The Life Story of George MacKellar

March 16, 1918 -- July 25, 1990

Now that I am in my seventh decade of life on this earth, I think it would be a good idea to write down some of the things that have happened in my lifetime, so that my descendants would know a little about how I lived. I think my generation has lived in a very exciting period of history. We have seen such great changes in our manner of living and the progress in health and science, much more I think, than any succeeding generations.

I was born in Detroit, Michigan, on the 16th of March, 1918. The war in Europe would not be over for several months yet. I had a brother when I was born, Archibald Emerson (he later changed it to Archie Emerson) was two years and four months older than me. Our parents were Malcolm Cyril MacKellar and Bertha Ester Lardie. Dad was born in the town of Glencoe, Ontario, Canada. His father owned a general store and a hotel and was as far as I have been able to tell, quite wealthy until he decided to sell alcoholic beverages in his store. The town, being Presbyterian Scots and teetotalers, boycotted the general store and Grandpa lost his store and I guess everything else. There is still a McKellar hotel in the town to this day. Mother was born in the tiny hamlet of Old Mission, Michigan. The house she was born in still stands today as the telephone office for the area.

My condition at birth led to a decision that my legs would have to be amputated, but Dad disagreed and for the first several weeks of my life, he would come home from work and massage my legs by the hour. My legs were black when I was born due to lack of blood circulation my lower body before I was born. When I was 13 months old, I fell from a porch and broke my left shoulder. It was three days before they found out why I was crying.

In early October of 1920, Dad told Mother they should order the coal for winter. Mother said, "Why don't we go somewhere where we don't have to burn coal?" Dad said "You wouldn't go that far away." "Try me and see" was her reply. Two weeks later the family was on a train heading for California.

We arrived in California on the 20th of October and stayed for a while at the Roslyn Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. While there, Mother found an apartment for us and Dad found employment at the Merchants Ice and Cold Storage Company. The company was just switching from horses to trucks in the home delivery of their ice. Dad was the mechanic for the trucks, a job he held for a while before moving to the refrigeration part of the company. In a few years, he became the superintendent of the whole company.

The apartment Mother found was on Beaudry Avenue near the corner of Second Street in downtown Los Angeles. The apartment was a two story frame building owned by a woman named Laura Archibald. She was a divorced woman with two children a few

years older than Archie or me. Laura became a lifelong friend of our parents. During those days, I began what I consider my first memories. I can vividly recall seeing the fire wagons come charging up the hill (Bunker Hill) with smoke pouring out of the stack of the pumper wagon, a Dalmatian dog sitting next to the driver and the horses pulling for all they were worth to get up the hill. While we were living there, the folks purchased a lot out near the town of Inglewood. It was the second lot from the corner of 74th Street and 11th Avenue (later 10th Avenue). They built a small two room frame house on the week ends and when it was almost finished, we moved into it.

The house was built on 2" x 8" redwood planks with the plan being that we could raise the house later and put it on a foundation and enlarge the house to the size that the plans called for. Because the house was built at the rear of the lot, we had to go out to the front yard to a faucet to get water. There was no gas to use for cooking or heating and no electricity. We burned kerosene for cooking, heating and lighting. Our toilet was the two-hole privy at the back of the yard. For night use, there were 'chamber pots' under each bed. The inner walls were covered with newsprint to keep out the drafts.

A block away from our house was the closest and only other house in the area at that time. There were no paved streets or sidewalks around. The streets were just graded roads that were a quagmire in the rain. The main "shopping center" in the area was the township of Hyde Park. The main crossroads were Angeles Mesa Drive (later Crenshaw Boulevard) and Hyde Park Boulevard. The crossroads had the Congregational Church on one corner and a drug store across the street. Across from that was the hardware store and on the other corner was the grocery store. The town had a bank, a dry goods store, a barber shop, a post office (in the dry goods store) and a small library.

A block east of the town center was the Hyde Park Elementary School. It was originally an eight year school, but in 1927 it became a six year school when some junior high schools were built in the district. The principal of the school was Gertrude Best Hammond, a petite little lady who ruled that school with some kind of power that I never could figure out. She could get more attention by shaking the ring of keys she always carried than someone else could by screaming. I got to know her quite well from the times I spent in her office as punishment for getting into fights. She knew me quite well also, because years after I graduated from high school, I went back to her school and when I was in one of my former classrooms, I heard someone call me by name. It was Mrs. Hammond. I used to get in fights because I had red hair*, freckles, was named George, and had a hot temper and a short fuse. I think I hold a record for being beaten up more than any other student at that school. (*The little ditty the other kids would sing to get me angry was "Red headed gingerbread, five cents a cabbage head", the nickname, "Freckles" and "Georgie porgy pudding and pie, kissed the girls and made them cry".)

I recall one event during those early days that taught me a lesson. I had gone shopping one evening with Mother and when at a Japanese fruit and vegetable store, I saw a man take a couple of peanuts from a pile of peanuts and shell them and eat them. I took some and put them in my pocket. When we were about half way home, I took some of the peanuts out of my pocket and began to eat them. Mother asked where I got them and

when I told her, she made me turn around and go back to the store. When we got there, I wanted to just put the rest back on the stack that they had come from, but she said that I would have to take them to the owner and tell him that I had taken them. I was very frightened, but I did it; and I don't believe I have ever taken anything that wasn't mine since that day.

As the years went by, things began to change in the area. New neighbors moved in and with them were children of our own age to play with. The streets were covered with crushed rock, which made it a little easier to drive on, but there was still the problem of water runoff in the area. At the corner of Florence Avenue and Crenshaw was a large swamp which was caused by the runoff from the hills to the south of it. We used to go to the swamp and gather polliwogs in jars and take them to school so we could watch them develop into frogs. There were times when we could barely walk in the swamp area without stepping on the little frogs that were everywhere. At night we could hear frogs croaking blocks away. One day when Mother came back from shopping in Hyde Park, she told us of a wreck between a truck and a train. We wanted to go and see it. She said we could, but to stay away from the swamp. We went down and saw the wreck and on the way back we went by an area flooded by the excessive rain. As we were walking by the place, a boy we knew was wading in the water and he slipped and fell. Archie went in to help the boy up and he stepped into an open manhole and dropped out of sight. He reached quickly and struck his arms out from his side and caught the side of the manhole. If he had not done that, he would have drowned. When I saw him go down, I also ran into the water to help. By the time we got home, we were both soaking wet! When mother saw us, she made us both take a bath and then she had Archie get into our bed and I had to get into Kathleen's crib. Then she crushed a quinine tablet and rubbed it on our tongues. I can still almost taste it.

Sometime about 1923 or 1924, we constructed a foundation for the "new house". One Sunday the folks invited some friends over for dinner and a work party. After dinner, the house was jacked up with some truck jacks Dad borrowed from work and it was rolled out onto some three inch gas pipes. Archie and I had the job of taking the pipes as they rolled out of the back of the house and placed them under the front so that the house would continue rolling forward. When the house reached the foundation, it was again jacked up to the foundation and rolled out to its proper spot. The next day one side of the house was torn off and the construction on the new house began. Dad was working nights at that time, and Mother built almost all of the house, with a little help from the rest of the family. Archie and I did most of the lathing before the house was plastered.

Our "new" house had all the latest things for the time. We had electric lights, gas for cooking and heating. (A small gas heater that hooked up to a gas jet), an inside toilet and bathroom, two bedrooms, a living room, dining room, kitchen nook, service porch, a large front porch that ran across the entire front of the house, and we even had a "cooler" (It was a cabinet that was built into the kitchen that was open at both top and bottom to allow a cooling draft to go through it. There was screening at both top and bottom to keep any insects out. It was used for food that was perishable, but really didn't need to be placed in the ice box.)

One summer Archie and I passed out hand bills for the grocery store and besides being paid for doing the job, we found out that Libby's were having an advertising campaign and if anyone saved so many labels from Libby's products, they would receive a wagon. Archie and I gathered labels from everyone we knew and even went around searching the trash boxes to see if we could find enough. Eventually, we had enough and we sent in for the wagon. It was really a good wagon. It had stake sides and we had that wagon for years. We took the stakes out one time and made a stage coach on the bed. We also almost got ourselves killed on it. We took the wagon to the top of the hill above Florence Avenue on Mesa Drive and started coasting down the hill. As we got to the corner where there was a lot of traffic, (for those days) we couldn't stop and we went right between the cars. There were a few drivers who used a little profanity on the two redheads in the wagon.

In the summer, when we began to get neighbors with children, Dad would go to an ice cream company near his work and buy a five gallon container of ice cream and every Saturday we would have an ice cream party at our house, with all of the kids in the neighborhood attending. One day when the superintendent of the ice cream company (Nation Creamery Company) found out that Dad was buying the ice cream for the children's party, he had a container of ice cream put in Dad's car without Dad's paying for it. That went on every summer for several years. Archie and I loved to go down to Dad's shop because we got to do a lot of things that most of the kids in our neighbor hood only dreamed about. We would go over to the creamery and they would give us one of our favorite things. They made the original "Eskimo Pies" and the men there would give us a whole box of them. We also got to ride in the cab of a locomotive. The trains would come right up to the side of the cold storage to be unloaded and sometimes the engineers would take us up into the cab while they were switching box cars. We were in seventh heaven. Most of the fruits that came into the cold storage were in wooden boxes and would be secured (in the box car) with strips of lath. The men would have to take the lath out and it was stacked on the dock of the cold storage. When there was a big stack, Dad would bring it home. When we had enough, we made a large lath house to play in.

Our almost daily needs were delivered to the door mostly by horse power. The milk, ice, bread and bakery products and even some fruits and vegetables were taken house to house that way because it was too muddy for trucks to deliver those things in the winter. We loved to go out and get the chips of ice that broke off when the iceman cut the pieces of ice that were needed for the icebox. For a few years we grew vegetables in the front yard until sidewalks were put in. After that it would look strange to see vegetables in the front yard. We didn't get sewers in for many years and I can remember helping to dig a cesspool. I would be lowered down into the hole in a big wooden bucket and dig dirt from the bottom of the hole, put it in the bucket and it would be pulled up on a windless. We also had a garage (detached) just to the rear and south of the house. It had only a dirt floor but that made it great to play in when it was raining. It was a great place for playing "Annie Annie Over", until we built a fence alongside of the garage.

In the open fields that stretched out for miles to the south of us, we played baseball, football, "Run Sheep Run", shot marbles, flew kites, dug 'caves' for our clubhouses and missed only roller skating, as there were no sidewalks for some time. I learned to skate on the wooden floor of our front porch.

Airplanes were so rare in those days that just the sound of an airplane motor got people to run outdoors to look at it. It was during those early days that I became a reluctant "pilot". Almost 65 years after the episode, I wrote an article that was published in the Los Angeles Times about the experience.

> I drove back through Hyde Park the other day. It has been many years since I last saw the area. As I drove along the streets, I thought back to the years when I first came to the area as a small child. My parents had built a small two room house near the corner of what is now 10th Avenue and 74th Street. The nearest houses to us were a block away. South of 74th were open fields almost all the way to Wilmington. The ground rose gradually and was covered with wild oats. It was spring. The billowing clouds seemed to accentuate the deep blue skies. The new blades of wild oats seemed like green velvet. Near the top of the hill stood a rather clumsy looking craft, according to its builders, it was an airplane. It was constructed of 1" x 12" redwood. The fuselage and wingspan were about 12 feet long. The widest part of the plane was at the cockpit and that was only one foot wide. A long rope 'Veed' out from the front of the plane, which was to be used to pull the craft down the hill. At what is now 76th Street there was a drop off of about 6 feet. That was where the plane was to be launched. It was an afternoon to be remembered. The boys who built the plane had thought of everything. They remembered to have a landing gear, (the wheels of a doll buggy) rope to launch it and they even painted a control panel in the cockpit. They only forgot one thing…..a pilot. Because of the size of the cockpit, they needed someone with certain prerequisites: (1) He must be small, and (2) He must be young enough or stupid enough to get into the cockpit for the flight. The smallest person near the craft was a very small freckled-faced redhead, who seemed to fit the requirements perfectly.
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> The pilot looked to the north and saw the familiar sign off in the distance, HOLLYWOODLAND. Just below and the east was the city of Los Angeles. Fast approaching a population of 750,000 it seemed to shine in the afternoon sun. It would be many years before the city would be built out as far as Hyde Park. Just below the Baldwin Hills to the north was Rodgers and Burdette airport, several years later to be the western terminus of coast to coast air travel.

> The time came for the first flight of that historic aircraft. Everything was ready. The boys were manning the tow ropes and the 'pilot' in the cockpit and the word was given to 'pull'. Down the hill came the craft its buggy wheels jumping up and down, as it approached the drop off where it was to take wing, the pullers gave a mighty heave. Off the small cliff went the plane. The pulling rope went slack and the plane seemed to stand still in the air. Then, disaster! The craft seemed to stand on its head for just a moment and then crashed to the ground.
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> The wings broke off, the tail assembly disintegrated; the pilot went down with his plane and was crying from pain of the many slivers in his bottom. The builders of the plane decided to go back to the drawing board, the pilot, to his mother, to have the many slivers taken out of his bottom. The historians try to forget the happening of that day in 1923. The names of the builders are remembered by the pilot, the place where this momentous event took place is not remembered by a bronze plaque, but the pilot remembers every second of that first flight.

Our first auto was an open air soft top Studebaker. The engine had to be hand cranked to get it started. (There were a lot of broken forearms in those days from a crank that kicked back on the person trying to crank the car.) The headlights were up alongside of the windshield and burned carbide, which had to be lighted by hand, as did the kerosene tail lights. There were isinglass curtains that could be hooked to the sides of the car to keep the rain out when it rained. The wheels had wooden spokes and the tires were very narrow. I have often wondered why, when the roads were terrible, we had such narrow tires, but now that the roads are great, the tires are wide.

One evening when Dad came home from work, he had a small package in his hand. He told us it was one of the newest things in town. When we opened the package, we found a brown box about eight inches square, with a strange looking top that had a small dome-shaped piece of glass that covered a small crystal and next to it was a small arm with a piece of fine wire which could be pressed into the crystal. On the side of the box was a place where some wires could be paced that lead to some head phones. When Dad got the thing all set up, we put the head phones on and were amazed to hear music and also someone talking. We had just heard our first radio broadcast. There were two radio stations in the Los Angeles area.

The population of the city of Los Angeles in those days was almost 750,000 and the populated area reached out to the corner of Western Avenue and Santa Barbara Blvd (now Martin Luther King Jr.). From about Arlington west was a low lying area which in those days was covered with water in the winter and early spring, but where farmers grew cabbage and cauliflower when the water subsided. The streetcars of the "E" line of the Los Angeles Railway System traveled along Santa Barbara and when they came to the low area, the tracks were up on trestles. The tracks curved to the south as they became

Angeles Mesa Drive. The area of the trestles later became Leimert Park. The streetcar tracks and Angeles Mesa Drive headed due south up a slight incline. At 54th Street there was a junction with another streetcar line. On up the street it came to Slauson Avenue, where on the southeast corner stood the old and very beautiful St. Mary's Academy. With its large Spanish style buildings and its spacious park-like grounds it was always a favorite place of mine even though I never set foot inside of the grounds. Seeing the black-robed nuns walking so serenely through the grounds seemed to give me a feeling of peace. I once sold newspapers on the corner and although I never sold many papers, I loved to work there. Almost all of the Catholic girls in the area went to the Academy. The Catholic boys went to St. John's, a few blocks south.

When I was about four years old, my Dad got injured on the job and had to have an operation from which he spent many weeks recovering. During that time I got to really know Dad. It was also then that I acquired the nickname of Bill Button, an insurance man who lived on the hill south of there. I told him about my wife and children and the customers I had. We would talk for long periods of time and it was then that I learned things that I think helped shape my life. The taught me the meaning of truth, honor and fidelity. He also told me to be true to myself and I would be true to others. From that time on, I was always Bill Button or just Bill to my dad. My father died on the 11th of January in 1962 and Bill Button died at the same time. I have never been called "Bill" since then. When I came home from his funeral, I wrote a poem about my feelings and in it were the tears I shed at his gravesite.

In 1925, we had an addition to the family with the arrival of Kathleen Alice. She was the smallest baby I have ever seen. She weighed less than two pounds when she was born at home. The following day she was taken to the California Lutheran Hospital and put in an incubator until she gained enough weight to come home. When Mother couldn't supply enough breast milk for the baby, Archie or I would take the streetcar down to the hospital and bring two bottles of milk home in a steel container and that held the milk packed in ice. I can't imagine any parent allowing an eight-year-old to do that today.

When we were coming back from some friends' house in San Gabriel one day, we were almost to where Dad worked and as we came to a street corner, a big truck came around the corner and struck our car. It was a 1923 Ford, two-door sedan. Mother was driving and Archie was sitting in the front seat. I sat behind Mother and Kathleen sat behind Archie. When we were hit, Mother went forward onto the steering column and broke all of her teeth off at the gum line, broke three vertebrae, four ribs and twisted her breast bone. Archie fell forward and when he did, Kathleen fell into the back of the fold-down seat that Archie was in and was almost scalped. A man in a passing car stopped to take us to the hospital and Mother picked Kathleen up, pulled her scalp back over her head and carried her to the waiting car. Archie ran to get Dad and I went with Kathleen and Mother. When we got to the hospital, Mother couldn't even walk, let alone carry Kathleen. The doctors told us later that the damage to Mother's back would never have allowed her to carry anything, but what let her do it was just fear. I stood over Kathleen all the while they shaved her head and sewed her scalp back on and she never shed a tear. She only cried when she found that mother would have to stay in the hospital and would

not be able to go home with us. Some time after we had a law-suit against the trucking company and while the case was going on, some reporters saw the three of us kids and because we were such cute little freckle faced kids, photographers from all of the newspapers came and took pictures of us and we were in all of the Los Angeles newspapers. Years later, Mother had reprints of one of those pictures and gave us each a copy. The settlement we got for the accident hardly paid the medical expenses.

Life was really much simpler in those days. The air was so clear that from where we live it was a rare day when we couldn't see the HOLLYLWOODLAND sign above Hollywood. Now it is a rare day when the sign HOLLYLWOOD (the "land" part was torn down years ago) can be seen from a mile or so away.

Those were also the days of the great dirigibles. They were a beautiful sight to see floating high in the sky. There was the Akron, Macon, Shenandoah, and the Los Angeles. All were U.S. navy ships and all crashed except the Los Angeles. Then there was the Graf Zeppelin and the Hindenburg. They also crashed, the latter in a spectacular crash at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Parachute jumping was the big thing in those days and it was a rare Sunday afternoon when there was no one jumping out of a plane.

Dad never had anything like a hobby, because like most men in those days, he worked six days a week and had little time to indulge in anything that would take his spare time. The one thing that he liked to do was fish. I can remember the many times we went fishing together. At first we would go to Redondo Beach pier, but then later when they built a pier in El Segundo (that was later to be used for the sewer outlet to the ocean) we would go there. I remember the first time we went there, because the walkway on the pier was only about three feet wide and I was sure that I would fall into the water far below. After a while, I got used to it and would stand on the top of one of the pilings that was only about one foot in circumference.

In early 1928 Mother expressed the desire to go back to Michigan to see her family. The folks purchased a new "Whippet" four door sedan and after getting permission from the school to take Archie and me out of school early, we left for the East on the 28th day of May. Just before we left, two young women, one whose husband worked for Dad and a girl friend of hers asked if they could go as far as Tulsa, Oklahoma, with us. They would help pay expenses for that part of the trip. On our first day we drove across some wooden roads that stretched across the sand dunes near Indio. A section of those roads is in a museum in "Old Town" in San Diego. The roads in those days were not much more than dirt trails across the land. We were struck by a bus going around a mountain curve outside of Roswell, New Mexico, and had to lay-over for one day to have our car repaired. The rest of the trip was like the first part of it with the exception of the rain. Our two passengers turned out to be a problem. Every night when we got to our destination, they would take off and we had a problem getting them up to start the next morning. I realized, years later that those two young women were earning their way across country each night. From Oklahoma City to Tulsa, Archie and I stayed outside of the car to keep pushing it back onto the muddy road. It was one of the worst roads we

had ever been on. When we reached Tulsa, we pulled up to the side of a street in the downtown area and deposited the girls and their luggage right there.

We got to Detroit in nine days and spent a few days with Dad's sister, Belle, and her family, then we went over the river into Canada to visit Dad's sister, Kate, and her family. From there we drove up to where mother was born. There is a peninsula that sticks out into the Grand Traverse Bay and I thought that only Mother's relatives lived there. It seemed as though every farm along the way was owned by a relative.

When we got to Grandmother's house, I found that I had what every other kid in school had and I never had: relatives. I had grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins by the score. I found out that my Grandmother was really quite a lady. She married and had four children. When her youngest was just two months old, her husband drowned in the lake, leaving her with the four children, the oldest being only six. She ran a large farm and also ran a store. After several years she remarried and had five more children, one of whom died in infancy. She died in 1937 at the age of 72. While at our grandparents' farm, we learned to do a lot of things that we had never done before: milk cows, pitch hay, drive horses, pick cherries, and strawberries, churn butter and a myriad of other things that we city boys had never done before. We had great fun visiting all the relatives and traveling all over the peninsula.

After the first week of August, we had to start back home. We got as far as Gothenburg, Nebraska when the car was struck by a car driven by the mayor of the town. He turned his head to yell at someone on the street and drove right through a stop sign and hit us broadside. Fortunately, no one was hurt, but our car was damaged and we had to spend an extra day there while the mayor had our car fixed. When we got to the Platte River, Archie and I had to again get out of the car to make repairs on the many bridges we passed over, because a bus had gone on before us and the boards on the bridges were torn up and we went ahead to replace them so Mother could drive over them. We got as far as Utah when Mother said she just couldn't drive any farther. She phoned Dad and he came to St. George on the bus and drove us home.

Because Archie had been out of school for almost two years with a severe case of carbuncles, I caught up with him in school. The poor guy would just get one of the carbuncles cleared up when another would start. The folks took him to every doctor that claimed to have a cure for them. They finally took him to the Children's Hospital where they clamped his arm down on a table and proceeded to lance the arm clear down to an artery where the problem lay. Then when we were to go into the sixth grade, the teachers and my parents thought it would place a burden on Archie to be going to a new school with a brother two years younger than he was; so it was decided that I would be held back for one semester and Archie would go to junior high school ahead of me. I felt very hurt at first, but it later turned out to be one of the luckiest things in my life.

In October of 1929 the stock market crashed and a panic hit Wall Street. It didn't effect many people until the following year when the biggest depression to ever hit the world began. It was just about this time that Dad lost the job that was so good. His employer

(who was the sole owner of the company) had a severe heart attack and was advised by his doctor to sell the business and retire. He sold the business to a holding company with the proviso that they keep all of his old employees, which they did; but in a few months they sold out to another buyer who brought in their own people and let all of the old employees go. From then on for the next several years, our family, like many others lived a very frugal life. Everyone did what they could to bring in any money. We lost the home that we had built with so much love and in the next eight or nine years we moved frequently to find cheaper rent. I remember one house that we rented when I was in high school that was a mess when we moved in. We worked like crazy to make it look nice and after several months, the owner came by and when he saw how nice it looked, he raised the rent!

During those depression days I remember seeing men standing on street corners literally offering themselves as slave labor to earn enough to feed their families. It must be remembered that at that time there was no unemployment insurance, no medical insurance and no Social Security. We worked at whatever we could to earn money. I did yard work for twenty-five cents a day. I got a paper route which I have always thought must have been the longest route in the city. I purchased a bicycle for 25 cents to get the route in the first place, but the front wheel was crooked and I would get flat tires and have to walk the route. Many times I wouldn't get home from my deliveries until very late at night. Archie got a job working at Langendorf Bakery Company, cleaning out the bread baking ovens. It was a very hot and dirty job, but he earned money doing it and there were grown men who were trying to find jobs. There was no job we wouldn't do. One day the man across the street from us asked me if I would pass some business reply cards for him. I should have asked about the pay, but I didn't, so with a friend, we left early in the morning and we passed out those cards through the towns of Piru, Fillmore and Moorpark. For lunch, the man gave us some cookies and some chocolate milk. Between Fillmore and Moorpark, we stopped to get a trailer full of lava rock. He was towing the trailer all day. When we had passed out all of the cards, we headed for home by way of the Santa Susanna Pass. The brakes on the car went out and also the lights. We came over the pass without the lights or brakes and it was a hair-raising trip. We got home about nine that night and the guy gave us just twenty-five cents for the day's work. When Dad found out how much he paid us, he wanted to go over and beat the guy up. Mother made him change his mind.

In Junior High School, I worked in the school cafeteria for my meals. Also, while there, I met a girl who just came to the school. She was in my history class, I think, but she impressed me because she was so smart. At the time, I didn't even dream that she would have a great bearing on my later life. When I was about to graduate from Junior High School, I was involved with another fellow in a wreck on our bicycles. I broke my left shoulder….again, just about fifteen years after my first break.

At five minutes to six on the 10th of March of 1933 (which happened to be Mother's birthday) an earthquake hit the southland and caused extensive damage and loss of life. The quake registered above 6.5 on the Richter Scale and there were many aftershocks. Late that evening, when we returned inside the house Mother made the remark of the day

by saying, “I thought it would be nice to have a celebration on my birthday, but this is ridiculous”.

Washington High School, where we went to school the following September, was damaged too much to hold classes in most of the buildings. Only one two story building was fit for classes. The rest had to be reinforced. Those reinforcements took almost three years. First was the job of removing all of the outer layer of bricks of which the buildings were made. The jackhammer’s created a constant din almost all day long. Tents and bungalows were brought in to hold classes and besides the noise, was the dust that was created by the falling bricks. After they were removed, reinforcing steel was welded to the buildings. Last came cement which was sprayed on. The boy’s gym locker room was used for commercial classes and every available space was used. All of this took nearly the three years that we spent in the school. There were only enough book lockers for seniors, the rest of the students had to carry their books everywhere. The tents were the biggest problem for both teachers and students. When it was cold, there was a small pot-bellied stove placed at the front of the classroom. When it got hot, the sides of the tent were rolled up and because there was only a four-foot-wide walkway between the tents, it was difficult to keep the attention of a class. The teachers in those days had to be some of the finest teachers I have ever had.

It was during this time that I got appendicitis and had my first operation. My appendix burst while on the operation table so I went without food or drink for a week. I lost twenty pounds that week.

After President Roosevelt was elected, he started a lot of government programs to put men back to work. Dad worked for the W.P.A at many places and doing many things. Archie quit school in 1934 and joined the C.C.C. I worked at school for a program for students called the N.Y.A. I worked in the school library and for the girl’s gym department. Just before my senior year, I got a job working for a cabinet shop near home. I got off from school early and worked from three to about six-thirty or whenever I finished the job and all day on Saturday. For this work I was paid $2.75 a week. The foreman of the stop used to give me $1.00 out of his own pocket because he felt that the owner, a woman, didn’t pay me enough. When I graduated from school she said she would like me to work full time for 10 cents an hour. I joined the C.C.C. and got room and board plus uniforms and thirty dollars a month. $25.00 was sent home and we got to keep $5.00 to live on in camp. Of all of the agencies that were created under the Roosevelt administration, the C.C.C. was the only profitable one. It was run quite like the army. The Army did oversee the operations of the camps and supplied most of the Commanding Officers. I went to a camp up in the Panamint Mountains first. It was the summer camp for the company that worked in Death Valley National Monument. It was too hot to live down in the valley in the summer, even though we worked there. The temperature in the Valley often soared to well over 125 degrees and the ground temperature went much higher. Shortly after I arrived at the camp, one of the first fellows I met there was a guy named Thomas Kilcoyne. He bunked right next to me and we became good friends. Tom was the youngest of a family which had three girls older than Tom. He was so spoiled by his sisters that I couldn’t believe it when I first went to

his house. Because he was raised with three older sisters, he was somewhat effeminate in his mannerisms. I used to really work on him to get him to walk less like a woman and get rid of some of his girlish traits. I must admit, that I didn't succeed, but I tried. We were close friends for years. When I joined the Navy, Tom tried to get in also, but because of his eyesight, he couldn't.. Much later, he was inducted into the Army and arrived in Europe the day the war was over. I saw him just a few more times: once when I asked him to be one of the ushers at my wedding, another at the wedding rehearsal and again at the wedding. I never saw him again. I guess it was because we both went our own ways and each of us had changed.

One day I went out on a working party and because it was so hot, I took off my shirt just as all of the rest of the working party did. Unfortunately for me, my skin didn't take to the desert sun and by the time we got back to camp, I was blistered. I had to be swathed in bandages because of the severe burns. I spent several days in the dispensary recovering from the sunburn. It was a completely different style of living than I had ever had. We lived in tents, five men to a tent, ate in a mess hall, had to be very careful of the use of our water. We drank about five gallons of water a day but had to be sure there was enough water to shower in when we came back to camp. There was a water tank across from the camp on the opposite side of the canyon from the camp and it was the first thing everyone looked at when we drove back into camp. If the marker was at the bottom, we could use all the water we wanted, but if it was near the top, we just gave ourselves a short wash-up.

The Command Officer of the camp was a Naval Lieutenant named Beale. He had been a communications officer in the Navy and had his own 'ham' station at the back of his office. He and one of the men in our tent, a fellow named Gallegos, who looked just like Haile Selassie, would sit there in that office at night contacting 'Ham' operators all over the world. One morning about 2 am we heard a strange sound and ran out of the tent to see a wall of water about six feet high roaring down the canyon, taking almost everything in its path. We all turned to and worked our way down the canyon to where a small store stood at a turn in the canyon. I stood there for hours shoveling rocks and sand to keep the store from washing away. Our only road to the outside was washed away; so we had to work all day to get just a temporary road in so our trucks could get in and out of camp. About five that afternoon, we finally got back to camp and sat down in the mess hall to eat our first meal of the day, when we heard that same strange sound. We ran out of the mess hall and saw to our horror another wall of water coming down the canyon! This one was even higher than the previous one and whatever was left of the first flood vanished under the water of this one. We managed to save the store again. Great gaping holes appeared in the place where the road had been. One of the men who went ahead of the rest of us, disappeared in one of the holes and was lucky enough to keep from going completely under the silt at the bottom. Two fellows who were coming back to camp from a weekend liberty came around a bend in the canyon and saw that wall of water coming towards them. They jumped out of their car and ran for high ground. A week later they found the car buried to the roof in the river bed. It took them several weeks to dig it out, only to find when they began to work on it that there was sand even in the

cylinders. The car was still sitting below our camp when we were transferred down into the valley.

I was assigned to a group that was sent up to Telescope Peak to build some bridle trails to the summit. Our camp was in a 'saddle' between Manley and Telescope Peaks. There was a cook and mess hall tent that could take care of the group and after the first few days we got two Army tents to sleep in. In our cook tent and mess hall was a crude oven which was made of a tank that was used to freeze water to make a 100 pound block of ice. The door of the oven was a piece of sheet metal that was hung there by a piece of wire. As crude as it was, 'Pop' Stone, our cook, made some of the best pies I have ever tasted. I used to make 'baking powder biscuits' in it for the crew, so we often had hot biscuits and honey for a snack. Before the tents arrived, we could lay our cots and pick wild flowers because we were bedded down in a huge bed of wild flowers. That was in September! It was strange to have to tie all of our bedding to our cots so it wouldn't blow away. Every evening we would get into our cots a little after six and with all of our clothes on, including our overcoats and boots, we would tie ourselves in. Even after we got the tents, we had to do the same thing because the temperature dropped to below freezing every night. 'Pop' Stone had an assistant whose job it was to get up in the morning and get the fire going to thaw out all of the water so we could wash up.

All of our supplies had to be brought to us by pack train. An Indian would pack his burros at the end of the road every morning and travel the five miles to our camp. He would then unload his burros and repack them with some five gallon cans to carry water in. Then he went a couple of miles farther to a spring and filled them with water and brought it back to camp. A short time after we got there, the man in charge told me to get someone else and go with some army officers to see about digging a spring. The officers were from the Corps of Army engineers and they took us to a spot about two hundred yards above the spring where the Indian got our water and told us to dig the spring there. The idea being that water could be piped to our camp using gravity flow instead of hauling it there. They showed us where to dig and what to do after we got the hole dug. We dug for several weeks and when we had dug down to bed rock and into the side of the mountain some thirty feet, we placed a piece of eight inch galvanized pipe in the bottom of the ditch, into that we placed a two inch pipe and filled the larger pipe with gravel and then filled the whole thing in. We waited anxiously for some time and then we saw water coming out of the small pipe. It was rather muddy water, but it was coming. The next morning we raced back to our dig and to our great joy, water was coming out of the pipe that was crystal clear and cold as ice. We checked the flow and found that it put out 9 gallons a minute. I hope it is still running and that one day one of my family will be able to visit it.

I went through a sand storm when I first went down into the valley to live. I was given the job of tearing out some wooden bunks in the barracks and I had spent two or three days doing the job. Then I had to clean them all out. I had just about cleaned them out when I got a call from the mess hall where most of the crew was working. They yelled at me to come there quickly. I ran over and found that there was a sand storm coming down the valley from the north. If you have never been in one you can't possible imagine the

force it generates. When everyone was in the mess hall, we secured all the doors and windows and packed wet sand in all the small cracks we could find. In a short time the storm hit the place and in a few seconds we couldn't even see across the room. The storm passed in a matter of a few minutes and when I got back to the barracks I had been cleaning, it was covered with at least a foot of sand. It took several days to clear the sand out.

In November of 1936 I was transferred to Pine Valley, California, almost the complete opposite of Death Valley. The temperature there dropped below zero and there was more snow than I had ever seen in my life. I had to work in snow although I must admit I didn't like it very much. I fought forest fires, built fire trails and fire breaks all over the Laguna Mountains east of San Diego. On one fire fight where I spent several days I was hauling a fire hose at night and was standing in one spot for a while when I felt my feet getting hot. When I looked down I saw I was standing in a bed of coals and they were burning my boots off. After those several days on the fire line, everything I smelled or ate, tasted like smoke.

In February of 1937 I asked for and got my discharge from the C.C.C. I came home and started looking for a job. In school I had studied printing, but nobody would hire me because I didn't have any professional experience. I went to work for a wholesale egg producer, I. J. Mandell & Company. In a short time after I started working there, I started driving the house truck. My job was to deliver eggs to all the local restaurants and to make all the pickups from the cold storages and anyplace else where we got eggs.

During this period of time, Archie and I had the opportunity of buying a house in the Windsor Hills area. It was a nearly new house which was being purchased by a couple when the husband died suddenly and the wife could not make the payments. So it was offered to us and all we had to do was pay the woman $50.00 a month more than the house payments for one year for her equity. Every thing was going along fine for a while. We loved our beautiful new house and the area was great. Then, the employees of Brunswick Drug Co. (where Archie worked) went on strike. The strike lasted much longer than they thought it would and as a consequence, we were short of money. We tried to make my paycheck stretch for all the payments we had, but we couldn't make it. Because both of our cars were almost paid for, we decided that we should keep our cars and let the house go. We had more invested in the cars than in the house. It was while living at that house that we both had to sign up for the draft.

Getting back to my job, I can remember one day that I opened four freight cars and loaded the eggs from them into my truck, drove back to the plant and unloaded the truck there. There were 480 cases of eggs in two of the cars and 520 in the other two cars. I did that all before I went on my regular restaurant rounds. I also made all of the special deliveries, like government contracts and the deliveries to the big supermarkets when they had large orders. One of the last government contracts that I delivered was to Camp Roberts. On the day I drove there, I would start my day as usual and leave work at noon, go home for a nap and at seven o'clock in the evening, I would pick up my truck at a gas station near the plant, where it had been loaded and gassed up. I would drive up the coast

highway to Camp Roberts and when the commissary opened in the morning, I would unload and drive back to the plant. The next morning the whole routine was repeated. I did this for several months and I received $10.00 a trip beyond my regular pay. One night I almost lost my life when I lost control of the truck I was driving just as I passed the summit of the Cuesta Grade, north of San Luis Obispo. The truck reached a speed of over 80 miles per hour by the time I got to the bottom of the grade. Because the load had shifted, I couldn't turn the wheels. When the truck went off the road at the bottom, it hit a sandy surface and the wheels turned just before I was about to hit the side of the mountain. When I stopped at a service station a short time later, I found that not only did the tires have chunks of rubber torn out of them, but the wheels also had pieces missing. I drove for the next two hours with my hands and feet shaking like crazy.

I drove the truck for almost five years and one day in October of 1941, I slipped while unloading my truck and ruptured myself. I didn't realize that I had one until a few days later when I tried to get into the Army. The examining doctor saw the hernia and said that it should be taken care of immediately. I had to go into the hospital a couple of days later to have an operation. There was no medical insurance then; so I had to sell almost everything I owned to pay for the operation; doctor, and the ambulance that brought me home. I was in the hospital for nine days, then I had to stay flat on my back for six weeks. Things were certainly different those days. (I have had two more hernia operations since then and on each occasion I was up and walking the same day as the operation.) When I was able to walk, I would walk to the library each day, get three books and read them and go back the next day for three more books.

I was recovering from the operation, when on Sunday December 7th, I heard of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Archie had been drafted in October and little did I think, when he went in, that it would be five years before I would see him again. When I was nearly recovered, I got a job at Lerner's Dress Shops warehouse for the Christmas holidays. My job was to open boxes of dress models that were shipped from the main plant in New York. I worked with a girl who had the right size and she loved to model all of the attractive dresses. We both had fun doing the job, but it didn't last too long.

I went to see if I cold get into the Air Corps. I took the physical and passed it and then went down for the written test. Much to my surprise, I passed it with a 96. When I was called before the Cadet Examining Board, they asked me what was the hardest thing on the test. Naturally they had the test results right in front of them and I told them it was math. They told me to go to a local high school and take a brush-up course that lasted for six weeks and they thought I would get in with no trouble. I knew better, because I never had anything higher than eighth grade math. When I got home that day I walked into the house and Dad looked at me and said, "You didn't make it". He could tell by the look on my face. I told him I was going down the next morning and join the Navy. He said that he thought that was the best thing because I would always have a dry, clean, bunk and good food which was more than the Army had to offer.

The following day, March 16, 1942 was my 24th birthday and I enlisted in the regular Navy, which meant a six year enlistment. I thought later, I will be thirty years old when I get out……!

My first day in the Navy was one of the longest. We left Los Angeles for San Diego by bus and it took us nearly all day to reach there, due to the fact that the bus broke down no less than three times and each time it was far from any place where we could get anything to eat. We arrived at the San Diego Naval Training Station a little after six and then we had to go through more physical examinations, get our hair cut, get shots, get our uniforms, get everything stenciled and by this time it was almost eleven in the evening. They took us to a mess hall (as we hadn't had anything to eat since breakfast) and served us beans, corn bread and the worst coffee I had ever tasted. I never had another cup of coffee for almost six months. The three weeks in "Boot Camp" were really something. We marched everywhere: to our barracks, to chow, to sick bay for shots, to the dentists, where I had my first visit to a dentist in my life. I had to have three teeth pulled. We spent most of every day marching on the "Grinder" (parade field). I wore out two pair of shoes in the three weeks. After "Graduation" from The Naval Training Station, we were sent to Balboa Park to an "Outgoing Unit". It was here that we were sent out to different school, ships and stations.

I was sent to The Armed Guard Signal School in San Francisco. The school was to train men for Merchant ships. There I went through six weeks of intensive signal study. We learned flashing light, semaphore, flag hoist and signal procedure. It was drummed into our heads morning, noon and night. We could here guys yelling flag hoists in their sleep. After the six weeks, instead of being sent to a merchant ship, I, along with five other guys, was sent to San Diego to board a regular Navy ship. One of the guys that I went with was Wesley Harvey. When we got to San Diego, I went to find a bunk for the two of us, while Wes went to see if he could find his brother, who was stationed there. (A little sidelight here about the Destroyer Base: The Commanding Officer of the base was a Captain McCandless, and the base was his 'baby'. He demanded absolute blackout conditions on the base. We always felt that if an enemy plane were to fly over the San Diego area, he would drop his bombs on the Destroyer Base as it was the only darkened spot in the area.) I knew that Wes had a twin brother, but I didn't know that they were identical twins until they came to the bunks I had obtained for Wes and me. It took me quite some time before I could figure out who was Wes and who was Jean Harvey. Wes and I sailed around for three years in the same division. When I went aboard the Allen, he was assigned to the Algorab. She was one of the other ships in our division of five ships. The ships were Harris, Algorab, Penn, Electra, and the Allen. Several years later, the Captain of the Allen, Captain Paul A. Stevens, became the Commodore of the division and asked me to head up his signal group. He said I could get anyone I wanted. I asked for Wes Harvey and he was transferred to the Allen. From the time that I had first met his brother Jean, he had gone to OTS and became an ensign and later a Jg. Wes had a picture of Jean in his officer's uniform and it was on his locker door. One of the crew saw it and asked me if I knew what Wes was doing in an officer's uniform. They all knew that I had known him for some time. I gave them the story that Wes had been

my C.O. before and was court marshaled for striking a captain and was broken down to seaman first.

The U. S. S. Henry T. Allen was an attack transport. She was formerly the Presidential Liner, President Jefferson, which made world cruises many years before. One of the first men I met on the ship was Hal Lindberg, who not only became a lifelong friend, but he was one of the ushers at my wedding many years later. The job of an attack transport is to take assault troops in to enemy beaches for invasions. One of my first jobs on the Allen was to cover what were called the "fighting lights" on the foremast. The lights are for identification at night when in battle. There are three different colors. The combination of colors is changed every four hours, day or night every day of the year. To cover them with a canvas cover, I had to climb up the mast and tie the covers over the lights whenever we entered port and to uncover them when we left for sea. There were three sets of lights that went to the mast head, 130 feet above the sea. I was petrified the first few times I had to go up, but in time I came to enjoy it.

My station on invasions was part of the beach party. Now that may sound like fun, but unlike a civilian beach party, here someone was trying to keep us away from the beach and they used real live bullets to do it. The beach party consisted of the Beachmaster, (usually a Lieutenant or higher grade), a doctor, two pharmacist mates, two radiomen, two signalmen, a Chief Boatswains Mate, two seamen (boat crew members of the salvage boat), and two or three seamen for any extra work needed by the Beachmaster. On an invasion, we would usually get into the landing craft about 0300 and start into the beach so we would reach there about 0400. We were dressed in camouflaged coveralls and we had a back pack that carried a blanket, half shelter (used to make a tent with someone else), a mess kit, and a canteen (with cup). Besides all of that, I also carried a 45 caliber automatic and several clips of ammunition and a Thompson sub-machine gun with ammo. That made me weigh quite a lot. Then to make things more difficult, we (the two signalmen) had to take into the beach an eighty pound generator and a signal searchlight, which weighed almost as much. There was absolutely no way we could land on the beach in a dry state.

One of the men in the signal gang who had a decided effect on my Navy life was Larry P. Doolittle, signalman 2nd Class. Larry was the first one that I stood watch with. One of the things that he delighted in doing was to add an extra number to the group count of a message. For example, if the group count was 25, Larry would add another number like 259 and get me all worried about whether I had enough paper to write the whole message down. Larry had been in the Navy for a long time and had served on the Yangtse River Patrol in China. He used to tell me things about his duty there and I began to think that they were all "Sea Stories", such as bodies floating down the river, smelling Shanghai from 100 miles away and people who lived and died in the river without ever having set foot on dry land. Standing watch with him was an education. I can still remember one of the first watches that I stood with him out in the bay. When I went below after the 1600 to 2000 watch, the ship was heading into the pier. When I came up on watch at 0000, I didn't know what had happened to the ship, it wasn't facing the right way. It took a little time for me to get used to the way the ship swung at anchor when I was below deck.

After training for several weeks in the operation of landing boats, we made practice landing all along the coast above San Diego and we practiced lowering the landing craft into the water. We were always in competition with our sister ship, the Harris. We eventually got so that we could lower all 36 of our craft into the water in 7 minutes in an absolute blackout. The first time I ever got out to the deep sea, I was surprised to see that the water was almost black. We went out for gunnery practice and our gun crews made a big mistake. They were supposed to come close to the target that was sitting out there, but after the second or third shot with our three inch guns, they blew the target out of the water. On that trip, the Captain took the ship out beyond the 12 mile boundary and had the storekeepers open the ship's store so we could purchase cigarettes without taxes. I don't think I paid more than five cents a package for them for several years and they were a great bargaining agent.

We were sent to the east coast (Norfolk, Virginia), by way of the Panama Canal. Hal Lindberg and I went ashore in Panama City and had a great time in my first real foreign county. While there, Hal purchased some wrist watches (used) in a pawn shop. I asked what he wanted with the wrist watches. He said, "Wait until we get out where guys have nothing to spend their money on and you will see". (He sold those watches for at least ten times what he paid for them.) After leaving the Panama Canal we headed across the Caribbean and when we were just about in the middle, the ship broke down. The Caribbean was nicknamed "Torpedo Junction" at that time because of all the ships that had been torpedoed by U-Boats. We sat there for some time and it was a scary feeling to see the rest of our convoy and escorts going over the horizon. (A little sidelight here) When any ship in a convoy breaks down, for any reason, the rest of the convoy keeps going, even the escorts, because it is better to lose one ship than risk the entire convoy. Just before we entered the swept channel entering Norfolk, we were attacked by a U-Boat. Fortunately they missed and one of the destroyers went back and dropped depth charges on it. When the destroyer caught up with us later, we got a message for them, "Operation favorable". (The gunnery officer on the destroyer was Lt. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.) When we ran up a flag hoist to signal how each ship should enter the channel, someone on the Algorab made a mistake in reading the signal and turned in at the wrong time. The ship rammed our sister ship, the Harris. The Harris rolled almost all the way over on her side. Wes Harvey was on the Algorab and he told me later he could see that they were going to ram the other ship. The helmsman asked him what he should. Do. Wes said, "I don't know about you, but I'm going to hang on to something." One man who was in the forward paint locker of the Algorab was killed.

We were sent right into dry dock when we got to Norfolk. Actually Naval dry dock is in Portsmouth across the river from Norfolk. The next night Hal and I went to Washington D.C. We arrived there about three in the morning and after wandering around we found ourselves in front of a building which we found out was Ford's Theatre. We saw a lot of Washington in a short time. We went out to Mount Vernon, visited the Smithsonian institute and we wanted to see the White House, which we did, from down the street. It was "off limits" to almost everyone. There were marines surrounding it with machine guns and the place was flood lighted. It was many years before I got to see it again.

Before we left Washington the following morning, we went into a restaurant for breakfast. The guy working there was a character. When we ordered hot cakes and some bacon, he fixed about six hotcakes for each of us and then fried almost half a pound of bacon for each. He gave us each a quarter of a pound of butter and also scrambled some eggs for us. When we got ready to leave, we asked what we owned him and he said, "thirty cents, fifteen apiece". When we questioned the bill as being too low, he said that his boss could afford it and besides that, as soon as his shift was over, he was going to join the Navy.

Shortly after we left dry dock, I was called to the ship's office and told to pack my sea bag and report to the quarter deck right away. When I asked why, I was told to just get ready to leave the ship. When I got to the quarter deck, I found that there was a jeep waiting for me on the dock. When I got into the jeep, I asked the driver where I was going. He only told me that his orders were to take me to the outskirts of Norfolk to a Naval School. Once there, he gave me some papers to be presented to the guard at the gate. My orders were taken and I was sent to a barracks where I was given a bunk and told to report the next morning to a special room at 0800. The next morning in the room, when the blinds were pulled down and the door locked, we found out what the big secret was….RADAR. At that time it was top secret and what we were going to do was learn how to operate it. What seemed strange was that there were people from mess attendants to four stripe captains in the class. The man in charge was a Radioman 1/C. He said that in this class there were no ranks and that a Captain wasn't any better than a seaman. We could write nothing down. Everything we learned was committed to memory. I was at the school for perhaps three weeks without any time out. We cold not leave our area of the school. One morning I was called just as I was when I left my ship. Get packed and be ready to leave at once. I went back to the ship where I noticed that the sip was drawing more water. I knew she was loaded and we had troops aboard.

We sailed out into the Chesapeake Bay and did some practice landings with the troops we had aboard. Then we sailed out of the bay in a convoy of 16 ships and several destroyers as escorts and headed northeast. Three days later we were called to quarters and told that the following morning we would meet the rest of the convoy. They said that in the future we would be able to tell our grandchildren that we had taken part in the largest invasion force ever assembled. We were going to open a second front of the war. We were to be the first invasion fleet of World War II.

The following morning when I came up on deck I looked to starboard and could not see the other side of the convoy, it stretched over the horizon. We were the flagship of the second column. The flagship of the convoy was the Cruiser Wichita. She occupied the center position of the convoy. We were surrounded by escorts of all kinds. During our voyage, in which we first headed northeast, we were to be under the scrutiny of German U-boats. Our escorts were constantly going after them. I wondered why the crew seemed so frightened whenever a depth charge went off, as they did frequently. When the hatches were opened after we had reached our destination and I saw what was in them, I got scared. We changed our course and headed for what the enemy thought was

our destination of Dakar. Instead, we turned north again and hit the shores of North Africa at Casablanca, Rabat, and Port Leyauty.

Our division went to Port Leyauty and landed there. As we approached the coast of French Morocco that night, we were all very nervous. We were supposed to get some sleep, but none of us was the least bit ready for sleep. Going into action for the first time you get a feeling that cannot be described. It has to be experienced. As strange as it may seem, the biggest orders that day in the ship's store was for condoms. Not for the use for which they were made, but because they make the best waterproof containers anywhere. Our wallets, cigarettes and other things that we wanted to keep dry were placed in them. Before the invasion started, there was a message sent to the French that we were about to invade and that if they were not going to fight, they would beam their searchlights straight up at night and by day, they would fly two French flags one above the other from their flagpoles. One of the men in a group who were trained for just this operation was sure that he was going to be killed and he wrote letters home and had other guys promise to mail them. He also gave away most of his valuables. The guys that got them just put them in their lockers until the guy came back. When the time came for him to get into the landing craft, the ocean swells were huge and when he tried to jump from the debarkation net to the boat, he slipped and went right down into the water. The landing craft had moved out from the ship and then smashed back into the side. We thought that the guy was killed, but when the boat moved away again, up popped the guy and he was pulled aboard the boat. We heard from the other guys on the beach that the poor frightened kid dug a foxhole almost from the waters edge up the beach. He wasn't the bravest kid on the ship, but then none of us were exactly like John Wayne.

The first four waves hit the beaches with no trouble, but then the enemy opened up on our landing craft and our soldiers. They had two planes that strafed the beach, but they didn't last very long, they were shot down by rifle fire from the soldiers on the beach. My station during the first part of the landings was at the aft signal station. Our job there was to call the landing craft alongside the ship to the proper stations. At one time, in the morning, a shore gun opened up on the transport area and the first shot landed not more than twenty yards from our stern. We almost kicked up dust getting out of there. We received a message from the beach party that General Patton wanted a flag for this command. The message was typical of most Army messages, 90 words. They began to describe how it was to be made. By the time the message was finished, Doolittle had run down to our flag room and made one. I went to grab a bite to eat at one time and passing sick bay for the first time, I saw that the war had really started. I saw men sitting on the deck with blood coming from wounds, men with bullet holes in them and some just laying there waiting to get into the operating room. The old Battleship Texas was a short distance away from us and I saw something I had never seen before and will probably never see again. When she fired a broadside into the beach, one whole side of the ship was devoid of water. The ship would move back every time she fired a broadside.

The following day I was sent to do some signal work on the beach. We commandeered a small wood burning tug, run by a Frenchman who could speak no English and of course none of us could speak French. On the way to the beach he ran out of fuel. We got a ride

into the beach in one of our landing craft, but I have often wondered how that Frenchman got his tug in. The seas were so high that most of our landing craft were broaching to on the beach. I knew when our landing craft hit because I fell forward and scraped my nose and forehead on the ramp. I bled quite a bit before one of the pharmacist mates stopped it. At one point, I was operating an Army walkie-talkie, which was a rather cumbersome thing, but it was the only available transmitter there that I could use to talk to the sea-plane tender Raven that had a cable into the beach with which we cold pull some of the craft off of the beach. I was looking at the winch at the stern of the tender when I saw the cable separate. I yelled as loud as I could for everyone to hit the sand. The cable came whistling across the beach like a whip. Fortunately nobody got hit. A short time later, I thought a bee had gone past my ear. Then I realized that someone was shooting at me. I headed for cover and the bullets were following me down the beach. I think I broke several sprint records for running in sand that morning. Until that happened, this was something I had read about and seen pictures of, but when they were shooting at me, it became a personal war. While walking in the sand, I took off my shoes and the surf took them, so I had to walk barefooted when we left that beach for the jetty some four miles away. The road to the jetty was gravel and by the time I got to the jetty my feet were a mass of stone bruises. During that walk to the jetty, we went through an area where a battle had taken place two days before. It still lives in my memory after all these years. There were bodies of soldiers and parts of soldiers (not American) scattered all over the place. We smelled the place long before we got there. It was a sight that can never be forgotten. If anyone ever thought that war was glamorous, one look at that place would make a pacifist out of him.

One night we received a radio message from Freetown, Sierra Leone asking if we would like some air support. Because of the fact that the Rangers had not taken the airfield, we could not land our P-40s which were on four CVEs in our group, so the message was sent that we could use some help. The next morning a medium bomber came into the area. It came in from the wrong direction, dropped the wrong recognition flares and then just about noon, the bomber started a long low glide that appeared to be a bombing run on the transport area. The ships began to fire at the plane, and as it continued to get closer, one of the ships in our division hit it. It burst into flame and we could see that they were trying to drop their bombs. Unfortunately, they didn't and the plane blew up on contact with the sea. One of our landing craft got to the crash site almost immediately and found an arm in the water bearing an identification bracelet of an RAF pilot. That was our air support.

After a few days in Port Leyauty, we headed for Casablanca. One of the ships in our division (The Electra) that had gone ahead of us was torpedoed and had run aground about half way to Casablanca. When we approached the harbor, a merchant ship had dropped anchor in the channel and was swinging on it so we couldn't make it into the harbor. The ship finally hoisted his anchor and we received a message by flashing light that said "Hurry", then in a matter of a few seconds the message read "Make utmost speed". It was then that Dick Finley and I saw the periscopes of U-boats cutting through the water. We made it into the harbor and spent the next three days unloading the rest of the ship. The entire harbor was filled with sunken ships. The French Battleship Jean

Bart was tied to a dock and although the dock was not hit, the Battleship Massachusetts had put the Bart out of commission from far out at sea. We unloaded bombs with such total disdain it was funny. One afternoon when unloading some anti-personal bombs, one of the big black mess attendants caught his arm in the loading net and was hoisted about forty feet in the air before his arm slipped out of the net and he fell into the pile of bombs that were laying on the barge we were unloading them on. He landed on his head and we were sure he was dead. We got a stretcher and put him in it to be taken to sick-bay. About an hour later, he climbed down into the barge to go back to work. When we all asked about his injury, he said: "You can't injure a black man by dropping him on his head". We said that if the bombs exploded we wouldn't have to work anymore. Some of the boat crews found a ship that carried wine and of course they did what any clear thinking sailor would do, they emptied all the water casks on the boats and filled them up with wine. They also found cases of champagne and brought it back to the ship and hid it in the air ducts in all of the compartments. On the evening of November 22nd, they secured the working parties and I went down to my compartment, threw myself across my four high bunk and the following morning I was awakened by one of the guys in the same position that I had been in the night before. Just over my head was a klaxon horn that sounded "General Quarters" and I didn't even hear it when we left port. We were miles at sea when I was awakened. I hadn't slept for almost two weeks and I don't believe I have ever been so tired. Everyone turned to clean the ship on the way back to Norfolk in one of the worst Atlantic storms in years. We had 4 CVEs with us and the seas were so high they peeled back the forward edge of the flight decks on all four of the ships. It took us 14 days to get back to the States.

When we arrived in Norfolk most of the guys wanted to go to the "Petty Officer's Club" which was about the only place they could get a drink. (Virginia had different laws about liquor). Unfortunately I couldn't get in because I was only a seaman second. Hal gave me one of his jumpers to wear, so I could get in. At that time, I could still get into a movie for a junior admission, I looked so young. When we got to the club, I registered as Signalman 2/C, which was the "Crow" on the jumper. I had a pea coat on at the time so no one saw the emblem. When we went to a table I took off my pea coat and there was a stunned silence in the room when guys began to see my sleeve. Besides the second class "Crow", there were three "hash marks" on the sleeve. Each of those "hash marks" mean four years of navy service. A Signalman 2/C I might be, but 12 years in the Navy???? No way!!!

I had made a bet with one of the guys that we would come back to Norfolk and he said New York. The bet was five shots of his favorite liquor, which he must drink down in one belt. When we got to the Petty Officer's club and I ordered five shots of Southern Comfort in a single glass, the waiter brought a big glass of Coke to chase it with. (As if anything could chase five shots of 100 proof Southern Comfort). The guy I bet with ordered the same thing and we both gulped the drinks down. He swore, later that his hat had done a flip to the coat rack behind him. Hal Lindberg came by much later and took me to a movie and it is the only time in my life that I saw a movie with two screens showing the same feature.

Just after we got into port a new man came aboard ship. He was Joseph Wilber Tucker, Signalman 3/C from Boston. The first night aboard he was assigned to my watch. Actually he out-rated me so I guess it should have been his watch. At any rate, it was his first duty after coming out of Signal School and he was new at the job. His mother had come to Norfolk to visit him just before he came aboard and had brought him a cake. When we went on watch at about five, we made some coffee and cut a piece of cake for each of us. It started to snow and the first message of the evening came from the shore Signal Station. It was from one of the men who had just left the ship, requesting extension of leave. We got the message and Joe took it to the radio shack to have it routed. Before he got back another message came with almost the same words. To make a long story short, all evening long we received messages requesting the same thing. We had to use a push broom to push snow out of the wings of the bridge where our signal searchlights were, it was snowing so hard. When our relief came up at midnight, our coffee was frozen and so was the cake. For that matter, so were we.

Joe and I spent many hours on watch together over the years and became lifelong friends. I think our friendship really got off to a good start on Christmas Eve of 1942. We were in Panama and our ship was quarantined because there was a Marine who had spinal meningitis. We came on watch on the "dog" watch and instead of waking up our relief when our watch was over we just stayed there and talked all night long. By the time the sun came up in the morning, we knew where each other lived, they way each others houses were built, the members of the families, where we had worked over the years before we entered the Navy and I learned about Margaret Bernadette Donovan, the girl he would marry a few years later.

We left Panama on Christmas Day and set sail for American Samoa. On New Years Eve, someone came down to our quarters with a container of "sick bay alcohol". It is 180 proof and has a kick like a Missouri mule. I tried some mixed with coca cola syrup and I have never had anything so strong. It seemed to start a blue flame burning in my stomach and it whirled around until I became almost numb. One day one of the seamen tapped one of the water casks on a boat and he was seen by one of the officers. When the officer saw the wine in the cup the seaman had, he reported it and they had all of the water casks taken to the stern of the ship and opened the stopcocks on them. The Pacific turned a dark red for many miles while hundreds of gallons of wine ran into the ocean.

After leaving Panama, we headed southwest and one day, we crossed the Equator. That means an initiation like none anywhere. It was just short of medieval torture. Suffice to say, that I couldn't sit comfortable for days and when the initiation was over the only piece of clothing I had left on my body was a sleeve of my T-shirt. The only consolation I had was that I would never have to go through that again, but the next time I crossed the Equator, I could be on the other side of the initiation. Just before we got to Samoa we were attacked by a submarine. I spotted the torpedo coming toward us and could barely yell "Torpedo on the port bow" I was so frightened. The O. D. gave the order to the helmsman to turn hard aport and the torpedo missed us by not more than three or four feet. Our escort went out after the sub and dropped many depth charges, but I never found out if they got the sub.

Samoa was a beautiful place. The harbor of Pago Pago (they call it Pango Pango) is just like a Polynesian island should be like. It is well protected, rather small and the foliage that surrounds it comes almost down to the water. There are waving coconut palms, bananas, native folks in the village and lovely native girls wearing just lava lavas. On the starboard side of the ship when we entered the harbor was a peak that the native call the "Rain Maker". When a mist forms around its peak, it will rain in twenty minutes. You could set your watch by that time. We had a tarp over the center of the bridge for protection from the tropic sun and when we saw the "Rain Maker" misting, we would run down to our quarters and bring up soap and towels. The rain would be caught in the tarp and it probably held two hundred gallons. When we were ready to shower, one or two guys would stand under the edge of the tarp and someone would push up under the water and it would come down on the guys under the edge. After soaping down, they would get rinsed off in the same manner as before. We only got half an hour of fresh water a day to wash in, so any means of getting a fresh water shower was always something to take advantage of.

We transported the 1st Marine Raiders from the Solomons to New Zealand on two occasions and eventually wound up in Sydney, Australia. We were the first ship in Admiral Barbey's Seventh Amphibious Force. I later got to know the Admiral quite well when we would sit in the wing of the bridge when underway, and talk by the hour. He was a very nice guy and had graduated from Annapolis in the same class as our skipper Paul Stevens. They were good friends and always seemed to be ready to give one another a bad time.

We traveled up and down the east coast of Australia many times and carried troops from there to New Guinea. Our first stop in New Guinea was Port Moresby, where unlike the Destroyer Base in San Diego, they left all the lights on even though they were only twenty minutes away from a Japanese air base. The Air Force would send a couple of P-38s up just at dark and hope that the Japanese would fly over to bomb the port. When they tried it, they were shot down. Then we traveled along the coast at different times to such places as Milne Bay, Buna, Lae, Finschaven, Hollandia, Aitape, and Wewak. We trained troops in Australia often and made two or tree invasions along the north coast of New Guinea. The one thing we did the most of was wait!!!! It always seemed strange to me, that when we were getting prepared for an invasion, the morale of everyone went up. When the day came for the landings we were in almost fever pitch. When we left the invasion site and headed back to our home base the morale seemed to drop and complete boredom set in.

One day we took aboard cases of beer for a beer bust which we were to have in the future. The beer was guarded by armed guards all the way from the quarter deck to the reefers. A week before that, an Australian Officer came aboard carrying a satchel with 3 million pounds in it and he went to the paymaster's office without even any sidearms. It shows how important the beer was. The 3 million pounds equaled $9,780,000. We had a beer party on one of the little islets near the ship one day and we had ham, hard boiled eggs, bread and cookies. When some of the guys got too much to drink, they waded into

the water and one fellow got a small octopus wrapped around his leg. That called for more of the guys to try the same thing. I thought that where there were babies, there should be a mama. They grabbed three of the little things, but fortunately mama didn't come out.

We sailed all over the south Pacific for many months transporting forces from one place to another and got to see many of the islands. One place that was very interesting was the island of Bouganville. To start with, the pilot that took us in the bay was not the usual older Captain, but this pilot was a Quartermaster first class. The Captain (Meyers) didn't quite know how to handle the situation. Empress Augusta Bay is more or less protected with a very dangerous coral reef. The jungle grows almost to the water's edge. Overlooking the bay is a fairly high mountain with an active volcano spewing smoke and with lava running down its sides. The army held only a stretch of beach seven miles long and one half a mile deep. At night, some Japanese soldier would attempt to swim out to sea on a log and then float back into the bay and try to lob grenades onto the ships in the bay. It didn't take long before every ship had rifle racks mounted on the bridge so whenever we saw someone floating on a log at night the order was to shoot. It always seemed strange, but whenever one gun would fire, several others would start firing in the same direction, even though the first guy may have fired at a shadow. The importance of holding the strip of land was that there was an airfield built there that was within striking distance of the Japanese stronghold on Rabaul. Every day, planes would take off on what the pilots called their "milk run". They would load up with bombs and fly over to Rabaul, drop their bombs and come back for another load. There were some New Zealand pilots there who had some sport with the Japanese on Bouganville. The Japanese were cut off from any supplies and had to try to raise their own food. The pilots would fly over and watch the Japanese plow, plant and take care of their crop until it was almost ready to harvest and then they would fly over and drop a belly tank of gasoline on the crop.

On one invasion, we landed at Tanamera Bay, which was west of Hollandia, and just before H-hour (landing time) an LSD in our group started sending a message to us using a plain 12 inch signal light. It lit up the ship like daylight. Just as they realized what they had done and stopped sending, something zoomed over our heads and there was a great explosion on the beach, not a quarter of a mile away. We all stood transfixed waiting for something to hit us. What it was though, was the cruiser Nashville firing over us from about fifteen miles at sea. The shell didn't clear us by very much. A short time later Joe Tucker saw some gun fire coming from a small islet in the bay. He called a subchaser that was nearby and told them of the gunfire. Several other ships got the message and they all opened up on the islet. Several months later I met a man who was serving aboard PT boats and he told me that they went into the bay soon after that incident and they found the Japanese soldier (they nicknamed him the Japanese Sergeant York) so riddled with shells, he could hardly be recognized as a human.

After I had gone to Radar school, I became a very handy man to have around. I had learned to operate the big optical range finder that was on the bridge because I was interested in how it worked. In time, instead of calling the range finder crew, the O. D.s

would get me to do the job. Then, as I was a signalman and radar operator, I got to be the handiest man on the bridge. When there was some special job to be done on the beach, instead of sending a signalman and a radioman, they would call me to do both jobs. I also became fairly adept at handling the beach party's salvage boat. I loved to get to use that boat when we were practicing landings and it wasn't being used. I would take a transmitter with me, so I could keep in touch with the rest of the beach party, and head out into the bay or ocean, whatever the case might be, and race around for hours.

We had a navigator on the ship who was great. One day when I was standing Radar watch in the chart house where the Radar was installed when I saw the navigator come in and set down in front of a radio direction finder and put on some head phones. He began to type on the typewriter that was on the desk and he was really typing fast. When my break came, (we could only watch the radar screen for twenty minutes at a time) I walked over to the RDF and saw what Lt. Com. Doty was typing. He was copying the news from Navy headquarters. It was sent at the rate of 80 words per minutes and Mr. Doty never missed a letter. None of our radiomen could come close to copying that fast. At another time we saw how good he was as a navigator. One morning he came up to the bridge and told us that we would be passing some rocks on our starboard side at 1300 and to let him know when we sighted them. When they were sighted, we got the Azimuth Circle lined up so it was exactly 90 degrees on the starboard side of the ship. (An Azimuth Circle is a brass instrument that fits on the gyro-compass repeater that is in each wing of the bridge to get directions of ships or objects). When the rocks were exactly abeam of the ship we checked the time and it was 1302. We were amazed to see how close he had come to the exact time he said we would pass the rocks. A few minutes later, the quartermaster came up to the bridge to adjust the clocks. They were two minutes fast…..!

Larry Doolittle was transferred to the Penn when we were in Panama and we didn't hear from him for some time. When he left home, he gave his wife a world map and on it he had different areas marked. Each area he named with a girls name and when he wrote to his wife he would ask about Alice or Mable or whatever and his wife would know what area he was in. One of his favorite statements was about the operation that was going on at the time of Guadal Canal. He always called it Guadal "Gulp" Canal. One day we got a letter from him and in it he said that he couldn't tell us where he was but "Gulp" was busy. We knew right where he was. Some time later we heard that the Penn had been sunk in Rendova. The whole signal gang were worried about whether Larry had survived the sinking. A few months later we got a letter from him, postmarked Miami. We had a celebration that day.

One day when we were heading north from Melbourne, Australia, I spotted the smoke of what appeared to be a convoy. With all the smoke, I figured it to be British. A U.S. ship would never make smoke like that especially in daylight hours. All morning long I saw the smoke and at noon I went down for lunch. When I came back to the bridge after lunch, I walked over to the long glass on the wing of the bridge and swung it around towards the smoke. Just as the glass reached the convoy, I saw the ships for the first time and as I saw them, the lead ship in the convoy was lifted right out of the water. It had

been torpedoed. I reported the torpedoing and our destroyers went out after the submarine. After some time they came back into position, but I never found out whether they got the sub or not, or how much damage the ship received. You never know about things like that unless you have a need to know. After everything got settled and back to normal, the Chief Signalman, Ivan Mustain, came over to me and said, "You have asked, in the past, what it was you were looking for, now you know".

One day, when we were at anchor off Buna, we received an all ships message by semaphore. One of the men sending the message from the flagship was formerly a member of our signal gang on the Allen. He was probably the best semaphore man I have ever seen. He could be sending 30 words a minute and it looked like barely half of that, he was so smooth. Right in the middle of the message, one of the handlers on the semaphore flags broke right in two. He had to get another flag to finish the message and when the message was completed, he checked the flag and found that it had not just been broken, it had been shot. There was a pent bullet right behind where he had been standing. Some sniper on the beach almost finished Willy Young's career.

The first time we went to Sydney, Australia, we tied up to the dock just beyond the bridge. The sea details were secured and the port watchers set. The starboard watch was granted liberty and as usual everyone was interested in how liberty would be in this port. Usually the first returnees came back to the ship about 2300 hours and the rest straggled in until the next morning just before liberty was up at 0800. In the case of this first liberty in Sydney, it seemed strange to me, because I had the midwatch (0000 to 0400) and there was nobody coming back to the ship. The next morning, I heard that the first group of the liberty party started coming back around 0600. When they came aboard, they all had tales to tell about the availability of the girls on shore. Even men who never got dates when going ashore said they could pick and choose the girls they wanted. Most of the port watch men thought that they were all telling sea stories about their liberty. The following afternoon at 1300 four of us who rated early liberty went ashore and inside of an hour we had met girls and were with them in a restaurant. The four were Dick, Don, Joe and me. After talking to the girls in the restaurant, we decided that these were not the girls we wanted to spend the afternoon and/or evening with. They were rather rough speaking girls and just not our "type". We excused ourselves to go to the "boys room", paid the waiter and left by the side door. A little later we met some more girls someplace, I forget where, but we took them, or they took us, to a dance hall on the outskirts of town. A short time after we got there, we got some soft drinks and then one of the girls said that we should have something stronger to drink. One of us asked where the nearest liquor store was and the girls said just get to a cab. The driver could get some whiskey. I have forgotten who went, but in a few minutes we had a bottle of whiskey. Dick opened the bottle and asked the girl next to him to say "when" and he started pouring the whiskey into a water glass. The glass was almost to the top, when she said "when". The girl picked up the glass, turned it up and drank the whole glass of whiskey straight down. Dick poured himself the same size drink and when he tipped up the glass and drank it, he gagged, turned red and ducked his head under the table, to spit it out. He said that it was the worst tasting whiskey he had ever tasted and the strongest. We each had to try it and none of us liked it, but those girls drank it like it was Mothers milk. It

didn't take us long to decide that these girls were not exactly our type either, and about midnight we took them back into town, made dates for the next night and thanked our lucky stars that we would never have to keep those dates.

A few nights later, we thought that we would go to the Paladium Ballroom to a dance. We introduced ourselves to four girls who worked together at an aircraft plant and who had come to the ballroom to dance and meet some guys. I have forgotten the name of the oldest of the girls, but there were two sisters, Dorothy and Emma Angus, who teamed up with Joe and Dick, Eleanor Hobbins, who was my date, and the other girl who was Don's date. We really enjoyed these girls company and they were all really nice people. Not like the girls of the previous nights. When the dance was over, the girls asked us to see them to the nearest tram and said that they would meet us on Sunday at noon in front of the Town Hall. Sunday, we got there and the girls were there waiting for us. We went for walks, took the trams to different parts of town, to the beaches and really had a great time. They were just pleasant company. We dated those girls off and on while we were in town and every time we had a good time. The ship left Sydney and we were gone for some time before we came back to town. One phone call was all it took to make dates again. We had good reputations with the girls. One day the Chief Signalman and I went to inspect and make arrangement for the rental of one of the finest ballrooms in town for a ships party. The place was Grace Brothers Ball Room and it was really a beautiful place. There was a big dance floor, pleasant bar, large band stand and very nice rest rooms. It looked like the perfect place for the party. As soon as the arrangements were made, the four of us asked the four girls to go to our party. They were pleased and all accepted. Emma, who was by far the cutest of them was Dicks' date and although he had never told her that he was married, we didn't think it really mattered, because it was just a date and nothing serious would come of it. What we didn't realize was that she was really falling for Dick. The other girls gave her their clothing coupons so she could get material for a new dress for the party. Just before the party, Dick asked a barmaid from the bar that we frequented to go with him. We said "What about Emma". He said he really didn't care and that he was taking the barmaid. We thought that he had called Emma and broken the date, but when the other three of us showed up at the Town Hall, our usual meeting place, there was Emma in her new dress and looking like an angel. When she asked where Dick was, we had to tell her. She cried for a while and wanted to go home, but I told her how mad I was with him and that she should go to the dance and try and have a good time and let him see that she didn't care about him at all. When we got to the dance, Joe and Don were also both mad, but they went to the bar and started drinking. They danced a few dances with each of the girls, but pretty soon they were too stoned to dance. Dick came in with the barmaid and I cold see that it really upset the girls. I didn't have a drink, I was so mad, and in a while the party started to get wild. Around 2300 I could see that things were getting too wild, some of the guys and some of their dates were throwing glassware at the walls so I asked the girls if they wanted to leave. They all said "Yes", so I took all four of them out and tried to get a cab to take them home. After midnight in Sydney, cabs that are on the streets are all "black market cabs" and they usually charge about twice as much as they do during the day. After walking a couple of blocks, I finally got a cab and first we took Don's date home then I got Dorothy and Emma home. When we had been gone for a few blocks after letting the

sisters out, Eleanor moved over close to me in the cab and began to kiss me. I had to admit, it was nice, but there was the cabbie in the front seat, and the way she was kissing me was very suggestive. The cabbie looked up in his mirror and said "Don't let me bother you kids, I was young once myself" and he turned up his mirror. Eleanor lived in Paramatta, which was about 14 miles out of town. In that ride, I think I was kissed more than I ever had been in my life. When we got to her house I told the driver I would be right back as we left the cab to walk to her door. He said "Take your time". When we got to the front porch, she started the kissing routine all over. Even though I was enjoying it, I kept thinking if I would ever be able to pay for the cab fare. Finally, we heard a noise in the house that sounded as though someone was up and around, so we broke away and I left. The cabbie said, "I don't know what you did with those girls tonight, but I have never seen a man make points like you did." When we got back to the ship, it was almost 0300 and I was almost afraid to ask what the fare was, but when I asked him, he said, "Would a pound be too much?" I almost fell out of the cab. I gave him the pound and all of the cigarettes I had.

We left Sydney shortly after that and I never saw Eleanor again. I did receive some letters from her for a while, but she joined the W.A.A. F. and that was the last I heard from her. We went back up to New Guinea and spent a lot of time there training more troops and invading several places along the coast. Then, and after many weeks of the most boring time in the life of a seaman in which we just sat at anchor in one bay or another, we got our orders for the landings at Hollandia and parts west. We left one morning on another of those large convoys. There were 270 ships, hardly a number to be missed. We traveled along the north coast of New Guinea in plain sight of Japanese troops. We could see them on some of the little islands that lie just north of the coast. We thought, at the time, that it was stupid to travel so close to the coast. It wasn't until after the war, that I found that besides being an invasion force, we were also a decoy. About one hundred miles astern of us was Admiral Halsey and his Task Force 7. They were using us to try and draw out the Japanese fleet.

After the invasion of Hollandia, the U.S.S. Blue Ridge that had just come over to the Admiral Barbey's flagship had to go to Sydney to have ballast put in her bottom. There was so much radio and radar antennae on her that she was top heavy. Admiral Barbey's staff was transferred to the Allen, and because I was now a staff member of Commodore Stevens we were transferred to the Blue Ridge and we went to Sydney. When we got to Sydney, the Commodore told us that we didn't have to stay on the ship. One of the two yeomen would have to come to the ship every day to see if there was any mail for the staff, but other than that we could live ashore if we wanted to. On the Blue Ridge, if you had your I.D. card, you could go ashore. When you came back from liberty, you dropped your I.D. card in a box on the quarter deck and the cards were checked for absentees and then given to the Division Officer, who would give the cards to the men who rated liberty. With our yeomen going back aboard ship every day, they would simply drop all of our cards into the box and pick them up about an hour later and bring them to us ashore. Four of us went ashore the first day and at the "American Club" (a club built and run by Americans living in Sidney) we made arrangements for rooms at a small hotel in Kings Cross. A girl at the American Club told us where to go and get coupons for food

and clothing for the time we were going to be there. We did, and they paid off in a way we never thought of. The hotel was owned and run by a Mr. & Mrs. Maroney. They had a daughter, Dalva, who worked for the U. S. Navy. In Australia, when a child reaches the age of 14, he or she takes a test to see if they go on to higher education. If they pass it, great! But if they fail it, they go to work. Dalva was only fifteen and had been working for the navy for almost a year. When we started to pay for our rooms, Mrs. Maroney saw that we had quite a bit of money and she said she would worry about us if we carried all of that money. She said she would feel better if it was in the vault in her office. She said that she would get us the money whenever we wanted it no matter what time of the day it was. From that day on, we were friends. She acted like a mother to us and her husband Pat, like our father. We gave Mrs. Maroney all of our food stamps because we would be eating all of our means out and had no use for the stamps. Dal was our kid sister and I'm afraid we gave her a bad time. We kept her up late at night playing the piano for us, or when one or the other of the guys took her out for an evening. She looked a lot older than her 16 years and was great fun. When we could get back late at night, we could "sleep in" in the morning while poor Dal had to go to work early. Shortly after getting settled in my room, I called the Angus girls and found out that Emma had joined the W.A.A.F. and had gone south near Melbourne. Dorothy was home and I made a date with her for the following night. I made reservations for dinner in one of the better restaurants and got tickets for a show in town. It was a nice evening and I enjoyed myself and I am almost sure that she did too. That was the last time I saw her although I remained in Sydney for over a month. I heard much later that she married a Yank and came to the States to live.

As I mentioned, several of us had rooms at the Maroney's. One day when Dal was at work, one of the guys "short sheeted" her bed. When she started to go to bed that night, she found out what was done and for some reason, thought that I was the one who did it. I had a room to myself and that night I felt water on my face. I thought that it was raining and because I had the window open, it was coming through the open window. When I sat up to close the widow, there stood Dal, with a pitcher of water sprinkling water on me. I said "I'll get you" and she left. The following morning when her father woke me up, she was still sound asleep in her room. On the table of the kitchen was part of a pitcher of water. I asked her father if I could use it on her. He said "Fine". I went into her room and she looked so angelic being sound asleep that it was hard for me to do what I did. I dumped the entire pitcher of water on her head! From that day on, I never had a night that I didn't first search my bed before I went to sleep.

A girl who lived at the Maroney's started dating a Carpenters Mate from the Allen and the poor guy was really in love with her. In the evenings when we had nothing else to do, we would sit around the piano in the parlor and get Dal to play for us. One night the Carpenters Mate sat down at the piano and started to play. It was a really nice piece and when we asked him what it was, he said he had made it up. When we asked him to play something else, he said that he couldn't play the piano and that the thing he made up was all he knew. We sat there and composed words for his piece and he said he would dedicate the piece to this girl friend.

One of the girls that worked with Dalva was an English girl named Betty Lee. Betty was 19, had short blonde hair and was about five feet tall and weighed about 100 pounds. Dal brought her home from work one day, and I happened to be there. Dal introduced us and I guess I just stammered when I spoke to her. After talking to her for a while, I thought "If I don't try to get a date with this girl, I will regret it for the rest of my life". I asked her out and to my surprise, she accepted. After that first date, (I think we went to a dance) we went out often. We would go for long walks along the quay, on Friday nights we would take the moonlight cruises in the harbor but just enjoyed being in one another's company. It didn't take long before we knew that the feeling we had for each other was stronger than just friendship. Every day was spent just waiting for the evening when we could be together. Dalva said that Betty's day dreaming was affecting her work at the Navy. On the 4th of July we threw a birthday party for Dal. We took all of the clothing coupons, we had received when we first came to Sydney and purchased material for Dal to make dresses with. It was like giving her Fort Knox. At the party I lost a game and was supposed to pay for a forfeit. I was supposed to go into the other room and give this strange lady a long kiss. After I kissed her, she asked me if I knew who she was. I told her I didn't know and then she shocked me by telling me that she was Betty's mother. She didn't look old enough.

I got to know her quite well and we became good friends. One evening she told me that she felt that Betty was falling in love with me and she didn't want her to be unhappy. She said, "I know you are a caring person and that you would be good for her, but with the uncertainty of the war she could be hurt." "I have told her that when the time comes that you must part, to make it a clean break and try to forget one another." "We have had enough unhappiness already." She told me that her husband (Betty's father) had gone to Indo-China to work before the war and when the war started he couldn't get passage home. When their house was bombed in London, she and Betty got a ship to go to her husband. Shortly after they got there, the Japanese came down the peninsula and they left for Singapore. They got out of Singapore on one of the last ships to leave there before the Japanese took over the island. She had never heard from her husband since then.

One day when we were sitting in the parlor with another of the tenants of the Maroney's, a Mrs. Thomas, when we heard some broadcasts from the Australian Broadcast System which were going to rebroadcast some messages from the Japanese prisoner of war camps. Mrs. Thomas had not heard a word about her husband since he was assumed to have been captured in Singapore. Suddenly, the word came over the "wireless" that Lt. Roger Thomas was a prisoner in a prison camp and that he was in good health. Then his voice came on sending his love to his wife, Mrs. Thomas. Betty and I all broke into tears. Betty especially knew how the woman must feel as her own father was missing. One evening I was to have a date with Betty and before I left to pick Betty up, Dalva told me that Betty had been in an unhappy mood that day. We went out to dinner and wound up at the palladium. When we left there to go home, it was raining lightly and I wanted to get a cab, but Betty said it would get us to her house too fast. I remember standing there on the corner waiting for the tram and looking down at her. There were raindrops in her hair and when she looked up at me, she looked good enough to eat. We took the tram

and during the ride to her house she held my hand which was something she had never done in public before. When we got to her house, she opened the gate going up to the porch, stepped up to the first step, turned and put her hands on both sides of my head and gently kissed me. There were tears in her eyes when she said "Although we have never said the words, I think we both know how we feel. I wish things could be different" and she went up the stairs into the house. I never saw her again. The following day we got word to go back to the ship. Before we left, Dal said "I shouldn't tell you this, but you are leaving Sydney today." "Betty knew that last night, that is why her mood was so sad yesterday". I never got back to Sydney for over forty years.

That last evening with Betty lasted in my memory for years. Even today, after forty-one years with the girl I met in junior high school and married some years later and who has been the best thing to happen to me in my life, is the mother of my children and grandmother of my grandchildren. I still have those fond memories of the girl I left behind in Sydney, and the night when I looked down at that lovely face with raindrops in her hair.

Just as Dalva had told me, we left Sydney the next day and again headed for Hollandia. As usual, just north of Brisbane, we turned into the Barrier Reef at Lady Eliot light. The lighthouse was a familiar site, but I had never seen the island. It would be almost forty years before I would finally get to see it. After reaching Hollandia, we transferred back to the Allen and began our usual boring routine. About a month after we got back there, we got underway again and this time it was for Brisbane. Once there, the scuttlebutt went around that the staff was going to be broken up. That came as bad news to all of the Staff, because we all got along so well together and there just couldn't be a better Officer than Captain Stevens. Then, one day we heard that the Commodore had sent his "Flag" secretary Lt. Peterson, to the port Captain with order not to come back without orders for all of the Staff to be sent back to the States.

I was on watch that afternoon and had a very bad headache. I left the bridge to go to sickbay and see if I could get something to get rid of the headache, when I saw Lt. Peterson coming along a passageway. He looked at me, smiled and gave me the sign for OK. My headache disappeared almost at once and inside of fifteen minutes I had run down to my quarters, packed my sea bag and was ready to leave. It wasn't until two days later before we left. When the day to leave the ship came, we all left with mixed feelings. We had gone through a lot together and we were leaving many shipmates behind that we would probably never see again. But we were going home! We didn't head for home for another six weeks. Instead we were taken to a submarine rest camp in the town of Redcliff, that was out at the shore of Moreton Bay.

The rest camp was almost utopia to us. We got up in the morning when we wanted to, ate when we were ready, dressed any way we wished and had all sorts of things to do for entertainment. There was a tennis court and basketball court for those who wanted lots of exercise, a stable with several horses to ride. a beach right at the front door, lots of pretty girls to watch, and even a guest pass to the local private golf course. We had some local women do our laundry. They even ironed our whites. There was a theatre in town and

every Wednesday we had a big bingo game at the camp, with good prizes. One evening as I was sitting in on one of the bingo games, I saw a familiar face in the group. It was the Carpenters Mate's girl from Sydney. I had heard that he had put in a request to marry the girl and it was being processed by the Red Cross. The girl seemed a little uneasy around me and I wondered why, until I found out that she was "shacked up" with some guy there in Redcliff. I have often wondered if the Carpenters Mate ever married that girl. I'm sure there have been a lot of cases like that in wars since men were ever sent away from home to fight wars.

On the 22nd of October we went aboard the S. S. Monterrey and settled in on the Promenade Deck (where our bunks were) and headed out of Brisbane on our trip home. Just after we got underway, one of the men from the Allen, Pete Kostura, asked me to lend him ten dollars, to get into a crap game. It was all I had, so I told him I would let him have four dollars. That evening he gave me back the four dollars and gave Joe Tucker $100.00 to hold for him. He told Joe not to give him more than $100.00 a day, no matter how much he pleaded for more. Ten days later Pete had $4,000.00

In the morning of November 6, 1944, the Monterrey pulled into San Francisco Bay. No one could see the coastline, it was so foggy. Almost all of the passengers (nearly 7,000) were on the main deck to watch as we were to enter the bay. A roar started as the bow of the ship passed under the bridge, which could just be seen in the fog. As we went under, the roar got louder and louder. Many, if not most of the men on the ship had thought at one time or another that they would never get home again. There were tears in the eyes of hundreds of men who had seen the horrors of war, but these were tears of happiness. There are tears in my eyes when I write about it, after all these years.

After being taken to Treasure Island, we were given some examinations and asked whether we wanted to go on leave right away or wait for further orders. I took my leave as soon as possible and Joe waited for further orders. The following evening I was aboard the "Coaster" (the late train for Los Angeles). It took 14 hours to get to L.A. and I think they stopped for everything, even pedestrians. About nine the next morning, we pulled into the depot and the butterflies in my stomach were really flying high. When I went down the ramp to the waiting room, I was so nervous I could hardly walk. Then, in the crowd of people waiting there, I saw my parents: a little older and a little grayer, but somehow the same. I threw my arms around them and they held on tightly to me. Then, some girl standing there said, "Aren't you going to say "hello" to me?" It was only then that I realized that the little sister I left at home was now a young woman.

We drove home and when we got there, Dad grabbed my sea bag and dumped it on the floor of the front room and said, "Start talking." I spent the rest of the day telling them about the many things that had happened to me since I had seen them the last time. I spent the thirty days leave I had without anything exciting happening, but that was what I needed. Kathleen worked for the telephone company and because I had used up all the gasoline coupons that I received for my leave, she let me take her coupon book which was for more tickets than the usual, because she took three other girls to work. When I was almost out of tickets, I told her and she went to the boss at her work and said she

needed more. He told her that she had used them up too rapidly and wouldn't be able to get anymore. She said, "If I don't get anymore today, there will be three girls absent tomorrow. He gave her a new book of coupons that afternoon as she was leaving work. Almost all of the fellows that I knew before the war, were in the service and I didn't get to see any of them. I did get a chance to visit with the wives and kids of the gang I ran around with before. A next door neighbor had a horse and I rode it often. It had never been shod and couldn't run on the roads, so I used to race through the orange groves like a wild Indian. That horse loved to run.

The house that the folks were living in was going to be sold and because the folks didn't have enough money to buy it, I did. I put a down payment on it and then I had an allotment sent home to them every month to make the payments of $25.00 and another $25.00 for whatever they needed. On the 12th of December, we had our Christmas celebration because I had to go back to San Francisco the next day. When the folks took me down to the depot to board the "Daylight limited" Mother went aboard with me to see what the train was like. When I found my seat, it was on the aisle. Mother said she hoped I would have a good traveling companion. I told her that my seat mate would probably be a beautiful blonde and would want me to change seats with her. Mother left the train and stood outside of the window as we were getting ready to pull out. Just then, a beautiful "WAVE" came down the aisle and I thought that she would be a nice companion. To my surprise, she did have the seat next to mine and she asked me if I would trade seats with her. As the train pulled out of the station, I waved to the folks and pointed to my companion. The girl was married to a sailor who was overseas and we had a very nice trip. I invited her to lunch, and we had it as we were making that curve in the hills where the tail end of the train is almost opposite the front.

Once back to Treasure Island, it was the same old story, wait……!!! About the 20th of December I saw my name on a list assigning me to the USS Iolanda. There were two other guys assigned there too. It was new construction in Boston. The two other men were a carpenter's mate and an electrician's mate. We were the first three men assigned to the ship. By the time we got our orders and were ready to depart for Boston, we were eager to get going. After the trip back there, in a troop train (or as some people called it, a "square wheeled boxcar"). We arrived in Boston on the 14th of January. There was at least a foot of snow on the ground. After two years in the tropics, that was a bit much. We arrived at South Station in Boston and it was just a few blocks from the receiving base in the Fargo Building on Summer Street. Boston in those days was perhaps the best liberty port in the country. The people were all very friendly and in the Boston Commons there was a place called the Buddies Club that was great. The serviceman could get all sorts of free things, like tickets to ball games at Fenway Park or Braves Field, tickets to the theatre for stage shows or musicals that were playing there before going on to Broadway. We were even given cards to go to some of the finest restaurants in town for dinner.

When I was home on leave, Mother gave me a clipping from a newspaper about one of my high school buddies, Eugene Pinhero. His wife had died suddenly at the age of nineteen. I wanted to get in touch with him and so I wrote to Washington High School

thinking that the Alumni Association would know something about him. A short time later, I received a letter from the girl I had met in Junior High School, Angagh Kalpakian. She said that no one there knew anything about Gene, and that Mr. Richmond, the Alumni Sponsor asked her to write as she had been in the same class with me. I wrote back thanking her for answering my letter and that started a correspondence that lasted for almost two years.

After checking in, I called Joe's parents and was invited over for dinner that weekend. Then I called Margaret's folks and they invited me for dinner the next night. They told me that Joe and Margaret had been married and they were in Miami. Joe got shore duty there. (I often wondered why most of the guys I served with got shore duty after I served with them, until almost fifty years later, when Hal Lindberg told me that of all the guys, I was the only one of the group in the "regular Navy", the rest were Naval Reservists.)

The following afternoon, late, I was standing in South Station when two pretty young girls came up to me and one of them said, "Hello, Red", I'm Katie". She was Margaret's younger sister. I asked her how she could tell who I was and she said Joe gave us all a good description. We took the subway to Fields Corner where the Donovans lived. I was treated like visiting royalty. Mrs. Donvan was a sweety. She was so much fun to be with and had a great feeling for life. Mr. Donovan had a very dry sense of humor and was something of a leprechaun, in spirit, if not in size. Mary was an older sister of the family and I never did figure out whether she was older than I thought, or was prematurely gray. At any rate, I enjoyed her company very much and we had a lot of dates while I was stationed in Boston. Their brother, Joe, was a rather quiet fellow and I never really got to know him very well. The girls had season tickets to the Bruins hockey games and as Margaret wasn't there, I was invited to go with them. I became an ardent hockey fan while I was there.

The following Sunday, I again took the subway. This time to the Tucker's house. I had no trouble getting there even though the streets were covered with snow. Joe had given me good directions to his house. The Tuckers lived upstairs and when I rang the bell, I heard the buzz of the door latch and opened the door and went upstairs. When I entered the house, Mrs. Tucker put her arms around me and welcomed me to their home. Then, she gave me a glass of wine. "You must be freezing", she said. I was.

After Joe's father, sister, Anne, and brother-in-law, John arrived, Mrs. Tucker went to get dinner ready and I went with John to the cellar to see what a furnace looked like. When we got back, Mrs. Tucker asked what we were doing down there. When John told her I had never seen a furnace, she asked me what we used for heat in California, I told her we had just a small gas heater. It was hard for her to believe.

Our new ship was being outfitted in the Bethlehem Ship Yards in South Boston. She was built as a Liberty ship and was to be commissioned the U.S.S. Iolanda, a supply ship. In the meantime, we stayed at the Fargo Bldg. waiting for the ship to get ready for us. As is usual at any Naval Base, there is always some duty to perform. In the case of the Fargo building, it was simply the cleaning of the base. There is also the use of men stationed at

a base to do work off the base when an emergency arises. Twice while there the emergency arose. The first one was one evening where there was a severe snowstorm. We were called to "volunteer" to work for the Boston and Maine Railroad System, to clear out the switches in their freight yards near our base. About thirty of us worked all night long in the freezing cold shoveling snow out of the switches and the railroad people poured fuel on the switches to heat them so the snow wouldn't stay there. Of course we would have loved to stay where there was some fire, but we had to go to the next switch and clear it. A few weeks later, we were called down to get paid for the job we did, but every one of the fellows who had worked that night said the pay wasn't enough for the job.

Another time, a group of us were called to go to the big dry dock nearby and unload a big covered barge that had sunk in the bay. They got the barge off of the sea bottom and towed it into the dry dock and then the water in the dry dock was removed and the barge sat on the bottom up side down. In the barge, in a jumbled mess were live bombs, five inch shells, bomb fuses, depth charges, and small arms cartridges. To make matters worse, everything was frozen. We had to break the things loose from the ice, take them out of the barge and load them on loading nets that were outside the barge, where they were lifted up, by cranes, to the waiting trucks at the top of the dry dock. The civilians at the top of the dry dock were drawing triple time for "dangerous" work. We started unloading the barge at about 0700 and worked in that freezing weather all day long. At about 1700 the Captain of the Navy yard came down into the dry dock to see how things were coming along. When he heard some of the men griping, he made some remark about the guys being lazy. Then, one of the Chiefs that were overseeing the job, told him how long we had been there, the Captain really blew his top. He called the Lt. Comdr. who was in charge of the operation and told him to go up and get some coffee for the men, bring it to a power house that was nearby and personally serve us all coffee and then to go to the mess hall and arrange for a good hot meal for all of us, and then to place himself on report. I have never seen a command officer so angry. I wonder what the Lt. Comdr. got in the way of punishment.

One evening I decided to go to the movies and when the movie was over, I left and got as far as the corner of the block and as I turned the corner where the Boston Commons are, I felt the icy wind blowing down the street. I walked about two blocks and was freezing, so I turned into a bar to get something to drink that might help me ward off the cold weather. The hostess of the place asked what was wrong when I came in rubbing my hands together. I told her it was freezing outside. She said, "That's not cold, it's just lots of snow." I sat down next to an older man at the bar and ordered a double bourbon. The man said that he knew how cold it could be there, but that I ought to be where he was stationed in WW I. "Where was that?" I asked. He said that he had been all over the South Pacific. When I told him I had just come from there, he began to tell me of the places he had been, and every one of them was a place I had been. We stood there and talked for quite a while and he kept buying me drinks. By the time I was ready to leave, I was pretty well looped. I don't think I took more than ten steps out of the door, before I was as sober as a judge. The next morning, the newspapers were covered with pictures of the Commons with ice all over the trees and everything else. It was one of the worst ice

storms they had had in memory. The Donovan's invited me for a lobster dinner one day and I was really looking forward to it, but the next morning I had a sore throat and went to sick call to see if I could get something for it. A doctor looked at my throat and told me to go into another room and wait. After about half an hour of waiting, I started to leave the room and a Pharmacist Mate told me to stay there. When I asked why, he said I had the measles. I told him that it was ridiculous. A short time later I was escorted down to the main floor and put into an ambulance and taken to the Chelsea Naval Hospital. I was put into a room with two other guys who had the measles and spent the rest of the afternoon and night with them playing cards. The next morning a doctor came in and checked me and asked what was supposed to be wrong with me. When I told him that the doctor at the Fargo Bldg. told me I had the measles, he described the other doctor and asked if he was the one. I said that he was and the doctor said, "He wouldn't know measles from heat rash." "But now that you are here, we will have to put you in another room and wait until the incubation period is up to see if you caught the measles last night. I was put in the room next door and spent the next two weeks there. I couldn't get to use a phone, so the Donovan's thought I must have shipped out. I never got that lobster dinner, but I got to know one of the cutest nurses I have ever met. She was a cute little blonde and she had been a head nurse in a hospital, she was given the rank of Ensign in the Navy. I could always get her riled by calling her "Ensign". She worked the "swing" shift and was always a delight to see coming in every evening.

In April, I was transferred to the Chelsea Naval Station where I met many more of the men that were assigned to the Iolanda. One evening a fellow came up to my bunk and introduced himself as Newell Burgess. He was a Quartermaster 2/C. He said, "It looks like we will have a Jewish bridge gang". When I asked how he knew, he said "Cantor, Coan, and Goldman sound pretty Jewish to me." When I finally met them Monte Goldman was indeed Jewish, but Jim Cantor was as Irish as Rich Coan was. Coan was a flame redhead and Jim Cantor, who was my able assistant, had a line that made girls twitter when he talked to them. Jim was married and really didn't realize that he had a fantastic way with women. The signal gang consisted of Jim Cantor, SM3/C, Pete Shurer S1/C, Rich Coan S1/C, "Whitey" Robbins S1/C, Joe Wilder S1/C and one other guy, (I can't remember his name).

The Captain was a Lt. Comdr. Kelley, who had been in the merchant Marine and couldn't forget the fact. He was from Santa Paula, California. The original Executive Officer was a Lt. Comdr. and for some reason the Captain didn't like him and asked that he be relieved of duty. Several of the other officers went to Washington to the Bureau of Personnel to find out what could be done to keep him from getting bad marks on his fitness report. The men in Washington told them that it was probably just a personality clash and that it wouldn't go down on his record. The new Executive, Lt. Condr. Chamberlain was a real down to earth guy, although not very "G.I". (He left word in the ship's log one night to wake up the S.O.B. at 0600, but he didn't use the initials as I did.) He was referring to the Captain. The one Officer that was my favorite was Lt. Dan Lipman. When we were first put in commission, he was the communication officer. He told me right at the start, "You run the bridge. Make sure you are right in what orders you give and I will back you to the hilt." He always did, even though sometimes it

looked as though I could have done things differently. Dan and I still write one another even after 43 years.

While we were living at the Chelsea Naval Station, I would occasionally have duty in the Master-at-arms office on the main floor. I would have to go to the room next to the office and answer one or another of the telephones that were in the phone room. Sometimes a girl would call and ask for Joe Doe. I would call Joe Doe on the P.A. system and when I got no answer, I would go back to the phone and tell the girl he probably wasn't there. Then, sometimes, the girl would start a conversation and ask what I looked like and how tall I was, my rate, etc. I didn't take long to realize that those calls were not for Joe Doe, but to get a date from the guy that answered the phone. After getting several calls like that one evening, I decided that I would work a "Sting." The next few girls that called got the same thing. I was six feet tall, dark wavy hair, 180 pounds, good looking, and a Petty Officer 1/C. I also made a date with each of them for the next night at the same cocktail lounge at the same time. I wish I had liberty that night so I could have gone to the lounge and see what was happening. (Aren't I a stinker?)

On the night of April 12, 1945 I was in the Base Library, when a silence fell over the place. In a few minutes the word was spread that the President had died. It seems so strange to see most of the fellows there with tears streaming down their faces. It was as though a close member of our family had passed away. The Germans surrendered on May 7, 1945 and although everyone was pleased that the war in Europe was over, most of the thought was, why couldn't President Roosevelt have lived just one more month.

Shortly after that, we were transferred to the ship. There were a lot of last minute preparations before we were to be commissioned. I took it upon myself to make a lot of changes to the bridge against the ship yard foreman's wishes, but Lt. Lipman backed me up and I got away with the changes. After we were commissioned, and went on our "shake down" cruise in Provencetown Harbor, then headed for Bayonne, New Jersey where we were loaded with supplies. While in Bayonne, I got a weekend liberty and decided to go to Buffalo, New York and visit with Randolph and Alice (Dad's brother and his wife). It took all night long to reach Buffalo and when I got to the depot there, Randolph walked right up to me. I guess I must have looked like my dad, to him. On the way to his home, I began to notice things about him that were so much like my Dad. Even some of his expressions were the same, even after years of separation. Alice was just like I had imagined her to be: full of the love of life and a joy to be with. She got around the house in a straight backed chair, with more speed than she could have by walking. (She had been confined to a chair most of her life.) While I was there, they told me of the things that happened at my birth. Later, Alice went in to another room and brought out a box which she asked me to open. When I opened it, I found some letters that I had written to her when I was just learning to read and write. She had saved them all those years. I was very touched, naturally.

In Bayonne, we took on so much in the way of supplies, that we had special racks built on the forecastle to hold hundreds of tanks of oxygen, nitrogen, acetylene, etc. To get to the bow, we had to go on a walk over the tanks. After loading up, we headed to Norfolk

for a short stay and then headed toward Panama. Once there, we headed straight through the Canal, at the request of the Captain. I had studied history on the way down there. Going through the Culebra Cut, some soldiers stationed on the bank held up a sign that said "GO HOME, THE WAR IS OVER". We didn't know about the A-bombs being dropped at that time. We reached Hawaii and anchored in "Battleship Row" on the 15th of August. The day the war ended, we were sitting right where it had started some three years, ten months and eight days before. The veterans in the crew were not excited in any way, they just felt as though another operation was over. The following day I went ashore and spent the morning trying to avoid the many parades that were going on all over town. I came back to the ship in the late afternoon and that night we had a movie being show on the foc'sle. While the movie was going on, one of the guys from the signal gang was sitting on a boom watching it, when he slipped and fell off. He broke his shoulder and he had to be transferred to the hospital on shore. That is the last we ever saw of him. Because he was not very smart, I always had trouble teaching him anything. The crew seemed to thank that I pushed the guy off the boom to get rid of him. If I had thought of it, maybe I would have.

A few days later, a big Victory Ship pulled into the harbor and anchored near us. Just after it anchored, we got a call from the ship. When I got the message, I had to smile as I gave the message to the Captain, who happened to be on the bridge at the time. The message was an invitation from the captain of the ship to some of the officers to come aboard the ship for dinner, and it was signed by the former Exec. that our Captain had said was incompetent. I don't think I saw the Captain smile for a long time. He was a very lonely man I thought. There were times that I really felt sorry for him and then he would do something that made me very angry. I never thought that I would ever talk to a Captain as the Exec. did, but I found myself doing it on many occasions.

After leaving Hawaii, we headed southwest and for the next month, we sailed around the place. We pulled into Okinawa one day in late September and the Captain went ashore for orders. He was back to the ship in short order and we got underway. When I asked him what the rush was, he said that a typhoon was heading our way and that we had to leave the area. Then, he said, if you had your choice, where would you like to go. I said "Hong Kong" and he asked me if Shanghai would be alright. I almost liked him then.

A day out of Okinawa, the typhoon hit us. We were riding in the trough of the sea for some time, when Burgess and I asked the Captain why he was taking that course. He said that it was the way to Shanghai. But, we said why stay in the rough, why not head into the wind and avoid all the rolling. He said that the ship would take a 45 degree roll and we told him that if it reached 35 degrees, we would go over the side. When all of the dishes in the wardroom started braking, he turned into the wind. We rode that storm for three days and nights. One night, I left the bridge to go below to the head and when I started back, I was going up a vertical ladder and my feel slipped behind the rungs of the ladder and I fell backward. It was 0200 and the storm was raging so I couldn't get anyone to hear my yelling. About twenty minutes after I fell, I felt someone trying to help me up. It was Joe Wilder, the one guy that was left on the flying bridge. He told me later, that it was a good thing that I was usually punctual as when I didn't come back in a

reasonable time, he thought something was wrong and headed below to find out why I hadn't come back.

When we neared the China Sea, I smelled something strange. Then, I thought about Larry Doolittle and his stories of China. The smell was Shanghai. We sailed up the Yangtse River and then came to the Whangpoo where I saw one of Larry's stories: an island floating in the river that was made up of junks and sampans. Those were the people who lived and died there with some of them never touching land. A little farther along, I saw the first of many bodies I would eventually see floating down the river. There was even the body of a very small baby floating in the oily water between the ship and dock. I found out later, that when a body was found in the river, the river police would tie a rope around the ankle and secure it to a buoy that was just behind their floating station. If after three days it was not claimed, they would simply cut the rope and let the body float out to sea. The river was constantly being checked by the coolies to see if there was anything that could be of use to them. The only thing that floated down the river was a body. They even had a device that would snag anything that lay on the bottom of the river. With all of that, the river was so polluted that we were not allowed to use the water to swab the decks of the ship.

In Shanghai, we delivered the first of our supplies. There were lots of ships in the area and we were the only supply ship. It was then that I really got a workout. The ships would call us by flashing light requesting supplies and the request was sent down to the supply office where the orders were written and sent down to the supply rooms. When the orders were filled, the supply office would send us word to contact the requesting ship to come for their supplies. It seemed to me that all of the messages to the ships would come late in the day. Because of the fact that there was only one other guy that was capable of receiving messages accurately, I spent most of my time on the bridge. I made a little room for myself out of one of the lookout tubs. I had a canvas cot in there and had an Aldis Lamp for lighting. (An Aldis Lamp is a signal lamp). I would sometimes be sending messages at 0300 or 0400 and then turn in to my cot, only to be awakened a couple of hours later to send some message to another ship. Sometimes I could use the radio in the pilot house which was for ship to ship messages, but it was cluttered with guys requesting special records from the Nashville, who had a big record collection and played them constantly. The only way I could get in was to call between records and that was next to impossible.

One day, Dan Lipman came back from town with an accordion. It was a 12 bass Hohner. Dan was musically inclined and could play it almost at once. I had always liked accordion music, so I asked him how much it was and where he got it. He told me where the store was and then showed me the bill for the instrument—3,000,080 yuan ($22.00 U.S.) I went over and purchased one on the following day and later I made a case for it lined with felt.

We were tied up to another ship, one day and I was talking to one of the signalmen from it about some of the men that we had known in the service. I mentioned an Ensign who had been on the Allen who was so useless that he never got a good enough fitness report

to gain in rank. When I finished describing him, the other fellow said, "He sounds like the guy we have who just made Lt. Jg. In fact, he is on watch right now." When I looked over on the other ship, there he was, sure enough, the guy we called the "Falcon" on the Allen. He used to stand around with his hands behind his back and leaning over looking like a falcon peering down from a perch. After three or four years, he finally made Jg.

We tied up to a dock one time and became acquainted with the family who had operated the dock before the war. At least the father of the family was the manager. They were all nice people. There was Mr. and Mrs. Poole and their two children. I have forgotten the girls' names, but the boy was John. When we got really friendly with the family, we would take Johnnie with us when we went to town to shop. Johnnie was only about 9 or 10, but he had lived most of his life in a prison camp and he spoke Japanese, Chinese and his English was perfect. When we took him with us, we would go into a shop and start to barter for some item, which was the normal procedure. The shop keepers would talk among themselves as to what they would take for the item and Johnnie would tell us what they were saying and we would offer their bottom price. We got very nice items for minimum price by having him along.

One afternoon Ed Hunter and I (Ed was a radioman) went into town to do some drinking. We took a rickshaw over to the Russian quarter and went into a cocktail lounge. When we sat down at the bar, we ordered vodka. (I had never had any before.) When we drank it, two women who were sitting at a booth started giving us the eye. They were not too great, as Ed and I agreed. After a few more vodkas, they looked a little better. About seven o'clock, they invited us to join them in the booth. By this time, they looked pretty good. As we consumed more vodka, they got to be almost beautiful. The one who was sitting on my side of the booth told us that she was a Countess and her father and mother had left Russia when the communists took over. (From what I heard since then, most of the white Russians in Shanghai are royalty, or said they were.) When it was becoming close to midnight, I looked at my watch and realized that we had better leave right away if we were to get back to the fleet landing by midnight and catch the last liberty boat that left then. We started out of the door and the women pleaded with us to stay, but as lovely as they looked by that time, we got into the nearest rickshaw and told the boy to head for the fleet landing. He started to trot and we both yelled "Mush" to him and he ran all the way across town to the landing without seeming to be the least bit tired. We made it there with time to spare.

One day some coolies brought some goods to the dock right below the ship. One of the guys in the signal gang went down to see what they had. I looked down for the bridge and saw a table cover that looked nice so I yelled at the guy to price it for me. The coolie started off at $20.00 and I offered $2.00. After some bartering, I got him down to $5.00, but I wanted a piece of satin thrown in with it. He agreed and I got the stuff and stuck it in my locker. When I found that my brother had married, I sent the table covering to him as a wedding present. Several years later when Angagh and I were going through Bullocks Department Store, I saw the same table cover and when I asked the sales lady the price on it she said "Five ninety-five". I was glad to see that I had not paid too much

for the item and then the lady said "That is $595.00". When we told Archie and his wife, she said "I know where my new car is coming from".

As we dispensed our supplies, we had a lot of lumber from the racks and the foc'sle and we packed it all up until we got into port. When we were in Hong Kong, we decided to throw it over the side for the coolies who lived in their sampans, who could put it to good use. When it was being thrown over the side, one piece of 2" x 4" hit one of the coolie women right on the head and knocked her into the water. One of the crew jumped in and pulled her out. She was unconscious and she was taken to sickbay for first aid. It was decided that she suffered from a mild concussion and other than a small cut on her head, she would be fine. To make up to her for the injury, we made a special flag for her sampan that said USS IOLANDA GARBAGE SCOW. From then on, whenever we came into the harbor at Hong Kong, she would come alongside of the ship and all others stayed away.

One day, Ed Hunter and I went ashore in Hong Kong and spent the entire day sightseeing. We took the cable car as far up the peak as it went and walked to the top. The view from the top of Victoria Peak is great, it is one of the most panoramic views I have ever seen. The beautiful old mansions that had been built on the peak were all ruined by the Japanese when they invaded the Island. On the way down, we watched the Chinese guarding some Japanese soldiers as they were hauling a Japanese monument down to the water and throwing it in, piece by piece. The monument had been built by Chinese prisoners during the war.

It was the new years eve of 1945 and someone had obtained a gallon of sickbay alcohol. They mixed it with whatever they could fine to make it taste better and by 1800 almost the entire crew was stoned. Dan Lipman, (By this time, Exec.) Burgess and I were the only sober ones on the ship. The O.D. was sitting on the gangway singing to the top of his voice, the rest of the crew was in the mess hall getting drunker by the minute. Dan, Burgess and I were in the chart house saying a silent prayer that the Admiral, who was on the Cruiser Los Angeles not more than a mile away, would not decide to send for anyone from the ship. Later that night, when things had settled down, I was on the flying bridge, when Joe Wilder, who had been ashore on liberty, came up to the bridge. He was sober, (he never drank) and asked me if I would like a drink. "That would be nice" I said. What would you like?" he said. "Oh some Ancient Age would be nice." He left and was gone for a few minutes and when he came back, he passed me a glass and said, "I'm sorry, but they didn't have any Ancient Age, will I. W. Harper do?" Joe could find things that anyone else couldn't. I used to send him down to the store room for some pencils, and he would bring back the pencils I had ordered, plus things that we needed but couldn't get from the storekeepers. Joe was our "gofer". He would steal the things we need right under the noses of the storekeepers and they were always pleased to see him come for supplies. He was such a nice pleasant little guy.

One day while I was on the bridge, one of the yeomen came up and asked me how long I had been Signalman 2/C. I told him it was almost two years and asked why. He didn't answer me; he just turned and left the bridge. Later, I was called to the ships office and

Dan Lipman was there. He asked me how old I was and how long I had been second class. When I told him he said congratulations, you have just passed the test for Signalman 1/C. I had studied like crazy for all the other advancements, even from Seaman 1/C, but the hardest of them all, I got for answering two simple questions.

We traveled over the Pacific Ocean for months. Some of our ports of call were Guam, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Okinawa, and Manus. (In the Admiralty Islands just north of New Guinea) One day when walking towards a village on Manus, we saw a native approaching with just a loin clothe on and he was tattooed around the waist. He had a fuzzy head of hair and looked dangerous. The men I was with had never been in this area before and they started talking about the native. I told them to shut up, but they continued to talk. When I told them to shut up again, they did, but wondered why I said to shut up. When the native got near us he said, in perfect English, "Good morning fellows". The fellows with me were amazed that he could speak so well. I told them that the area had been under Australian authority since WW I and they spoke better English than we did. When going over to the village where the native had come from, we made the entire trip without seeing any creek, but on the way back, we came to a creek that was about thirty feet wide and several feet deep. It had rained, back in the jungle and when it rains there, it creates a raging torrent in the valleys and gullies. I had heard and read of the steaming jungles, but never really knew what they looked like until I got to the tropics.

When we were at the dock at Manus, a jeep was sitting on the dock for two days without anyone moving it. The second night it was there, it was lifted onto the ship and before the next morning it was painted with navy colors and had a naval stenciled number on it. Some of the army officers came looking for their jeep, but only found our ship's jeep. There were some motorcycles missing from the motor pool there after we left. There was a big barge tied up to the dock there and when a piece of equipment was in a state where it could not be fixed without a major overhaul, it was pushed onto the barge and when the barge was loaded, it was taken out into the bay and everything was dumped. It was cheaper to dump it than it was to haul it back to the States.

After sailing all around the South pacific for months, we were on our way from Hong Kong to Shanghai, we were showing movies on the main deck and I was standing on one of the hatches and leaning back against a bulkhead. Just as one of the ships crew started to go in front of me, I shifted my weight to allow him passage and as I did, the ship made a sudden turn to avoid going through a mine field and I lost my balance and fell forward. I landed on the deck which was three feet below where I was standing. I put out my arms to protect myself from the fall and landed on both elbows. At first it felt like it usually does when you bump your "crazy bone". I stayed there watching the movie until it was over, but by that time my right elbow was giving me a lot of pain. I went up to sick bay to see if there was anything that could be done about it, but the Pharmacist Mate didn't know any more than I did. As time went by, the pain grew more severe and I was really in agony. I would try and put my arm someplace where it would be more comfortable, but it was no use, it just kept getting more painful. The Captain even offered me his bunk if it would help. For three days I couldn't sleep or even find a place of comfort. Then we

pulled into Shanghai and there was the hospital ship U.S.S. Repose. I was taken there and had some x-rays taken. When the guy taking the x-rays asked me to straighten my arm out, I couldn't so he grabbed it and forcibly straightened it out. When he did, I could actually hear the bones crushing in the elbow. Needless to say, the pain was excruciating. I went back to the Iolanda for the rest of the day and on the following day I was again transferred to the Repose, and on the following morning I was taken into an operating room and prepared for surgery. At first they gave me a local and started to cut. I told the doctor I could feel it and they gave me a shot of sodium pentothal. That did it! I regained consciousness late the next afternoon; I had been out for 36 hours.

When I came to, one of the nurses came to my bunk and talked to me for some time and I gradually realized where I was. That evening the doctor came to my bunk to check me over. I asked him why I didn't have a cast on my arm. He said I wouldn't need any. I asked him, "What if I move my arm" "You won't" was him reply. I didn't know what he meant until much later when I started to reach for something. I think it would have taken three men to pull me down from the overhead. It hurt!!! The doctor gave me an envelope and said "Here they are, you said to save the pieces." Sure enough, there were the pieces of bone they removed from my elbow. (I still have them)

The ward I was in was for orthopedic patients and they were in all states of injuries. Some were in large casts awaiting transportation back to the States for special surgery which was not available on the ship. Surprisingly, the morale in the ward was good. Whenever anyone began to complain, the other fellows would ridicule him, until he was over his self pity. There was a good group of men there and we spent hours every day playing cards. The nurses were not only good at their work, but all of them were pretty girls and good for our morale. I spent several weeks there and one day the skipper of the Iolanda came over to see me, as he usually did, and gave me the bad news that the ship was going back to the States and that try as he could, he couldn't get me released from the hospital ship.

I spent another couple of weeks there and every day I asked my doctor to release me. One day the ship's Communication Officer came down to see me and told me that he was going to try to get me as ship's company. When the doctor came to see me that evening I told him about the Communication Officer and that I didn't want to stay there. He smiled and said, "I cut your orders this morning for transportation to Oaknoll Naval Hospital in Oakland, you will be leaving next Tuesday." I was in seventh heaven for the rest of the day. On Tuesday, I was taken to the airport along with many other patients and put aboard a CD-3 (casualty plane). There were bunks on each side of the plane and when I got in the bunk, I could choose to either have my head facing the outboard or inboard because there was not enough room to turn my head once I was in the bunk.

I was facing outboard as the plane took off and I could see the wings start to rise even though the plane was still on the ground. Then the plane seemed to lift right off of the ground with a slight spring. I had never ridden in a big plane before and had no idea that were was so much play in the wings. Our flight took us first to Guam, where we stayed in a hospital for a few days and where I heard that the Iolanda had left there just two days

before we got there. From Guam we flew to Kwajalein for just a stop over and from there to Johnson Island. Johnson Island has to be the strangest island in the Pacific. I don't think it sticks out of the water more than two or three feet. In the center of the island are the buildings that house the men and the officers. They are surrounded with a high dike about six and seven feet high. The men stationed there said "please don't spit in the ocean or it will cover the island."

After Johnson Island, we flew to Hawaii, where we were taken to the Aiea Naval Hospital. When I walked into the ward I was assigned to, there was a marine who had been in a bunk near me on the Repose. He was just coming out of an anesthetic and was swearing like mad. They had operated on him on the Repose and wired his arm together, then, when he got to the hospital at Aiea, they decided to operate again and screw the bone together with plastic screws. I don't think I have ever seen anyone so angry in my life. It was a good thing he couldn't get out of bed because I think he would have committed murder. After getting assigned to a bed, I was given one of those big electric polishers and told to polish down the hall outside of the ward. I couldn't straighten my arm out yet, so when I pressed the start lever, the polisher took off and my arm felt like it was coming off. As much as I disliked doing the job, I realized much later that it helped straighten out my arm.

After about two weeks there, I was sent to the receiving base at Pearl Harbor and with a fellow named, Pape, we were assigned to a barracks. We had no bedding and the first night we had to sleep on pieces of newspaper in place of a mattress. There were almost two hundred other men in the barracks that first night and as there was no screen on the windows, we got bitten by mosquitoes. The two hundred men were transferred the next day and that night Pape and I were the only ones the mosquitoes had to feast upon. There was a Master-at-arms, who had his own little office, which was well screened in so he didn't suffer from the mosquito bites. Pape and I went out the following day and stole some mosquito netting which made the nights more bearable. We would get into our netting, smoke cigarettes until we were sure we had killed all of the mosquitoes and then try to sleep. Just behind our barracks was an open air theatre and across the road from that was a sugar plantation. All of the mosquitoes probably came from that sugar plantation, because they flooded it before harvesting the sugar, then they set fire to it and when the fired died down, they went in with machetes and cut the stalks.

One day, the Master-at-arms, Pape and I decided that we could make some extra money by making sandwiches and selling them to the guys who had been to the show each night. Pape and the Master-at-arms went into Pearl City and bought several loaves of bread, cans of deviled ham, and mustard. We spent the afternoon making sandwiches. We didn't wrap them; we just put them in a cardboard box. Just as the movie let out that night Pape went over to the theatre and spread the word that there were sandwiches for sale at our barracks. We charged twenty-five cents for each sandwich and that first night we made $22.00. Our outlay was a mere $1.00 apiece. Every day we were there, we did the same thing and were making more money than we got in Navy pay. One day, we decided that we could really make a bundle if we only had some coffee to sell. We chipped in and sent away for a big coffee urn and much to our chagrin, Pape and I got our

orders to head back to the States. We were both very happy to go, but thought how nice it would be to keep earning all that money. I have often wondered if the Master-at-arms made out as well after Pape and I left.

I can't remember the name of the ship that we came back to the States on, but it has never mattered to me, it just brought me back. We were transferred to "Goat Island" and spent a few weeks there. During that time I was trying to get some leave, but every time I would request it they would transfer me. I would spend time on "Goat Island" and then be transferred to Treasure Island and vise versa. I was trying to get paid too, but my records were being sent from one base to another. Then, one day I saw my name on the list of men that were being transferred to a seagoing tug, the Tawasa. She was at the naval yard at Hunters Point.

When I got there, I found that she had been at the A-bomb tests in Bikini. The entire crew had been discharged and a new crew assigned. The ship was in terrible condition. At least the bridge was. The decks were rusted and the brightwork had not been polished for a long time. The skipper of our ship was a mustang (an enlisted man who worked his way up the ranks to a commission.) He was a Lieutenant and a real nice guy. His only drawback was that he had 30 years in the Navy and was eager to get out. Next in command was an Ensign Rushing who had never been on a ship before. We also had two Chiefs, but they were a chief Yeoman and a chief Electrician's Mate. They knew nothing about navigation or communication, so they left me as third in command of the ship.

We had to turn to and get the ship back in good condition for whatever we were going to do. I checked the chronometers in the charthouse and they had all stopped. That meant going over to Mare Island to obtain some that were in proper order. There were some parts of our signal lights missing and after going to the Oakland Naval Supply Station and finding that it would take several weeks before the parts would get there. I did what was realistic; I stole some from the other ships at Hunters Point. I also found, in the chart house a cardboard box containing about fifty books of "Aids to Navigation". Those books are sent out every once in a while to make corrections on charts and instruction of navigational rules. When I saw those books, I almost cried, because that meant that we were probably so far out of date, that it would take weeks and weeks of steady work to catch up. Just as I was ready to start the job, I saw a sight to behold. A big Victory ship was being brought in to be put in "mothballs". I gathered up all of the charts and other things that were out of date and jumped in the jeep and headed for the dock where the Victory ship was being moored. As the last of the civilian crew left the ship, I went aboard and went up to the chart house and as I has assumed, their charts and other navigational aids were up to date. I took them and left ours and headed back to the Tawasa, a very happy Signalman.

I received a letter from Angagh saying that she and her girl friend Evelyn Eckland were coming to San Francisco on their vacation and were going to be staying at the Drake Wilshire Hotel. I still had not received my pay and I tried to borrow money from some of the crew. I called home and asked if they could send me some money. The folks sent me $25.00 and it was with that, I made my first date with the girls. I got to their hotel one

afternoon about five and called their room. In a couple of minutes they came into the lobby. I was as nervous as a kitten when I first spoke with them. There were both such pleasant girls and I felt honored to be seen with them. I can't remember what we did that night, but I certainly enjoyed the evening. We went back to their hotel coffee shop and sat there talking until the employees started to put the chairs on the tables. We made a date for two nights from then, because I had duty every other day. It must have seemed strange for other sailors in town to see a sailor with two girls. Usually there would be two couples, but I didn't know any of the crew well enough to risk bringing some one along who would not be a gentleman. It may sound rather Victorian, now but it wasn't until about our third date that I started to hold Angagh's hand. I think it was then that I began to fall in love with her. On the last date there, I was really flat broke. I think I might have had $4.00 and I tried to borrow from some of the crew. When they found that I had four dollars, they wanted to borrow from me. When I went ashore that evening, I kept trying to think of some way to tell the girls that we couldn't go anyplace expensive. (They had expressed a desire to go to Omar Khayams restaurant. When they came down to the lobby, Angagh came over and pressed something in my hand and said, "If we were home, we would have you over to dinner at our house, but as we are not there, tonight is on us."

We went to the Geary Theatre that night and saw Victor Herbert's operetta "The Fortune Teller". We sat so far up in the balcony I thought they would have to supply oxygen. We also went to Omar Khayams and had a delightful dinner. That night while sitting in the coffee shop, I mentioned to Evelyn that I used to live on 67th Street in Los Angeles. She said we did too. Then when she said that she lived between 10th and 11th Avenue, I said "you couldn't have. I lived there and I knew all of the neighbors." Then when I told her we lived right next door to the Hill's, she said that was where she lived. She and her family moved into the house right after my folks moved out on the day after I went into the Navy. (Small world.) When I got back to the ship, I had more money than I had started with.

I had been trying to get some leave, as I had only one months leave all the while I was in the Navy. The Skipper said whenever I felt that I could leave the ship without being shorthanded, to simply make out liberty papers and he would sign them. I felt that I could get away for the weekends and decided that the following weekend would be great. I would catch a ride to the airport and get a plane out that left at 2200 and would arrive at Burbank around midnight. I got a bus from there to the Biltmore hotel in L.A. and a cab from there to the folk's house. The following morning I would call Angagh and meet her for what ever we wanted to do. Once the folks invited Angagh over for the weekend and it was a walk along Potrero Drive that I first kissed her. I felt so clumsy doing it, but I knew then that she was the girl I wanted to spend my life trying to make happy. When they took me to Burbank to catch my flight back to San Francisco I said goodbye to the folks and then kissed Angagh for the first time without feeling so awkward.

From then on, I spent my time daydreaming, trying to figure out what I would do for employment, where we would live, when we could get married, etc. One night while we were cleaning the pilot house, I had a bottle of Coco Cola in one hand and some bright

work polish in the other. All of a sudden Burns yelled at me just in time to keep from drinking the bright work polish, "you had better propose to that girl, before you kill yourself." That weekend, I went to the airport for my flight and when the plane was ready to take off there was some malfunction and they brought us back to the departure lounge. We didn't leave there until almost two in the morning. By the time I got home it was after six. I went to bed and nobody awakened me until Angagh called about 11:30. I had made a date with her for that time to go on a picnic. I got dressed, jumped in the car and drove like a madman to her house. That afternoon about two, at Ferndell in Griffith Park I asked her to marry me. She sat there for some time without answering. We left there and drove to Santa Monica Beach and sat there looking out over the ocean when she finally said, "Yes." Her hesitation was due to the fact that I still had almost a year and a half to go before I could leave the Navy. We decided that at the first opportunity, we would get married. On the way back to her house, we stopped at a jewelers and got her engagement ring. That evening we went to the Palladium and danced to the music of Tex Beneke and the Glen Miller orchestra.

The next two and one half months were both happy and unhappy. The unhappy part was when I got word that the ship was slated to go to Eniwetok atoll for some A-bomb tests, and that our home port would be Honolulu and we would be at Eniwetok for months. Then came the happy part: when we got orders to tow a sectional dry dock to San Pedro. We got underway and with help from small tugs, we made for open sea. The dry dock was a huge thing, it stood as tall as a five story building and was about a block long and perhaps one quarter of that wide. Our tow was about two hundred yards from us and we seemed to be such a tiny thing in comparison to it. Everything went well and I got my first real job of navigation. Then, just as we were approaching Big Sur, our engines cut out. We had diesel-electric motors for propelling the ship and when our diesels stopped, it stopped generating electricity. We were dead in the water and with the wind blowing onshore, our tow was like a huge sail and it began to come closer and closer to us and we got closer to the rocky cliffs of Big Sur. The crew in the engine room was working like crazy to get the engines started and we, on the bridge, could only stand there and watch what was sure to be disaster getting closer and closer.

At one point I went down to the stern of the ship and saw the tow was so close that only the rise and fall of the great bulk kept us pushed away from it. The Skipper, the Ensign and I were standing there looking at the tow, when the Ensign grabbed a fire axe from the bulkhead and asked the Skipper if he should cut the tow loose. The Skipper laughed at him and said, "If you really think it will help, go ahead.' Of course all of our towing cable was just dangling in the water below the tow. Just as we were beginning to feel the first of the breakers, the engines kicked over. Not enough to really do very much good, but enough to keep us from being hit by the dry dock. Then, after a few minutes we felt a surge of power and we returned to full power. A wild cry went up all over the ship as we started back out to sea.

When we were just north of Santa Barbara, a heavy blanket of fog moved onshore and we couldn't even see the bow of the ship. Now came the time for me to earn my pay. In the pilot house, besides the wheel, we had a fathometer and a radar screen. The radar gave

me a view of the coastline and the fathometer gave me the depths of the ocean. With the up to date charts that I had, I managed to keep things going along without running into trouble. Underway, there was always a seaman at the wheel but in port I was always the helmsman. When coming down the coast, I stayed in the chart house or pilot house all the time, because of the dense fog. I would plot the course and then run into the pilot house to see if there was enough water under us to keep from running aground. Then, the first thing we saw through the fog, was the lighthouse at the end of the San Pedro breakwater. I had made it practically right on. We called for a pilot and for some yard tugs to take our tow into the harbor. Then, I had some fun. I "parked" that big tugboat alongside of the dock at the 22nd Street Naval Landing just like I used to park my truck.

As soon as we were tied up, the Captain granted liberty for one of the watches. My guys knew that there was someone on shore that I wanted to be with, so they said that if I took the watch the first night, they would take the rest of the watches while we were there. I agreed wholeheartedly. One of the crew members came up on the bridge that afternoon and wanted to know how far it was to Los Angeles. I told him it was right there on the dock. Then he said, "Where is the center of town?" When I pointed to the Santa Monica Mountains he couldn't believe me. I told him that the city goes far beyond that and he thought I was lying. When some of the guys asked me how to get into L.A., I told them to take the "Red car" that started right in San Pedro and it would get them into town in about 45 minutes. The next morning they all wanted to kill me. They said that it took almost 3 hours to get into town. The following afternoon, I went over and got the "Red car" and started into town. I didn't know that the town had built up so much; I think the car stopped at every street corner. It did take nearly three hours. I thumbed my way in from then on and it didn't take much more than 1 hour.

Angagh and I went out nearly every night that I was there and it was during that time, that I began to think that I wouldn't get my car back when I got out. (I had signed my Pontiac over to Mother before I went in, in case something happened to me). On most of the dates I had with Angagh we used her folk's car. When I left her at her house, after a date, I would usually call a cab and go to the 6th and Main station of the "Red Car" and go back from there. One night when I left her house, I couldn't get a cab and so I started walking east on Olympic Blvd. hoping I could spot a cab. I walked for miles it seemed before I finally hailed a cab. By that time I was so tired that I never questioned the fare and I don't think the trip to the station was more than a couple of miles, but I paid a lot more than I think I should have.

One day, we got our orders to get underway for San Francisco and I made a short dash to a phone on the beach, to try and call Angagh. I tried her folk's house first and didn't get any answer. Then I was going to try her Dad's store next, but the operator took my money and I didn't have any more change. When I got the operator back, I told her that I hadn't got my call and she said just give me your address and I'll send you the money. I told her to send it to the middle of the Pacific Ocean and slammed down the receiver.

Back in San Francisco we went about doing the usual things - mostly waiting for orders. Then, one afternoon our radioman came back from the Port Captain's office with some

really good news. I was, at the time, ranking man on the tug and as such I had to sign for the orders. Among the orders was a thing called ALNAV 512 (I have never forgotten that). It stated that because of an overabundance of certain ratings, the Navy would release those men at their request. (Stewards Mates, and some others, six in all). I was waiting in his cabin when the Skipper came back to the ship. I told him I wanted to get out of the Navy on Alnav 512. He said, "Fine, what's Alnav 512?" I showed him the order and he laughed and said that it would be nice if he saw the orders first, seeing as how he was the Captain. He seemed as anxious as anyone to make sure that the rest of the men who could get out were notified. There were six men in the crew who applied for discharge and although all of the papers were filled out, the Skipper didn't sign them.

One afternoon I was out on the dock playing "catch" with a couple of our crew and I wasn't paying any attention to who was throwing the ball. Then my Second Class Signalman, Steen, said, "Mac, go ahead and call her, you won't be good for anything until you do." I walked over to the phone booth on the dock and called Angagh. It was the greatest phone call I ever made. When she answered, I told her I was going to get some leave. She yelled. Then I told her the leave would be for 120 days, she screamed again. Then, when I told her that I would be leaving the Navy when the leave was over, she really yelled. I didn't know when I would be leaving the ship at that time, but I knew it would be soon. A few days later, the Captain got orders to get underway for Eniwetok. He signed all of the Alnav 512 papers and sent us ashore to go to Mare Island for processing our discharge. Then he called the Port Captain and said he couldn't get underway because he was short of men for a full crew. (I later heard that the ship had started out three times and each time had to return for one reason or another. The last time, the Skippers enlistment was up and he retired from the Navy.

We spent a week at Mare Island doing what could have been done in one afternoon. We got physical examinations. (When we enlisted, they checked our eyes carefully, when we left, they just counted them) I had to go to sick bay one afternoon for some blood tests and to my surprise there was one of the Pharmacists Mates that had been on the Allen several years before. We gabbed for a while and when I told him about getting married he said to come back later and he would have a copy of my blood tests for getting a marriage license. On the afternoon of October 20, 1946, I left Mare Island and went to the Greyhound bus lines, in Oakland to go home. All of the regular buses were loaded, so they brought in a regular city bus for just about eight people. There were five sailors, two young women and one civilian. We had a ball all the way to Fresno. We sang, told jokes, stopped for food, which we ate and drank along the way. The driver joined in on the festivities and we were all so happy to be going home. At Fresno, we were put on a regular greyhound bus for the rest of the trip.

I arrived late Saturday night and the following morning started one of the busiest weeks of my life. Sunday I drove over to Angagh's and we went to church at Wilshire Methodist Church, where Angagh was a member. After church we talked to Dr. Martin about our wedding which was to take place on the next Sunday evening in the chapel. The rest of the week was so busy I have forgotten in which order we did all of the things, like bringing chairs to her house where the reception was to be held, picking up the

wedding announcements and making a list of who would receive them, getting the marriage license, arranging for the flowers, getting fitted for tuxedos, buying gifts for the maids of honor and bridesmaids, the best man and the ushers. Then, on Saturday we went over and picked the wedding cake up at the bakery and in the evening we sat around the dining room table making sandwiches for the reception. My parents came by at about nine o'clock and took me home. I always had the idea that I would never be able to sleep on the night before my wedding, but strange as it may seem, I went right to sleep and slept sound as a baby that night. I just knew that what was to happen the next day would be the right thing to do. So far, after over forty years nothing has happened to change my mind.

The following morning I awakened about eight and after a leisurely breakfast. I showered and shaved (carefully) and then sat around for a few hours reading the paper and talking to the family. I think it was mostly arguing with mother about getting my car back. To no avail. About three, I got dressed and we left the house in the folks' Chevrolet. We stopped at Tom Kilcoyne's house to pick him up and continued on our way. On the corner of Whittier Blvd and Boyle Avenue, the car conked out. Trying almost everything, we still couldn't get it to go. We went into a service station and the folks stayed there while Tom and I tried to get a cab. It took quite some time before we got one and when the cabby said it looked as though we were going to a wedding I told him that if he didn't hurry there might not be one. When the cab pulled up to the side door of the Church, Archie was there with a worried look on his face. We went into the sanctuary and sat there for a while and then Dr. Martin came in and said a few words to me and it seemed like an eternity until I heard the first strains of the wedding march. (Due to the fact that my parents had not arrived yet, they had delayed the wedding for a few minutes until they got there.) Archie turned to me and said, "Good luck George, right now, you are going to need it, but I think your best luck will meet you in there."

We went into the chapel and stood at the altar and I heard castanets. Then I realized it was my knees knocking together. Then, in came the bridesmaids and last but far from least came my bride. I think my heart stopped beating for a few seconds when I saw her, she looked so lovely. When she came to my side and I took her hands, I knew that this was the most wonderful thing that would ever happen to me. We said our vows and when the singer (Steve Eggleston) was singing the Lord's Prayer, Angagh started to slip on the satin kneeling cushion. Dr. Martin and I were hanging onto her as best we could and Angagh (as she told me later) was praying for Steve to hurry up and finish the song. When we left the chapel, I met more people at one time then I have ever met before or since. Often, years later, I was to hear the same words, "I met you at your wedding."

After having our pictures taken, we went to the Kalpakian residence for the reception and I can't seem to recall all of the people that were there. I had about half a glass of champagne and a small piece of cake. But who could be hungry at a time like that. About seven, we both changed our clothes and left the reception. Archie drove us to the Beverly Wilshire Hotel where I had made reservations for the night. After checking in and going upstairs, I did carry my bride across the threshold of our room. We began to get phone calls, one right after another until I told the operator not to accept any more.

When we opened our suitcases, rice came tumbling out of mine. Archie got in there some way even though it was locked. Rice came out of that suitcase for years after that.

The following morning after breakfast we took a cab over to Angagh's house to get her glasses, which she had forgotten when we left the reception. From there, we went down to the pacific electric Depot at 6th and Main Street where we got the "Red Car" for San Bernardino where we took a bus up to Big Bear Lake, where we were to spend our honeymoon. We spent one week at a place called Langlois Lodge and every day we would walk into town and have breakfast. The waitress always smiled when we said "good morning" to her. It was usually near one o'clock when we arrived there. We went for walks and did some shopping for groceries. Angagh fixed supper every night. One morning as we were outside of our room, I picked an icicle from a faucet and I dropped it down Angagh's back. To this day she has never forgiven me for that.

When we came back to town, we went first to Angagh's folks' house and borrowed their car so we could find a place to stay. We got a motel on La Brea between Washington and Pico Blvd. It was brand new, we were the first occupants of the room. We spent three weeks there and while there, I started looking for work and also for a place of our own. We finally rented an apartment in San Pedro at a government housing area called Banning Homes. We had just one room, with a curtain that closed off the toilet from the room. There was a two burner gas stove on a counter at the back of the apartment and under that was an icebox for our perishables. There was a small table and two chairs for our dining area. Our "bedroom" was two single beds. (We used just one) and we used our suitcases for a bed table.

During those early days we had our dreams. The dream we both had was that we would first of all have a happy life and that we would have a family of three or four children and that when we got to the age of retirement, we would own our own home, a car and that our children would graduate from college and we could do some traveling. If our wildest dreams ever came true, we could perhaps make a trip to Europe.

Angagh went back to teaching and I went out to see if I could get a car. They were all so expensive in those days because none had been made for civilian use for several years. I finally purchased a 1934 Ford Sedan for $500.00, which I borrowed from Angagh's folks. It wasn't the finest car in the world, but it got us back and forth from work. It was during this time that I got a job at U.S. Rubber Company, in Torrance. I worked at cleaning out huge rubber drying ovens. They made synthetic rubber there. Then I started working nights packing the rubber in papers bags. A 75 pound block of rubber came out of the press that stamped out the blocks, every 30 seconds. I had to put it in the paper bag, seal the bag with sealing tape and stack it on a flat. I got two ten minute coffee breaks and a half hour lunch break. That meant that I handled rubber for 7 hours and 10 minutes a shift. That meant over 16 tons of rubber a shift.

The first Christmas that we had together, we didn't have much money and I had no idea of what I was going to get Angagh. I wanted to get her a watch, but didn't have enough money to put a down payment on a stamp. I went to the small post office in the housing

area the day before Christmas and while waiting in line to buy some stamps, I happed to look down and there on the floor was a twenty dollar bill. I picked it up and asked the oriental girl ahead of me in line if she had dropped it. She said, "I wish I had, I hope you are not going to turn it in to the post office, it's your Christmas gift". That evening we went downtown (in L.A.) for some last minute shopping before going to my parents house and while Angagh was in one store, I went down the street and purchased her watch. It was that evening that I found out the price of the table covering, I had given to Archie and his wife for a wedding present.

I had applied for work at the Eastman Kodak processing laboratory in Hollywood and also at the Los Angeles Times. I kept calling Eastman almost every week for a long time. In February of the following year, we moved to another housing area called Avalon Village. It was located near the corner of Avalon Blvd and Sepulveda. This was a brand new apartment with kitchen, small dining area, bath, and a living room with a pull-down bed. It was furnished and we paid $35.00 a month for it. We were in seventh heaven. In March Angagh's Mother came over to tell us that Eastman had called and they wanted me to come to work the following Monday morning at eight. When I drove out of the carport that Monday morning, I didn't notice, but someone had placed big nails behind the rear tires of the car. I drove about two miles before the first tire went flat. I changed it and continued on the way to Hollywood on the corner of Crenshaw and Florence Ave, the other tire blew. This took me much longer because I had to patch one of the tires so I could keep going. On my first day of work at Kodak, I was late for work 10 minutes. (I think it was thirty years before I was late again.)

The personnel manager, called the processing foreman, Frank Potter, (Frank died of cancer in October of 1988) and he took me down to get a pair of coveralls, which we all wore, and then took me into one of the dark rooms and introduced me to the guy who was in charge of running the black and while machines. He showed me how to make splices in the "leader" (clear film-like material that was run through the machine whenever there was not film in it). After making many splices, he turned out the light and had me make them in the dark. Then he showed me how to feed the leader into the machine and make splices while the machine was running. When I succeeded in that, he again turned out the light s and started me making splices on real film. Once I started the film into the machine, he walked out and I never saw him again until it was time for lunch. After lunch, I came back and kept splicing film and feeding the machine until I ran out of film and started splicing leader and feeding it until the machine was emptied of film, at which time he came back and shut the machine off. I thought that everyone got the same type of training, but I found out later that new men on the job were given three or four weeks of training before they were left alone in the machine room.

In late April or early May, we found that Angagh was pregnant. We were so happy and looking forward to our expected offspring. We started planning for our family and Angagh decided that our child, whatever sex it might be, was going to be baptized at Wilshire Methodist Church and was going to wear a christening dress when the time came. We began to look for the dress soon after that and every one we saw that looked good was just too expensive. The ones we could afford were just too "chintzy". Finally

Angagh decided that she was going to make one. In June of 1947, Angagh took a leave of absence from teaching. We were living in Avalon Village at the time and as the time got closer to the delivery date, we went to the Kalpakian residence, so we would be closer to the hospital and also closer to the doctors.

One morning I was at work and someone called me to go to the front door as there was someone to see me. I knew right away that something was wrong. When I got there, Angagh's sister, Betty was waiting at the door. I asked why they didn't phone, and she said they couldn't get any answer. I later found that there was a different number for night calls at the lab. I changed clothes and made a dash for the car and drove like crazy to the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital. Betty took the cab that she came in, to work. When I got to the hospital and up to the waiting room, Grandma was there waiting for me and, the new member of the family. After what seemed an eternity, the intercom came on and called me. The voice said, "Congratulations, Mr. MacKellar, you have a fine healthy son." I didn't say anything for a minute and the voice came on again saying "Mr. MacKellar, Mr. MacKellar are you there?" I answered her and said I was there and feeling great. I turned to Grandma and said "there is your grandson." He was the first male offspring in the family since her brother Haigaz was born in 1904. Due to the fact that there had been a serious outbreak of infant diarrhea, the hospital wasn't allowing anyone to visit the nursery, so all we could do is go home. When we got to Grandma's house, we started phoning everyone.

That evening we were able to see our son and grandson, due to the fact that they had lifted the quarantine on the nursery and we were able to see our new member, Jim, otherwise know as James Harry MacKellar - the first male member of the Kalpakian family since 1904. Grandma (Helen) was in seventh heaven. I don't think I love that woman more than I did that night. She became so much more than a mother to me and my family than I ever thought could be possible. Grandma Kalpakian was so happy, but it was Grandma that was beside herself at Jim's birth. We sat up that night discussing what the future would bring for our off-spring. We discussed what would be best for him and how we would try to bring his future to the place where we would like him to be. That continued for years. Jim, although he was a good kid, was the real "apple of her eye". Until the day she died, she thought that he could do no wrong. Between her and Angagh, I had a job of trying to keep his head from getting too big. I must admit, that the years made me admit that with the musical talent that developed, it was hard to make me keep from disagreeing with them.

Our life was changed more than I ever could have imagined. The first night we brought our new son to the Kalpakian residence, I asked grandma for an alarm clock so I could wake up for Jim's two o'clock feeling. She laughed out loud at me and said, "There is your alarm clock", pointing to Jim.

Before we moved mother and child back to our apartment in Avalon village, I went there and spent one whole day cleaning everything up. The following day a crew of men came to the vacant field across the street from our place and began grading the place to build a park. Silt from the grading came into our apartment and left a layer of it almost a quarter

of an inch thick all over the place. I spent the rest of the day cleaning the whole place again.

One morning as we were getting ready for breakfast, I was frying some bacon and after taking the bacon from the frying pan, I started to set the pan on what I thought was the open breadboard. (It had butcher paper over it). The pan started to fall and I made a grab for it. The hot bacon grease fell all over my right hand and burned it terribly. Angagh packed Jim in the car and took me to the hospital in Wilmington to have it taken care of. It was just a preview of what would happen years later.

While living in Avalon village, our routine was established for the years to come. If I was at home and Jim woke up at night, I would get up and start warming his formula, while Angagh turned on the electric heater in the bathroom to get the room warmed up for the baby. When the room was warm enough, she would change him and I would have the first bottle of formula ready for him. While he was drinking that one, I would have another bottle warming up. We found out very early that one bottle would not satisfy him. I think that most parents of the first child seem to make everything as perfect as is humanly possible. By the time the second child arrives, they know that things do not have to be perfect. By the time they have any more, the child just seems to grow regardless of how well the parents take care of it.

When Jim was to be baptized, Angagh decided that his Godmother should be someone who could hold him. (He was a big boy!) Enid Elser was the only one who fit the bill, and besides that she had been a friend of both of us for most of our life. Angagh finished making Jim's Christening dress the night before the Christening. Dr. Martin baptized Jim, as he did all of our children. I have always wished that they could have known him. We were staying at the Jansen's house while they were in Australia when Jim was baptized and we had a part there for them. Grace Jansen had been a teacher at Washington High School when we went there and has been a lifelong friend since then.

Shortly after the Jansen's came back from Australia, we moved to an apartment in North Hollywood. The apartment was unfurnished and we spent most of the money both of us had to furnish it. It had one bedroom, a kitchen, dining area, and living room. There was a car port out in the alley and there were four apartments in each of the ten rows. The apartment next to us was rented by a young couple from Winnipeg, Charles and Caroline Coutts. Sometimes we would get together in their apartment and play cards and because the walls were so thin, we could hear Jim if he cried. While living there, Jim fell off of the tricycle he was riding and hit his head on the corner of a concrete step in the back of the apartment. He screamed and I ran out and covered his cut eye before Angagh saw the cut. I took him to the doctor and the doctor took several stitches in the wound that was just above the eye. If it had been just a bit lower, he would have lost his eye. Fortunately, it wasn't until after the stitches came out that Angagh saw how close it had been. (Like my burned hand, it was a preview of what was to come years later.)

In the spring of that year, we found that Angagh was pregnant again. Our finances were not in good condition and we were really at our lowest ebb. We tried to think of how we

could raise some money, when Angagh's friend Alsace Daniels asked her if she had taken her retirement fund from the state. She applied for it and we got enough to keep going for a while. Later, we needed more money and I received a card from the water company that supplied water for the place I had purchased in San Gabriel during the war. They were asking for a proxy to sell the water company and I had several shares in the company. I signed the proxy and we got some money from the sale of the company. I think I have always felt, from that time on, that some guardian angel is watching over us and that, with faith, our problems will be solved, if we really work at them.

On the evening of January 6th of 1951, while I was reading and while Angagh was doing some needlework, she said, "I think we had better go to the hospital." I called Dr. Sandie and told him that the time had come and we were going to the hospital. At about 11:00 pm we arrived at the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital and I was checking Angagh into the hospital, I saw the doctor going up the elevator. I saw him off and on during the rest of the night. I would spend time in the labor room holding Angagh's hand and then I would be sent out and wait for news from the waiting room. This went on all night long. Along about six in the morning the doctor made me go across the street and get something to eat. I know I ordered something, but I don't think I ate anything. About eight in the morning they called from the delivery room that we had a daughter. I walked out into the hall and spent the next half an hour crying. Our daughter, Patricia, was a breech birth and Angagh had gone through a lot of pain to bring her into the world. Little did I know, then, that my tears were only the beginning of the many tears that I would shed for those two women in my life.

While my two girls were still in the hospital, I rented an apartment in Santa Monica which was to be our home for almost two years. With the addition of another child to our family, we began to take the responsibility of what every young couple has to endure. Then, to our dismay, in the few short months, we discovered that Angagh was pregnant. It was in December that I received a call, while at work, that Angagh was ready for the hospital. I drove home as fast as I could and when I got there, Kay Vries, our neighbor who lived above us, had Angagh and the two children ready to go to the hospital. I started out for the hospital and at one point, I asked a motorcycle officer if he would help us. He told me to go ahead, try to obey the traffic signals, and if stopped, tell any officer what the circumstances were. I made it to the hospital without stopping. I stopped in the front of the hospital, checked Angagh in, and by the time I had parked the car and got the children settled in the waiting room, Angagh's mother had arrived and so had our new daughter, Nancy. I was outside of the delivery room when the nurse brought my new daughter out. I have always said that she looked like a skinned rabbit, but she was like an angel, to me.

The following year was one of the busiest years of our lives. I managed to trade shifts at work, so I could be home during every day. Our routine was, get up early and while Angagh was getting Jim dressed, I started breakfast for him. When she was giving the girls their bath, I got their formula ready and started our breakfast. While the girls were having their bottles, we ate our breakfast and started washing baby clothes and diapers. We had a washing machine and although it was not automatic, it did help a lot in getting

the washing done. After washing, there was the job of drying the clothes. We got to use the clothesline at the back of the apartment house every fourth day and that wasn't nearly enough time. Angagh's sister Peggy loaned us a "maypole" clothesline which I installed in the back yard and that gave us space to dry most of the diapers. Santa Monica, being a beach town, was usually quite damp and the clothes didn't dry very well. A few blocks away was a Laundromat owned by a young woman who when she found out that we had a problem getting the clothes dried and that the ones we left at her place would have to wait until the next day when I could come and get them, told me to drop them off on the way to work and she would take care of them. Each day, I would take the damp clothes to her and she would dry them, fold them and deliver them to our apartment when she closed up her shop at night. She did this for months and never charged any extra for the delivery. She was an angel in disguise.

During the day, we mixed formula, sterilized nursing bottles, did our grocery shopping, washed clothes and changed innumerable diapers. I left for work about three in the afternoon and I still claim, to this day, that I went to work to rest! I would get home about twelve thirty and take over the care and feeding of the babies until they were settled for the night. Jim and Pat were in cribs in one bedroom and Nancy was in a buggy in our bedroom. If Nancy wasn't asleep when I got home, I would take the buggy into the living room and sit there and gently shake it until she fell asleep. Some mornings, Angagh would get up and find me asleep in the front room still shaking the buggy.

When we look back on those days, now, we often say that they were the busiest and perhaps the happiest days of our married life. There was one day, when I took out the accordion I had purchased in Shanghai and Angagh and I started to play it. The minute we started to play it, Jim screamed and we figured that he certainly would not be a musician. (I had left the accordion on the Iolanda when I was sent to the USS Repose for the operation. Much to my surprise, two fellows from the Iolanda took the accordion down to my folks place in San Gabriel—to this day, I don't know who they were.) It was while living there, that we saw an ad for some new houses in Northridge that looked like just what we wanted. One day, I went out and looked at them and was convinced that they were the place for us. The next day Angagh went out and saw them and we decided to make a down payment on one. We didn't have enough money, but Angagh's folks offered us the money for the down payment. The house wasn't even started to be built yet, but we were in seventh heaven. We planned what we were going to do when we move there, how we would decorate it, what we would grow in the back yard and began shopping for carpeting and furniture we would need for the much larger house. The house had 1175 square feet in it. There were 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, and one off the master bedroom with a shower, the other at the end of a hall. The kitchen was large, with a built-in dishwasher and a breakfast area. There was a living room and a dining area at the back. There was also a service porch with a laundry sink just inside of the back door. There was a two car detached garage. In the model home that they had on display, was a Governor Winthrop Secretary which Angagh fell in love with. We knew we couldn't afford it, but when moved in and found that we wouldn't have to make any house payments until the VA had inspected it, we had enough money to buy the Secretary. It is still in our front room 37 years later and in constant use.

Those years were filled with excitement. Angagh began teaching Jim how to read music and he was reading music before he learned to read writing. We had him take accordion lessons from a Mr. Revetti in Van Nuys, from whom he learned music they way we thought it should be learned. Mr. Revetti taught Jim classics and within a short time the small Hohner accordion was too small for him. We purchased a larger accordion (lightweight) for him and he became a good musician. In the meantime, the girls began to take dance lessons and we purchase a small Thomas electronic organ for the family. The organ had only one manual, but it was to be the forerunner of better music to come.

One morning when Nancy was 13 months, old she bean to scream when she stood on her feet. We had no idea of what was the matter, so I took her to the doctor and after checking her over, he asked me if I knew where County General Hospital was. I told him that I did and he told me to take her there to the Polio ward. I called Angagh and we went to the hospital. They checked her in and I waited for hours, before they came out and told me that they did not know if she had Polio or ostiomylitis. They said that they would have to keep her there for further checks. She was there for two weeks and every day I went over to see her. It was so terrible to just stand there in a gown and not be able to even touch her. After two weeks, they said that she could go home. We took a small red suitcase that was hers when we traveled. When the nurse brought it into the ward to dress her, Nancy jumped up and down - she knew she was going home. When we got her home, (Angagh's parents had stayed with the other children) Pat came running out of the house and to this day, I wish I had had a movie camera to see the expression on her face when she saw Nancy. Never again in my life do I expect to see that expression on anyone's face.

A month later, I had to take Nancy to the hospital for further check-ups and because the car had a leaky head gasket, I was reluctant to do anything about it until Nancy was checked out ok. When the day for the check-up came, I left home early (with Nancy) and headed for the hospital. About half way there, Nancy threw up all over herself and her clothes. We were on the freeway and I had to stop and cover her with my jacket. When we got to the hospital, I had to park about three blocks away and carry her up to the hospital. Once there, I found that there were many people with the same appointment. About ten o'clock they called us to have x-rays taken of Nancy. At noon, they gave her some bread and butter and some milk. I felt her forehead and knew she had a high fever. After trying to get some help for her, I took her into an examination room and when a nurse came in I told her if she didn't get someone to look at her, I would tear the room apart. A few minutes later, a doctor came in and checked her temperature—it was 105 degrees! She gave me a prescription and I went to the pharmacy and got it filled. We left the hospital, and headed for home. I thought that I would stop by the lab and borrow Marvin Kidder's car to finish the trip home. Just before we got to the lab, we saw Marvin and I changed my mind. We headed for home and when we turned down our street, I saw a fire engine in front of our house. I almost died until I found out that it was for the house next door that had a minor fire in the furnace. The following Monday I found that when going home that night, an auto ran into Marvin's car almost destroying it. Nancy recovered from her illness with no apparent difficulty and as the years went by, she grew

up to be a lovely woman. I think all of the neighbors thought the same things at that time, what are our children going to grow up to be? I don't know about the rest of our friends, but our children grew into adulthood with no problems.

During the years we lived on Lanark Street, our life changed considerably. My folks decided to move from the house in San Gabriel so they could be close to Kathleen in Santa Ana. We knew that we couldn't take care of a rental that far away, so we put the house up for sale. In one day, we sold it and with the down payment, we purchased a house right down the street from where we lived. We rented the house for many years and in time it was paid for by renters.

It was during the years that we lived there, that I began to have problems with health. I contracted mumps from a friend at a musical one night and was confined to bed for a few weeks. Angagh tried to keep the children from my room, but it was a failure. They never caught the mumps even though they were with me almost constantly. Sometime later I had an operation for a problem that I had acquired when I was in the Navy. It was a Polynoidal Sinus. The operation was simple, but the recovery took 6 weeks.

I spent only five or six days in the hospital and when it came time to leave, Angagh came to get me and she brought an inflatable "doughnut" for me to sit on. The ride home was very comfortable and once home, I went to bed as the doctor had ordered. The following morning, the doctor came to the house and gave Angagh a bottle of pills and told her not to give me any more than one every four hours no matter how much I pleaded for one. Then, he removed the outer dressing on the operation. For the next few weeks I would sometimes have to bite the mattress to keep from screaming. It was then that I knew what people had been telling me.

The next few years were busy ones, as anyone knows who have had three small children in a few years. They were busy, but very happy. Every day brought about new changes in the children and each was a delight to behold. Almost all of the neighbors were about the same in the matter of their children and in time the kids were the thing that brought us all close together. Our next door neighbor was the sister of a neighbor of ours when we lived in the apartment in North Hollywood. They had a son the same age as Jim and the boys became good friends along with the son of the family that lived across the street.

About this time, we decided to have a dinner party to introduce Angagh's Maid-of-Honor to one of the men that had worked with me for some time. At the dinner party they seemed to get along well together and when the party was over, Marvin took Evelyn home. In a few short weeks they were engaged and in November of that year, they were married. They now have two lovely daughters and three grandchildren. Our match-making worked!!!

When our girls were about six, Angagh and I asked her parents if they would stay with our children when we went for a trip to the east coast. They said they would like to, so on the 13th of October of 1958 we boarded a plane for the east coast.

During those years, there also occurred an accident that caused me extreme suffering. One morning at work I went up to the mix room at the lab to bleach my hands in some chemicals that I had bleached them in before. That morning, something went wrong and when I put my hands in the sodium bisulfate as I had done before, my hands were burned terribly. After six weeks of daily medication, it was decided that I would not need a skin graft. Those six weeks were torture. It made the burn I had years before with bacon grease, seem like a mild sunburn.

It seemed that that was the beginning of many physical problems I was to have over the next few years. One day, at work, I was making a mix in the mix room and had to carry a 100 pound sack of chemical up a ladder, I turned and felt my insides being torn. I suffered a severe rupture. It was the second of three I was to sustain.

In the ensuing years we knew that we would need more room for the children. Jim was practicing on his accordion, Pat and Nancy, on their dancing and I thought it would be nice for me to have a place where I could relax and watch television without the music that was coming from the practicing. We looked for almost two years before we found the house we wanted. It was farther west in Northridge, and it had 1875 square feet in it. There would be three bedrooms, two baths, and a den for me and the television, a family room, a huge living room and large kitchen. When we first moved into the house, it seemed as though we should be taking a lunch to go from one side of the house to the other. To get the house we sold the mortgage of the house in San Gabriel to Angagh's folks, took a second mortgage for $5,000.00 payable in three years and when that happened, I took a 50 cent an hour cut in pay and had to start paying $50.00 a month towards taking care of my parents. The next three years were the tightest we ever experienced.

Years later, the kids said that the big thrill was to go over to the train track and watch the "Daylight Limited" go by. We really did manage to see a lot California during that time, though. Gasoline was cheap and we managed to do a lot of camping. We traveled up the coast of California to see the Redwood forest and spent good times at Sequoia, Yosemite and other places that cost very little to see.

One year we were making plans to go to Yellowstone for our vacation and at the end of the school year we found that Jim had flunked one of his classes in Cleveland High School. That meant that he would have to go to summer school and our vacation plans had to be changed. (The girls have never forgiven Jim for that failure. He got it by talking to much and not listening.)

I took the girls to Sequoia for a week and the first night we got there I called home and found that Jim had contacted measles. We thought that his summer school would be shot, and we all wanted to disown him. Fortunately it was just the three day measles and he managed to make up his failure. During that week I got up one morning and was going to make pancakes for our breakfast when I found that we didn't have any milk. I used some chocolate drink in place of the milk and the girls tried the pancakes and said there were terrible. I tried them and had to agree. We tossed them to some squirrels and

they turned their noses up at them. Then we tossed them to the blue jays, who will eat almost anything, except pancakes make with chocolate drink!!!

One afternoon we went to Enid's apartment for a dinner where besides the usual group of friends, was a couple from Copenhagen, Denmark. Paul and Gerda Madsen were a delightful couple. Little did we know, then, that they would become good friends to us and to our children. A few years later, the oldest son, Bent, came to Los Angeles and because the people he was staying with thought he should spend some time with someone his own age, (they were an elderly couple) they asked us to put him up for a few days. Jim and I went to town to pick him up and after driving around a little so he could see some of the city, we stopped at a coffee shop and had coffee and doughnuts. When we got home, Angagh asked him if he would like something to eat. He said, "No thank you, your husband treated me to coffee and duffnuts (doughnuts) on the way here." His English was perfect, but he figured that if laugh was pronounced laff, dough should be pronounced duff.

In 1967, Pat applied for a chance to go to Europe on an exchange program called Youth For Understanding. The students would go to Europe and live with a family there as a member of the family for the summer. Pat was accepted and went to live with a family in Brittany (France) by the name of Rodellac. It was the beginning of some wonderful friendships. Pat had been a pen pal with a young man in Paris and although his family was on vacation when she got to Paris at the start of her summer, she did get to meet them on her way home.

Her family, in Brittany, consisted of Mr. Rodellac, a school teacher, Madame Rodellac, a true Breton housewife, two girls, Francoise and Dominique, and one son, Bruno. They lived in a manor house in a small village called San Michel. Another girl from California went with Pat and there were several other children spending the summer with the family. Pat had a delightful summer and learned a lot about France and French people. I'm sure that that summer had a lot to do with her later life.

The following year, Nancy also went to Europe. She went to a family in Germany by the name of Hoerman. The father had been a prisoner of war in the States and had a great liking for Americans. The family included the parents, one daughter, Evelyn and two boys, Rolf and Freddie. The family owned a factory where they made gold and silver chains for jewelry.

The girls' families have since become good friends and we have visited them at their homes. The year after Nancy returned from Germany, Jim got drafted and when we knew that we would have an extra bedroom for some time, the girls wanted to have an exchange student come and live with us for the next year. Shortly after Jim was inducted into the army, Margit Bonacker came to live with us. She was from Wolfenbuttel, West Germany. She was sixteen years old and the second of three daughters of a family who owned several stores in their home town. The second week that Margit was with us, we went camping at Sequoia. I thought we would get to know one another better when we

were in close association. As it happened, it worked out fine. In a very short time, Margit became one of the family.

The year that Margit was with us, we traveled all over the state. She attended high school with the girls and created a slight problem for at least one of the teachers. Nancy had a report to turn in one day and as she was ill, she asked Margit to take the report to the teacher, she said the paper was her sisters. Her German accent puzzled the teacher but he didn't say anything. The next day when Nancy went back to school, the teacher asked her who the girl was who turned in her report and Nancy said it was her sister. I don't know how long it was before the teacher found out how one girl had an accent and the other didn't.

By the time the year was up and she had to go home, we knew that the parting would be hard. We took her to the airport and everything went well, with lots of laughter. Then, the P.A. system announced the boarding of her flight. There were hugs and kisses and lots of tears. Margit didn't want to leave and we were reluctant to see her go. We all felt that we would never see each other again and it was a painful parting. We drove home from the airport silently, each missing her in his own way. Since that parting, we have all seen her many times.

Jim, after going through boot camp (twice) was injured during his third week while playing football. He was hit in the eye and almost lost his eye. After a short stay in the hospital, he was sent home to recover. When I went to the airport to pick him up, I could see what many of the civilians were thinking. They thought that he had lost his eye in Vietnam. I kidded him a lot about the only man I knew of who got a months leave after only serving one month in the army. After basic training, he was sent to an artillery outfit in Oklahoma and from there he was sent overseas. He went to Germany, not Vietnam, for which we were very grateful. A short time after he got there, he was made publisher, editor, sports writer and just about everything else of the battalion newspaper. His first paper was terrible. We sent him some books on journalism and the paper began to improve. Before he turned over the job to someone else, he had received a commendation for having the best paper in the Seventh Army.

While in Germany, he had the opportunity of visiting Margit's family and also Nancy's German family. He went on furlough one time, with a buddy and they were going to go to Norway and Sweden, but they got as far as our friends' home in Copenhagen, where they stayed for the rest of their furlough. The Madsen's made them feel right at home and they enjoyed the city so much that they spent all of their time there.

When Jim came back from the Army, he went to work for the Independence Bank in Canoga Park. It was there that he met the girl he would later marry. Jody Hogan was the youngest of two daughters of Harold and Marie Hogan. Jim had been running around with a girl that he knew at school and not the girl that I thought he should think about marrying. I was very pleased one day when he came into the den and said, "What would you think of Judy as a daughter-in-law?" Needless to say, I was very pleased. Jim and Judy were married on the 24th of June in 1972. Judy's father took me into the "bride's

room" at the church to see the bride just before the ceremony and she looked like a fragile china doll. I guess, like all brides, she never looked lovelier.

On December 9th 1975, Judy's birthday, she gave birth to Karen Christine. Our first grandchild was a beautiful baby right from the start and has grown even more lovely with the coming years. On April 20, 1978, Michael James was born -a robust healthy boy that has become as solid as a rock over the years.

It was a great shock when we came back for a trip in 1981 to find that they had split up and were going to get a divorce. The divorce became final in 1982. Judy has the children and Jim gets them every other weekend. Fortunately, the children are adjusted kids and a joy to be with.

When Nancy was going to college, she was invited to attend a dance by a friend and at the dance she was voted the "Queen of May". She also danced with a fellow who told his buddy the following day that he had met the girl he was going to marry. Steve Grubb was the eldest of the two sons of Don and Maxine Grubb. They were married on June 8th 1974. In that week, that they were married, Steve graduated from college, (as did Nancy), discharged as a sergeant of the Marine Corps Reserves and given a commission as a Lieutenant in the Corps.

The wedding was held at St. Johns of the Valley and we had a reception at our home. We had it catered and everything went fine. I had built a couple of walls on our patio to form backdrops for pictures and as a backdrop for our organ, which we placed on the patio to supply the music for dancing. There were 125 sit down dinners served that evening and there was enough Champagne to keep everyone happy.

Shortly after they were married, they went back to the east coast where Steve went to Officers Training School in Virginia. From there they transferred to Pensacola, Florida for flight school. After flight training, they were transferred to Cherry Point, North Carolina. While there, both of their sons were born. Christopher Clark was born on October 3, 1976 and Benjamin Clayton was born October 7, 1978.

We first met William Jenkins "Jenk" Stephenson when he came to visit Pat when she was in the hospital following surgery in 1975. He visited her almost every day, so we knew that something was going on. They were married on the 14th of February in 1976 at St. Johns, where Nancy was married. The reception was on a much smaller scale because Jenk's family, with the exception of his brother, Tom (who was his best man) could not get to the wedding from Texas. They lived in Pat's apartment, in Studio city, for a while. Pat was working for the California State College system as an assistant…….

In the years that we lived at 8607 Aura Ave in Northridge, many good and bad things happed to the family. The first years were busy ones trying to get our yard in shape. Because it was the last house built on the block, it was the trash heap of every other yard. There were broken bottles, chunks of concrete, tin cans, etc. I moved the top four inches

of the yard up to the back of the house as I intended to have a raised patio built there in the future.

To replace the dirt that I had moved up to the house, I asked one of the neighbors if they would have the dirt that was being removed from their back yard, where they were having a swimming pool built and if they would dump the dirt on our driveway. It looked like Mt. Everest when I started to carry it to the back yard. Every day, when I came home from work, I would take 20 wheel-barrow loads of the dirt to the back yard. There were times when I thought I would never get it all moved.

We would purchase bricks (whenever I worked any overtime and got extra pay) to build a raised brick planter around the back yard. It was constructed so we would have space for a croquet court there. We also put some pipes in the ground to hold a volley ball or badminton net. The back ten feet of the yard was raised about two feet high and the sides about eight inches. The center ten feet of the back of the yard was set back to make room for a lath house and in front of that was a grape arbor which held a lawn glider. (We both wanted it for reasons of fond memories of our childhood). The back section held trees. We had peach, apricot, tangerine, grapefruit and two orange trees. Just inside of the brick planters we grew Japanese boxwood. The boxwood grew around all of the raised brick planters in the front and back yard. Our fences were cinder block and on both sides of the back yard we planted pyracantha. It grew well but in time it took over everything and I had to remove it. In removing it, my hands are arms were so cut up from the thorns that it looked as though I had put my hands in a meat grinder.

It took time to get the yard in good shape, but it was worth it. We had many wonderful times there. Probably the best was the wedding reception that was held there when Nancy and Steve were married. I built some temporary walls on the patio and put our organ out there. We had 125 guests for a "sit-down" reception that night. When I was dancing with Pat that night, I was so proud of my family, I felt as though I would burst.

Those days were busy and hectic. Our only recreation was when we drove over to the train track and watched the "Daylight Limited" go racing through Northridge. Gasoline was fairly inexpensive, so we did manage to do a bit of traveling. We would load up our station wagon and travel all up and down the state, from Eureka to San Diego.

It was during those days that we also had a lot of bad things happen. Pat contacted rheumatic fever and was confined to bed for some time. Then she fell at school one day and when I took her to the hospital, they suggested that she have some physical therapy. After some therapy, the therapist suggested that we have her back x-rayed because it seemed bad to him. When I saw the x-rays, I almost got sick. Her back was so twisted that it formed the letter S. After seeing many doctors, we decided that a doctor in a group in Pasadena was the one to do the surgery. She was placed in the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles and placed in a cast for about a week before the operation.

When the day came for the operation, we went down to the hospital in the morning and about 7 AM they took her down to the operating room. We waited all day long for word

about the operation. At two in the afternoon, the doctor came up to the waiting room and when I asked him how the operation went, he said "rough". He looked very tired and was covered with plaster. At five that afternoon we were allowed to go to the recovery room to see Pat. When we went in, she looked positively gray. She was barely conscious, but I knew when she wanted to say something. I leaned down near her mouth and said "Daddy, thank the nurses for being so good to me". I left the room with tears streaking down my face. Even now, after all these years, I still get tears in my eyes whenever I think about that moment.

Pat spent the next ten months in a body cast. She was only out of school for six weeks and even then I had a problem getting her back to her regular school (Cleveland High School). They wanted her to go to a handicapped school, but Pat said, "I'm not handicapped".

When the time came for Pat's cast to come off, we took her to Pasadena and they removed it at the doctor's office. On the way home, Angagh took her to a store and bought all new clothes for her. She was in seventh heaven. During her time in the cast, she got all of her clothes in maternity shops. When she went back to school the following year, most of her friends didn't recognize her.

It was some time during those days that we purchased a new organ. We had purchased a small Thomas electric organ when we lived on Lanark Street, but it was too simple for the kids by this time. On the day that the new organ arrived, Jim sat down at the keyboard and played for four solid hours. He didn't need any music as he played it all from memory. It was a thrill for all of us.

1958 Trip to the East Coast

Monday, October 13

We left LAX at 8 PM and headed for Denver on the first leg of our trip to New York. The plane was a United Airlines DC-3 and our flight was expected to last nearly 12 hours. Our first stop was in Denver where we were about five minutes late. I went into the airport and purchased box lunches as the only thing they served on the plane was coffee, tea, or milk. We ate our lunch while crossing the Rocky Mountains and after crossing the plains states at an altitude of nearly 9,000 feet. It was wonderful to be able to see the land below us that I had rode over some 30 years before. We got to see the way the land was laid out. At the corner of almost every section of land was the small village where the sections met. After several hours, we landed at Milwaukee. I called my old Navy friend Dick Finley while we were waiting for the plane to take off again. From there, we flew to Cleveland and then on to Newark airport, where we took the bus to the New York terminal and took a bus from there to our hotel. The hotel was on 52nd Street. We had twin beds and television.

Tuesday

In the morning, we had breakfast in the hotel and then went to the Greyhound depot where we took a Grayline Tour of upper Manhattan, stopping to visit the Cathedral of St. John the Devine. It was magnificent!! We went next to see paintings, furniture and buildings, From there we walked through Chinatown which is similar, but smaller than the one in San Francisco. We walked around the Battery and then took a boat out to the Statue of Liberty. We took the elevator as far as it went and then walked to the top

After a subway trip to the Empire State bldg. we took the elevators to the 102nd floor, what a view, magnificent!! We returned to our hotel by subway, changed our clothes and had dinner at the Automat. We went to the Radio City Music Center for a movie and show and when we came out, it was raining. We ran to the automat for pie and coffee and then back to our hotel.

Wednesday

Had breakfast at the Brass Rail and went to the United Nations Buildings. We toured the buildings and sat in on a disarmament committee meeting. From there, we crossed town to pier 81 to take a boat cruise around Manhattan Island. We went to Grand Central Station where we saw the huge Kodak Colorama. That evening we went to the Latin Quarter for dinner and a show. We were the first ones on the small dance floor when the dancing started.

Thursday

We had breakfast at a Ham and Eggs Place and at 10:30 we went to Dan Lipman's office on Madison Avenue. We were escorted into his outer office and then into his private office. I didn't know that he was the general manager and Vice-President of the company. He always made it seem as though it was just a small business. We chatted about an hour and made arrangements to join him for lunch the next day. We went to Rockerfeller Center and took a tour of the place. It was fabulous. We had lunch at the top of the RCA Bldg. We then went back to Grand Central Station so I could take some pictures in front of the Kodak Exhibit. Our next stop was the Metropolitan Museum where we stayed until they closed the doors. We took the Fifth Avenue bus back to 50th Street and had supper at Schrafts Restaurant where we had lobster thermador. Then back to the hotel and to a musical show (Jamica).

Friday

Had breakfast in the hotel and then took subway to stock exchange where we took the tour of the place. Then back to Madison Avenue and lunch with Dan and Paul Kaplan, another shipmate from the Iolanda who Dan hired right after the war. Paul was then head of research for the company. Dan had offered me a job when he left the ship, but I didn't want to live in the east. Maybe I should have! After lunch, we went back to our hotel and checked out, took a cab to the airport and left shortly thereafter.

We arrived in Boston at 7:33 and were met by Joe and Margaret Tucker. Although I had never met Margaret, I felt as though I had known her for years. They took us to the Parker House, where we had reservations, and after checking in, we went to the Oyster house for dinner. After an enjoyable dinner, we returned to our hotel and went to bed.

Saturday, October 18

After breakfast, we went on a tour of downtown Boston. Then after lunch we toured the historical outskirts of Boston, Concord, (where I still get butterflies in my stomach), Lexington, Longfellow's home and the other historical landmarks until we went to dinner at the Tuckers. We met Bob and Kay at dinner.

Sunday

The Tuckers picked us up at 11 and took us for a ride in the countryside. What beautiful foliage! They took us to dinner at the Lord Fox and then drove back to their home for a lobster sandwich. They took us back to our hotel and took our laundry home to wash and dry. What wonderful friends and what a wonderful day!

Monday

We walked around downtown Boston today. We bought records fro the kids in Filines Basement and returned to the hotel to mail them. Visited Kings Chapel, which is right next door and took the subway to Haymarket Square and walked the length of Hanover Street and wound up at Constitution Wharf where we visited "Old Ironsides". Although I had been right next to it when I was in the Navy, I had never been aboard her. After passing Copp's Hill and Buriel Grounds, we took the subway back to Bolyston Street, had lunch at the Touraine Hotel dining room on the site of which was located the home of John Quincy Adams. Shopped at Jordan Marsh and bought jewelry boxes. Shopped at S.S. Pierce, bought tea. Returned to hotel and after reading about tour of Hancock bldg. took a taxi there. The view was beautiful and after visiting the museum on the top floor, we walked back to the hotel via Beacon Hill. Had dinner at Purcells. Margaret and Joe came by and brought our laundry and we all went out for the rest of the evening.

Tuesday, October 21

We got up early (5 AM) after going to bed at 2 AM and left the hotel. We had breakfast at the airport and had to wait fairly long before our plane took off for Philadelphia. After checking in at the hotel we went to see the house doctor because of Angagh's mouth infection. Had lunch at a nearby restaurant and took a tour out to Valley Forge. We spent four hours on the tour. We stopped at Wannamakers Department store for the noon recital of organ music. The console is on the second floor behind the shoe department and the lady who played it was a very small lady who looked like the charlady of the store. On the music rack she had simple piano sheet music, but what she could play was out of this world. The theme was "Around The World In Eighty Days". She played

music from almost every country and ended up with the theme music. She was absolutely wonderful. The organ had 30,000 pipes and I think she used most of them. Had dinner at the hotel and spent the evening watching TV and went to bed early because we were so tired.

Wednesday

We had breakfast at the hotel and took a tour of historical Philadelphia. After the tour, we went to the U.S. Mint and took a tour through it. Purchasing some mint proofs before we left. Went to the train station for information on a trip to Williamsburg from our next stop in Washington. Took cab back to our hotel and spent the evening watching TV.

Thursday

After breakfast in a coffee shop, we walked to the post office and mailed a package and then took a cab to the Penn. Museum and the Commercial Museum, took a cab back to the hotel and then went to the airport where we got an earlier flight on Delta, because our regular flight would be late. We reached Washington in 45 minutes and checked in at the Sheraton Park Hotel. It is huge!! (1200 rooms) We took a bus downtown and visited the National Archives, where we saw the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. I still get butterflies in my stomach when I see them. From there we went to the Ford Theatre and then back to our hotel.

Friday

After a quick breakfast, we went on a tour around Washington. Lincoln Memorial, Jefferson Memorial, Custis-Lee Mansion, Marine Memorial in Arlington Cemetery, saw the changing of the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Warriors and the Amphitheatre. Took a cab to the Bureau of Engraving where we saw money being printed and walked to the FBI Building and took the tour through it. We walked to the Washington Monument and went to the top. (By the elevator) Took a cab to the Pan American bldg. and then to the Union Depot where we purchased tickets for Williamsburg the next day. We had dinner at the Ceres restaurant and then returned to our hotel to rest up after a very pleasant day at this wonderful city.

Saturday

We had breakfast at the hotel and took a cab to the White house for a tour through it. From there we went to the Supreme Court and after a tour through there, we walked to the Capitol and took a tour through there. We had lunch at the Senate restaurant. After lunch we took a streetcar to town and browsed through the shops, then walked to the Grayline Bus Terminal. At 2:00 we took a bus tour through to Alexandria and visited Christ Church, Lee's Church, then on to Woodlawn Mansion, originally part of Mt. Vernon. Then on to Mt. Vernon where we spent 1 and a half hours looking around this lovely place. Took the bus back to our hotel and spent the evening watching TV.

Sunday

Ate breakfast in the hotel and took a bus to the Smithsonian Institute where we spent the whole morning looking at the exhibits. We went back to our hotel and packed for the trip to Williamsburg which we took that afternoon. The train arrived in Richmond in early afternoon and we went by bus to Williamsburg and got room in Lodge for the night. Had dinner in the coffee shop and after browsing in the gift shop, retired early.

Monday

Had breakfast in the lodge dining room and took the bus to the visitor's center and saw a film of the "Williamsburg Story". Then began a tour of the town. We checked out of our hotel and had luncheon at the "The Kings Arms", our twelfth Wedding Anniversary. We had champagne and all the specials that went with it. They put huge napkins around our necks as they did in colonial times and we really enjoyed our anniversary. We tried to rent a car to go to Jamestown, but we wound up taking a bus there. Not much to see, and we took bus back to Williamsburg. We went back to the lodge for a smorgasbord dinner and took a bus to catch the 8:35 train to Philadelphia.

Tuesday

We arrived in Philly at 0500 and took a cab to the airport where we had breakfast. I called Ed Hunter and he was to meet us in Pittsburg. We met Ed in Pittsburg and had a pleasant chat for a few minutes. After stopping at Detroit and Chicago, we had a pleasant trip to Las Vegas, where we spent an hour and a half wait because we had a great tail wind all the way from Chicago and we finally left for Burbank and arrived at the early evening of October 29th.

Trip to Mexico 1966

On Saturday the 15th of October 1966 we boarded a Super Rolls Royce Jet at 1300 and began our trip to Mexico. We crossed the border at 33,000 feet about half an hour after we left LAX and a few minutes later we were over the Gulf of California. Baja California was very dry and deserted. Even a small village stuck out like a sore thumb when set in that dry area. At 15:25 we landed at Mazatlan and were checked through immigration. We left at 16:00 and flew to Guadalajara. We came down to the airport through clouds of rain. The land here was much like the land we had been flying over most of the way. We left there at 17:30 and went back up through clouds of rain, complete with thunder and lots of lightning. The flight became bumpy and got very dark. We could see no lights on the ground except of an occasional village. Then, we passed over the mountains that surround Mexico City and looked down on what appeared to be a huge bowl lined with black velvet and heaped with glittering diamonds. Once we landed and went into the terminal, we had to wait for some time for our luggage. Surprisingly, there was no inspection of our luggage. We were supposed to meet a Senor Gonzales, but he never showed up, so we took a cab to our hotel. The hotel was located on the

corner of the Alemeda, a large park in the downtown area. After checking into our room, we went down to the dinning room for our dinner. In the……..

(This was the last page that I found in the 3-ring binder. I feel sure there was more, but I have not been able to locate it.)