TAKE ME DOWN TO THE SEA

An informal journal of experiences in Naval R.O.T.C. training and eventual active duty in the Navy from June, 1941, until the end of World War II. The original document was written in 1989 and was updated in 1990.

Richard P. Trenbeth

Richard P. Trenbeth 1989

TAKE ME DOWN TO THE SEA

Some Memories of Serving in the Navy in World War II

Long after most people should have tired of listening to sea stories, there is a renewal of interest in hearing about the experiences of those who served in the U.S. Navy during the tumultuous years of World War II. In my own case, the first two reunions of the ships I served on were held in 1987, 43 years after I left the one and 44 years after I was relieved of my command of the other to return to inactive duty. After such long separations, the main topic of conversation was our own personal lives since the war, but even in the limited time we had together, there was a substantial amount of reminiscing about service and combat experiences that have endured in our memories.

At the two reunions of my own ship, the U.S.S. LST 828, there seemed to be great interest in such routine information as where the ship went and when. The interest was especially great on the part of the wives and later, I'm told, of the children of my crew members. When the call went out for accounts of special experiences in the LST navy for inclusion in the second edition of the book, "Large Slow Target," I prepared a condensed two-page article on the service of the LST 828 as an ammunition ship at the battle of Okinawa and later distributed copies to my crew who attended our second reunion in 1988 in South Bend. Again, there was keen interest on the part of the wives who attended. Even my own children have been enthusiastic about learning more about a time they know only from history, though my son Rich actually visited the LST 828 a number of times in New Orleans, just before the ship left for the Pacific. This journal will tell them far more about my experiences than they ever heard in family conversations, and I hope they find it as interesting to read as I have found it pleasant to recall and record.

With each year, I'm more aware of diminishing memory, even about such experiences of long ago, and I'm also aware how some of the principals in those memories are dying at an alarming rate. Dick Turner, who organized the Wake Island reunion in 1987, lived barely a year longer. As someone observed at the huge national convention of the relatively new U.S. LST Association in Burlingame, California, in 1988, the organization probably has a maximum life of some 15 more years because most of the members are at least 60 and many considerably older. At least one of my children has asked me to set down an account of some of my experiences in the war while my memories are still sharp, and I willingly do so, knowing that those who find it boring can readily put it down.

I should preface all of my military experiences with a bit of disclosure about the way I was first persuaded to get involved with Navy training. Those of us who grew up during the years following World War I were bombarded with heavy peace persuasion to the point where few of us welcomed any sort of military training, though most men who went to land grant colleges often took at least two years of Army ROTC training. When I went to Northwestern University as a freshman in September of 1936, I was barely aware of the existence of its Naval ROTC unit, one of just six in the nation at that time. I had been so deeply concerned with getting an academic scholarship and working on a way to live with my grandmother and two aunts to get started that I must have overlooked most of the information about the Naval ROTC, though I also suspect that there was little such information published. In the course of being persuaded to come to the campus for fraternity rushing, I welcomed the advice and help of Jim Milmoe, a Glen Ellyn friend three years older than I, to whom I am indebted for many of the best things that happened to me during my first two years in college. Jim and his close friend, Ray North, another Phi Kap two years ahead of me, were so sold on the merits of joining the NROTC that they literally tore me away from a rushing session and took me down to the Navy building to enroll. Jim had been a senior in high school when I entered as a freshman, and though I knew him slightly, we weren't really friends at the time. He stayed out a year before entering Northwestern and worked as a reporter on his mother's business, The Glen Ellyn News, and apparently read it every week thereafter.

Probably from reading about my high school record in the paper, he spotted my name on the list of incoming freshmen (though I had not registered for fraternity rushing in the belief that I never could afford it), called me at home and insisted that I come in to rush week with him, telling me exactly when he would pick me up. He was the principal reason why I pledged Phi Kappa Sigma, later became my fraternity father, and was a kind of guardian angel to me for the next two or three years. It was Jim, I'm sure, who convinced the fraternity to give me one of the prized board jobs and give me other concessions that enabled me to pledge Phi Kap. Years later I was to be just as grateful to him for getting me into the Naval ROTC. Ray North also became close to me as one of the kitchen gang at Phi Kappa Sigma during my first two years at Northwestern.

Early in my life I learned that life is not always fair and may, in fact, be rarely fair. One of the most convincing examples to prove the point is what happened to Jim Milmoe and Ray North. Both were commissioned ensigns in 1938, two years ahead of me, and took the same training cruise I took after graduation, the last time we had a great time together on the

same level. Both had decided that they wanted to get involved in Navy aviation training, even though in those days that meant resigning their commissions and entering flight training as cadets. When I was ordered to active duty in June of 1941 and became a navigation instructor at the Naval Air Station at Penscola, Florida, Jim and Ray were cadets in the late stages of their flight training. Jim was actually in one of my classes on practical navigation, and I saw both rather frequently in the cadet formations. On the night before they were to receive their wings and commissions and depart for their first duty stations, Jim and Ray were guests of Bob Nickel, my good Northwestern friend of many years who came with me to Pensacola on the same train, and of mine for dinner and a movie in town (which we had to leave before the end to get them back in time for bunk check). It was the last time I ever saw either of them. Each was assigned to a different patrol squadron, both first operating in the Caribbean. Jim's squadron, operating PBM-3 Mariners, flew out of Trinidad. During a patrol on August 6, 1943, Jim sighted an enemy submarine and apparently was shot down during the attack. Ray's squadron eventually operated out of Devon, England. On February 26, 1944, he took off in a PB4Y-1 Liberator on patrol over the Bay of Biscay, reported being under attack from enemy aircraft, sent a distress signal, and was never heard from again. I have missed Jim and Ray through all of the years since I first heard of their deaths.

One thing about my Naval ROTC training that stands out in my memory is that it gave me my first opportunities for travel beyond the immediate area in which I was brought up. In these days when children regularly travel all over the country and even the world, it's hard to imagine that my travels before the age of 17 were limited to Illinois, northern Indiana and southern Wisconsin and Michigan--I had not yet seen the Mississippi River, less than 200 miles away. That was finally accomplished in the summer of 1935, when I spent several weeks selling magazines with a traveling crew in southern Minnesota and northern Iowa. In those Depression years even the military had to cut back on expenses, and so my first training cruise was in 1938, the summer after my sophomore year in college. As soon as school was out, we all met at the elevated station at Davis Street in Evanston, boarded the train, and proceeded to the old LaSalle Street station. We took the Nickel Plate Line train to New Jersey (and I slept in my first Pullman berth), boarding a small ship that took us across to the U.S.S. Arkansas, tied up at one of the old liner piers just west of Columbus Circle. Adventure lay before me, and all those years of reading about New York stood me in good stead as I became a sort of guide to my other Northwestern sophomore friends.

The Arkansas was my first experience in living and working aboard a Navy vessel. Although it was very old, it was kept in excellent condition and preserved many of the early customs for

providing accommodations for enlisted personnel. When we came aboard with our lone sea bag luggage, we were shown where to stow our bags in an open compartment, pick up a rolled-up canvas hammock, and how to hang it on hooks in the nearby passageway. We discovered when we came back to the ship that night in the dark that all this had to be done in very dim light and very quietly.

The hardest part was putting the wooden spreader bars on each end of the hammock before reaching up to the overhead and hoisting our bodies into the hammock.

Each morning we were rousted out of our hammocks by an early call, punctuated by whacks on the bottom of the hammock for those who were slow to get out. We dressed quickly and went to the top deck, where we could get a fat mug of coffee and then get to work holystoning the old teak decks. Part of the Navy indoctrination, we all discovered, was doing some of the traditional chores of shipboard life, including the endless chipping of paint and polishing of bright work. Except in the heat of battle, such work goes on daily on every Navy ship. During the day we were given many classes relating to our NROTC studies, especially in such fields as gunnery, where our class work led up to extensive target practice toward the end of the cruise. I was assigned as a pointer (one who elevates the barrel of the 4" gun, keeps it steady on target, and eventually pulls the trigger), an assignment that was repeated for the 5" gun on my final training cruise to Alaska in 1939. With so many students on board, few of us were given many opportunities for bridge watches, but I enjoyed the ones I stood, especially at night, when we could pilot up the coast by taking bearings on the many lighthouses then still in existence. One I remember especially taking a sight of had the fascinating name of Barnegat Light, on the coast of New Jersey. When we were on the bridge, we were taught the importance of staying quiet and carrying out traditional Navy routines. As this was my first Navy sea experience and also aboard a major ship, I was fascinated by the reverential treatment of "officers country," the area of the ship where the officers' sleeping quarters were centered.

Members of the NROTC unit from Georgia Tech also came aboard in New York, and we proceeded to New Haven to pick up the Yale unit and then to Boston to pick up the Harvard unit. It was my first experience with Ivy League college boys, and I learned a lot from them, though most seemed to live in a world apart. Our destination on the training cruise was Havana, Cuba, the first foreign soil I'd ever visited. Probably my most memorable experience was that through a wealthy young Cuban I met a lovely young girl, Elena Couce, at the fabulous dance that was arranged for us at the Biltmore Yacht Club the night before we sailed home. The following year, when only two of us went to Alaska

instead of back to Havana, Elena was looking for me, but I kept up a correspondence with her for several years. During the war she wrote again and eventually visited us in Evanston about 1947. I have fond memories of the old Arkansas; it was one of the old ships sunk at Bikini Atoll in the first test of the atom bomb after the war.

Another feature of my first big cruise to Cuba is that we stopped off at Annapolis, toured the Naval Academy, and also spent most of a day in Washington, D.C., my first visit there. Even then, the slums through which we walked to get to the highway and hitchhike back to the ship were depressing, though we all enjoyed a thorough, if rapid, tour of the great buildings we had seen only in pictures before. The trip to Boston to pick up the Harvard unit was also my first to that city, and though we were soaked by a downpour in the liberty boat on the long ride into the harbor, some of us did the big Boston tour of Paul Revere's house, Old North Church, Boston Common, Bunker Hill, Old Ironsides, and many other places. One thing most of us learned early in the game of visiting new ports was to find ways to get around fast to the main points of interest, so that even if we never got back for a study in depth, we at least had seen most of the things we had read about for so long.

In the spring of 1939 the commanding officer of the NROTC unit called another junior, Fred Mamer, and me into his office and told us he had asked permission to send the two of us, as the top students in our class, to take our summer training cruise to Alaska with the units from the University of Washington and the University of California. We traveled alone on the wonderful old Empire Builder of the Great Northern to Seattle, took the ferry to Bremerton, and boarded the U.S.S. Tucker, a new two-stack destroyer. We spent an evening at Port Townsend and another at Port Angeles as we waited for the California ship to come up from San Francisco and join us. It had been delayed one day as three California NROTC members returned from winning the Poughkeepsie Regatta, the national championship in rowing. During the delay, Fred Mamer and I hitchhiked from Port Angeles up to Olympic Hot Springs, an almost spiritual first experience of being in the mountains--and one of the most beautiful mountain ranges in the United States. The cruise up the Inside Passage was beautiful beyond description. We visited Wrangell, Taku Glacier, Haines, Juneau, Skagway (and took the old White Pass and Yukon Railroad up to Lake Bennett), and finally Ketchikan on the way home (I was asked to lead the Fourth of July parade in Ketchikan!). The skipper of the Tucker asked Fred and me if we were interested in transferring to the California ship and returning via San Francisco, where the big World's Fair was starting and Fleet Week would be going on. One of my best memories of the Fair, with a photograph to prove it, was hearing Benny Goodman at his best on the main stage one afternoon. My photo shows Ziggy Elman in the middle of "And the Angels Sing," one of the biggest Goodman hits

of that time. It's prophetic that I had such a great time in San Francisco that I vowed to return some day, possibly to live there or in the general area. Thanks to one Cal cruise mate and his mother who lived in San Francisco, Fred and I saw all of the true highlights of the city; in 1988 I again established contact with Jack Tuttle, now a retired naval officer living in the San Diego area.

Of all the subjects covered in my NROTC training, the one that fascinated me the most was navigation, even having to learn about the cumbersome methods used before H.O. 214 came into use toward the end of our training. When I received my orders to report to NAS Pensacola in June of 1941, there was no hint of what my duty opportunities would be and certainly no summary of information about the station and its activities. One strange thing that happened after I received my orders and a few days before I left for Pensacola was that I had a dream about NAS and how it looked. When I first drove past Chevalier Field, right on the station, I saw that it was the one I had seen in my dream. After I had checked in, I was told I had had three options: instructor in Ground School, administrative officer in the cadet regiment, or permanent OOD at one of the outlying fields. I chose instructor and specifically navigation instructor. After our thorough grounding in the principles of surface navigation, it was fairly easy to learn the vectors required in air navigation, and after going through three or four weeks of full training, I was ready to go. Once again we had a choice: a combination of celestial and practical navigation or plotting board navigation, performed entirely on plastic plotting boards that became navigation desks in the cockpits of the planes. I chose the former and truly enjoyed all of the complicated celestial computations and plots. Most of our problems in the practical navigation course were based on points throughout the Hawaiian Islands, which were immediately familiar to me on my first and all following trips to Hawaii.

I soon learned that with the limited time available to teach celestial navigation and practical navigation, it was necessary to skip much of the theory and get into the use of the tables and the actual computation and plotting. Some of the cadets were a bit slow, but a few of my students really stood out. One of the few enlisted men then going through flight training was a young chief petty officer who never made even a simple error in the three or four weeks I had him as a student. Years later I read that he had received the only perfect grades in all subjects in the history of naval aviation. I've often wondered what happened to him. Another of my most memorable students was Nile Kinnick, an All-American, Heisman Trophy winner, Sullivan Trophy winner, and Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Iowa. I had seen Nile play against Northwestern in our senior year and was suitably impressed. He was a bright, sharp, and very modest student. I came to know him out of class at the Saturday night dances at the

new officers club at Mustin Beach. When word reached me several years later that he had died after a water landing in a training flight, I was truly saddened. In 1988 Sports Illustrated published a long article about Nile that only deepened my sadness. After the war the University of Iowa named its football stadium the Nile Kinnick Stadium.

Pensacola in the middle of 1941 was a growing, seething place filled with cadets, fleet officers under instruction, and a sprinkling of mature men known as AV-Ts. These were somewhat older men with commercial or private pilots licenses, many with years of experience, and they were a kind of glamorous lot. Most of them had been promised opportunities to get into combat flying, but few of them ever made it. One of my best friends among them was a tall, slender man in his late 20's who had been a civilian instructor teaching for the Army Air Corps in Texas, where he had a large sheep ranch. He joined the Navy just so he could do combat flying. His name was Steadman Garber, and in time I came to learn that his mother was a member of one of the founding families of Procter and Gamble. When he was told he would be assigned as an instructor instead of combat, he pulled some very strong strings and resigned, checking out of the station in record time. Another AV-T was a fairly prominent movie actor named Wayne Morris. I hadn't been too fond of him as an actor, as he always played minor bad guys, but I came to like him as a person. He must have had strong pull somewhere because he did become a combat pilot and a minor hero in the Marianas Turkey Shoot. He survived the war but died as a relatively young man.

Two other AV-Ts who spent a lot of time in the navigation office were very socially prominent and wealthy Easterners, Charlie Munn of Philadelphia and George Baker of New York. Each had his own private plane at the Pensacola municipal airport and often flew home for the weekend. Charlie Munn was often featured in the old Hearst Sunday paper "scandal sheet" and was regarded as the unofficial "mayor" of Palm Beach.

In my early grade school days one of the big news items was the first flight across the Atlantic Ocean, in several stages, by an airplane. It happened to be a Navy flying boat, the NC-4, commanded by Lt. Comdr. A. C. Read, who became a hero to me in those days of early infatuation with flying. I was surprised to learn when I arrived at Pensacola that the commandant of NAS was the same A. C. Read, by now a captain. I met him at his annual reception on the Fourth of July and was surprised to discover that he was a very small man, probably less than 5'6" tall. I saw him often after that but never got to know him well.

When I first came to NAS, I was assigned to BOQ 661, a new frame temporary BOQ in a cluster called "Splinterville" behind the main brick BOQ. Most of us were very young officers, and the

atmosphere was more like a fraternity house. Just down the hall was a Marine second lieutenant known and admired by the other Marines. Joe Foss went on to become one of the great aces of the war and later governor of South Dakota. Once in Chicago I spotted him coming across the street and hailing me. He couldn't remember where we had known each other, but he knew we had been friends somewhere during the war and was as friendly as ever. One chilling note about the residents of our BOQ. Months before I arrived, there had been national publicity about a tragedy that occurred when two new Navy flyers celebrated getting their wings by flathatting over the fields in adjoining Alabama. Apparently they tried to frighten a woman picking in the fields and swooped so low that a wing decapitated her. They were court martialed and under guard in our building. The pilot was a surly, unpleasant heavy drinker; his passenger, who would receive the same sentence, was a pleasant, serious fellow from Chicago. After many delays, shortly after war was declared they were dismissed from the service and immediately became pilots for Pan American.

While still in 661 I came to be a good friend of Jim Mahen, a young ensign from St. Louis, who was an instructor in the scout and observation squadron, flying float planes that would be based on battleships and cruisers. Jim frequently took me on stunting flights and later let me fly the tow plane on gunnery runs. A few months after my arrival I had achieved enough seniority to move up to Building 600, Mustin Hall, the main BOQ, in which each of us had a large room and shared a living room with another adjoining bedroom. My original roommate moved on, and I was able to get Jim to move into the other room in our suite. He later went to multi-engine school at Corpus Christi and eventually became the private pilot for Admiral Spruance, one of the true naval heroes of the war. Jim and I have remained friends to this day, and Joan and I visited the Mahens at their home in Topsfield, Massachusetts, on our driving trip to New England in 1982. Jim was for many years a captain on Eastern and occasionally came to Chicago for an overnight stay, so we were able to keep up our friendship firsthand. Another good friend I made in 661 was a Marine flyer named Ed Overend, who had been a good friend of one of my Glenbard friends, Ralph Carlson, who was killed in a training crash before I arrived. Ed introduced me to a kind of wild Marine named Greg Boyington, later to become "Pappy" Boyington of the Black Sheep Squadron. He and many others, including Ed Overend, joined the Flying Tigers before the United States declared war. Years later I was to learn that Ed became the 29th leading Marine ace in the war with nine confirmed kills. Boyington was first, followed closely by Joe Foss.

At Pensacola during my year there were several other Glen Ellyn boys of my time. One, Dan O'Malley, was a year ahead of me at Glenbard and was a new ensign instructor in one of the squadrons at an outlying field, though he lived in BOQ on the

main base and ate in the main dining room. I saw Dan only a few times before one of his squadron mates who was aware that I knew Dan told me he had been killed in an auto crash the night before after a squadron party. Soon afterward I had my first leave and drove to Glen Ellyn in my first car, a great 1937 Ford convertible, and visited his parents, who were still in shock about his death. A Glenbard classmate of Dan's, Bill Prescott, was a cadet when I arrived, and I lost track of him. Glen Ellyn's most famous athlete, also a year ahead of me, was Bob MacLeod, who became a two-time All-American halfback at Dartmouth. Bob was about half through his training when I arrived but was slowed down so he could play football for the Air Station team before going on to fighter training as a Marine and then going directly to the Solomons and Guadalcanal, where he became an early air hero. Also at Pensacola as cadets were at least two of the men who were with the Washington NROTC unit on our training cruise to Alaska. It was certainly a fascinating place to be, a gathering place of the best and brightest from all over the world, as we soon were training pilots from the RAF, the Fleet Air Arm, the French navy, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.

That first leave in November of 1941 was memorable in many ways. Bob Nickel had already bought a used car, and he and I and a cadet under training drove to Chicago, passing through an unknown and busy area in Tennessee, where a whole city seemed to be being built from scratch. All we could find out while passing through was that the city would be called Oak Ridge, later to become known as the center for the early development of the atom bomb. Soon after we arrived in Chicago, I went shopping for a used car and found a 1937 Ford convertible in perfect condition, an exact duplicate of the car belonging to Colonel McCormick, the publisher of the Chicago Tribune, that I was privileged to drive on a couple of occasions while I worked on the Tribune Farm for four summers. The car cost $375, part of which I had to finance; three weeks later its value had more than doubled, and I sold it in 1947 after six and a half years of good service for $650. Our leave was timed to combine Thanksgiving, the Navy Ball at Northwestern, and the Notre Dame football game, all in less than two weeks. We also ice skated at the old Chicago Arena, now the studios of CBS-TV in Chicago.

One Sunday morning in early December of 1941 I was sitting at my desk and writing a letter while listening to the radio when the shocking news of the Pearl Harbor attack came. Doors in the BOQ hallways were flung open as we gathered to talk and listen to the few details available. One burly Marine pilot, Elmer Wrenn, got out his mess kit and started polishing it. Within hours my fiancee, Mel, reached me on the phone and urged that we get married immediately, a not uncommon step in those times. Within a few weeks the new fleet officer students coming back from Pearl

Harbor for flight training told us how really terrible the damage was, something that never appeared in the press until much later.

Mel and I finally decided to wait until her spring vacation at Northwestern in early April to get married. I arranged for the chapel at NAS, talked with a chaplain friend of mine about performing the service, and made a reservation for our wedding night and two more at the newly opened Grand Hotel at Point Clear on Mobile Bay. We had our wedding dinner with Mel's parents and Bob Nickel, my best man, at the new Mustin Beach Officers Club, open for dinner for the first time that night. After Grand Hotel, Mel and I drove on to New Orleans for several days before returning to Pensacola and putting Mel on the train for Chicago.

As a married officer, I had to move out of BOQ and chose to join some of my friends who lived at the Pensacola Country Club. By this time I was teaching the great circle sailings to ferry pilots from the RAF and Fleet Air Arm and also South African, Australian, and New Zealand students. Their classes began at 6 a.m., so I had to drive to the station very early and then had a long break between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m., when my second classes began. One day that spring the base was very excited about the visit of Edward "Butch" O'Hare, one of the most publicized of all Navy aces. When I returned to my room that night, the door of the room next to mine was open and a party was in full swing. I was invited in to meet the guest of honor, Butch O'Hare, who later was lost in combat. O'Hare Field in Chicago was named for him. Also staying at the club was a flight surgeon, Dr. Joel Pressman, who was better known as the husband of Claudette Colbert, who joined him shortly after I left Pensacola.

There were frequent brushes with other celebrities, and one I'll never forget occurred as I came out of the men's room in the Ground School one morning and found my way blocked by a party of dignitaries. One was a small, very dapper Army Air Corps general, dressed in jodhpurs and carrying the only swagger stick I had ever seen, the epitome of what a flying general was supposed to look like. This was General Tinker, for whom Tinker Air Force Base was later named. But the most important person in the party was a tall woman with one of the most familiar faces in the world--Eleanor Roosevelt. Cartoonists of the day always pictured her as homely or worse, whereas I thought there was so much character in her face as to make her attractive.

As soon as school was out in late May, Mel joined me on the very day I received word that my name had gone to Washington for assignment to sea duty, and we both were anxiously awaiting word for several days. When the orders came through, we were delighted to learn that the sea duty was to be delayed until after I reported for temporary duty to help start the Naval Training School (Indoctrination) at Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire! Among the new officers assigned to Pensacola was

a group of wealthy, prominent men drawn from civilian life, trained briefly at Quonset Point, and sent to choice assignments. Someone came up with the wonderful name of "ground swells" to describe them, and generally they were a great crowd. One of them, Cliff Purse, was one of my best friends among them, and he was a Dartmouth graduate, eager to tell me all about Dartmouth and Hanover, rather enviously, I thought. He certainly was right about both the college and the area.

When I was quite young, about 12, I was such a fan of listening to football games that I sent for a special playing field board for an upcoming game between Northwestern and Dartmouth, with a lot of descriptive material about both schools--and also about Zenith radios, the sponsor of the promotion and the broadcast. Then a few years later by chance I saw a movie short about Winter Carnival at Dartmouth. Bob MacLeod had gone to Dartmouth and was followed two years later by my very old friend Bob Nissen. I had been waiting to see Dartmouth for many years before the big break came. To this day, Hanover is a rare type of spiritual home to me.

We drove to Belleville, where we finally had a wedding reception in Mel's home town, then on to Chicago to visit my family, and on to Hanover, by way of Canada and Niagara Falls, a first visit for both of us. We both were impressed by the Finger Lakes in upstate New York along the way. We arrived in Hanover late in June of 1942 and were about to despair about finding good housing when we were offered a wonderful big half of a double house owned by a professor and his artist wife. The rent was fairly high for the two of us, but housing was so short that two of our Pensacola officer friends, both single, were having a hard time and suggested that they would be interested in sharing the big house, and its expenses, with us. It was a magic time for all of us. Al Blanchard, one of the bachelor officers who lived with us, was a Harvard man from a long line of Maine sea captains and had a family summer home on a spit at Searsport, Maine, which we visited, driving through New Hampshire and the Lake Winnipesaukee area on the way. We both became very fond of Maine and years later visited Al Blanchard's mother in Searsport.

Naval Training School (Indoctrination) at Dartmouth was very much a bootstrap operation, to the point were Mel and I had to use our portable typewriters to endorse the orders of officers as they reported in. We arrived in town at the end of June and found only a few others, an empty headquarters building, and no equipment of any kind, not even typewriters. Two weeks later we had 1,000 men, commissioned directly from civilian life, housed and under instruction. There had been a couple of earlier indoctrination schools, one at Notre Dame and another in the East, but the curriculum was poorly thought through, and we immediately revised it, rushing to get it straight before the students reported in two weeks. At that time there was growing

interest in aircraft recognition, which we had pioneered at Pensacola, and when I noticed that there were no proposed courses to acquaint the students, all drawn directly from civilian life with new commissions, with the hardware of the Navy, I suggested that we offer such a course. I was immediately made the teacher and the whole department offering "Ships and Aircraft of the U.S. Fleet"! There were no books or photographs, and few available from the Navy Department, so I had to write directly to Grumman, Douglas, Boeing, Vought, and others for information and photos. Once a week I lectured before the whole student body of 1,000 in Dartmouth Hall and had displays of planes and ships in several strategic locations around the campus. It looked great, and it worked.

Coming to Hanover was a wonderful break for Mel and me. We had had very little time for a honeymoon and then the trauma of moving across country. Several of the Dartmouth staff people, notably Sid Hayward and Max Norton, became good friends and eventually entertained for us when we returned in 1948. Most of the staff officers and their wives were wonderful, and we had a rich social life. Because we were young marrieds and had met Al Blanchard's cousin, Bill Craig, an undergraduate Sigma Chi, we were in much demand as chaperons at fraternity football parties, and the famous summer and fall house parties. At the big summer house party dance the band was Claude Hopkins, to whom I had long listened from New York on late night radio during my high school days. We came to know some of the married students, including the captain of the football team, Bud Kast, who lived with his wife in a college-owned apartment about half a block from us. His wife, Angela, was very pregnant and one of the most beautiful women I've ever known. Years later I learned from a Dartmouth man that she was Angela Cummings, the beauty featured in the syndicated center spread in all major college football programs in 1940 and one of my top dream girls at the time. A former Glenbard friend, Jim Olson, was one of the stars of the basketball team and also invited us to chaperon parties at the Beta house. It was great to meet many of the students but sad to watch as many of them went off to war, a few of them losing their lives even before we left Hanover. One student I talked with almost daily on my way home turned out to be a candidate for governor of Illinois many years later, John Henry Altorfer from Peoria.

Soon after we arrived in Hanover, I was hailed on the street by Bob Tenney, younger brother of my fraternity brother Bill Tenney, who had introduced me to Bob back in Evanston during our college days. Bob was a sophomore or junior at Dartmouth and had his own car, and he spent a lot of time showing us some of the highlights of the area, especially a charming hidden part of the Pompanoosuc River, a favorite hangout for Dartmouth students of that time. When Joan and I tried to get there in 1982, we were told it was illegal to drive into that area. Bob obviously

welcomed having a home to visit regularly and brought down to us his fine record player and record collection for us to use as long as we were there. I recall that he was a big Russ Morgan fan and also of Tommy Dorsey. Al Blanchard had a small Dorsey collection with him, and I bought my first Hal Kemp record, "I Used to Be Color Blind," in a small record shop on a side street in Hanover. For me it was the beginning of a great hobby that had to brew for more than thirty years before I could take it up in earnest. I still have that original record.

Our NTS students were an interesting lot. They ranged in age from young graduates to much more mature men and with a wide variety of backgrounds. In our second class was a famous football player, Byron "Whizzer" White, now long a justice of the Supreme Court. At the end of our first class I was called in to meet with the commanding officer, Capt. Henry M. Briggs, and the executive officer, Comdr. Daniel Stubbs, and to be told that the regimental officer of the first class had asked to be transferred and that I was to succeed him! I had never been very involved in drill, housing, feeding, and similar housekeeping details, but I was promised to have my pick of the outstanding students in the first class as my assistants. Almost all were really great to work with and included Johnny Howell, a renowned Nebraska football star (who was killed by lightning right after the war), Charlie Ducommun, who later headed his family steel business in Los Angeles, Pete Caveney (who married the daughter of Archie Gile, the insurance and real estate king of Hanover, and later ran that business until 1982), Gordon Seger, and several outstanding younger men. Also, I inherited two good battalion officers, one a former football star at the University of Montana, who had never learned to swim because, he told me, there was never any place to learn in his early life. I enjoyed the challenge of running the operations of 1,000 mature men under instruction, including their housing and feeding, drill, and athletic instruction, the most important phase of which was teaching the non-swimmers how to swim. We could get all of them out of their dorms and into Webster Hall for a lecture in a matter of minutes. In his book "From the Terrace," John O'Hara has a very accurate description of the hero's speaking engagement at NTS Dartmouth, leading me to believe that O'Hara probably was a student of ours. Through the years I've met many who were there as students, including Ed Wells, the stepfather of our son-in-law John Carson.

One reason why the "instant school" was such a success was the quality of the staff, both original and acquired after each class. Many of them remained friends of ours for years after the war. One memorable evening in Pearl Harbor right after the war ended about six of us had a reunion: Caveney, "Young Sully" Sullivan, Hal Hartger, and Ed Hicks--I still have a photo of that meeting.

The range of talent among the student officers included some who were show business professionals, and some of them came up with the idea of putting on a great variety show in Webster Hall, even to the writing of original music. Years later there was some question as to whether the main song, "Take Me Down to the Sea," was liberally borrowed from something by Gilbert and Sullivan, but it became popular nationally and was often played by Fred Waring, then at the top of his popularity as a band and chorus director.

Hanover was a wonderful town for someone who was brought up in Glen Ellyn. Occom Pond was a delightful place to ice skate, though smaller than Lake Ellyn, and by using borrowed ski boots and some old skis in our house I was able to do some cross country skiing on the golf course a couple of times. Even with gas rationing, we were able to do some touring, especially up to the beautiful White Mountain country and over into Vermont. We spent Thanksgiving at the White Cupboard Inn in Woodstock and also explored the town. That winter some of us made up a basketball team and played in a few surrounding towns, most notably Rutland, Vermont. My friend Ag Vance, who had been basketball captain at Northwestern in my class, was a willing draftee for the team.

Our house had, in addition to two master bedrooms, two large guest bedrooms and also a kind of dormitory room. The owner, Sidsell Nelson Washburn, told us that when Nelson Rockefeller was an undergraduate, he had wanted to rent our house and operate it for student housing, something that was being done when Joan and I visited Hanover in 1982. Mrs. Washburn was a true artist, one of the best known magazine cover artists of the 20's and 30's, and she decided to do her part for the war effort by doing charcoal portraits of the Navy men for modest prices. So she asked me to pose for the sample. She tired of the idea by the time she finished the sample and gave it to me, now displayed in our hallway. When we visited her without warning in 1948, she skipped the greeting and said simply, "You're just in time for martinis."

As we were enrolling the November class, I looked up and saw Ag Vance, one of my good Northwestern friends who was married to one of Mel's sorority sisters. We asked him to invite Marty to come out and stay with us, especially during the Christmas period, when we had a full house with Mel's sister Cathleen and her husband and also George Recht, my former Phi Kap roommate then at Supply Corps School at Harvard. On Christmas Eve we had a great caroling troupe wandering the streets of Hanover and also out to the home of our executive officer on the edge of town. Later that winter we had a special visit from my good friend Hank Moorman and his date. Hank was finishing his residency for Harvard Medical School at Massachusetts General. We remained close friends until his sudden death in California in January of

1967. Our extra rooms also provided a place for Al Blanchard and George Baur to have guests, sometimes their mothers and also girl friends. I'll never forget 28 East Wheelock in Hanover, our first real home and the place where we started our family.

Hanover as a town was a wonderful place to live, complete with college atmosphere and attractions. There's nothing more beautiful than to watch a football game at Dartmouth on a warm autumn afternoon, with the backdrop of vividly colored trees on Velvet Rocks. The college provided many top entertainment attractions, one of which featured the great Paul Robeson in concert, and there were plays and during the summer months, a series of what were called "jam sessions" on the front steps of one of the halls in the evening, featuring some outstanding student talent. One, named "Doc" Fielding, was better than most professionals, but he really did live up to his nickname by going into medicine as a career.

Although our temporary duty was supposed to be for just three months, the captain got us all an extension because he needed more experienced officers to run his school. When our sea duty orders finally came through for leaving in early February, Art Scharf, one of the students who worked as a waiter in our Navy mess hall, told me he was from Tacoma and said he would write to his parents to look for a place for us to live. When had I told him we were going to Tacoma, he guessed correctly that I had been assigned to one of the new escort aircraft carriers then being built on C-3 cargo ship hulls in Tacoma. We hated to leave the paradise that was Hanover in those days and drive out on a morning when the temperature in the valley was 50 below zero and the roads very slippery. We made it as far as Cazenovia, New York, the first night and were immediately adopted by a group of young townspeople having dinner in the Linklaen House, our hotel. They organized one of the best parties I've ever attended, a progressive deal that took us to many homes in the village.

When we finally arrived in Tacoma after a brief leave in Chicago and Belleville, we couldn't find a hotel room in the entire city.

Art Scharf's parents took us in for several days as we looked for an apartment and took us around to various places before we finally found a great apartment in a two-story house at 1224 North J Street. Later, I was to meet Art's sister Ki, who eventually married a Navy officer and moved to Chicago after the war. We helped Ki and John Davis to find their apartment in Evanston and became good friends. To my surprise, one of the other officers reporting for my ship, the U.S.S. Pybus, was Bob Nickel, finally detached from Pensacola. Bob had served as my best man at my wedding to Mel and has remained a good friend to this day. On both the Pybus and its successor, the U.S.S. Wake Island, Bob and I were roommates.

All of us new carrier officers were assigned to go through an excellent training course taught by a Lt.Comdr. Tellier, and for weeks we had to get to the base early each morning. The Navy sent a truck around to strategic places and picked us up and also took us back in the evening. One of the young officers in the pickup gang also turned out to be an excellent student, placing second to me in the final standings. At one point in our truck trips, he was kidded about his girl friend who had come out from New York, obviously to marry him. The kidders said she was much older than he was and a gold digger. Many years later there was a great scandal involving the "accidental" shooting of a very prominent and wealthy man in New York by his wife, who claimed she mistook him for a burglar. As the story unfolded about William Woodward and his wife, it became evident to me that this was our friend from the Tacoma truck and school. In 1987 a special "The Two Mrs. Grenvilles," based on a novel derived from the story appeared on national television. Woodward, and his father before him, were among one of the most prominent owners and racers of thoroughbreds to the point where a major race at Belmont is still known as The Woodward Stakes.

As the Pybus came closer to completion, the executive officer began to assign us to divisions, and when the air officer saw my background in teaching navigation at Pensacola, he asked for me to take over Air Plot for the Air Department. There were no manuals or other ways to learn that operation, but by asking others and listening to experienced carrier men, I was able to get started. My battle station was in Air Plot, and because no planes were flying when getting underway or coming into port, I was also assigned as Officer of the Deck on the special sea detail, something that carried over to the Wake Island and gave me a special view of every port and destination. It was also good training for my eventual command.

We took the Pybus through shakedown in Puget Sound, then picked up a squadron at Oak Harbor on Whidbey Island, and ferried them to Pearl Harbor. We then learned that the Pybus was to be given to the British on lend-lease, and we were ordered to proceed through the Panama Canal to New York for the transfer. On the way, Rich was born in Belleville, though I didn't learn about it until we arrived in New York three weeks after he was born. With few exceptions, our officers and crew were assigned to return to Tacoma to wait for the Wake Island, then under construction in Oregon. I had a joyous short leave to meet Rich and spend some time with Mel before going back out alone, as this was no time to take a tiny baby into a war town. Soon after I reported in, I was told I was the most senior lieutenant without a wife in town and was assigned as senior shore patrol officer for Tacoma and area. It was my first and only experience with police work, and I found it interesting but tiring, as I rarely got to bed before 4 a.m. I was also acting athletic officer

until I was replaced by Billy Dewell, who later became star and captain of the old Chicago Cardinals; Billy was soon replaced by Johnny Druze, who had been one of the Seven Blocks of Granite at Fordham and later also starred for the Cardinals and became a coach at Notre Dame.

The Wake Island (CVE 65) was one of many new escort carriers then being built by Kaiser in Oregon. Unlike the Pybus, it was designed as a carrier from the beginning and was considerably larger, with a complement of about a thousand enlisted men and officers. With each new ship, there were advanced versions of radar and related gear and much larger space for the installation of the CIC (Combat Information Center) and Air Plot, my domain, which also had elaborate plastic disk recording facilities for recording all radio transmissions. As air plot and air operations officer, I was responsible for gathering all types of information relating to each flight, designating the search patterns to be flown and giving the coordinates to the pilots, then briefing them in the ready room just before each flight. As the planes took off or were launched, we remained in radio contact until the whole flight was in the air. We pioneered in the design of many search patterns, one of which was reproduced in a postwar book, "Hunter-Killer," I finally got to see at our 1987 reunion. Being in on the intimate details of aircraft operations on a carrier was a thrill to someone who had grown up seeing movies based on peacetime aircraft carriers; it seemed unreal that I was the one using the familiar voice radio procedure in talking to the pilots, including the traditional "Roger, Wilco" and many other terms I'd heard in movies years before.

The Wake Island had one of the most charmed lives of any ship in the Navy. After shakedown we proceeded to San Francisco and picked up a squadron at Alameda, then moved down to San Diego and eventually through the Panama Canal again. It was good experience for me to brief the squadron and provide all kinds of information, including nearest emergency fields. One flight of a fighter and bomber on a search patrol apparently made an error in navigation and ended up heading, safely, to a field in Central America I had been able to give them in their briefing. Unfortunately, the fighter had to make a water landing, and when the pilot became a passenger on the already overloaded bomber, the next day on takeoff the bomber crashed, killing the pilot and one of his crew. On the day after Christmas I was called on the radio by a pilot who had an oil line break in his cockpit soon after launching, requiring an emergency landing. There was a plane with a flat tire on the flight deck, and by the time it could be pushed beyond the barriers, the pilot could barely see, making a bad approach and flipping over on the flight deck, then sliding into the sea with himself and crew, one of the few operating fatalities we had on both ships while I was on board.

Many world travelers never have a chance to transit the Panama Canal. Most of us had grown up reading about the monumental engineering accomplishment and even became familiar with the names of the various locks and lakes. In less than three years, I had the opportunity of transiting the Canal three different times, two from the Pacific to the Atlantic, on the Pybus and the Wake Island, and once from the Atlantic to the Pacific on my own ship, the LST 828. Each of the trips was memorable in its own way. The one on the Wake Island provided the only time during the war when I was able to see my brother, who was stationed for most of the war on a small island on the Atlantic side of the Canal, where he was in charge of the radar installation. In his letters he had mentioned meeting a Navy captain named McDonald who had been raised in Glen Ellyn and knew many of the older men for whom we had caddied or had known in other ways. Captain McDonald was a naval aviator, and when a Navy captain naval aviator came aboard the Wake Island for the trip through the canal and was talking to our executive officer in the ward room, I asked someone the name of the captain and learned it was McDonald. When he was through with his conversation with the executive officer, I asked him if he was the Captain McDonald from Glen Ellyn. He seemed surprised that I would ask, and then I told him about my brother's mention of him in a letter to me. He asked how long it had been since I had seen Jim, and when I told him not since the war started, he said something about seeing what he could do.

The evening before we arrived at the Atlantic end of the Canal and were tied alongside a dock, I was watching the movie on the hangar deck when the gangway messenger, obviously impressed, said there was a Navy captain asking to see me. When I went to the gangway, there was Captain McDonald to tell me that my brother would be coming in by special boat and would be there to meet me at the end of the Canal. I was later to learn that Captain McDonald eventually went to sea and was killed in action, but I've never forgotten his kindness. Jim did indeed come aboard, toured the ship, and had dinner with me on board, a rare and great afternoon and evening. The next morning we sailed on to New York.

When the Wake Island reached New York, we were told that we would have a most unusual first assignment, along with another similar carrier, the Mission Bay. We were to be loaded with P-47s and B-29 engines to be taken to India for the operation called "flying the Hump" to attack the Japanese in China. We also transported many specialists who would be working in India and China on special missions. One was a Navy paymaster who would pay the Chinese guerrillas fighting the Japanese. We proceeded from New York in the middle of February down to Recife, Brazil, as our first stop, most of us going through the famous Navy shellback ceremony for crossing the equator for the first time, which we did on February 29, 1944. We had a couple of days

to explore Recife and then headed across the Atlantic alone, picking up a small escort for a few days out of Ascenscion Island and eventually heading for Cape Town, South Africa. I was officer of the deck on our approach through dense fog and was stunned by the beauty of the city when we broke through the fog and found Cape Town stretched before us. That view of the city from the sea ranks along with my first sight of the Golden Gate.

When Bob Nickel and I left the ship hoping to find a cab that would show us the city, we talked with a man waiting on the dock in his car and discovered that he had come out to pick up anyone who wanted to tour the city with him! He was the local top man in the Royal Automobile Association, similar to our AAA, and he had with him his brother, home on leave from the South African army. He took us all over the city, introduced us to one American naval officer he knew, drove out to Hout Bay, the Krueger Park where wild animals roam at will, showed us where to eat, and where the big party would be held. We were the first American ships in Cape Town since the war started, and they really showed us a great time. Even then, the "colour bar" was very much in evidence. But I liked the people and thought that Cape Town was one of the most beautiful cities I had ever seen, very much like San Francisco in many respects. One attractive young woman I danced with at the big party agreed with me that the city was indeed beautiful but suffering from lack of manufactured products during its wartime isolation, saying "You could have any girl in Cape Town for two tubes of American toothpaste."

After stopping briefly at Diego Suarez, Madagascar, we proceeded to Karachi, then a part of India, and discharged our cargo. My experiences on the streets of Karachi were so depressing that I have never been especially eager to visit India again. It was not uncommon to see people living and dying on the streets, starving while scrawny cattle were protected by religious laws. There was another big party for us in Karachi, and one of the officers in the local U.S. Navy office had been one of the men who trained under me at Dartmouth, an experience that was to be duplicated all through the war. I had a wonderful time at the party and was one of the few to escape the general and severe food poisoning that afflicted most of our officers who attended. We found an Army officer stationed there who guided us to the real bargains in the local shops, though my purchases were limited to one good stone, lots of brass coasters and ashtrays, a carved wooden box, and numda rugs, most of which we used for years.

The return trip to New York provided a much more leisurely time than the trip over. For one thing, the hangar deck was entirely clear of planes and engines, so we set up a great basketball court and started basketball and volley ball

tournaments. Both games were complicated by the movement of the ship at sea, and our best games were held in port at Durban, South Africa, our first stop on the way home. This is a beautiful resort town with luxury hotels, famous beaches, and a fascinating market. Bob Nickel and I sought out the most recommended hotel, the Kaister House, for dinner one night and enjoyed the experience of seeing the beautiful setting and also the many retired residents in dinner clothes in the dining room.

Our next stop was Bahia, Brazil, also known as Salvador de Bahia, later to become celebrated in song in Disney's "Three Amigos," a beautiful and fascinating city and one of my favorites to this day. We had a few days to explore the city, rode its famous elevator up to the main part of the city, and continued our basketball tournament.

When we reached New York, we were sent to Boston to pick up a squadron and go up to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland on "hunter-killer" patrol for submarines. We operated 24 hours a day in some terrible weather, often landing planes in pitch dark in heavy seas. Then one night we received sudden orders to proceed off the west coast of Africa to relieve another carrier (which later turned out to be the one that had just captured the U-505, now displayed at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago--the whole capture was kept secret until after the war). Here we really were plunged into the war, as German submarines were thick in the area, most of them transporting rubber from Malaysia to Germany, where supplies of real rubber were low. We had many contacts, an exciting experience for me in Air Plot, and one confirmed kill, for which the Wake Island would later receive a Navy Unit Citation. We stayed on hunter-killer patrol a long time, receiving fresh oil and gas from convoys as they passed close to us. A couple of weeks before we headed for our first port in months, some of us received change of duty orders but could not comply because of where we were. Eventually we got into Casablanca, Morocco, and were put up at a fine hotel that served as Navy headquarters until transportation could be arranged. It was my stay in Casablanca that gave me my first understanding of the age old hatred between the Arabs and the Jews. There was a wonderful shop in Casablanca operated by the U.S. armed forces with a young native woman doing the shopping and charging fair prices. After five wonderful days, we received word that we would be flown back to Washington, a rare experience in those days, qualifying each passenger as a "short snorter" with a signed dollar bill that was good for free drinks if another short snorter was found without his bill in any bar.

The commanding officer of both the Pybus and the Wake Island was James R. Tague. The executive officer of the Pybus was Comdr. Walter Rodee, a Navy Cross winner in the early carrier war in the Pacific, the air officer was Lt. Comdr. Edward Colestock, and we had as V-2 division officer one of the great Navy legends,

Lt. Lars J. Larson, a mustang who grew up with naval aviation and knew all of the leading admirals. He made the perfect Davey Jones for our shellback ceremony. One of the most unusual officers in my division was the air combat intelligence officer, Bob Anderson, who had gone through ACI school with my old fraternity brother, Bob Doyle. Bob Anderson had been publisher of a small newspaper in Virginia, and when I asked him how he happened to get into that business, he told me he was the son of Sherwood Anderson, who had bought the small paper after he stopped writing novels. Except for Bob Nickel and Bill Harrity, with whom I had lunch in Philadelphia in 1953, I was not to see any of them again until the first reunion of the Wake Island in Columbia Gorge, Oregon, in June of 1987.

My new duty was a mystery to me. Through newsmagazines and other media we had been hearing about the emergence of the amphibious navy, ships and men trained to take troops and supplies directly onto enemy beaches and discharge them. Even in the Navy, they were sometimes referred to as "commando ships." My original orders sent me to Little Creek, Virginia, for training to become a commanding officer of the new LSM (for Landing Ship Medium), but as soon as I arrived, complete with Mel and Rich, I was told that I was too senior for that duty and was reassigned to nearby Camp Bradford to become a commanding officer of the huge LST (Landing Ship Tank), a 328-foot, 4,080- ton vessel that could carry tanks, trucks, and earth moving equipment on two decks and also 500 passengers. The first time I saw one was when one docked at Little Creek for training duty soon after I arrived. It was a bit frightening and even more so when I eventually went on my first training cruise. But I came to be very fond of the ship and especially of the crew, mostly very young kids right off the farms and out of high school. When the first complement of nine officers and 125 enlisted men was assembled, only two of us, John Merget, the engineering officer, and I had ever been to sea before. Yet, with good training, the entire ship's company performed extremely well, even in the face of battle and typhoons.

When our training was complete, we were sent to Navy Pier in Chicago to await the completion of the LST 828 in Evansville, Indiana. Our stay in Chicago enabled me to take the crew to see a Northwestern football game, see my family, the few old friends who were still around, and visit the office crowd back at the university. My executive officer, Frank Farwell, was a member of a pioneer Chicago family that had branched off in Texas, where Frank came from, so he had a wonderful time looking up relatives. About a week before the ship was finished, we took a skeleton crew down to Evansville and made ready for the arrival of the entire crew and the ferry crew that would take the ship down the Mississippi River, a trip that brought back memories of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn and other tales of river travel. When we reached New Orleans, we tied up at one of the big piers

now famous as the place where Carnival floats are built and stored, awaiting finishing touches to the ship and such operations as degaussing to neutralize the natural magnetism of the ship. It was a wonderful time for us, with Mel and Rich joining us in time for the commissioning on December 13, 1944. We first stayed at the old St. Charles Hotel and were desperately trying to find a more permanent place when the ship was sent to shakedown at Panama City, Florida, just before Christmas. The night before we were to sail, we received word from the Navy in New Orleans that we would receive a visit from Andrew J. Higgins and a party of his people to bring us a Christmas tree and presents! Higgins, who was famous as the builder of the Higgins Boats used by the Navy, was a boyhood friend of the father of one of our crew, and the father had told Higgins where his son would be. Higgins turned out to be a real gentleman and even offered to help Mel find a place to live while we were on shakedown. She eventually found on her own a wonderful old courtyard apartment at 931 Chartres Street, a few blocks below Jackson Square and just a block from the famous old Morning Call coffee shop (now used for small shops). On quiet evenings when we had no babysitter, I would take an empty quart milk bottle down to the Morning Call and return with it full of steaming chicory coffee and the equally fragrant beignets, lightly dusted with powdered sugar, for a feast in our small apartment. Every morning I rode the streetcar named "Desire" down to the ship's berth and often commented on the name, later to become the title of Tennessee Williams' hit play and movie.

Shakedown in Panama City really pulled the ship together. We were asked to do drills and projects far more difficult than many of the things we later were called upon to do in actual combat. We returned to New Orleans for a brief time, said goodbye to our families, and headed for Mobile, Alabama, for loading, and then proceeded alone to the Panama Canal. One night in Panama I met an old Northwestern friend, Ed Beckman, then a Navy doctor stationed there, and when he invited me to dinner at his club, he recommended that after we traversed the canal and had to anchor overnight, I should try to visit Taboga Island, off the Pacific side of the canal. It turned out to be one of the most picturesque places I've ever seen, a complete delight in every way.

About four days out of Panama on our way to Pearl Harbor we developed not just one but three medical emergencies, the most serious of which was a severe attack of appendicitis, probably requiring surgery, for which we had no facilities nor a doctor. So I broke radio silence and asked for advice from the Panama Sea Frontier, which directed me to take the ship to Corinto, Nicaragua, where the Navy maintained a seaplane facility. It turned out to be a beautiful small city with a great harbor and a big volcano at its back; in the 1980's Corinto came into the news

as its harbor was mined by the United States to prevent the entry of arms from communist countries.

The trip alone to Pearl Harbor was uneventful and a wonderful opportunity to train the officers and crew. Our executive officer and navigator had never done any navigating before but soon became quite expert. As it turned out, one of the best steps I took was to list him as being qualified for command on August 1, so that when the war ended and I had more than enough points for release, Frank Farwell was assigned to relieve me at Pearl Harbor, where no other qualified relief was available. One of my best friends among the officers was Bernard A. McDonald, a good friend to this day. Mac was a lieutenant (jg) from St. Louis and exactly the same age as my brother Jim. He had been a consultant in aviation and airports and was very smart and learned quickly, becoming a top communications officer and eventually executive officer as I left the ship.

At Pearl Harbor most LSTs berthed in the far reaches of West Loch, far to the west of the harbor entrance, once the scene of a catastrophe when several ships and many lives were lost in a series of explosions just before the invasion of Saipan. We had our own two boats to get around and managed to see far more of Pearl Harbor and Honolulu than I had been able to see on the Pybus. Mac had an old friend, an enlisted man with a Jeep available, who showed us most of Oahu. On Saturday nights I managed to get over to the officers club on Ford Island and saw many of my old friends from naval aviation at the weekly party. We were told that we would have to transport two huge pontoons, hung on the sides of the ship, to the far Pacific and also that we were to provide transportation for an LST group commander and his staff to Guam. To my surprise, the group commander was Dan Stubbs, my executive officer from NTS Dartmouth! His staff doctor was a most interesting man in his late thirties who had worked his way through Harvard Medical School by playing in big dance bands, including Rudy Vallee and Artie Shaw. He later did me a very big favor by spotting the emotional breakdown of one of my officers I welcomed losing and arranging for him to be transferred to the hospital at Guam. We never saw him again.

The trip from Pearl to Guam on a slow ship in a still slower convoy took a full three weeks, during which time a heavy sea sheared away one of the pontoons we were carrying, even before we reached our first stop at Eniwetok (where the commander of the air field turned out to be Bill Townsley, the head of the navigation department at Pensacola ground school when I was there). When I reported to the port director at Guam, I was asked to make an explanation of the circumstances of the loss, but nothing else was ever said about the matter. When I returned to my ship, there on the deck, waiting for me, was my brother-in-law, Norman Coder, a sergeant with an Air Force squadron, who had been watching for our arrival. He told me his squadron had spent

much time in New Mexico before coming over, and they were aware that something really revolutionary would probably happen within the next six months. Four months later the whole world knew what he was talking about when the first atom bomb was dropped. We did a quick run up to Saipan, then returned to Guam and unloaded before moving on to Ulithi. As we cleared the harbor at Guam a wounded small carrier approached the entrance, and I could tell it was the Wake Island, last seen by me at Casablanca and now limping in after a kamikaze hit, half a world away. I next saw the Wake at North Island in Coronado when I was on my way home and learned how lucky they were not to lose a single man.

At Guam, Del Draper, one of the bright young ensigns who had joined our group just before we left Camp Bradford for Chicago, received word that his older brother, an army officer who had been captured in the Philippines, was on one of the prison ships bombed and sunk by our own planes later in the war. Del was a member of an old Utah family--there is even a town of Draper. He used to tell me about the great skiing at Alta, and after the war he often wrote to invite me out to ski. When I finally planned to go in January of 1974, his widow wrote to tell me that Del had died of a sudden heart attack more than a year before. Fred Hilton, the other young ensign, became a lawyer in Boston, and I managed to see him on several business trips.

Ulithi in the Carolines is one of the largest anchorages in the world, a huge coral atoll that just before the invasion of Okinawa held the largest concentration of naval power in the history of the world. The 828 was sent there to launch the LCT it had carried on its deck since Mobile and then to be converted into an ammunition ship, load 5-inch .38 variable time fuse shells, and proceed to Okinawa.

The commanding officer of the LCT we carried, with his crew of five men, was a bright, mature young ensign named Baker, the youngest commissioned officer in the Navy at just 18.

There was one hairy evening when I was returning to my ship in one of our own boats that had not been refueled at the end of the day. We ran out of fuel a few hundred yards from the ship, in the dark, and with nothing on the boat except a battle lantern--and no Morse code card. By reaching into my memory, I was able to recall enough Morse code to signal the bridge of my ship, get the attention of an alert signalman, and have the other boat launched to rescue us. It was a close call. A few minutes more and we would have drifted past the last ships and out into the China Sea.

Our convoy to Okinawa included our own load of ammunition, a Liberty ship loaded with drums of aviation gasoline, a tanker, and a concrete gate vessel (manned, I later learned, by Lu Osborne, a Phi Kap just behind me). On arrival, we were sent to

Kerama Retto, a cluster of small islands about six miles west of Hagushi anchorage on the main island of Okinawa. Kerama Retto was the anchorage for most of the repair and supply ships for the whole Okinawa operation and was consequently a favorite target of kamikazes. We were assigned to an anchorage on the west side of one of the larger islands in the group. From our anchorage we would take alongside at least one destroyer a day for a fresh load of ammunition, the only effective weapon against the kamikaze, and then in the evening, make smoke from the generator on our fantail to help cover the entire anchorage when more attacks were imminent. When a cruiser needed ammunition, we would be ordered to go alongside the larger ship, learning as we did it how difficult it was to maneuver in the winds and tides of the area. But such cruiser assignments gave us an opportunity to send our crew over to their dentists for help, and on several such ships I saw such old Northwestern friends as Emory Naylor, even a couple of Pensacola students of mine. On the far west side of the anchorage there was a PBY patrol plane base, and I learned after the war that one of the pilots was Fred Mamer, my NROTC classmate and Alaska cruise companion. One of the destroyers we serviced made a bad approach and raked our side; when the officers came out to look, I spotted my fraternity brother Bob Eich, and we had a good talk. Bob later saw Jack Dickinson, another fraternity brother, who arranged to come aboard for a visit a few days later.

Turning LSTs into ammo ships was a true inspiration. There were dozens of destroyers and a few cruisers on radar picket assignments in an arc north and to the east and west of Okinawa. As kamikaze attacks developed, the radar pickets warned the ships in harbors at Okinawa and then were under constant attack themselves, saved only by the effectiveness of the variable time fuse 5-inch ammunition we carried. When we arrived at Okinawa there were about six such converted LSTs, and because they provided much-needed ship sides to service the many ships that needed the ammunition, the number constantly increased until there were about 30 of us there by the time the battle ended. Even so, it was heartbreaking to work with a ship or two during the day, then watch those same ships limp back into harbor the following day with great holes in their sides and dead and wounded on litters on deck.

We were under attack almost every evening and many mornings. One of the worst situations occurred when the 828 was tied alongside a large ammunition ship from which we were replenishing our supply. Outboard of us were about four destroyers, also loading, and about five more on the other side of the large ship. Perhaps six other destroyers were underway and circling in the area, waiting their turns to come alongside. Suddenly, in bright daylight, four kamikazes appeared and headed directly for our nest of ships. The destroyers underway formed a ring around us and started firing at the attacking planes, shooting one of them

down, causing two to crash nearby, and frightening a fourth into running for whatever haven is available to a failed kamikaze pilot. None of the ships in the nest could bring a gun to bear on the attacking planes, and we were grateful that there were alert destroyers nearby. Ironically, our two boats were running around the anchorage picking up mail and supplies and exchanging movies during the attack.

We had many warnings of suicide boats hidden in small harbors throughout the Kerama Retto chain. These were small motorboats with warheads in the bow, a kind of floating torpedo powered by American automobile engines. Some of the LST officers in the area had hopes of capturing some and using them as fast ship's boats, and on one occasion a party made up of an LST group commander and the skipper of his flagship found one apparently abandoned and attempted to bring it back to their ship. While they were waiting for their own boat to return to tow the captured boat, they were surprised by the hidden crew of the suicide boat, and in the shootout one of the men in the salvage party was killed. There were no more attempts.

On May 13 the LST 828 was sent to Buckner Bay (then known as Nakagusuku Wan) to replenish the ammunition of five or six battleships lined up to pump big shells into the Shuri Castle area whenever called upon by the ground forces. Most of us had grown up with movie newsreels showing a few big battleships moving along, but this was probably the first and only time in all of World War II when such might and gunpower was assembled and used to such good effect, a real thrill to all of us who could watch, not minding the almost constant roar of the big guns. There was such a sense of security in the company of the big ships that we ran movies almost every night. One night when we were watching "Destination Tokyo" with Cary Grant, right in the middle of the movie's excitement we were called to general quarters to watch six Japanese planes fly low over all of the ships, land on Yontan airstrip near Hagushi, and blow up a number of American planes on the ground--a fact we learned when the overseas edition of TIME arrived the next week. When the attack was over, there was a lot of grumbling about the interruption as we rushed back to watch Cary take his sub through the nets into Tokyo Bay.

When we returned to Kerama Retto, we learned that an LST that had taken our anchorage there had been attacked and sunk. We also had our first look at the lone LST used as an aircraft carrier for artillery spotting. Small Cubs took off and landed by hooking on to a long cable supported by booms from the side of the ship. After the war, in business, I came to know Dick Bortz, one of the pilots in the operation, who explained to me how it all worked, though we never had a chance to watch it.

After several more weeks, our ammunition bins were empty, and as the Okinawa was considered secure, we were assigned to pick up empty brass shell cases and take them back to Saipan. After unloading our cargo, we were sent to nearby Tinian to load an entire SeaBee battalion and its equipment to take to Okinawa. While we were loading, we often watched movies at their outdoor theater, next to the biggest takeoff strip for the B-29 attacks on Japan and witnessed a couple of tragic crashes just after takeoff. It was from the same strip that the Enola Gay took off to drop the first atom bomb.

While we were anchored in Tinian harbor one evening I received a message from the port director's office that a Lt. Andrews was there and wanted to talk with me. I couldn't believe that after all of these years of being in the Navy together Otis Andrews, my old very good friend from grade school and high school days, and I had finally found each other. He had gone through flight training at Corpus Christi just as I left Pensacola, and we kept in touch with each other by mail, so I knew he was in a photo squadron, then assigned to bombing runs in Privateers (the Navy version of the B-24) in the Pacific. His real base was Iwo Jima, but they came back to Tinian fairly often. He had spotted my ship in the harbor but then was told he had to go to Saipan to find me. While there, he met my friend Ag Vance, who had also been looking for me; Ag told Otis I was really at Tinian. We dropped a boat immediately and brought him back to the 828 for a long night of talking and cooking fresh eggs and toast for him. We never saw each other again until the war was over.

The trip back to Okinawa was uneventful until we arrived just off Okinawa, when a mix-up in orders sent many of our ships to the wrong side of the island until the change was made late in the day, making it impossible to get back over to Buckner Bay before dark. Two of the ships in our movement, unfamiliar with the bay and its submarine net entrance, turned too soon and piled up on the reef, resulting in the loss of the ships and the equipment on board. We took our passengers' equipment onto the beach at Yonabaru, once a city of 20,000 and then completely obliterated by the battle and bulldozers. The only traces of civilization we could find were a few shards of blue and white crockery.

The skipper of the SeaBee battalion was a pleasure to work with, and I willingly accepted his invitation to inspect their new camp on a cliff on the southern coast of Okinawa. It was an odd feeling seeing some of the old Okinawa natives climbing the steep paths in the area so soon after we had been doing our best to devastate their country. We traveled by Jeep and always in daylight. Even though the island was considered secure, there were many Japanese soldiers hiding out in the hills, and one of the most effective ways of controlling them was to rig trip wires

across most open areas at night, triggering flares that would enable snipers to kill the intruders.

Typhoon season in the Pacific brings fear to the hearts of all sailors, and with good reason. Several destroyers capsized and were lost with heavy loss of life in one of the 1945 typhoons, and we were all warned about the importance of filling voids with sea water as we used up our fuel to make certain that the ships were not topheavy. While we were still beached at Yonabaru and unloading the SeaBees, we had a typhoon warning that required us to pull off the sticky sand and go to sea with a few other ships to escape the predicted typhoon. This one passed us by without damage, as did another from which we made a miraculous exit from the very crowded Hagushi harbor. On this occasion, we received the warning in the dark, with immediate orders to proceed to a protected harbor, Nago Wan, further up the west coast of Okinawa. There were hundreds of ships in the harbor, and of course we could not use lights of any kind in getting underway and maneuvering to get out of the harbor and into a column of ships. Visual lookouts were more valuable than radar in such close quarters, but we made it safely and awoke the next morning to see a quaint postcard village before us.

We were called to a departure conference for a large convoy to return to Saipan and were warned of still another typhoon moving up toward our intended course. A few days out on the convoy we received a true warning and were ordered to turn around and steam back on our course. My limited knowledge of typhoons and some reading convinced me that we should have continued on our original course to escape falling into the dangerous semi-circle, and that turned out to be right. After about eight hours of steaming on a reverse course we were hit by a violent typhoon with winds and waves of incredible force. The navigation bridge of an LST is 55 feet above water level, and for two days we had green water breaking over the bridge in high waves. Among the ships in the convoy, directly behind us, was the destroyer Hadley, badly damaged by a kamikaze and under tow by a seagoing tug. As bad as we had it under our own power, the Hadley truly had a terrible trip. One LST in the convoy actually cracked its hull in the typhoon, and much of the convoy scattered in the storm. When we finally approached Saipan harbor, the radio crackled with the news that an incredible new weapon, the atom bomb, had been dropped on Hiroshima that morning! As soon as we anchored, I received orders to report for a departure conference to return to Pearl Harbor for the invasion of Japan.

Our ship was supposed to be entitled to several days of "anchor availability" to make minor repairs we couldn't make at sea, but we quickly prepared to leave in a couple of days. At the officers club on Saipan I met two old Northwestern friends stationed there who told me about others in the area, and we planned a party for the next night. There must have been about

six of us, including Jake Rose, an LSM group commander who depended on me to pick him up on his flagship, and Joe Hay and Bill Bull, who were stationed on Saipan. We were met at the pier by a couple of Jeeps manned by Northwestern friends, and we were off on a long night of visiting every officers club on the island, seeing many other old friends along the way, and ending up for a steak breakfast at the big Navy air base, where one of our party pals ran the mess hall.

The senior officer in the convoy back to Pearl Harbor was an LST skipper friend of mine, just a few months senior to me, so the two of us were the senior officers in the movement. A few days out of Saipan we received word that the war had ended, and I immediately requested permission to test pyrotechnics (rockets, Very pistols, etc.) and received word to "save it until dark." We were steaming through groups of small island still in the hands of the Japanese, and we all wondered what they thought of our fireworks show. We were well spaced and used caution in handling the pyrotechnics. Above all, we did not shoot off guns. Later we learned that in large harbors such as Buckner Bay, the celebrating resulted in much small arms fire into the air, and there were a few deaths and many injuries resulting from the fall of the shrapnel.

Ending, as it did, just before the stunning news of the atom bomb and the atomic age, the Battle of Okinawa was so greatly overshadowed in the memory of the public that its historical significance is often overlooked. Historian John Keegan, in his book "The Second World War," put it into its proper perspective:

"For the fighting troops Okinawa had been the grimmest of all Pacific battles. The American army lost 4000 killed, the Marine Corps 2938; 763 aircraft destroyed and 38 ships sunk. The Japanese lost 16 ships and an almost incredible total of 7800 aircraft, over a thousand in kamikaze missions. The Japanese servicemen on the island--shore-based sailors as well as front-line riflemen, clerks, cooks, Okinawa labour conscripts--found ways of dying almost to the last man. The American total of prisoners, including men too badly wounded to commit suicide, was 7400; all the others, 110,000 in number, died refusing to surrender. . . Between 6 April and 29 July fourteen American destroyers were sunk by suicide pilots, together with another seventeen LSTs, ammunition ships and assorted large landing craft lying within the screen. Over 5000 American sailors died as a result of the Okinawa kamikaze campaign--the heaviest toll the US Navy suffered in any episode of the war, including Pearl Harbor. . . The Okinawa population, 450,000 strong at the outset, had suffered terribly; at least 70,000 and perhaps as many as 160,000 died in the course of the fighting."

Long before we reached Pearl Harbor we received word of the point system for discharge. I had been on active duty so long

that I had plenty of points, but the really great stroke of luck was that for months I had been sending back to headquarters officer qualification sheets indicating that my executive officer, Frank Farwell, would be qualified for command on August 1. When I reported in and told AdComPhibsPac that I had more than enough points, I was told that there were no qualified relief commanding officers available, so it was with great pleasure that I called their attention to Frank Farwell's qualification. On our usual slow trip into the West Loch area of Pearl Harbor when we arrived from the sea, the 828 was rammed and slightly damaged by a large pontoon barge driven by a Chrysler mule, so we were ordered into floating drydock to replace the port screw and make other repairs. It was to be the last time I was to move the ship. A day later my orders arrived, and I was sent to a BOQ, joined by another LST skipper friend of mine, Grover Rawlings, a table tennis champ who kept my game at its best as we awaited transportation back to California. After about 10 days we were crowded onto the hangar deck of an escort carrier, with canvas cots every two feet, and proceeded to San Diego, where I was reunited with friends on the Wake Island before the joyous train ride back to Chicago and civilian life.

* * *

Throughout most of World War II many of us Northwestern Phi Kaps who were in the service were beneficiaries of the initiative and hard work of my Phi Kap classmate Ed Malott, who with a letter dated December 18, 1942, invited twelve of us to send him letters about our travels and experiences so that he could excerpt them and, through a series of newsletters, act as a clearing house of information exchange. From his initial sample, through the 19th newsletter dated October 23, 1945, Ed compiled a miniature history of young men pulled out of civilian life and placed into a long and dangerous adventure. Gradually his network grew, and the newsletters, many of them six pages or more of single-spaced copy, became an early version of "The Last Convertible," that nostalgic novel that closely parallels our own experiences.

Most of us had lost or misplaced Ed's wartime letters and were overwhelmed in October of 1988 to learn from Ed that he had found the entire file and had reproduced all of the letters in spiral-bound booklet he was enclosing. In my case, Ed's letters awakened my intention to start my own memoirs. Who could reread those fascinating and often touching letters without deep feelings about old friends and fascinating experiences unlike any we are likely to experience again? On December 7, 1981, I attended on the Northwestern campus a dedication of a plaque in memory of all Northwestern Naval ROTC men who died in World War II; I had been able to help the commanding officer of the unit track down some of the details of the deaths, especially that of Jim Milmoe. But long before that dedication I had thought often

about Jim and Ray North and two other very special friends of mine, Bob Stecher and Bob Vanderpool, both Air Force bomber flyers who were killed. Ed's final letter lists nine Phi Kaps who were either dead or missing at the time (the four "missing" were never found), and since then another, Jack Richard, joined the list. I had known nine of the total 10, four of them having been among the closest friends of my college days. I had managed to keep in touch through the mail with Bob Stecher right up to the time he was shot down, and with Bob Vanderpool up to a final phone call just as he went overseas a couple of months before his death. Stecher's plane was seen to make a water landing after being hit off the coast of Africa; all of the crew managed to get into life rafts, but no rescue boat was able to find a trace. Bob Vanderpool's plane was hit over Italy but almost made it to the coast of Yugoslavia, crashing just offshore; two men in the rear of the plane were rescued by Partisans, but those in front went down and were later found and buried. In 1949 Bob's body was returned, and I attended his funeral, also meeting his tail gunner, one of the two survivors.

Always a great fan of receiving things and letters in the mail, I became thoroughly convinced during World War II that there was nothing quite so good for morale as hearing from home or from others who cared about us. My wife was an excellent correspondent and even contributed on several occasions to Ed Malott's newsletters. My parents, who had relatively little to report from the home front, kept in touch with me and also with my brother and probably with Eleanor's husband, Norman, while we were far away. "Mail call" was the most popular time of the day on every ship I ever knew, and I'll never forget how our mail boats raced to pick up incoming mail (and also exchange movies) even in the thick of an enemy attack.

There were two other newsletters that reached me regularly and were always welcome. The first was news from Glen Ellyn, put out by Mrs. John Gilbert, the mother of my boyhood friend Alan. She started on a small scale and soon had a network of correspondents. As I had moved away from Glen Ellyn in 1938, my lines of communication with old friends out there had become very slim, and it was like renewing old friendships to get Mrs. Gilbert's newsletters. As most wartime newsletters did, hers brought sad news along with the good. As I recall, the first death reported was that of Cy Stafford, two years ahead of me in Glenbard. He was an army officer and was killed in Europe, as I recall. One of my classmates and friends, Don Julien, was a pilot in the Army Air Force and was killed abroad. Don and one other classmate were the only war casualties in the Class of 1936.

The other newsletter was put out by Frank Hill, the legendary track coach at Northwestern for many years. He started it as a means of keeping in touch with his own former track men

and then, with the aid of Walt Paulison, the athletic publicity director for many years, expanded the circulation to many more of us. In my case, I had known Frank slightly and had worked with Walt during my first ten months out of college, and I was happy to join the network. When I returned from the war and rejoined the staff at Northwestern, I thanked Frank for all of his great newsletters, and we became good friends. When Frank's wife Gracie died just as they were about to retire to California, he got in touch with me at the Art Institute and told me he wanted to make gifts in her memory on occasion because the Art Institute was her great favorite. With each gift came a letter, to which I replied, and when Frank was in town, we often had dinner together. He lived for many years despite long suffering from severe crippling arthritis. Once, on a visit to my parents' graves, I noted that a nearby stone bore the family name Hill and had one listing for Gracie; when I asked Frank if that was their plot, he confirmed it. Another great friend of mine, Park Phipps, is also buried nearby, and I make a point of visiting all three graves when I go back.

Those of us who survived the "good war" came out of it with many changes in the naive attitudes we had when we went into the service. The loss of so many dear friends made us appreciate our own lives and safety and also the fact that throughout the rest of our lives were to be opportunities denied to our friends. In my own case, I've been able to carry on through some personally traumatic times with the same spirit. Most of us have been grateful to have had the experience of meeting so many people from all over the world and, in some cases, visiting many parts of the world we are unlikely to see again. We had the opportunity to observe regional differences and accents in our own country. If we hadn't known it before, we came to appreciate the value of education and training, something most of us had overlooked during the peace movements of the 1930's that still flourish today. Most of us came to admire the way the United States could come back quickly from weak military preparedness, nearly knocked out by Pearl Harbor, and outproduce and outfight two of the most vicious fighting nations in the history of the world. A great postwar biography of Admiral Yamamoto points out that he had strongly opposed going to war against America because of his feeling that this nation would outproduce Japan and eventually prevail.

One of the best things about reunions of ships' crews in recent years has been the chance to observe what the war training did to enrich the future lives of thousands of very young men who enlisted, many without high school diplomas. In my postwar years working for Northwestern University, I saw many examples of men under the G.I. Bill who overcame bad starts with brilliant successes in education and in business. It was my feeling as I began a career in promoting the arts that the postwar opportunities to become acquainted with art and music and

the theater through education would provide a market for arts services far beyond anything ever known before. Nothing I've done since the war has given me greater satisfaction than having been a part of harnessing this great potential interest toward improving the state of the arts in America and watching as others have taken the same principles and moved still further ahead.

There are, of course, many factors that turn a nation more firmly toward seeking peace and in working for worldwide peace. A large part of the violent protests of the 1960's, I am convinced, was caused by young people who had seen the waste and destruction of war and then had been able, through education, to comprehend how much beauty there is in the world for all to enjoy. Too many of the protests took the form of rage and violence in themselves, but at the bottom, it was the rage of people who had seen enough and had learned that all of the past reasons we had been given for war were no longer valid, especially in terms that we had learned for ourselves. As I steamed into Saipan harbor on the day of the Hiroshima bombing, I prayed that it would mean the end of World War II and bring truly lasting peace. The years since then have brought many disappointments and such tragedies as Viet Nam, but in this imperfect world we have learned how important it is to keep the faith. There is no such thing as a "good war," though World War II came very close to earning that name. May there never be another one.

This version has been updated
as of October 22, 1989, by
the author, Richard P. Trenbeth,
275 Beach Pines Drive, Aptos, CA 95003.

Author's Note: The October 22, 1989, version was completed with minimum proofreading three days before I underwent major (and successful) surgery. The first attempt to print this version had run 12 pages by 5:04 p.m. on October 17, when the 7.1 Loma Prieta earthquake, with its epicenter 3.5 miles from our home, struck with all of its violence and knocked out the electricity for three days. Now, on March 28, 1990, I have made some corrections and have added an historian's summary of the Battle of Okinawa. As I read the manuscript again, I was struck by the richness of the experience and my desire to expand on many of the episodes and friendships in the coming years.