there was such a mob milling around on the narrow sidewalks that we soon moved on to a less busy section, to a place I've always dreamed of visiting. After a nice luncheon, we watched and listened to the outdoor broadcast of a musical radio program, one I've listened to many times at home. (This was the Hawaii Calls program, from the Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach). The weather was quite warm, and we strolled for miles along the sunlit beach walk, and Pete and I agreed that we were in a duplicate of Miami and then some.

When I arrived back at the ship, with a splitting headache, and opened the sick bay door, I found the place as I had expected it to be,

an indescribable mess of bloody instruments and towels and rubber gloves and whatnot. I could have screamed, I was so sick and angry, and I cussed a blue streak. The outdoor movie cooled me off a bit and, afterwards, I worked till 0100 in the sick bay. After Mass this morning, I went to work again and had the sick bay squared away after a few more hours. The doctor's mania for minor operations seems to have enslaved me, and I sometimes wish I had got an LST, as most of my fellow corpsmen did. I still like the Navy though, and this is an experience I wouldn't want to be missing.

I guess I'll go see a movie now. The view from here (Pearl Harbor) is magnificently beautiful. Even Wisconsin was never like this. Pop has always wanted to Visit Rio de Janeiro, but you'll have to visit here too on your world cruise after the war. Love.

FEB. 26, 1945      Maneuvers and more gunnery practice. Passed by the massive sheer cliffs of Molokai and anchored in a Maui cove.

FEB. 27, 1945      More maneuvering with the APD 6. Dr. Kellam caught a large exotic fish off the fantail. We didn't eat it.

MAR. 1, 1945      Chief Mobley and I went up to the area hospital to draw supplies. Walt Nuremberg from the Diachenko, APD 123, paid me a visit.

MAR. 3, 1945      On the beach at Waikiki.

MAR. 4, 1945      Gave typhoid and tetanus shots to the crew. Only one sailor passed out on the steel deck. At least one other bent the needle on his leather skin.

MAR. 5, 1945      Shoved off for Tokyo!

MAR. 6, 1945      Rough seas. The consensus is that we are Saipan bound.

MAR. 8, 1945      Got a haircut from Edwards, our new ship's barber.

MAR. 9, 1945      Twelve-hour work day in the sick bay. The weather is getting hotter.

MAR.10,1945      Attended Mr. Ryan's aircraft recognition classes.

MAR.11,1945      Fueled at 14 knots from the LSV6. Passed Eniwetok. Captain Donohue spoke to us regarding special alertness now that we are in the forward war zone.

MAR.12,1945      Letter Home: Received your letter of Feb.27 about a week ago. This is the first letter I've written since then, since I am fairly busy with preparations for any eventuality, which I believe is at last in sight. I'm looking forward to the day when I'll have little to do again except hold routine sick calls and do petty work about the sick bay, and read and study. It's hot as blazes this evening. The sea is calm. The ship's forward motion creates a nice breeze through the open hatch. The Day's heat cuts down on the amount of work that gets done.

"Now hear this.The smoking lamp is out topside. Darken Ship" just came over the communications system. Ship's service is now open, and another day is nearly at an end. The days pass swiftly, and we easily loose track of the day of the week and the date of the month.

I didn't see Peter or Bob Kollman again after our first meeting, but I think I may be seeing Pete again before long.

I'm glad you were able to take the trip to Ohio without any real travel difficulties.

I'm now writing in the sick bay, as the red lights on the main deck were turned on in place of the white, and they're not much good for writing. As soon as I opened the sick bay door six crewmen filed in, airing various petty complaints. I was then called up to the ward-room to administer a medication and retrieve my lifejacket, which I had left there after battle station practice. I've had to stop writing half a dozen times for "house calls". I could lock the door, but the heat would be unbearable. And so it goes. Love.

MAR.16, 1945 Dropped anchor at Saipan, newly won from the Japs.

Mar.16,1945 Letter Home: A short while ago, the mail boat brought me an abundance of mail, all but one item of it mailed at least a month ago and sent regular three-cent postage. Your V-mail of March 2 was the exception, so I think it is best to send V-mail.

Pop, I'm heartily sorry about your bowling shoes. I left them at the alley my last day home, and in the hurry of farewell I forgot to tell you. You can take them out of my hide when I get home.

You had the right idea as to our whereabouts. As soon as you figure out where Pete's gone let me know.

I'm pleased to know that Bob Hastings is safe, though a German prisoner. It doesn't seem possible that Stan Gorecki has been killed in France. It seems like yesterday that I walked home from school with him,

Under new censorship rules, I can now tell you that we sailed to San diego from Panama. In a month you'll be surprised to hear about the place we're at now.

I'm well and happy. It must be lonely for you at home, with all four of your kids away. However, I'm glad you can take it easier now and do some of the things you couldn't do when we were on your apronstrings.

It's getting late, so I'll be saying goodbye for now. Your loving son.

Mar.17,1945 Saipan. Watched 300 B-29s return from fire bomb raid on Kobe. Very impressive sight. Swim party off the fantail. Fueled. Under way for Leyte.

Mar.18,1945 Dr. Kellam keeps getting more casualty preparation ideas.

MAR. 21,1945 Pulled into San Pedro harbor on Samar Island about 0800. 6700 miles from San Diego. very hot. Hundreds of ships.



MAR.22,1945      Loaded more medical supplies from a medical supply barge.

MAR.23-24      Toured jungle villages along the shore. Very friendly people. Thatched huts. Women pounding corn in rhythm in a hollowed out log. Children hawking Japanese occupation money, cowrie shell necklaces and saki. Guerilla outpost. An older man selling his wife or daughter in a hill cave for fifteen dollars U.S. per customer. Very hot and humid . Many sailors feeling happy with the beer ration and diving into the lagoon.

MAR.27,1945      Shoved off for Okinawa at 0900! We are escort, with eight destroyers , for twenty-five APAs and AKAs (Navy troop carriers and cargo ships). Another group behind.

MAR. 28, 1945      Many of the crew are seasick, due to slow speed, large swells and slow rolls.

MAR.29,1945 Penicillin shots to R.E.Mayo.

MAR.30,1945      Rough sea again. "Lyin' Lou" on Tokyo radio trying to scare us. Penicillin shots to Mulligan and Mayo.

APRIL 1,1945 Easter Sunday ("Love Day".Invasion of Okinawa).

Letter Home:      The doctor and I have finally completed our medical preparations, so I'm happily engaged in inactivity and able to answer some letters and your V-mail of March 14.

Chester (a cousin) sent me a V-mail, and I was sorry to hear that I missed him so closely at Pearl. I told you how I met Bob in a chow hall at Waipio Point. Chet tells me that if I had gone to the other chow hall there, I probably would have met him.

I spent another libertyashore on that jungle island sightseeing and drinking my beer ration. Peter might be near again. I wish I could attend Easter services with you. Love. (over). I just remembered I can now say what I want about Pearl Harbor.

Honolulu was so crowded that I only spent one liberty there. It's a quick bus ride out to the beach from town. It reminded me a lot of Miami, with its wide, clean, sunny streets, fresh sea breeze and air of leisure. The beautiful and exclusive Royal Hawaiian Hotel has been taken over by the Navy as a convalescent center for submarine crewmen. There is an enlisted men's beer garden and sports facility open to Navy personnel. Next door, at the Moana Hotel, Pete and his pal and Bob and I had lunch in the Banyan Court and watched and listened to the Hawaii Calls broadcast.

The Hawaiian Islands, or what I saw of them, are really beautiful, and the weather is wonderful. We took a cruise past Molokai and Lanai down to Maui, and each section had a chance to go ashore for a swim. Love again.

APRIL (date cut out by censor), 1945 Letter Home: Last evening, on our way to fuel, we passed a very short distance from this area's mail ship, which is Pete's LST! The crew was in high hopes of getting some mail, as we've had none in more than three weeks, but we found out by radio that there was no mail aboard the LST for us, so I didn't get a chance to go over in our small boat and visit Pete. Perhaps, one of these days.

We've witnessed our invasion forces in action and seen the enemy blasted from sea and air day after day and night after night. Pop's engines (he was a Navy aircraft engine inspector at Nash Motors in Kenosha, Wisconsin) are really chalking up the Japs. One sunny morning, at least six Jap planes dropped into the sea, with a bellyful of Corsair lead, close by and in plain sight. We had a lot to talk about that day, when the Sims "splashed" a Jap Val divebomber. We are now a fighting ship.

Everything in my department is well under control, and I am pretty much on my own, aside from morning and evening sick calls.

APRIL 13, 1945 Letter Home: The days are flying by out here. I've had a lot of leisure time the past two weeks(I don't stand watches), and there's been quite a bit to observe.

We manage to get rid of the mail we write, but have received none in two weeks, so I'm all caught up with my writing. The weather is cool and hazy today, and the sea is very calm.

From Hawaii we sailed to Saipan, about which there is little I can say, but I'm glad we had a chance to drop in there. The island is hilly and green, and much of it is covered with sugar cane fields. We anchored off a large refinery, which had been blasted to a shambles, by Navy guns. Much wrecked equipment littered the shallow water between the reef and the beach and on the beach itself. We had a swim off the fantail and a night movie on it, received mail and watched the return of a large flight of B29s from the Jap mainland.

From Saipan, we sailed to San Pedro Bay, which is between Samar and Leyte in the Philippines. I wrote you about going on the beach at Samar.

I'm keeping my eyes open for Pete's ship. Don't worry about me. I don't. Love.

APRIL 28, 1945 Somewhere in the Pacific Letter Home: We've just spent a few pleasant days at one of our great bases (Ulithi Atoll), and while there had two liberties on a small, uninhabited coral island, covered with coconut palms. We took our beer ration ashore and drank and swam all afternoon, along with the liberty parties from other ships.

The water was warm and clear as glass. Half the crew had coral cuts on their feet, which gave me a little business. On the ocean side of the island, the coral bottom is only a few inches to a foot under water for a quarter mile out. I spent hours wading the coral shelf, observing the small fish and hunting pretty pieces of coral and shells. There were little starfish by the dozens.

We had movies on the fantail, more swimming off the fantail, but no mail came aboard.

I'm hoping that I'll get a chance to see Peter in about a week. The weather's torrid, and the sea is blue and smooth as glass , or smoother. .

I can't buy you anything for Mother's and Father's Days, so I'll send you each a money order, and you can each buy something nice and something you want. I'm spending less money than I did in my quarter (25¢) allowance days.

I guess that's about all. I guess it's too hot even for thinking. I guess ---. Love.

MAY 21, 1945      LETTER HOME:      Central West Pacific. I saw Peter for the fourth time yesterday and would have seen him again today were it not that I had a little more work to do than usual. When the mail boat came back (from brother Peter's ship, the LST 890), I received my first mail in 9 weeks, a letter from John. A few letters are beginning to filter thru to us now, and I expect that we'll receive the bulk of our mail in a short while.

John's V-mail was sent on the eighth or ninth and was really swell. From the letter I take it that he is a new John and that the academy really straightened him out.

I have a pretty leisurely life at present and have nothing to complain about. It'll be swell though to get home again and back to school.

I can now tell you the name of another place I've been. That place is Ulithi in the Carolines. I wrote you about the swimming and beer parties we had there.

Most of us have got a little more religious since we've come out here. and it's easy to believe that our prayers and those of the



people back home have kept us well and safe and will continue to do so.  
Your loving son.

MAY 21, 1945      LETTER HOME:      Somewhere In the Jap Inner Line of Defence.      Dear John, It was really swell to hear from you today. Yours is the first letter I've received in nine weeks. One of these days we should get about a smallboat full of the mail they're holding at some base to the south.

I've seen Peter four times in the past four weeks. Once he gave me some letters mother had sent to him and one from you. I'm sure happy at the way you've buckled down, and so is everyone else. You sure can write swell letters.

We didn't have any sort of celebration of VE Day out here, naturally, but the unconditional surrender of the Nazis sure was good news. Under the point system, Schulz should be about the first of the old gang to get home.

It's spring here now, as it is at home, and the days are getting warmer. The hottest weather I've experienced since leaving the States was at Ulithi in the Carolines. You'll see it on the map a little to the southwest of Guam.

As you know, we were at Okinawa on Easter Sunday, April 1, invasion day, and at Ie Shima on April 16, when it was invaded. We shot down a Jap Val that day. We've seen a little bit of action since then, but I can't elaborate on it.

I wanted to get you something for your birthday, but I didn't get a chance. You'll get it later.

We haven't seen a white woman for three months, and there's nothing to spend money on, so you needn't worry about my being good or spending too much money. I'm saving \$60 a month, and still have more money than I've ever had on hand. About the only things I can get at

MAY 25, 1945      LETTER HOME      Hiro Wan, Honshu

How'd I get going on the ship's chow? You must be thinking that the Navy is starving us. Honestly, I haven't lost any weight. And I take plenty of multiple vitamin tablets , in addition to B1 and C. The pharmacist's mate and his pals get plenty of vitamins.

Two Silver Star medals, 10 Bronze Star medals and 2 Commendation Ribbons were awarded to 14 officers and enlisted men in a fantail ceremony last Saturday. The awards were given for meritorious action off Okinawa the nite of 25 May. Our Purple Heart boys also won their medals that night. Most of the fourteen were members of the damage control party which boarded the burning APD Barry, after we had had a near miss and suffered casualties. We saved the Barry, which was sunk later while being towed out a kamikaze decoy, stripped, and with no one aboard.

There are quite a few Ships here in Hiro Wan now. Liberty in Kure and Hiroshima was cancelled until further notice three days ago, when ten APAs (personnel) and AKAs (cargo) arrived. The day prior, Dr. Kellam, Mr. Crosby and Mr. Cliff toured Kure and  
and I

Hiro      in a jeep. What a ride! Everyboby seemed to be out walking on the roads, in addition to heavy U.S. military and Japanese vehicle traffic and lots of bicycles. The roads were narrow and rough, and we all got sore sitters. It rained off and on, but we went almost to Hiroshima before turning back. Since Kure looked about 90% flattened by our air raids, I think the Japanese pedestrians were wandering homeless.

I'll do some reading now, since I found an old Reader's Digest.  
Love.

the ship's store are candy, chewing gum, cigarettes, pipe tobacco and toothpaste.

I hope you choose the Navy, when you come into the service. Did you get the letter I sent you? I'm sending you a piece of Japanese occupation currency I picked up in the Philippines. Your loving brother.

MAY 28, 1945      LETTER HOME:    Dear Mom and Dad,    We struck a bonanza in mail a few days ago, receiving aboard six or seven thousand letters one day and a couple of thousand more the following. Our crew numbers about 200. I received 35 letters, which is not many compared to the hundred or more which some shipmates received, but plenty. I got plenty of variety from a dozen of my girl friends. and that's what I like.

Your ten V-mail letters, dated from the 21st of March to the 7th of May, were by far the nicest and most interesting of the letters I received. A lot of "Pony" editions of Time magazine (printed in Hawaii) came aboard. Our ship's paper covers the news pretty thoroughly, but I read Time cover to cover when I get them. I read in one copy about the opening of a new stage play on Broadway. One of the cast is the wife of Mr. Urmy, our executive officer. Talullah Bankhead is star of the show.

We've had a few rather hectic days lately and, now that we're well at sea again, the crew is getting back to high spirits. I haven't heard from Schulz or Kluge for a long time. I did get letters from Chet and Bob Kollman and Wade Miller, the big, tall Mississippian I introduced you to one night back in January, 1944. He's out here on the USS Refuge (AH-11), a hospital ship.

We got some fresh spuds aboard a few days ago. They are really good after dehydrated potatoes, which most of us refused to eat.

I'd be happy if they'd send all of the dehydrated spuds to Europe's starving. We also took aboard a supply of other fresh vegetables and fruits.

Mom, with your great personality and good looks, how can a prospect help but take out a policy? I suppose you'll hit the \$100,000 Club next year. (Note: Mother took up selling life insurance policies, while Dad inspected aircraft engines for the Navy)

Dad, if you're not too busy, drop me a line. I enjoy hearing of your experiences at Nash Motors. Your loving son,

JUNE 7, 1945 LETTER HOME: I've received two more V-mail letters from you since last I wrote. We spent a couple of days at (censored) and it was swell to watch movies on the fantail again and go swimming and pick up a tan.

We're at sea again now, but we'll 'drop the hook' again soon. There'll be more movies and swimming and beer parties, and I guess we're all hoping that we'll stay at least (censored).

We'll have plenty of dental and medical appointments to make for the crew and supplies to requisition. I hope to see Eddie Glerum. (Note: I said this since my cousin Ed was in the Army somewhere in the Philippines) I haven't heard from Peter.

I hope everything's fine back there, and that I'll be home again one of these months. Your last letter was dated the 17th of May. I received a swell letter from Schulz, which was written from Paris on VE Day. That's about all. Not much I know, but enough to let you know that I'm getting along O.K. Say hello to everyone.

JUNE 10, 1945 LETTER HOME; Just got back from Mass aboard the tender, which we are tied alongside of. That makes two Sundays in a row that we've been able to get to Mass.

Liberty here is not what it used to be. I expect to see my old pal, Wade Miller. His hospital ship is in here. It is hot! Love.



JUNE 14, 1945    LETTER HOME    Somewhere in the Pacific.

Dear Dad and Mom ,

Tonite we saw the technicolor movie, "bathing Beauty", on the fantail, and it pepped me up so that I decided to get a letter off to you this evening. The medical department has been pretty busy the last few weeks, I've been busy mornings, drinking beer on the beach afternoons, and watching movies evenings and putting off writing this letter from one day to the next. Yes, it's a tough life!

The weather's hot, or rather, torrid, and one can expect a brief cloudburst at any time. Evenings, on the fantail, we get a double feature and three showers, all for free. In Addition, we can always watch the movie on the ship next door, if the reel gets dull, by simply turning our heads. More noise and confusion!

Your last V-mails were dated May 28 and June 3. I also heard from Catherine and cousin Chet. I wish now that I had Eddie Glerum's address. I saw my pal, Wade Miller, on his hospital ship. I attended Mass this morning aboard the tender. The third Sunday in a row.

Most of us are as optimistic as you about the number of months till the unconditional surrender of Japan, but it's easy to see that if they decide to fight to a finish, it'll be two years instead of two months till V-J Day. Hirohito would have a hemorrhage, if he could see what we've seen the last few days, but we've learned that the enemy's no pushover.

Wrap up a Chicago Tribune some Sunday and send it to me, will you?

Your loving son.

JUNE (?) 1945    LETTER HOME

Here it is Sunday again. Catholic services are over, but Protestant services have been delayed, due to a high flyin' 'bogie', or unidentified plane, flying around upstairs.

I saw Pete again a few days ago. He gave me some letters that you and John had sent and, after I had read them a few times, several other fellows read them and really enjoyed them. They all commented that you write swell letters. We still don't have any idea why we are not getting any mail, or where it can be. Books magazines and newspapers that happen to come aboard are passed from hand to hand until they are ragged wrecks and everyone seems to have read them

The end of the war in Europe didn't overly excite us, but it knocked our guesses as to when it would all be over down to months, and gave us something to talk about. I feel happy for Jim Kluge and Dick Schulz and all of the old gang in Europe. Your loving son.

June 24, 1945 LETTER HOME

We're asea again, and the heat's pretty terrific, as it has been for the past couple of weeks. I'm taking it easy, though we've had some cases of "cat" fever lately and many of the crew have head colds.

We've really had a swell rest the last couple of weeks. The liberty wasn't quite as nice as when we first anchored there, but we still had cold beer, swimming off the fantail and lots of good movies in the evenings.

We left Norfolk five months ago today, but it doesn't seem that long ago to me. But we're all anxious as hell to get home and I'm constantly thinking up some new plan for my homecoming.

Yours and John's V-mail from the end of May and early June reached me in good time.

I heard from Jim Kluge a few days ago. I was getting a little worried about him and rightly so. He was wounded in France in February and has been hospitalized since in France, England and the U.S. He is quite well now and enjoying Colorado. He was promoted to sergeant and awarded the Purple Heart.

I'm reading Ernie Pyle's Brave Men, which I picked up on a DD

It's a really swell book.

Keep sending those prayers this way. They've done wonders.

JUNE 30, 1945      LETTER HOME.

Received your letter of June 11. It was swell to hear again how things are going at home. I saw Pete for a short time again. He's quite bored and says most of the fellows are getting touchy and irritable. Their mail is now being held up. I'll take your letter to him, if I get a chance.

I'm sitting under a vent in the chow hall keeping cool, and good music is coming from the wardroom. It's hot topside. The chow's fair and I'm getting used to the powdered milk, if it's cold enough to disguise the taste.

I'm learning to play chess, am tanned and taking it easy. Pete is sunburned.

JUNE 2, 1945      LETTER HOME.

Although it's raining and cool topside, it's still plenty hot below decks. I stay out of the sick bay as much as possible on days like this (way above 100 degrees).

We've just "dropped the hook". A small boat has gone after mail. There should be good movies, beer parties and swimming here. All departments have plenty of supplies to requisition. The supply system is truly marvelous.

I'm enclosing money orders and a War Bond. All my love.

JULY 5, 1945      Letter HOME.

Your letters are reaching me now in 8 to 10 days!

Yesterday was the 4th of July. We didn't realize it until we started through the chow line and had a Sunday dinner piled on our trays: steak, french fries, fresh mashed spuds, soup, peas and carrots, celery and olives and pie ala mode! I also won my first chess game.

And we had a second night of uninterrupted sleep.

Peter says he expects to be here for several months yet and according to the latest scuttlebutt (deleted by censor).

It's a beautiful day, with a nice sea breeze, and the news seems to be getting better each day. I'm still guessing that it will all be over by Xmas. Love.

JULY 8, 1945      LETTER HOME.

It's Sunday again. Services on the fantail, a little nicer noon chow and an afternoon movie in the starboard mess hall, something we seldom have while under way. The picture, "In Our Time", was very good. Love.

JULY 12, 1945      LETTER HOME.

I m sending an article from the New York Times, copies of which were distributed to the crew for mailing home. It will give you a pretty good idea how the Jap kamikaze warfare was carried out, and what part the Sims and hundreds of other ships played out in defeating the suicidal attempts to drive us from Okinawa. Four small Jap planes, painted on our bridge, represent the part we played in this action.

The days, for several weeks now, have been too hot.

There's no chance at present of my sending you a snapshot of me aboard or elsewhere. However, I think you'd find me looking about the same as I did last January, except for the tan and a little more weight. The "bogies" didn't bother me enough to change my appearance, but they did give all of us a temporary case of the jitters. Love.

JULY 28, 1945      LETTER HOME.

Pete visited me for once, and I showed him around the sick bay, and the ship. I spent yesterday cleaning the sick bay and getting all the medical gear at various places about the ship in order for today's inspection by our APD division commander. Last night's unexpected events kept me from getting more than two hours sleep, so I'm a little bleary now.



18 JULY, 1945

V-MAIL LETTER HOME

Our mail delivery seems to be fouled up again. We haven't received any for a week. I went with the mail boat this afternoon and found, to my surprise, that Pete's ship is no longer there. They've moved out of the area, and I don't expect to see him for a long time. It was a nice setup while it lasted.

We can see a lot from here. I'm sure the war will be over by Christmas, at the latest. Optimistic, ain't I? I can hope and pray anyway.

The days still pass quickly. I do a lot of reading. Received a copy of Coronet today. Tonight I play in my first chess tournament. My opponent is wearing out his brains practicing next to me, so maybe I've a chance to win. Love.

I've received your V-mails of the 10th and 15th and the papers. It was good to read the hometown newspaper again. Catherine seems to be getting plenty of furloughs and weekends, or maybe it only seems so since my time seems to go so fast out here.

Chet (my cousin) paid Pete (my brother ) a visit on his ship.

The doctor and I get along fine. My duties run in a pattern for the most part, so I seldom take any orders. I know what has to be done and when, so I just go ahead and do it.

APDs only rate a PhM3/c, so it looks like I'm frozen for the duration. The duty here is good, so it doesn't bother me much. Love.

AUGUST 6, 1945 LETTER HOME

We're at anchor now, with greenish-brown shores forming a semi-circle around us and backed up by high, rugged mountains. This is new scenery and gratifying, since it helps relieve the monotony. I had a chance to see Pete again a few days ago, but I was too busy and didn't go over on the mail boat.

It's Sunday. The chicken at noon chow was good. Services on the fantail in the early afternoon and a fairly good movie in the starboard mess-hall. Chess this evening.

I'm breaking in a new pipe from the ship's store.

The weather's too warm for comfortable sleeping below decks. I'd love a cool swim in Lake Michigan.

No mail for a week. I'm studying ethnology from Smithsonian pamphlets I found in the ship's library. I haven't heard from the Armed Forces Institute in the course I requested.

I'm keeping up with the news through the Pony Edison Of Time printed Hawaii. Guess I'll hit the sack. I'm tired. Love.

AUGUST 9, 1945 LETTER HOME

It appears from recent news that the surrender of Japan in the near future is a certainty. The crew is in good spirits, mostly optimistic.

The new bomb and the Russians are responsible.

It's a bit hard to believe that we've developed a weapon as destructive as the atomic bomb. It seems armies and navies will now be a thing of the past. If peace cannot be kept in the future, the next war will really be the war to end all wars. We really have an incentive now to keeping the peace.

I hope to be home for Christmas. Love.

August 15, 1945 LETTER HOME.

We heard the wonderful news at 0830 this morning, and you'd be very surprised to know where we were then. You must be very happy as are we.

This afternoon I put on whites for the first time since leaving Pearl Harbor and held a tray for the commodore of our transport division, on which were four Purple Heart medals. They were awarded to an officer and three enlisted men, who were wounded that moonlit night when we had our last encounter with a Jap suicide plane.

It's looks now like it may be several months before Pete and I come home. We'll be anticipating those orders with gusto. Love.

August 30, 1945 LETTER HOME. (V-mail- first page missing)

filled with occupation troops, mostly U.S. Marines off APAs, were already churning their way to assigned parts of the base (Yokosuka). There are a couple of dozen small Jap ships at anchor near us. As we came in this morning not a Jap was in sight, but "meatball" flags waved from the gun emplacements along the shore. While we were tying up to a buoy, however, two Japs stuck their heads out of a hatch on a nearby freighter, and we got our first glimpse of the enemy. In the afternoon, a boatload of prisoners came alongside, and we scrambled aft to get a look. They lined up on the fantail, all soldiers looking to be between 16 and 60. Some were smiling, some straight-faced. We sent them away.

This section of the naval base is vast and nearly intact, with hundreds of shops and warehouses, but it is lifeless now. Hundreds of flags,

20 AUGUST 1945      LETTER HOME

What's happening to us now is a really unique and interesting experience, and the days to come promise to be even more interesting.

We haven't received any mail recently, but there's plenty to keep me busy of late, and I haven't done much reading or chess playing.

I've  $20\frac{1}{2}$  of the 43 points needed for discharge. At this rate, I should be out of the Navy in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years. Five-tenths of a point is allowed for each month of service and a half point for each year of one's age. Do you think I can get out by next fall?

The war should be formally ended tomorrow or the following day with the signing of the peace treaty. That will really be a great day especially after all the recent suspense. I'm tired. Love.

30 AUGUST 1945      V-MAIL HOME (first page)

Early this A.M., we sailed proudly into Tokyo Bay, moored to a buoy and sent our British, Australian and New Zealand landing force to the beach. Originally, we were supposed to have secured the large naval guns on one of four small islands guarding the approaches to the naval base here at Yokosuka. However, our intelligence found out yesterday that our island disappeared in the earthquake of 1924. So we sailed directly in, four sleek APDs smoothly slicing their way, in Indian file, thru the calm, yellow-green waters of Tokyo Bay. The sky teemed with aircraft, Hellcats, Corsairs, Helldivers and Avengers and graceful B29s, with 'POW SUPPLIES' painted in yellow on their wings. The battlewagons Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin lay grandly at anchor. The Horace Bass (APD 144) was already tied alongside a badly battered Jap 'wagon', which lay at anchor nearby. Several dozen small boats....



27 AUGUST 1945      LETTER HOME

Tonite we lie at anchor in Sagami Bay, just a few hundred yards off the Japanese island of Honshu. It's hard to believe. Except for Fujiyama, towering majestically above the clouds and clearly visible at fifty miles, we might be anywhere.

For the past two weeks, we've been cruising a couple of hundred miles out to sea, waiting for today and the exciting historic days to come. We have aboard part of a British, Australian and New Zealand landing force, composed of sailors and marines from the British battlewagon King George V and the Australian destroyers Nizam and Napier. They're a fine lot, and we've come to know some of them quite well. Their commander, Captain Buchanan, was beachmaster at Dunkirk. As flagship of the 105th Transport Division, we also have half a dozen British correspondents aboard. I will continue on another V-mail. Love.

30 August 1945      V-MAIL HOME (First part missing) (Continued)  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

.... filled with occupation troops, mostly marines off APAs, were already churning their way to assigned parts of the base (Yokosuka). There are a couple of dozen small Jap ships at anchor near us. As we came in this morning, not a Jap was in sight, while flags waved in the breeze from the Jap gun emplacements along the shore. As we were tying up to the buoy, two Japanese heads appeared above a hatch on a freighter seventy-five yards away, and we got our first look at the enemy. This afternoon, a boatload of prisoners came alongside, and the whole crew scrambled to get a look. They lined up on the fantail, all soldiers looking to be 16 to 60, some smiling, some straight-faced. We didn't want them, so we sent them away. This section of the base is vast and nearly completely intact.

There are hundreds of shops, warehouses, etc., but it is all lifeless now. Thousands of flags, pennants, uniforms, guns, knives, bayonets, etc. came out to the ships today, and souvenir hunting seems to have been today's primary occupation ashore. Love.

AUGUST 31, 1945 LETTER HOME.

We have had quite a few fellows on the sick list lately, but we manage to get most of them off it in short order by not sparing the saline, sulfadiazine and penicillin. The hot weather is no inducement either to getting confined to one's sack below decks. A case of dengue fever gave me a workout for about a week, taking temperature and pulse, administering medications, serving chow, etc. Incidentally, we are eating well, with good meat and fresh vegetables and fruit, but some are always complaining before scraping their plates clean. The NZ mutton is gone, at least temporarily. The powdered milk is OK, with ice in it. The baker turns out good bread and pastries.

We didn't get paid on July 15. I had a dollar to my name and decided to try to make it to the next payday without borrowing. I have a dime left now, which I failed to spend on three attempts, since the ship's store is out of candy bars and chewing gum. Tomorrow is payday. I've spent ninety cents in the past 16 days. How's that for cheap living? H.C. Schott is lying on his arm across the table from me, waiting for me to finish this letter so that we can play chess. That's all for now. Love.  
September 5, 1945 TOKYO BAY LETTER HOME.

Two days ago we received our first mail since leaving Okinawa. We should be getting it pretty regularly from now on. Censorship has been abolished, so I can speak my mind now. I imagine some of the fellows are using their new freedom to advantage, cussing out things and persons.

On Sunday morning, while the peace treaty was being signed nearby on the Missouri, I was busily engaged in getting the sick bay ready for inspection. Dr. KELLAM quit his coding watch, and the captain didn't like it, altho the doctor wasn't obliged to stand any sort of watch, so we

had to have a good inspection to appease the big boy's wrath, We got a "very Good".

The broadcast from the Missouri came to us by way of the States, and the static made it nearly unintelligible. At the time, we were anchored 25 to 30 miles away from the Missouri, at the Taka Shima Naval Air Station at Tateyama on Tokyo Bay, where we had landed a temporary occupation force of Marines two days earlier. In the afternoon, in celebration, the entire crew had a beer party ashore on the seaplane ramp. The hangers and other buildings had been pretty thoroughly mauled by our fliers, and the air station appeared to have been out of operation for some time. I was elected SP (shore patrol), but since it was impossible to keep all of the fellows out of the hangers, I mostly just wandered around, using my SP armband and belt as an opportunity to sightsee.

At one end of the hangers there was a beautiful little shrine, on top of a thickly wooded hill. Stone steps, well worn, led under a typical Japanese gateway or tori, past lion-dog statues on pedestals and a great stone slab, covered with Japanese characters, to the summit. The interior of the small shrine was a shambles, the deck littered with debris from drawers and cabinets, small bronze pieces of metal, with intricate designs torn from the many steps of the altars. The souvenir hunting vandals had really done a job. Large photos of Japanese airmen and sailors littered the deck, many of them senselessly torn in half, and we immediately came to the conclusion that this had once been the scene of kamikaze last rites, perhaps even for some flyer who had nearly got us.

On Monday the Army moved into Taka Shima, and we pulled out the Marines and returned them to Yokosuka.

Tokyo Bay is beginning to look like Leyte Gulf the last time we were there. I hope we don't have to sit around here long twiddling our fingers. We can see Yokohama from here and are just a hop from Tokyo. I've been

working hard lately. I m tired, so I'll sign off and tell you more when I get home, I hope it'll be soon. I love travel, but this "through a porthole sruff" isn't very exciting. Love.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1945      LETTER HOME

Your letters take only ten days, Kenosha to Tokyo Bay. Last Tuesday we has reveille at 0415 hours, and at six we sailed up to the docks at Yokohama, The city is supposed to be 44% in ruins, but the docks, warehouses and other waterfront installations are undamaged. Dozens of our AKA's and APA's (cargo and troop ships) and three hospital ships were tied up at the docks, and hundreds of other ships were at anchor in the bay proper. A few rusty Jap freighters wre all that remained here of what was once one of the world's great merchants marine fleets.

We tied up and took aboard an Army processing unit of sixty men and officers. Several hundred Jap soldiers were marched down to the dock, a work party to handle stores in and about the great warehouse in front of us. They seemed disinterested in us and appeared contented and docile, laughing and joking among themselves, as they waited around a mountain of ammunition for their work signal. When one thought of Okinawa and all of the other fight to die battles in the Pacific, one couldn't help but think that they were putting on an act for our bene fit.

I had hopes, as we sailed from Tokyo Bay, of seeing Shikoku, one of the main Japaanese isles to the south, for the processing unit was bound for a prisoner-of-war camp there. We had a movie that evening on the fantail, while under way, so the war must really be over. Yesterday morning we transferred our passnegers to a Fifth Fleet APD off Shikoku. This morning, we sailed back into Tokyo Bay.

Today I am twenty years old.. There were times at Okinawa when I wasn't too sure I'd get to be this old, but God answered your prayers and mine. I did the most earnest praying of my life the night of our last encounter with a kamikaze. I wish I could pray that way all the time.



According to the Navy point system, I've only three years to go in this outfit. As one fellow said, "I don't have points enough to get me back to Okinawa". Of course, I intend to be out in time to start school next fall.

Chief Mobley has his points, and doctors and pharmacist's mates have been taken off the we-intend-to-keep-you-for-a-while-yet The Chief will be leaving in a few days. They intend to rate me PhM2/c, so I'm busy taking tests. I scored 80% in anatomy and physiology, so the rest of the tests should be a cinch.

John would be a fool not to finish school. I don't<sup>to</sup> write any Murphy girl, but if she's sweet and pretty, I will. Love.

16 September, 1945 TOKYO BAY Letter Home

We're shoving off this afternoon for the northern tip of Honshu, so I figured that I'd better write while I have the chance to get a letter mailed.

Yesterday morning I went with a liberty party to the city of Yokosuka and, to say the least, the excursion was a unique experience. At the gate we were told that the liberty didn't commence until 1200, but we managed to get around the sentries and into the city.

We came out in the railway station, a rambling wood building, where many people were waiting for the electric train into Tokyo, and Yokohama. Immediately out of the station, the trains pass through a series of tunnels under a high hill and out of the city. The base of the hill was pocked with air raid shelters. All of the city of Yokosuka is built on or between hills and only a small part of the city is visible from any one spot.

Most of the people smiled, bowed or saluted when we passed, and all made a visible effort to keep out of our way, stepping aside as we approached.

The people looked healthy, but God knows what they eat, for I didn't see a food store anywhere. I did see two rotten fish in front of one

little shop and a wagonload of rice being taken into a cleaning mill,

All males between five and fifty wore a Jap army uniform or part of one. The women wore a baggy or loose one-piece garment belted at the waist and puffed at the ankles and the middle of their forearms or the slacklike bottom half of that garment with a blouse. The patterns were pretty and bright. Clogs or sandals served as footwear. We saw a few human pack-horses also, usually old men or women, toting a load that would break a horse's back. Most of the women had rouged cheeks and some wore lipstick. Some were quite attractive.

Most of the buildings were ramshackle, wooden and filthy. There was nothing to buy anywhere, except junk. The people gladly paid 10 yen (\$.67) for a nickel pack of cigarettes. More later. Love.

24 SEPTEMBER 1945    LETTER HOME    TOKYO BAY

We sailed from Norfolk eight months ago today. At times it doesn't seem possible I've been away that long and then again it seems like ages.

Tomorrow we take the APD BASS' place as barracks ship at Yokosuka. There'll be no more wet, hour-long rides in an LCVP to the beach. All we'll have to do is step ashore and thru the gate to liberty.

The weather's nice here. cool but sunny or slightly overcast. It was chilly on the fantail during the movie this evening.

Tomorrow, when we dock, I'm going over to the Benevolence (hospital ship) for a chest X-ray. We've had another case of pneumonia, with possible TB, so as many of us are able are having X-rays taken.

The mail situation is OK again. Too fast in fact, except for your letters and John's and Catherine's. She's not a bad sister, when I'm out here. The war has brought all of us closer together. I hope it'll be that way when we're all together again. It seems a shame that I had to come all this way in order to realize how lucky I am to have the most wonderful parents in the world and such swell brothers and sister.

20 SEPTEMBER 1945

LETTER HOME

TOKYO BAY

We've just returned from a four-day, fourteen -hundred mile round trip to Iwo Jima, to pick up seventy pounds of our mail, which was isolated there.

We stayed at Iwo for approximately four hours. If you could see that tiny little island, setting out there in the middle of nowhere, you'd find it hard to believe that we suffered 20,000 casualties in taking that bit of volcanic rock and that, in the final accounting, it had proved worth that awful price.

While at Iwo, we lost better than ten per cent of our crew, including Chief Pharmacist Mobley, to the 44 point going- home system. That sort of makes me leading, and sole, pharmacist's mate and also eligible, at last, for a second class rating. My duties won't be much heavier as I've been doing much of the department's work since I reported aboard.

I think the only reason that we're staying out here is that our presence impresses upon the Japs the fact that Tokyo Rose was wrong- all the destroyers and destroyer-type ships weren't sunk at Okinawa.

Today we received the first mail in about two weeks. Thanks for the Telegraph-Couriers and sections of the Trib. The days slide by like hours. It's misnite. Love.

3 OCTOBER 1945

LETTER HOME

TOKYO BAY

The weather today is cool and damp, and the sky is partially overcast. It rained this morning. I decided to stay aboard the afternoon and answer some of the 12 letters I 've received in the last 10 days.

I've been busy lately with routine sick call, "sack" patients, emergency work and monthly and quarterly reports. My duties, in addition to liberty and nightly movies, plus eating and sleeping, go to make up each fast, full day. Yesterday, we transferred our ship's cook, first class, to the Benevolence (hospital ship) with a diagnosis undetermined. He may be our third case of pneumonia, though many of the crew contended that he had just sampled his own cooking.

I've lost a little weight recently. My stomach seems to have gotten a little finicky with the chow. I've no doubt your cooking will get me back to normal in no time, mom.

Commodore Kessing, who was formerly in charge of recreation at Ulithi Atoll, has fixed up the enlisted fine in Yokosuka. We went ashore two days ago and sampled the facility. The beer garden turned out to be a large, modern hotel, which we had passed a number of times on our way to and from town. The beer hall was a very large conference room, nicely lighted and ventilated and clean, adjoined by a large patio. There is a large theatre on the top deck. Only two rules had to be complied with. "Don't give beer to the Japs" and "Don't spit or throw butts on the deck".

A beer chit sold for 5 yen (33 cents) and entitled one to three 12-oz. cans of cold Schlitz or Pabst. No limit. Bill Parris, radio-man from Rapid City, S.D., and I joined a torpedoman from Salt Lake, and we proceeded to have a party. Bill got a little wild and began to give orders to the Jap table boys, who scurried to obey, bowing and scraping



It was really very funny, and we laughed our sides out, but an SP eventually told us to take it easy, and we all tuned down. All in all, a very pleasant afternoon.

The breeze is fresh and cool as I write this at an open hatch in the starboard mess hall. Astern are the huge cranes and installations of Yokosuka. Off our bow, the impressive and beautiful 45,000 ton New Jersey is at anchor and, one hundred yards from her, the Nagato, last of the Jap battle ships, sits badly battered, blackened and forlorn. Two other battle wagons, scores of other ships are plainly visible on the waters of the bay.

We may not be home for several months. Scuttlebutt has it that we are going to tour Japan with a bombardment survey unit. Love.

I believe Peter's here in the bay. I'll have to check with the signal bridge. I hope he is here , so we can get together again. He was stuck at Okinawa too long.

I hope we'll be coming home soon. I can't really complain about the duty aboard the SIMS, but after being couped up all these months with the same faces on a small ship, I feel that a change of scenery, routine and bosses would do all of us a lot of good.

I enjoyed the sections from the Chicago Sunday Trib. I don't find much time for reading except Time. About all we get on the radio from the States is news.

I picked up a dozen new issues of stamps at the P.O. in Yokosuka.

5 OCTOBER 1945 TOKYO HARBOR LETTER HOME

Yesterday we sailed up the bay past Yokohama to Tokyo. The blackened ruins of this once great capital of the Japanese Empire are spread desolately about us; the dome of the new modern Diet Building rises in the distance against the stormy sky.

Out in the bay hundreds of ships of the U.S. fleet ride grandly at anchor. Here in Tokyo's harbor there are scarcely two dozen ships at anchor or tied up at the docks. Besides the Sims, there is the World War I cruiser Detroit, the victory ship Tucson Victory, a few smaller U.S. ships, a 'Limey' 'can' and a dozen Jap freighters and 'sugar Charlies'.

Opposite us is the port director's office, a station and barracks of the black uniformed, saber totin' thought control police, a small dwelling and twenty uniform warehouses. The police don't bother us. We think as we please.

Today a monsoon warning put the skids on our first planned sightseeing in Tokyo. Tomorrow I plan to ride the jam-packed electric train that regularly rumbles by on its way to 'Sixth Avenue'. The past two weeks have been mostly wet and gray. This morning , we admitted two more cases of 'cat' fever to the sick list.

Last evening our movie was rained out. So were the score of Japs who watched, impressed no doubt, from the dock. They were probably having a helluva time trying to figure it out anyway. They'd probably never seen anything quite so nice. It was sort of a musical comedy and in Technicolor. I know, since I saw part of one of their movies in Yokosuka.

We'll probably get the bomb survey unit people aboard in 4 or 5 days, and be off to who knows where. As you say, Dad, "I'll see you in church". Love.

9 OCTOBER 1945

LETTER HOME

TOKYO BAY

We're underway to Yokosuka from Tokyo and, after picking up some Krations, we'll be heading for Hiroshima with a bomb survey unit. Three days ago, we filled our freeze boxes to capacity with meat and vegetables and loaded our marine stowage space to the overhead with canned goods. We've taken aboard more supplies and equipment since then, making for a fairly good workout. Yesterday, we unloaded ten or twelve tons of boxed army rations, which came aboard by mistake. Last evening, we loaded 11 jeeps and seven trailers on our fantail and a small Jap auto, which some sailors off the British DD Bataan had given to one of the crewmen. According to scuttlebutt, we'll have some 200 atomic bomb survey unit officers and men aboard, from generals to privates. Actually, we only have about thirty now. I think most have gone down there by plane. I imagine we'll be a barracks ship.

On Sunday, we made liberty in Tokyo. It was really great. We passed miles of rubble on our way in, once factories and homes but now one vast junkyard, with a few partial buildings or lonely smokestacks, which had withstood the blockbusters and incendiaries, jutting up from the terrible ruin. People had built or were building small shacks or shelters of corrugated iron sheets or boards salvaged from the ruins, and some had small, neat gardens growing before them. They paid little attention to us as we strolled by, and I saw no looks of animosity. I felt sorry for the smiling, friendly children, whose chances for a happy, healthful life had been disrupted.

The modern city center was mostly unscathed, but, now and then, we passed an empty lot, where a large building had been, and people were hunting in the rubble of stone and twisted, rusted steel. I'll finish later. Love.



9 OCTOBER 1945

LETTER HOME

Our departure for Hiroshima at 1600 was cancelled, so I thought I'd finish the letter I began this morning. The first part is now in Yokosuka. Continuing our tour of the heart of Tokyo, we passed thru Shibiya Naval Park, a pretty place, where many Japs, in Sunday finery, were spending a peaceful afternoon strolling or sitting on the benches chatting. At the far end of the park, we came to the great moat that surrounds the royal palace. We crossed the moat on one of several roads leading to another big park area below the palace, but we couldn't get close enough to see it. The palace stands on a large bluff covered with woods and cannot be seen from the park area. Thousands of Japanese and American servicemen were enjoying the park. We got as far as the second guard at the main entrance to the palace.

After a stroll up to the great Diet (Parliament) Building, we circled back past Shibiya Park to the moat, passing the only badly bombed part of the business district, but we only covered part of it. Several blocks were flattened and one huge building was completely gutted.

Opposite MacArthur's headquarters the moat turned a right angle, and many people were watching the giant carp there. We watched the prettiest Japanese girl we'd come across.

We then joined the mob standing in the street before the headquarters building. In a few minutes the general himself strutted out, acknowledged the crowd's interest in him with a smile and a salute-wave, stepped into his shining Cadillac and was driven away.

While resting our "dogs" in the royal park area, I helped a friendly young Jap with his English. He carried a satchel of books printed in English. I read to him from a Jap-written book printed in Tokyo in 1942, about the family, the home, the community. The

back chapters were concerned with the Co-Prosperity Sphere. I told him I thought he should have turned the book in, that we were now publishing our own books for their consumption. He smiled.

I dropped in at the R.A.A. and had a swell timw. I'm sending an article giving you an idea about what the R.A.A. is. I don't know myself.

Six of us commandeered a small Jap truck, and he brought us to within two blocks of our dock. We offered him 10 yen (67 cents) in our generosity, but he refused it. All in all, it was some day! I hope I can get into Tokyo again. I'm still not observant enough.

Chow's down, and I want to get a shower before evening sick call. Your loving son.

14 OCTOBER 1945

The former great naval base at Kure is the most quiet and picturesque port I've been to since Pearl Harbor. The day is sunny, yet cool and hazy, and the deep green waters of this vast anchorage are sparkling in the sunlight.

The country about is mountainous and heavily wooded with evergreen, and beautiful, light green terraced fields climb the hillsides. Half a dozen villages are nestled on the shore on all sides. Looking out the open hatch in the messhall, where I am writig, I can see the large battleship-carrier Ise resting on the bottom. She was crippled during the last few months of the war by our planes and scuttled.

We entered the Inland Sea yesterday morning, passing through the strait between the Japanese home islands of Kyushu and Shikoku, which were clearly visible on either side of us. The sea was quite rough on the way down from Tokyo Bay. It was the aftermath of the typhoon which delayed our sailing two days. After a month of the smooth waters in Tokyo Bay, some of the crew had to find their sea stomachs

again and got sick during the indoctrination. My record is still 100% intact , as far as seasickness is concerned. Okinawa is now experiencing 130 mile-per- hour winds. That island has really been getting it solid the last few months. Do you know where Peter is?

Some of us attended Mass this morning on the cruiser Montpelier and afterwards, caught a mess of blowfish off the focsle (forecastle). As we took them off the hooks they hissed and puffed up like balloons. We had a lot of fun. Some fish!

Hiroshima is 15 miles away. The B-29s mined the anchorage with pressure mines, and I guess nobody knows just how to sweep them, so our survey unit has to go to Hiroshima from here by jeep. Love.

19 OCTOBER 1945      HIRO WAN, HONSHU

It's a beautiful afternoon again here in Hiro Bay, cloudy and cool. The mail situation is still nil. I'm anxious to know what's doing at home and where Peter is.

None of the crew has had a chance as yet to see Hiroshima, but a third of the crew gets recreation or liberty eachday. The rec party goes to the rocky, wooded isle of Nasake, and the liberty parties go to the small town of Hiro or to Kure. I've drawn two rec parties on Nasake thus far. On Nasake one gets four cans of cold Schlitz and is free to roam the wooded hills. After crowded living on a small ship, it's really swell to get one's feet on dry land and run around a bit. We all need plenty of exercise. From the top of the highest hill on Nasake, one gets a beautifully panaramic view for fifty miles around of bays and channels, hills and mountains and rocky, wooded islands.

The Ise rests on the bottom of the bay about fifty yards off one side of nasake Jima. The water comes nearly up to her main deck, but we explored her superstructure one day, climbing by rusty, twisted ladders from compartment to compartment of her gutted, bomb blasted, shrapnel torn interior. She was a complete mass of wreckage and the

carnage must have been awful. I was glad when the time came to climb back aboard our landing boat and head home.

There are enough ships here with which we can trade movies, so we still have a new one to look forward to each evening. Hope to see you about the middle of January. love.

25 OCTOBER 1945      HIRO WAN, HONSHU

We've just tied up alongside the tender Vulcan, for a four-day availability, which was cut yesterday from 10 days, so that we can take a load of jeeps somewhere nearby. We are probably transporting the jeeps because there is no road to that place, which gives you an idea as to how rugged this area is. Our liberty on Nasake for this afternoon has just been cancelled.

About 20 more of the crew will leave for home on 1 November. By the time we sail for home half the crew, or 100 men, will have departed. There's a good chance we will complete our current job and sail for home about 1 December.

We've had no mail for three weeks now, and I miss the letters more than I did after six weeks without them at Okinawa.

The chow's been pretty lousy lately, but I guess I can make up for it when I get home to your wonderful cooking. Breakfast usually isn't worth attending. The powdered milk is warm, and the cereal is always stale. When we have cooked cereal, it's brick heavy mush. The coffee's black as coal and bitter as hell, but I doctor it with canned milk. The 'collision mats' (pancakes) could double for what their nickname implies. Stewed prunes are frequent. Sometimes we have fried Spam and then fried Spam again, with tomato sauce, at lunch.

We do have quite a bit of good meat, but the cooks don't know how to prepare the dehydrated spuds. The canned vegetables are good, and there is plenty of butter and fresh bread.



When I get home, I think I'll live on fresh milk, fresh fried or scrambled eggs, fresh fruit and raw vegetables, and I'll eat everything on my tray. Nothing for the dog. Love.

28 OCTOBER, 1945

HIRO WAN, HONSHU

I've been to Hiro, and now that I've seen it, I don't believe I'll bother going again. It was the same old story- dust, stench, smiling Japs, little to see, nothing to buy and I'm beginning to think that once a person has seen any one of Japan's war-ruined towns or cities, he's seen them all. Or perhaps it's just that we're too restricted.

This is occupied Japan and we are the occupation forces, but the Japs have a helluva lot more freedom than we, that is, those of us without gold bars on our shoulders. The officers have a chance, but I'll have to come back and see Japan after the War. However, I'm glad I'm here.

Yesterday, the doctor and a couple of other officers went sight-seeing by jeep up to Hiroshima, where, of course, there was nothing to see but devastation, and on from there 20 or 25 miles to a beautiful resort-type area whose name translated means Isle of Shrines. They left their jeeps and crossed to the isle by ferry and walked the paths thru piney parks, where tame deer grazed peacefully, and viewed numerous elaborate shrines. They purchased silk handkerchiefs, printed with typical Japanese scenes in beautiful muted colors, for a pack of cigarettes. I could do with some of that kind of liberty.

Our first mail in three weeks came yesterday. I deduced from your letters that Peter is, or was, at Wakayama. DDs from here make courier runs up there about every other day.

We're now tied up to a tender. It was sure convenient to attend Mass this morning. Up the gangway into the Vulcan's CPO mess, instead

of having to make a long small boat trip to church. Love.

28 OCTOBER 1945      HIRO WAN, HONSHU

During the past two days, we've received 24 replacements aboard for some of the sailors who have gone home. Today, PhM3/c Tom Kaczor, from New Jersey, reported aboard for duty, so I now have an assistant, and my work will be cut in half. Some racket! And pretty good pay, too! \$114 per month, plus clothing allowance. And I get my room and board free, also!

Fresh spuds came aboard yesterday and some fresh apples and oranges. I's tired, so I'll hit the sack. Your loving son.

5 NOVEMBER 1945

Now that I've seen Hiroshima, I'm ready to come home. I've seen the many square miles of blackened rubble, with the skeletal remains of the hardier structures standing or leaning here and there to relieve the monotony. I know that this catastrophic devastation was caused by a single bomb, yet it is quite unbelievable, beyond comprehension, too much for the mind to grasp.

Many of the children shouted "Hello" as we rode by and there were many warm smiles; others didn't look at us as we passed, but continued on their way, with sober, impassive faces. The Londoners couldn't have taken their blitz with any more stout-heartedness. Their were many bandages.

On the way to and from Hiroshima, we passed the remains of a good portion of the Jap battle fleet. There was a carrier, capsized, with its props fanning the breeze; a battered cruiser resting on the bottom; a large and a small carrier afloat, but probably badly mauled. The battle carrier Hyuga, sitting on the bottom a stone's throw from shore, her concrete catapult deck looking like an erupted section of highway. The water comes to her main deck, and the "pagoda" (superstructure) is terribly mangled. The Haruna, which Colin Kelly

reportedly sank, is reportedly here also.

Last evening , we had a 'happy hour' in place of the customary movie. We borrowed a band from the Vulcan, some able entertainers from the Compton (DD-705), threw in a sprinkling of Sims talent and came up with a fine show, stage, spotlights and scenery included. Each sailor in the audience was given a couple of good cigars and told to applaud noisily. Today the talent was rewarded with a special sandwich and a beer party.

Cousin Chet's PC escorted the first convoy here on 8 October. We arrived on 13 October, so I missed him by four days. He's now in Guam waiting transportation to Pearl and home.

The doctor went souvenir hunting by jeep yesterday. He brought back some beautiful silk kimonos, scarfs and handkerchiefs. He brought some nice pieces of lacquerware for me, which I'll send home with some other little items which I picked up, three handkerchiefs, and a charm bracelet from Hawaii, for you, Mom. I received your letters of the 11th and the 18th. I drew \$124 pay today. See you in January- I hope. Love.

15 NOVEMBER 1945      HIRO WAN, HONSHU

The days pass swiftly. It's hard to keep track of them. I have five letters to answer. Many sacks of popular magazines and books have come aboard recently, supplied by the Navy. The sickbay is littered with Time and Life and the Post.

The doctor may be leaving soon, so we are inventorying all of our medical supplies and equipment. There are many hundreds of items stored throughout the ship, in drawers, lockers, freeze boxes, battle boxes and pouches. What a job!

Twenty more crewmen left for home on the Montpelier, a few days ago. Half the crew is new now.

I just about busted my back yesterday unloading fresh spuds, oranges,

apples, eggs and celery from one of our small boats. The chow ought to pick up for a while now.

We have a football "pool" each week, and our division is winding up our second pinochle tournament. The movies have been good. We should be back up in Tokyo Bay by the 27th of the month and hope to get our orders to return to the States soon after that.

I'm sending some pictures from a magazine, One is of the Jap 'wagon' Hyuga, which we boarded returning from Hiroshima. The landing boats in the Yokosuka landing picture aren't ours, but we were right behind. When we entered Tokyo Harbor from Tokyo Bay, we passed right by the flak islands in the third picture.

It was nice to know that everything is fine at home. Love.

22 November 1945 HIRO WAN, HONSHU            LETTER HOME

This Thanksgiving Day and holiday routine. Reveille at 0700, instead of 0630. But then I usually wake up about 0745. Today I awoke at 0845, because we played pinochle until 0115 this morning. Navy life is tough!

It rained all day yesterday. In the late afternoon, we took a crewman, with cerebrospinal fever, over to an Army Base Hospital. It was a flimsy former Jap facility. While there, I got an unaccustomed thrill- talking to a white woman, an Army nurse. While waiting, in a garage, for our boat back to the Sims, we were entertained by a cute, 5-year-old Japanese boy, barefooted, in short pants, an old tattered coat and a large felt hat, which came down to his chin. He was the center of attraction and quite at home and warm, with the cold rain outside.

The little fellow exhibited the result of the day's scavenging to us, a deep pocket and a cloth bag heavy with candy bars, chewing gum, C and K rations, cigarette butts, etc., conversing the while with



the interpreters in Japanese. We got a lot of laughs in the translation. When he cut his finger on a can of army marmalade, which he was sampling, an officer put on a bandaid. When he dropped one of his cigarette butts, he ordered another officer to pick it up for him. He didn't care to get his feet on the cold, damp deck. I saw an interesting notice on the garage bulletin board- "Lost. One half-ton trailer full of electrical supplies".

Today is beautiful, sunny and mild. We're all feeling pretty good, since it looks like there's a pretty good chance that we'll be on our way home next week at this time. This evening we're to have a big Thanksgiving dinner, with all the trimmings. The Navy doesn't forget holidays. And Happy hour tonite.

Tom Kaczor and I lost the last pinochle tournament. I won \$6.60 in the football "pool".

Hope to see you in January. Your loving son.

24 NOVEMBER 1945      HIRO WAN, HONSHU      LETTER HOME

Just a line to let you know that I'm a-comin' home. We're shoving off for Yokosuka bright and early on Monday. We'll take on provisions there and then head for Pearl by the Great Circle Route. We're scheduled for San Diego and should pull into our East Coast port between the 5th and 15th of January.

I hate to leave Japan without really having seen much of it, but since I'm in the Navy and this is the occupation, I probably wouldn't get my wishes if I stayed here another five years. Be seeing you in 60 days. Start counting! Love.

27 NOVEMBER 1945      AT SEA      LETTER HOME

The sky is overcast and the sea somewhat rough, but I'm feeling O.K., since I've decided there's no sense in getting sick at this late stage in my tour of sea duty.

We'll fuel at Yokosuka in Tokyo Bay tomorrow morning and then

put to sea on an 11-day cruise to Pearl Harbor. We have 200 Navy passengers aboard, bound for home and discharge, so we are fully loaded. I imagine a lot of them will leave the ship at San Diego. I received three letters the night before we sailed from HiroWan, one of them from Peter and two months old.

The showers are for the ship's company (the crew) right now, so I'll close. See you in January. Your loving son.

6 DECEMBER 1945            MIDWAY ISLAND            TELEGRAM HOME

Arrived Midway Island today. Pretty place. Beautiful day. Love

9 DECEMBER 1945            PEARL HARBOR, OAHU            LETTER HOME

We tied up at 1800 hours last evening and, half an hour later, half the crew was strolling the streets of Honolulu. It was great to set foot on good old terra firma again. The biggest event of the evening was a stop at a milk bar. That cold, fresh milk was really great after a year without. We were too excited for a sit down meal, but we ate all evening anyway- ham sandwiches, fruit sundaes, malted milks, popcorn, potato chips and licorice. King Street was all decked out for Christmas. It was wonderful to be back to civilization again, with bright lights and nice shops and these exotic looking Hawaiian girls. We stopped at the huge, beautiful U.S.O., and I found out that I can still dance.

It rained all day today. We received lots of mail. I checked for the IST 890 (Peter's ship), but it isn't in. Maybe he's in the States by now. I spent two hours in the rain hunting for Bob Kollman's barracks. I finally found it, but he wasn't in, and I got lost coming back to the ship.

If the weather is nice tomorrow, I'll take a bus tour of Oahu. If not, I'll take in the Dole pineapple tour and Waikiki Beach, and the doctor wants to treat me to a steak dinner.

We leave Tuesday for San Diego and should arrive by the 18th.

If we're there long enough, I'll apply for a pass to L.A.

Before we left Tokyo, we off loaded all food that is hard to procure out there. We were on starvation rations for a week, but today we got fresh stores aboard. Tonite we had potato salad and celery and delicious apples at supper - and bread.

I was just called down to the sick bay, to patch up one of the passengers who had a few too many in Honolulu and got in a fight with a barbed wire fence.

Big day ahead tomorrow. Lots of sleep to catch up on, so I'll say goodnight, read your letters again, wash my face and hit the rack. Oh yes, Dad. You won't have to scold me about wasting water again. We're at the dock now, with water to waste, but I'm so used to navy showers, that I can't waste much anymore. Love.

17 December 1945      LETTER HOME

We've picked up the U.S. on our radar and tomorrow morning we'll be in San Diego. The 2200 miles from Pearl took a week, but the time went fast for me. Dr. Kellam left us in Pearl. His orders had been mailed about the time we left Japan, but he didn't get the message until about Pearl Harbor. So, for the past week I have been top medical man for nearly four hundred sailors, with Tom Kaczor, PhM3/c, as my assistant. The captain and exec have kept their noses out of my department altogether, so I have been on an entirely independent status.

A Commander Crothers, one of two doctors among the passengers, helped us with any major problems which came up, but he didn't try to take over. He's a regular fellow, helpful and considerate. The job will be easier after San Diego, as many of the passengers should disembark there.

I had a full day's liberty in Pearl, from 0800 to 2400 (16 hrs.) and we had a grand time in Honolulu and Waikiki. I wish that I could

have spent more time there. Oh, yes! A few days ago , we received some good news on our destination. We're going to New York, not Charleston, from the Canal Zone. When our availability there expires, we'll go to Green Cove River, south of Jacksonville, designated as the APD graveyard, for decommissioning. Love.

20 DECEMBER 1945          POSTCARD HOME

I'm writing this in the kitchen at Aunt Amanda's (L.A.). I hitchhiked up from San Diego this morning. Chet (cousin) is here. At long last. I haven't seen him as yet, as he is out with Bill. This evening I'll get to see a little of Los Angeles and then head back to San Diego. We shove off for the Canal Zone at 0900 in the morning.

22 DECEMBER 1945          AT SEA OFF THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO

These are the sort of days which might induce a fellow to sign over, if he had no plans for the next few years of civilian life or is inclined to be pessimistic because of the situation at home today.

Since leaving San Diego three days ago, the sea has been calm and blue and the days fresh and sunny and, off to port, the mountainous coast of Mexico or islands lying off it have been continuously visible. Last night, as we sat on the fantail in the cool sea breeze and watched the movie, a great, beautiful yellow moon rose up, and everyone's attention was diverted from the unnatural screen to the natural beauty in the sky.

Two of the past few days have been 'holiday' routine, so the men could rest up from merrymaking in San Diego and Tiajuana, but to most of us each day is now a holiday and the same old wonderful routine.

After dropping our 200-odd, high point passengers at San Diego, the ship settled back like magic to easy going calm and orderliness, after the turmoil and sloveliness of the past month. There are but 110 of us left from the former crew of 200, but the ship is being run efficiently, and very few men have had to double up on duties. I d



guess that 90% of the crew are between 18 and 23 years of age. We're just one big happy gang of boys.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing of late has been the improvement in the chow. Fresh milk is served at every meal, and fresh fruits and lettuce, celery, carrots, etc. are part of every chow. The Spam and beef-rice stew and dehydrated foods have been forgotten.

Most of us have little to do, plenty of time for sunbathing, reading, writing and what have you. Mr. Rice is preparing a big Christmas program, Santa Claus, presents and all, and today Tom and I decorated the Three Christmas trees. Our ornaments were brass and aluminum turnings and long strips of cotton, sprayed with an atomizer in red (mercurochrome), green (food coloring), purple (gentian violet) and orange (merthiolate). They're pretty, if I must say so myself.

I hope you have a grand Christmas. Don't worry about ours. It'll be nice, and I won't be homesick. I've some nice presents for you, but they'll have to be a little late.

We'll arrive in Balboa, C.Z., on the 30th and in New York on the 5th of January, but it may be some time before we're granted leaves.

My visit to L.A. was short but sweet. The Engels drove me back to San Diego. We left L.A. about 3:30 AM and arrived in San Diego in time for early Mass at the cathedral and breakfast, before my boat back to the ship. I'm eating the dates Aunt Amanda gave me. The Engels and cousin Chet look fine. Uncle Henry is a lot of fun. I ate so much good cooking that I developed a stomach ache. Uncle Henry didn't help out by pointing out all sorts of food in the Hollywood shops and asking if I wanted any. I stepped in Red Skelton's footprints outside Grauman's Chinese Theater. I'll tell you more when I get home. Thanks for the subscription to Coronet. Love.

3 FEBRUARY 1946

LETTER HOME

We're out of drydock now, and the ship really looks sharp topside and is getting sharp below deck. Our replacements are beginning to arrive, and soon we'll be putting out to sea again. I'll be eligible for discharge about 20 April, so I don't especially care to go out in the Pacific again.

Our party at the Savoy-Plaza was a huge success. Lots of pictures were taken, and I'll send them when I get mine. We had a good seven-piece band and loads of beer, punch and sandwiches. The punch was well spiked, and a great time was had by all. There were three large rooms for our use, a banquet and dance hall and two lounges. I took my little Italian girl from the Bronx (Helen Baroncelli), and she really was dolled up and in a good mood, after passing her exams at the Fashion Institute of Technology and Design, where she goes to school. We got balled up in the subways afterward, and it was 0630 before I arrived back at the Sims.

The following evening Dick and I took in the Sonja Henie Ice Revue at Madison Square Garden. It was some show.

I took a Greyhound bus to Stroudsburg, Pa. on Saturday morning. Dick Wilson went home on Friday evening, but I had a dental appointment for Saturday morning. My teeth are all in good shape again now. It was a beautiful trip up, especially in the mountains around the Delaware Water Gap.

On Saturday evening Dick and I went on a double date to a place called the Rancho over in New Jersey. My girl was a beautiful Irishman named Fitzpatrick, with brains and wit and a good dancer. She's a cadet nurse over in Bethlehem.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Dick's brother, Jim, and a swell neighbor girl, Jean Florey, and I went up to the Wilsons' cabin in the mountains. Jim, Jean and I hiked thru the woods over the crusted snow for a couple of miles, and the air was cold and

invigorating and the sun shining. We had a .22 and did some target shooting, When we arrived back at the cabin, huffing and puffing and cold, there was a nice fire burning, and we sat around for a couple of pleasant hours playing games like Famous Personalities and cracking jokes and laughing. They're a crazy family, and I hope we'll be here next weekend, so I can come up again.

I've been pretty busy the past week. Transferred four fellows to the Brooklyn Naval Hospital for various illnesses and injuries. One was Swanson, genial, good looking blonde coxswain, a good kid, who was eligible for discharge yesterday. He got a really raw deal at the ship's party. When he got a little rowdy, Mr Rice ordered a big brute of an S.P. named McMahon to quiet him. McMahon promptly punched Swanson in the face, knocking him cold and busting his nose. You should have heard one of the guest girls swear at Mr. Rice.

It turned really cold today. The ship is like an icebox. The yard workmen have hoses running through the hatches, so they can't be closed. We wear our foul weather gear or fur-lined jackets to chow. I ran the sick bay distilling apparatus all afternoon to get this place halfway warm.

Your Christmas package arrived in great shape. The contents are really good. My Ancient History course from the U. of Wisconsin also arrived. I hope to be able to tackle it in a couple of weeks.

I'm down to \$5 and payday isn't for another two weeks, so would you please send \$50 of my savings. I want to buy a Hamilton watch from the ship's store. Don't ask where my dough went. All I can say is that two can't go out as cheaply as one in New York. I'll put the money back in my account, so that I can go to Mexico this summer.

P. S. I just recalled where some of my pay went. I spent \$10 for 6 scivy shirts, six shorts 3 towels, a pair of leather gloves and a white scarf. Love.

10 February 1946

LETTER HOME

BROOKLYN

Last Thursday we loaded allof our ammo back aboard. We'll be headed for Norfolk as soon as a few more replacements arrive, which could be any day - or month.

I've been hitting the beach on borrowed dough the past week, so we've had to neglect the girls mostly and rely on 99 Park Avenue (the U.S.O.) for amusement. We've seen several good movies gratis and the musical "Up in Central Park". We've found it fairly easy to spend a nice liberty on a buck.

I think I've traveled a thousand miles in the subways, but I still get fouled up once in a while. I think the average New Yorker spends a good part of his life underground and is a mole at heart. I've spent as many as four hours in the subways on a single liberty.

The weatner's been as good as one can expect, but it's still the wrong time of the year to see New York City.

I have the duty this weekend and things are very quiet. Letters to answer. I'll be home for good before long. Love.

22 February 1946

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

LETTER HOME

Today is Washington's Birthday, and we're enjoying a little holiday routine. I'm taking time out from my customary pastime, reading, to catch up on a few letters.

Norfolk doesn't seem like much of a city, after New York, but I'm better off than most, because I've met a swell girl here. She's strictly Rebel, but grandly hubba-hubba, diminutive and pretty, and custodian of the most charming Southern accent one could ever hope to lay ears on. I met her at a U.S.O. dance in November, 1944, while I was attending Independent Duty School at Ocean View, Va. But in a week Dot'll be leaving for N.Y.C. and the Barbizon School of Modeling. That's life!



I felt a little sad at leaving New York and all its glitter before I had seen my fill of its multitude of sights and attractions, but I guess there's really no reason for thinking that I won't be able to see it all in grander style at some future date, and I did get around a lot more than my average shipmate.

On my last night in New York, Dick and I obtained tickets to the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, then didn't use them. Instead, we took our two Stroudsburg girlfriends, who live in New York, to the 8th Street Theatre and Nick's in Greenwich Village. A wonderful jazz band was playing, and while we were there who should walk in but Jackie Coogan. We all had a wonderful evening, although we did miss the Ballet Russe.

If I'm not shanghied, I'll be discharged on the 15th of April. From here our destination, if any, is anyone's guess.

I imagine brother Pete is really enjoying civilian life again. Has Catherine been home on leave?

There aren't many of us old hands left on the Sims anymore, and in a few months we'll all be gone. The weather is swell. The harbor (Brooklyn) is swarming with ships of all types, quite a sight, and the massive carrier Midway is tied up nearby.

I bought the Hamilton wristwatch from the ship's store (20 dollars) and she runs like a clock. Love to all.

8 MARCH 1946                      LETTER HOME                      NORFOLK ,VA.

Last Sunday, Dot flew off to New York and out of my life, and for the past week I've been all alone and lonely in Norfolk.

This morning I sadly transferred my best buddy to the naval hospital for observation. He left me his pretty blonde girlfriend, as a going away present, which was very nice of him.

I've spent all of this week's liberty at the nearby Fleet Recreation Park. There's more to do there than in town, at a fraction of the cost, and the round trip takes only fifteen minutes, as compared to 1½ to 2 hours into town. I swam three straight nights in the 44-yard indoor pool, drank good beer at 10¢ for 12 ounces and saw two good movies for 5¢ each. On Wednesday there was a dance.

The weather has been wonderful. We still don't know anything about our future. We received a speed letter today stating that a chief pharmacist was due to arrive for duty. My partner, Tom Kaczor, is leaving in a week. I'll probably remain attached, even though we'll be over medical complement, since I've only a month to go.

Dr. Kellam was aboard again last weekend. He can't seem to say goodbye to his old ship. He's studying neuro-psychiatry at Washington University and being paid \$500 a month while doing so. He invited me to Cape Charles for dinner next Sunday.

Yesterday I took some pictures of the carrier Shangri-La and the battleship Missouri, when they passed us on their way to tie up.

Be seeing you in about 35 days- I hope. Love.

17 MARCH, 1946                      LETTER HOME                      NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

It won't be long now. Tom Kaczor left for discharge on the 14th. The CPhM due aboard hasn't arrived for duty yet. In a week we are going to Charleston, S.C. for another per-decommissioning overhaul. I'll probably head for Great Lakes from there or possibly from Green Cove Springs, Florida.

Your swell letter of the 13th arrived this afternoon, while I was taking my first daytime nap in a long time. It's a peacetime navy now, and they kick us out of our sacks at 0630 each morning, and we can't go near them again until 1600 (4,00 P.M.).

I have liberty every other night. I seldom go into Norfolk. The ride on an antiquated street car for 45 minutes gets me down. Instead, I swim at the Fleet Recreation Pool and go to a dance or a movie there afterward. I had a wonderful time at the St. Patrick's Day dance. The weather's great most of the time.

I'm not sure that I told you that I finally transferred my pal, Richard W. to the hospital. His depression got us both down at last. I visited him last week. He is confined to a large, modern ward, with a lot of others, who have mental problems. He looks pretty good but is getting tired of the place. They are under constant observation and have to eat all their meals with a spoon.

My lady friend, Dorothy Wilson, is settled into the Hotel America in N.Y.C. and is pretty crazy about modeling school. Her roommates are from Texas, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. She sounds like she still likes me. Maybe because I gave her a box of chocolate-covered almonds on our last date.

I've sent a letter to Beloit College asking if I can attend school there next year.

I'm anxious to be a civilian again, but after this Navy adventure, it may take a little adjustment. I'd like to counsel at Boy scout camp this summer. Love.

31 MARCH, 1946

LETTER HOME

CHARLESTON, S.C.

It's Sunday evening. The movie is over, I've showered and feel refreshed enough to write you before I hit my sack. I was up at 0630, went to Mass at the base chapel at 0730 and left with three busloads of sailors, Waves and guests for Cypress Gardens at 1230. The gardens are 24 miles out of the city. The excursion was free and sponsored by Welfare and Recreation. The weather was sunny and warm, and millions of azalea blooms were out in all their glory, in red, white and

pink. We walked for two hours over paths and bridges laid thru the beautiful swamp, snapping pictures and thoroughly enjoying the peaceful beauty of it all. From the gardens we drove to Summerville, a neat, quiet little town, and dined there on sandwiches and cookies and cokes in another beautiful azalea garden-park. We had a long ride back to Charlestown, as all of the buses got lost. It was a wonderful afternoon and quite inexpensive- 75¢ for the ticket into the gardens.

It looks as though I may not go to Florida with the Sims on her final cruise. March reports tomorrow. I have plenty to keep me busy these final two weeks of my naval career. I'm painting the sickbay white and gray at my leisure. It will look, at long last, like a sickbay should, the first time since the ship was launched. It's always been a light green.

Everybody and his uncle has been on the sick list this month. That's all for now. See you soon! Love.

Savannah, Georgia was the Sims' last port-of-call. After some snafus, which gave me an opportunity to do some sightseeing in that pretty, historic town, I left the ship for a final time and boarded the train for Atlanta and home.

The Sims was "mothballed" at Green cove Springs, Florida and scrapped in 1972(?).

Some notes in back of diary-

\$5.00 bets on end of the war: Sullivan- Nov. 24, 1945; Stokes- Dec. 12, 1945; Simonian- Oct. 9, 1945. September 2 was the date. What was my guess? Did I ever collect?

Read 21 books during 1945 and Smithsonian war background studies on the Japanese, the island peoples of the Western Pacific, the Polynesians, the peoples of the Philippines and the peoples of New Guinea.





## RYUKYU GLORY WON BY LITTLE WARSHIPS

### Picket Line Guarding Fleet Off Okinawa Balked Enemy Air Force in Blazing War

By W. H. Lawrence

By Wireless to The New York Times.

ABOARD A FLAGSHIP, in the East China Sea off Okinawa, June 26 (delayed)—The Navy threw a "picket line" across "Bogey Highway" to keep Japanese ship breakers out of the Okinawa transport area.

These picket ships—none larger than destroyers—fought and won the longest and hardest battle in the history of naval warfare. They suffered the greatest losses in men and ships ever sustained by the United States Navy, but they fulfilled their mission of keeping the bulk of enemy aircraft out of the transport area, where vital supplies for the soldiers and marines were being unloaded. It is no exaggeration to say that these little ships, which seldom have the chances for glory given to the aircraft carriers and the battleships, performed a major role in our great victory on Okinawa.

This thrilling story, which can be told for the first time now that the Okinawan campaign is won, constitutes an epic that will live forever in the annals of the Navy. It is a story of tough little ships and brave men whose extraordinary gunnery took care of the best the Japanese air force could throw at our Okinawan operation.

They were at "general quarters" more than 150 times during the eighty-two days of the land fighting on Okinawa. These air alerts lasted from a few minutes to several hours, and came at all hours of the night and day, as the Japanese sent over one to 200 aircraft in a single attack. Only comparatively few of the enemy got through to the transport area.

Commanded by Commodore Frederick Moosbrugger, 44, of Philadelphia, himself a hero of the naval fighting off Vella La Vella in 1943, these picket ships stood guard as much as sixty miles away from the Hagushi Anchorage. They were the sentinels to fight approaching Japanese planes, surface craft or submarines.

The shattered Japanese fleet never got near our main anchorage, but the pickets did have to cope with scores of small suicide boats carrying powerful explosive charges, which naval men called "skunks." A few submarines were encountered and depth charges dropped. Whether any submarines were sunk or damaged has not been announced.

But it was the enemy aircraft which fighting men call "Bogys," that made this the toughest duty naval men have had to face in this war.

To form the picket line, the Navy stationed destroyers, destroyer escorts, APD's and LCS craft in great arcs before the approaches to the Hagushi anchorages. These pickets move back and forth throughout the day and night.

The enemy chose to fight the main battle along the picket line.

It is in itself a tribute to the men who manned this outer line to report that the statistics on ships sunk or damaged in the battle of Okinawa reflect the splendid manner in which they did their job of keeping the enemy away from the crowded transport area that once sheltered more than 1,000 ships.

One out of every three ships that served on the outer picket line was sunk or damaged in this fierce, never ending vendetta with the Kamikaze Kids. Of the ships engaged at various times in this duty, nine were sunk and twenty-one were damaged. Our casualties among these ships exceeded 1,000.

But the Japanese could not win. Guns of the ships on the outer line accounted for 490 enemy aircraft. — Between the outer line and the transport area there was another stream of light naval units, which took on the Japanese planes that managed to get by the first group of pickets. During the campaign we employed several hundred ships in this work, of which three were sunk and more than a score damaged. It was the inner screen that handled most of the suicide boats.

It was the fine work of these ships, and especially their superb gunnery, that demonstrated conclusively that the Kamikaze weapon will never win the war.

It cannot be denied that this form of attack is damaging. But it could not destroy many of the ships it hit, and it could not diminish the fighting spirit of the brave officers and men who sailed them.

# USS Sims (APD 50)

Built by Norfolk Navy Yard

Launched February 6, 1943

Authorized by Act of Congress, February 6, 1942

Christened and Commissioned April 24, 1943

Commissioning Officer

Rear Admiral Felix Gyax, U.S.N.,  
Commandant, Norfolk Navy Yard

Sponsor

Mrs. William Sowden Sims

## Roster of Officers

USS Sims (APD 50) (South Pacific)

Lt. Comdr. C. G. Raible, USNR, Commanding Officer; Lieut. James A. Moffett, USNR, Executive Officer; Lieut. Robert N. Newcomb, USNR, First Lieutenant; Lieut. Cyrus E. Brush, USNR, Communications Officer; Lieut. Frank M. Donahue, USNR, Engineering Officer; Lt. Keith M. Urmy, USNR, Sound Officer; Lt(jg) Albert C. Tolson, USNR, Gunnery Officer; Lt(jg) Leo J. Reid, USNR, Asst. First Lieutenant; Lt(jg) Archie L. Smith, USNR, Asst. Gunnery Officer; Lt(jg) John W. Dacey, Jr., USNR, Asst. Engineering Officer.

## ORDER OF EVENTS

The Commandant orders Bugler to sound "Attention", and announces christening and commissioning ceremonies.

The Commandant introduces Chaplain Stone, who will offer the invocation.

The Commandant presents the sponsor, Mrs. William Sowden Sims.

The sponsor christens the ship.

A representative of the Norfolk Navy Yard Employees, Mr. A. R. Bunting, Leading Man Patternmaker, is introduced by the Commandant.

The sponsor is presented a memento from Navy Yard Employees by their representative.

The superintendent of New Construction, Commander Dale Quarton, is presented by the Commandant.

## USS SIMS

The USS Sims is the second ship to be named in honor of Rear Admiral William Sowden Sims, U.S.N., Commander of the United States Naval Forces in European waters during the first World War. The first USS Sims (DD 409) was commissioned August 1, 1939 and cruised in the Pacific during the early months of the present war until sunk in the Battle of the Coral Sea, May 7, 1942.

Rear Admiral Sims was born at Port Huron, Ontario, Canada, on October 15, 1858; entered the Naval Academy from Pennsylvania and was graduated in June, 1880. He rose through the various ranks to that of Rear Admiral in August, 1916; Vice Admiral in May, 1917; and Admiral in December, 1918. He retired on October 15, 1922 and his death occurred on September 28, 1936 at Boston, Massachusetts.

During Rear Admiral Sims' career in the Navy, he served in the USS Kentucky and USS Monterey, during the Philippine Insurrection; and in the USS Brooklyn as Aide to the Commander-in-Chief, Asiatic Fleet, until February, 1902, when he was ordered to duty as Fleet Intelligence Officer and Inspector of Target Practice. As a result of his efforts toward the improvement of naval gunnery, President Theodore Roosevelt asserted, "Commander Sims has done more than any other man in the United States (in the development of naval gunnery) and that it is chiefly due to him that we shoot as well as we now do. . ."

He served ashore with the Bureau of Navigation from 1902 to 1909, having additional duty as Naval Aide to the President from 1907 to 1909. His next duty was command of the USS Minnesota until 1911. Returning to shore duty at the Naval War College, Newport from 1911 to 1913, he was a member of the staff of that organization during 1912 and 1913. In 1917, prior to the commencement of hostilities, he assumed the Presidency of the Naval War College.

From 1913 to 1915, he commanded the Atlantic Torpedo Flotilla, and the Battleship USS NEVADA in 1916.

The sponsor is presented with the christening bottle by Commander Dale Quarton.

The Commandant orders commissioning ceremonies to proceed. (Assembled guests will be directed to seats on dock alongside ship).

The Commanding Officer meets the Commandant at ship's side and reports all in readiness for commissioning ceremony.

The Commandant's party proceeds to Quarterdeck, the Commandant orders Bugler to sound "Attention".

Directive from Navy Department for commissioning ship is referred to by the Commandant and the ship is ordered placed in full commission.

Address by the Commandant and ship is delivered to the Commanding Officer.

The Commanding Officer reads his orders and assumes command.

The first watch is set.

Inspection by the Commandant.

He was in command of United States Naval Forces operating in European waters from April, 1917 until the end of the war when he returned to the Presidency of the Naval War College.

Rear Admiral Sims' long and distinguished career brought him many honors and decorations from Universities and Foreign Governments, among which were degrees from Yale, Harvard, Tufts, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Williams, Cambridge, The University of California and others. He was decorated by the governments of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and Japan.

In 1920, Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Jellicoe of Scapa paid high tribute to Rear Admiral Sims in his book, "The Crisis of the Naval War"—have been selected to command the United States forces in European waters, for to the qualities mentioned (knowledge of gunnery, attractive personality, charm of manner, keen sense of humor, and quick and accurate grasp of any problem with which he was confronted) he added a habit of speaking his mind with absolute fearless disregard of the consequences—just the quality that was needed (to bring to those in authority in the United States an understanding of the gravity of the situation)."



With Mrs. William S. Sims, the widow of the late Admiral Sims, Commander of the American Naval Forces in European waters during World War I, breaking the traditional bottle of champagne on the bow of the newly-constructed destroyer-escort on April 24, 1943, the U.S.S. Sims (DE 154) was officially commissioned at the Norfolk, Va. Navy Yard as part of the Atlantic Fleet. The ship, named in honor of the late Admiral Sims, was destined to play a small but important part during the war-years that followed.

After several trial runs in the Chesapeake Bay the Sims entered the Potomac River and docked at the Washington, D.C., Navy Yard where many high ranking naval officers inspected the ship--the second of the turbo-electric driven destroyer-escorts to be commissioned. Among those in the inspecting party were the late Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox; Fleet Admirals Leahy and King, the late Sir Dudley Pound, then First Lord of the British Admiralty, and numerous other high-ranking officials.

Upon her return to Norfolk, the Sims made preparations for a shakedown cruise to Bermuda. During the several weeks that followed, the "kinks were ironed out" and the ship pronounced "ready for sea."

The Sims then sailed from Curacao in the Netherlands West Indies for the United Kingdom. She was the first DE of her type to make the Atlantic crossing. Her destination turned out to be Londonderry, Northern Ireland, and upon return she once again arrived at Curacao. During her first

convoy trips, the Sims was the only destroyer-escort among the screening ships. A destroyer division completed the screen in which the Sims was a part. A second trip to Londonderry followed and this time the western port was changed to New York.

Three more New York-Derry runs proved uneventful but in March, 1944, on her sixth crossing, the loss of a merchant tanker as a result of a torpedoing by a German U-boat marred the perfect record of the task unit. By the time, more DE's had been commissioned and the Sims was operating with an all-DE screen. In early May, 1944, when in approximately the same position the previous convoy had been in, the U.S.S. Donnell, a DE, was torpedoed by a German sub and suffered severe damage. The ship did not sink, however, and was towed to an English port. The attacking Sub, which was damaged by other screening vessels several hours after the Donnell's casualty, was sunk by an English "killer group" a few days later on the surface not far from "the scene of the crime."

In early summer, 1944, rumors began circulating about the possibility of being converted to an APD and each subsequent trip (three in all) was thought to be the "last one." Mid-August found the Sims still beating a path to Londonderry but that trip--her tenth--was known to be the "last one" for sure! Upon returning to Uncle Sugar, the Sims pulled into her home port of Boston and entered the

South Boston Navy Yard Annex for the ten-week's job of conversion. Twenty-one day leaves were granted half the crew and the other half moved into the Drydock Barracks in the Navy Yard enclosure. During the ensuing weeks, the Sims was torn apart and put back together again in the shape of a high-speed destroyer-transport. The remainder of the crew went on leave and when they returned the ship began to take a more formal appearance. In late November 1944, the crew moved back aboard and early the next month, after a few trial runs, the Sims left for Norfolk on the first leg of her journey to the Pacific. Six weeks of duty in Norfolk as a school ship training nucleus crews of APD's about to be commissioned retarded the progress of the Sims' jaunt to become part of the Pacific Fleet.

In late January, 1945, with over 100 naval personnel embarked for transportation to the Canal Zone, the Sims left Norfolk and several days later arrived in the land of "rum and coca-cola". On January 30, the trip through the canal was made and on February 7 she arrived at the San Diego Destroyer Base.

Gunnery practice and battle maneuvers were practiced off San Clemente Island during the next week and on St. Valentine's Day the Sims left for Pearl Harbor. After arriving, a week of inactivity followed with routine ship's work and shore leave occupying the time. Several days of battle maneuvers and gunnery practice were again in order at Maui Island and shortly after her return in early March to Pearl Harbor the Sims departed for Leyte. Except for a brief stop-over at Saipan for refueling, she continued on her way.

Leaving Leyte in late March as part of the anti-submarine screen of a huge convoy of troops and equipment, the Sims approached Okinawa--at that time an almost

unheard of place--and arrived there on Love-day, April 1. Except for two short trips to Ulithi in the Carolines to pick up Okinawa-Bound convoys, the Sims remained at Okinawa continuously as part of the anti-submarine screen around the anchorages until May 27, when she was forced to leave the area for "battle damage repairs." On May 9, Captain J. M. Kennaday, U.S.N., Commander Transport Division 105; to which the Sims was attached, shifted his flag to the Sims. His staff had come aboard before the ship left Pearl Harbor in early March.

The Sims spent two days on the screen after her arrival with the first transport group on 1 April and then made a quick run to Ulithi to bring back a convoy. On 11 April she was back on the screening line. On 16 April off Ie Shima she was under attack by a Japanese Val II which was hit and crashed close aboard with no damage or casualties to the ship. From 20 April to 3 May the Sims returned to Ulithi again as an escort. Back off Ie Shima 18 May two suiciders attacked her simultaneously and although both were hit by gunfire, they splashed close enough to cause considerable shock from the explosion of their bombs and some damage was sustained. Two days at anchor were sufficient to effect temporary repairs, however, and the Sims returned to the screening line. The night of 25 May still another suicider attacked and this time fragments from the explosion very close aboard wounded one officer and four men. The wounded were Lieutenant (jg) John Deming Bacon, USNR; Murray Jones, Slc, USNR; Leonard Charles Harris, Slc, USNR, Arthur Charles Schneider, Slc, USNR, and Walter Lee McMahan, BH2c, USNR. At the same time as the attack on the

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Sims, the USS Barry (APD 29) was hit and set afire by a suicide plane and the Sims went alongside her to fight the fire; she had been abandoned because of the danger of exploding ammunition and the loss of pressure on the fire main. A volunteer firefighting party from the Sims stayed alongside, the two ships being supported and screened by others since heavy air attacks were still in progress. The fire, having been brought under control, the fire fighting party returned aboard and a tug took the Barry in tow while the Sims screened. For their work during this action CTD 10, 105 recommended and later presented the following officers and men with awards. Silver Star Medals and Temporary Citations were awarded to Lt. Comdr. Frank M. Donahue, USNR, (then Commanding Officer) and Lieut. Archie L. Smith, USNR, (First Lieut.). The Commendation Ribbon to Lieut. A. C. Tolson, USNR, (Gunnery Officer). Bronze Star Medals and Temporary Citations were awarded to Lieut. James F. Collins, USNR; Robert G. Henkel, CMT(AA)(T), USNR; Jay E. Gouders, CC3(AA)(T), USN; Joe A. Pondergraft, CM1c, USNR; Charles Richards, Jr., EC2c, (T), USNR; Donald F. Carroll, JCF2c(T), USNR; Vic E. Simonian, CM3c, USN; Edward P. Carroll, CM3c(T), USNR, and Warren J. Lusk, JCF2c(T), USNR.

The Sims' scoreboard showed four Jap planes downed and two mines sunk by gunfire before leaving the Okinawa area in May. A naval officer who was lost overboard when his ship was hit by a suicide plane and a Marine Corps Corsair pilot, who was forced to bail out when his plane developed engine trouble, were recovered by the Sims at Okinawa. Several trips were made to radar picket stations to pick up survivors of ships sunk by the Japs, too.

After a month in Leyte, where the Sims went for repairs, she returned to Okinawa and again

took her place among the ships in the screen. It was while on a screening station that the unofficial word of the Nipponese surrender was heard. On 14 August with news of possible surrender in everyone's mind but with nothing final announced, the Sims was ordered, with several other APD's all under the tactical command of Capt. Kennaday, to depart on a "mysterious" mission to points "north" of Okinawa. The most popular rumor as to what was in store for the Sims seemed to be "to return repatriated personnel from Japan to the Phillipines or some other Pacific base for return to the US."

On 16 August, the Sims rendezvoused 300 miles southeast to Tokyo with units of the Third Fleet awaiting the signal to enter Tokyo Bay. For 5 days the Sims steamed with this force still not knowing what part she was destined to play in this unprecedented occupation of a nation defeated without a single enemy soldier setting foot on her soil. During these days each hour seemed to find more ships -- battleships, carriers, cruisers, destroyers, transports, minesweepers, escort craft -- arriving to augment the ever increasing force. Finally on 20 August the Sims received orders to embark troops from the British battleship HMS King George V and the Australian destroyers HMAS Nizam and HMAS Napier. Other APD's also embarked troops from those vessels. The Sims received 130 men in all. These troops, consisting of British, Australian and New Zealand sailors and Royal Marines, were under the overall command of Capt. . . . Buchanan, R.N., who was designated "Commander Cont, Page 9



## (Sims history)

British Naval Landing Forces". The Sims was designated flagship for CBNLF. The mission of the British Naval Landing Force was to seize three small islands several miles from the Yokosuka Naval Base in Tokyo Bay and, having completed that task, the remaining troops were to proceed in the Sims and seize the Navigation School area of Yokosuka Naval Base.

A typhoon turned the huge occupation force back but on 27 August finally anchored in Sagami Wan in the shadows of Mt. Fujiyama. The next two days were spent acquainting the landing parties with the Higgins boats and Thursday, 30 August, the Sims entered Tokyo Bay.

It proved unnecessary to occupy the small islands so the Sims went directly to the large naval base where they discharged their "passengers." On 31 August a company of Fourth Division US Marines were embarked and taken to the Taka Shima Naval Air Station on Tateyama Wan where they went ashore to do reconnaissance work prior to the official occupation by Eighth Army troops. After the army had taken over, the Sims returned the marines to Yokosuka.

During the month of September the Sims acted as a barracks ship at the Yokosuka Naval Base, made a mail run to Iwo Jima and transported an army medical repatriate processing team to a rendezvous with Fifth Fleet units preparing to occupy Osaka, Japan.

October found the "50" again acting in the capacity of a "floating hotel" this time for the US Strategic Bomb Survey. On the 13th of the month, the Sims moved, with this group embarked, into Hiro Wan on the Inland Sea where she remained for six weeks.

At 1800 on 23 November, the haze over the Sims' future lifted for HOMEWARD BOUND was in black and white on a communique received from ComFifth Fleet. Preparations for the trip to the "States" were begun immediately and on 26 November the Sims, with

high point naval personnel from that area embarked, left for Tokyo on the first leg of her journey homeward.

**"REMEMBER OKINAWA!"**

Liberties were wonderful in New York and Panama, good in Diego and Norfolk but a good "beer-party" after the Okinawa campaign was just as much enjoyed. Let's reminisce for a few minutes and go back over our memorable experiences.

Our carefree life vanished when we took part in the invasion of Okinawa Jima (the day after L-day my red head back home married). For the next two months it seemed that we spent more time at GQ than we would spend in a bar if on liberty. Besides picking up an American pilot who had been downed we found time to down 4 suicide planes ourselves. On April 16, the day Ie Shima (the spot where Ernie Pyle lost his life) was invaded the Sims got her first bogey. The after 40s did some 4.0 shooting and plane exploded just before it hit the water; our Navy Corsairs took care of 3 other planes that night have caused us a little trouble.

Between GQs most of the crew found time to get "baldies", the O division went 100% except for Mr. Tolson--guess he thought it was falling out fast one ought and he ought to leave it alone. On the 18th of May one suicider approached us from each beam. The port batteries managed to shot off a wing of the plane approaching from that side and seconds later both planes crashed on our port quarter causing minor structural damage.

Just a week later, a sleepless one, another plane crash dived at us. It seemed almost as if the good Lord had put a

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U.S.S. SIMS  
(Okinawa Cont.)

shield around us for a gain the attacker was shot down and crashed near by. The Captain's expert use of the rudder probably saved the ship from a sure hit. This near miss furnished several of the boys with sharpnel for souvenirs, but the Doc had them patched up in a couple of days and all they have to show for it now is the Purple Heart...

At the same time we crashed this fourth suicider the APD Barry was hit and immediately commenced to burn. A boarding which helped to quell the fires on the Barry picked up several Bronze Stars but all the boys on the Sims where in there pitching and working like hell. Such excitement and 30 hours at general quarters was beginning to show signs on us so we crawled in our racks for a few minutes. Several nuisance raids followed by this time we had learned to calmy wait for anything that might come within gun range. One Sunday afternoon we found a little added diversion by going alongside an LCI and helping them get a fire under control.

In September when we got our feet on Japan we began to realize that those long hours at GQ and many personal sacrifices weren't in vain for we were on the home soil of our foes and were having a hand in dictating the peace. Sometimes the Navy gives us lousy chow, takes our liberty away from us or rubs our skin the wrong way; nevertheless, it gave us some pretty good equipment to fight with at Okinawa----at least it is better then being in the Army.

The Sims' destination will be Green Cove Springs, which is on the St. Johns River, 18 miles south of Jacksonville, Florida. This location has been designated as the grave yard for all APDs going into inactive status.

*Sims* was attacked from all directions. The destroyer defended herself as best she could. Three 500-pound bombs hit the destroyer. Two exploded in the engine room; and, within minutes, the ship buckled amidships and began to sink, stern first. As *Sims* slid beneath the waves, there was a tremendous explosion that raised what was left of the ship almost 15 feet out of the water. Chief R. J. Dicken, in a damaged whaleboat, picked up 15 other survivors. They remained with *Neosho*, still afloat despite severe damage, until they were rescued by *Henley* (DD-391) on 11 May. *Sims* was struck from the Navy list on 24 June 1942.

*Sims* received two battle stars for World War II service.

## II

(DE-154: dp. 1,400; l. 306'; b. 36'10"; dr. 11'6"; s. 24 k.; cpl. 204; a. 1 5", 6 40mm., 3 21" tt.; cl. *Buckley*)

The second *Sims* (DE-154) was laid down on 7 September 1942 by the Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.; launched on 6 February 1943; sponsored by Mrs. Anne H. Sims; and commissioned on 24 April 1943, Lt. Comdr. Charles G. Raible in command.

After fitting out, *Sims* completed her shakedown off Bermuda. She was then assigned to Task Group (TG) 21.6 escorting tankers from Curacao to Londonderry, Northern Ireland. After two such runs, the western terminus was changed to New York, and the escort made eight more trips escorting tankers from New York to Londonderry. In the 20 crossings, only one tanker was sunk by a U-boat.

On 23 September 1944, *Sims* entered the Boston Navy Yard for conversion into a high speed transport. The work completed, *Sims* (now designated APD-50) departed Boston on 6 December 1944 for Norfolk, Va. She served as a training ship there until 24 January 1945 when she put to sea. After transiting the Panama Canal, and a brief shakedown period at San Diego, the transport arrived at Pearl Harbor on 20 February.

*Sims* sailed for the Philippine Islands on 5 March and arrived there on the 21st. A week later, the transport stood out of Leyte Gulf as part of Task Unit 51.13.16, bound for the invasion of Okinawa. Except for two fast convoy trips to Ulithi, she remained off Okinawa from 1 April to 27 May. During this period, the ship was part of the antiaircraft and antisubmarine screen around the island. She shot down an attacking Japanese bomber on 16 April. On 3 and 4 May and again on 13 and 14 May, *Sims* assisted in the search for survivors of picket destroyers hit by kamikaze aircraft.

On the evening of 18 May, two kamikaze planes made a combined attack. Both planes, hit by antiaircraft fire, crashed into the water on her port side with a violent explosion that lifted and shook the entire ship. The shock caused serious oil leaks and considerable damage to machinery and equipment. The crew repaired the damage, and *Sims* continued patrolling. On the 24th, she was again attacked by a kamikaze. The plane, even though hit by antiaircraft fire, crashed close aboard to starboard. *Sims* was sprayed with shrapnel which wounded 11 of her crew. Later that day, a fire and rescue party was sent on board *Barry* (APD-29) which had been hit by a kamikaze. Fires prevented flooding her magazine, and she had been abandoned. *Sims'* party helped bring the fires under control, and *Barry* was taken under tow by a tug. *Sims* departed Okinawa on 27 May with a convoy which she escorted to Saipan before continuing on to Leyte for damage repairs.

The transport was back on patrol off Okinawa on 26 June. On 14 August, *Sims* rendezvoused at sea with the Tokyo Bay Occupation Force south of Japan. The

ship landed a group of British marines and Royal Navy personnel at the Yokosuka Naval Base on 30 August. The following day, she landed a company of United States Marines at the Tateyama Naval Air Station and stood by and took them off again when they were relieved by 8th Army units on 3 September. *Sims* then made a voyage to Iwo Jima, after which she operated in the Japanese home waters until 28 November. On that date, she stood out of Tokyo Bay en route to the eastern seaboard of the United States. The transport disembarked 208 passengers at San Diego on 17 December 1945, and continued to New York for preinactivation overhaul.

*Sims* was decommissioned at Green Cove Springs, Fla., on 24 April 1946 and placed in the Atlantic Reserve Fleet. She remained inactive until struck from the Navy list on 1 June 1960. Her hull was sold to the North American Smelting Co., Wilmington, Del., on 14 April 1961 and scrapped.

*Sims* received one battle star for World War II services.