

Jeffersonville

New Orleans

Panama City

Guantanamo Bay

Coco Solo

Admiralty I.

Hollandia

Morotai

Aitape

Noemfoor

Woendi Bay

Sansapor

Leyte

Samar

Lingayen Gulf

Mindoro

Subic Bay

Panay

Negros

Tarakan

Labuan

Manila

San Fernando

Batangas

Yokohama

*San

Fernando

*Lingayen

Gulf

*Subic

Bay

*Manila

Mindoro

*Panay

*Negros

*Tarakan

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PHILIPPINES

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*Sansapor

*Morotai

*Noemfoor

*Woendi Bay

*Hollandia

*Aitape

*Admiralty I.

*Sansapor

*Morotai

*Noemfoor

*Woendi Bay

*Hollandia

*Aitape

*Admiralty I.

JAPAN

*Yokohama

To The U.S.A.

BORNEO

NEW GUINEA

Morris
145

SHIP'S LOG

The train came rolling nearer and nearer, our destination -- Jeffersonville, Indiana. We were a group of average young men representing nearly every state in the union, every religion, race and creed. Soon we were to embark on a new adventure -- life aboard ship. After basic training in boot camp, some of us had been sent to service schools, others directly to Camp Bradford, Va. where we were formed into the crew of LST 697. Here we were given our first idea of just what the Amphibious Force meant. On a wooden replica of an LST, we learned the location of different stations, were exercised at various emergency drills, were introduced to our future jobs. We were also given training in fire fighting, first aid, gunnery, and defense against gas attack -- our navy as usual was given its men the best training possible. On completion of our training at Camp Bradford, we were sent aboard and LST Training Ship to get our first taste of shipboard life. After two weeks of this training, we enjoyed a short leave -- which we knew was to be our last look at home for a while to come. Here we were now about to put into practice these months of training. When we arrived aboard, the workers were putting the finishing touches on our ship. It didn't look like much of a fighting ship, but we took pride in knowing it was ours. Commissioning ceremonies were held at New Orleans. It was a simple but impressive ceremony -- the Commandant of the Navy Yard read the Captain his orders, a chaplain blessed the ship and a Navy Band played "Anchor's Aweigh" and "The National Anthem". The crew stood at attention dressed in their best whites -- each with a feeling of pride and curiosity of what was to come. We were now part of the fleet. We spent two weeks on a shakedown cruise at which time the ship was tested under all conditions -- the way she held up was a credit to the men who had designed and built her -- she proved her readiness to do her part.

On June 28th, 1944 we made all preparations for sea and on the evening of June 29th, we said farewell to the shores of the United States -- we didn't know the things that were to happen or how long it would be before we would again sight the U. S. Coastline, but in our hearts that was the day we were fighting and praying for. Our trip through the Gulf of Mexico served to give most of us our first real

example of sailor's life. The rough seas showed us where the LST got her reputation for a waddling motion -- a cross between a roll and a bounce. We were soon accustomed to taking a grip on rails to keep our balance, and sleeping to the tune of a 20° degree roll -- many, also, were introduced to that common Navy ailment known as seasickness. For a green crew we fared pretty well though. We had a short stop at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba -- just long enough to get our first taste of a foreign brew called "Matuey". We set sail for Panama Canal and experienced high seas in the Caribbean. Although, we knew submarines were operating in the area, it was still a little early for us to fully realize the danger about. Arriving at Coco Solo, Panama on July 12th, after what we had thought a long voyage -- six days. Everyone made the most of their short liberty. On July 14th, we went through the locks stopping at Balboa just long enough to receive our orders, and on that evening started our trip across the Pacific -- a vigil which was to take 37 days covering a distance of 10,000 miles. On this trip, we were really to get acquainted with the ship. We were travelling alone and unescorted -- a fact that gave each and everyone of us anxious moments even though the trip was uneventful as to enemy action -- a word that was still just a possibility to us. Our tank deck, which resembles a huge hall, was put to use as a gymnasium. We carried no cargo, except for an LCT on the main deck. Volley ball games, boxing matches and ping-pong games helped to pass away the long and uneventful days. Stiff competition was soon underway between officers and men -- we were now being formed into a happy family.

On July 22nd, King Neptune and his Royal Family honored us with a visit and we "Pollywogs" were initiated into the "Order of the Deep" and became full fledged "Shellbacks". We presented a very picturesque picture with our split haircuts and shaved heads. Our trip took us past many South Sea Islands and just a few days away from our destination, which was New Hebrides, our orders were changed and we were ordered to New Caledonia. Only a few hours away from there our orders were again changed, this time we were to go to the Admiralty Islands. It was sad news to us as by this time we were more than anxious to set foot on land again -- but orders was orders! Finally, on the night of August 19th, we dropped anchor in Seeadler Harbor. The next day was a happy one as we received mail, the first word from our mothers, wives and sweethearts in a month and a half -- smiling faces were evident everywhere.

In about a week, we got underway for Humboldt Bay, New Guinea which was to be our base for the next six months. We arrived on September 4th and soon began to prepare our ship for our real first test -- the first invasion. On September 13th, we were on our way -- our destination the Island of Morotai, just west of Halmahera. Few of us had ever heard of the Island before, now we were to invade it. Our convoy was to arrive September 18th (D+3). The trip was uneventful, nevertheless everyone was on the alert and ready for anything that might come. It was the morning of our arrival that first contact with the enemy was made. It was a gray cloudy day, a perfect day for an air attack. Shortly after sunrise it came -- a single Jap plane dropped out of the clouds and released its load just missing an LST on the outside column. It happened so fast that few of us saw him and although we were expecting lots to happen -- that proved to be the only opposition for us. We unloaded our cargo successfully and completed our first mission. Following this, we made a reinforcement loading at Aitape and returned to Morotai I. September 30th. The Island had been under periodic attacks by small groups of Jap planes, so we were on the alert again. That night we fired our guns at the enemy for the first time. After bombing and strafing the beach, the plane flew directly over the convoy. The anti-aircraft of these LSTs put up was a perfect example of the hidden power they had. We then returned to Hollandia for a short rest before our next invasion. This was to be the largest scale operation of the Pacific War -- the Invasion of the Philippines. On October 16th, we were on our way to Leyte in the heart of enemy held territory. It was a vast convoy, the power around helped to relieve the tenseness and anxiety that prevailed throughout the ship. This trip was also uneventful, but we all felt sure that action was just around the corner. We entered the harbor two days after (D+2) the initial landing. Unloading was completed without opposition or mishap. We headed back to our home port that night thinking for awhile we were safe and secure -- little did we know that a few miles from here the biggest Naval Battle of the war would commence in about two hours -- the "Battle of Leyte Gulf". At midnight the following day, we were awakened by the eerie sound of the general alarm -- the convoy was under submarine attack. Although, one of the ships was torpedoed, it was safely returned to port. After another short rest, we returned to Leyte. We unloaded and soon after we had joined the convoy there was an enemy air raid. Bomb bursts could be seen on the shore. Soon the drone of an airplane motor was close astern and the quietness of the night was broken by the reports of the aft gun -- six shells were fired, the fourth made a direct hit completely destroying the plane, a Japanese Betty. We were awed at the spectacle of the plane burning fiercely off our stern. Nine months later in this same harbor, we were to witness another spectacle -- only in place of the ack-ack tracer fire there were hundreds of various colored flares fired from the many ships and the searchlights that had been seeking out enemy planes then were now playing the skies in celebration of V-J Day.

We returned to Hollandia, where we stayed until December 24th. Christmas Day we were sailing for another invasion, but the festive mood and holiday spirit still prevailed. After Noemfoor, we went to Woendi Bay which in our eyes was an Island Paradise -- something you see in the movies but very rarely see in reality. We sailed January 4th, 1945, with our destination Lingayen Gulf. On this trip, we witnessed the Jap fanaticism that has been exhibited many times in this war. The huge convoy of over a hundred ships was attacked by Japanese suicide planes. We received the report that 30 planes were on their way, but only six reached the convoy -- our planes had taken care of the rest. Only one plane was successful in its mission, it hit a merchant ship, even though, it seemed impossible for a plane to get through an ack-ack barrage that covered the whole sky. All the rest of the were shot down before doing any damage. We arrived at Lingayen on January 13th (D+3) and again unloading was carried out without mishap. After loading again at Leyte, we returned to Lingayen. At this time, while beached, we had a very close call. During the night a Jap plane dropped a bomb which hit a gasoline dump about a hundred yards from the ship -- the concussion gave the impression we were hit. We moved equipment to Mindoro, then after a short stay at Subic Bay, we returned to Lingayen Gulf where we prepared for the invasions of Panay (G Day) March 18th and Negros (Y Day) March 29th, a dual operation that only took ten days. Many of the men will remember liberty at Iloilo, Panay -- the first liberated city we had seen.

We then returned to Leyte, where we stayed till April 12th. Many of our home have grass skirts, mats and souvenirs we bartered with the natives -- a number of us trading the shirts off our back as money was of little value.

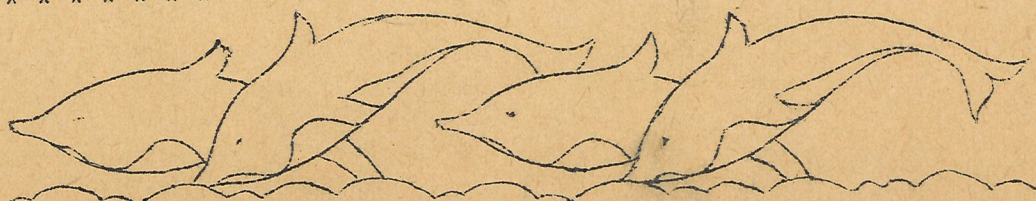
The next series of operations was to be in conjunction with the Australian Army, our operating base was Morotai I. On April 26th we sailed for Tarakan off Borneo, arriving on May 1st (P Day). The pre-invasion bombardment consisting of the shelling by warships, rockets of the attack ships, precision bombing by our planes, blowing up of the oil wells was a sight hard to describe; we were thankful that ours was the giving end and not the receiving end. Many obstacles in the water hampered beaching operations, but these were soon removed by the clever ingenuity of the Allied Engineers. Many of you will remember the picture of our ship in the newspapers unloading our cargo onto pontoons. Everyone had a case of nerves that day as there was quite a number of Jap snipers around, which delayed operations. That night we got a real scare -- Japanese shore batteries opened fire on the beach missing our ship by inches. The next morning we gathered shrapnel from our decks, just then realizing how closely they had come to us. We stayed on the beach high and dry for three days due to tide conditions. We went back to Morotai, reloaded, and returned to Tarakan May 13th. We then made the invasion of Labuan on June 5th (Z+1). After a reenforcement run, our operations in the Borneo Area were complete.

We stayed at Morotai until July 14th -- spirits were low as we had been on continuous operations for nearly fourteen months, then like a spring tonic news spread throughout the ship that we were heading for Manila. We stopped at Humboldt Bay which was almost a forgotten base. We arrived in Manila Bay July 3. Here we saw the havoc that our planes had administered to Japanese shipping, literally, masts of hundreds of ship could be seen jutting out of the water. Manila was everything we had anticipated. Although the city plainly showed the scars that had been brought upon it, one could see that it had once been a beautiful city and rightfully called "The Pearl of the Orient". American ways of life were evident and easy to imagine yourself in a city in the U. S. Everyone had their share of good liberty, but the war was not over yet and we were preparing for another invasion. From Manila we went to Lingayen Gulf where we heard the first report for the Japanese bid for peace. This halted operations temporarily. We were ordered to Leyte Gulf to await further assignment. At sea, on August 15th we received the official announcement that the peace offering was a reality, and the day we had been praying for is now in sight. We celebrated V-J Day in Leyte given thanks that we had come through these various operations without a man receiving a scratch or the ship being harmed due to enemy action.

At this writing, we are heading for Japan with occupation troops, but our story will not be complete until we bring LST 697 back to the shores of the United States.

CAMPAIGN RIBBONS AND STARS

We are authorized to wear the American Theater Ribbon, the Asiatic-Pacific Ribbon with two bronze stars; and the Philippine Liberation Ribbon with two bronze stars. As yet, nothing has been authorized for the Borneo Operations.



NOTHING LAST FOREVER

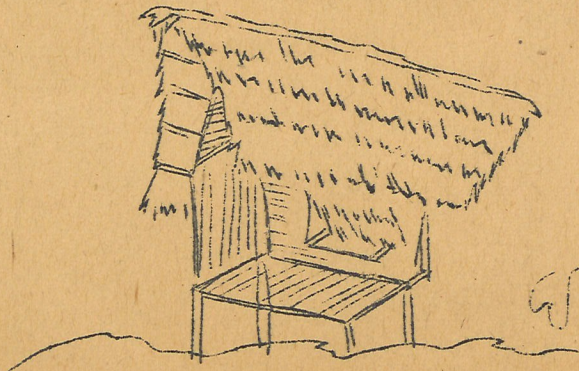
Oh, we gripe and grumble and wish it
were done
And swear the civilians have all the
fun.
We count the long months since we've
been ashore
Though we know d--- well there'll be
lots more.
When was the last time you dressed in
blues
When did you last wear your liberty
shoes.

We envy the guys who are staying back
there,
And think (as we Cuss'em) that it
isn't quite fair.
Some 4F has probably run off with
your gal,
Or she's going out with a war worker
pal.
You haven't danced with a girl in a
year
And Oh, Lord! How long since you've
had a beer?

But listen, old shipmate, there'll
come a day
When this fracas is over and you're
home to stay.
Then things will be different, just
wait and see
In the home of the brave and the land
of the free.
There's many of a 4F who would give
his right eye
For the blues and the bars you'll
wear home, guy!

Sure your gal will be there -- you
knew she would
The beer will be plentiful, and just
twice as good.
The war worker pal will be peddling
groceries again
Sure he took your gal out, but that
was the end.
Some had to turn out guns
And make the plants and railroads run.

Then as the years go sauntering past
The memories of these times will last.
And when they ask (the ones who really
care)
You'll answer proudly, "Sure I was
there".
And those blues you swore you'd cast
aside
You'll put away and cherish with
pride.



THE AMPHIBIOUS MAN

You've heard of the Air Forces
The Marine Paratroops.
But think as hard as you can,
Though you have heard of the Army
And of the other Groups,
Have you heard of the Amphibious Man?

The Amphibious Man is a real rugged sort
Unlike the fleet he has no home port.
He goes where he is needed and does
what he can.
The poor orphan sailor, the Amphibious
Man.

You may be a Battleship Sailor,
From a Carrier or a Tin Can.
Maybe fresh out of boot training
Or a second Cruiser man.
The men are picked from random,
How else could they provide,
Some may know the duty,
But most were shanghied.

You have heard plenty of the Navy,
Of ships both fore and aft,
But we'll bet a pretty penny
You've heard less of the Amphibious Man.
They've lost a few already
But they are building many more.
They have to have the LSTs to win this
darn war.

They are loaded in the middle of the
night
Sit around at random, can't even show
a light.
They find their way in darkness,
Land upon the shore,
They discharge their cargo
Then go back for more.

Bringing in the first load,
Doesn't complete the job,
The man upon the beach depends on
this gob.
He's bringing in the reenforcements
And all the things they use,
His life is full of danger,
But he never makes the news.

And when the beach is taken
And the radios begin to tell.
You'll hear of the Marines and
Soldiers, and how they went through
hell.
You heard of the great historic job,
so the story ran
But you never heard a word of the
poor Amphibious Man.

And when the war is over and he is
back in civilian life.
How in the hell will he explain to
his kids and his wife.
They know he was in the Navy,
But was subject to a gyp.
The poor orphan sailor the
Man without a ship.

MYSTERY SHIP

I think that I shall never see
A worse ship than an LST.
A ship with graceful lines re-
semblin
A mud scow fashioned by a
gremlin.
A ship whose paint disine-
grates
From salt and lesser pho-
phates.
A ship whose steering engine
works
With grunts and groans and
nervous jerks.
A ship that doesn't run, but
trots
That labors doing seven knots.
Most any ship will try to please
But only God loves LSTs.

THEY CALL HER AN L.S.T.

Many years ago an idea was born
in the minds of several men and before
long this idea was a reality and was
christened and L.S.T. She is not much
to look at -- might say she looked a
little odd. Passing through the
shipping lanes throughout the world
has caused many an eye to stare and
say, "I don't believe it". Yes, she
takes an awful ribbing from other
ships of the Navy. She doesn't look
as if she would put up much of a fight;
she hasn't the slim lines of other
naval vessels. She's not fast, yet
she has done more to shorten the war
by many years. She has risked her
life everytime she beached, for she
makes an excellent target from the air.
Oh, she has plenty of admirers, both
in the Army and Navy and I believe the
enemy respects her too! She has an
awful temper when the enemy tries to
make a pass at her. She is proud of
her gunner's mates and wears many an
enemy flag on her hat. Her heart is
as big as gold -- for they are the men
who man her. She likes to be pampered
by the deck force -- the men who wash
her down; the men who are always
painting and sprucing her up or
lubricating her aching joints. She
is quite a gossip and keeps the
signalmen and radiomen going twenty-
four hours a day. Once in awhile she
likes to go on a spree, but the
quartermaster's can easily tame her
down and put her back on course. She
is crazy about music and throughout
the day music is piped through her
vocal cords via radio and records.
She never worries about her boys
being ill, for she has quite a bit of
confidence in her pharmacist's mates.
She has the keenest eyes -- her
officers. Sometimes she has to wear
"specs", as it is hard for her to see
through a storm or a moonless night --
her radarmen. She is an excellent

cook and baker and makes the most of
everything. Sometimes it is hard for
her to get the things her boys like
and has to resort to the can opener.
She is not keen on figures, letter
writing, shopping or what punishment
to give her boys when they get out of
hand and relies on her storekeeper and
yeoman a great deal. She is proud of
her young ones (small boats) and the
men that take care of them. She kind
of favors her engineer's and fireman,
for these are the boys that take care
of her through health and illness as
she has been run-down many times from
overwork. They have to be careful of
her pressures too -- a little high or
too low may cause her serious injury.

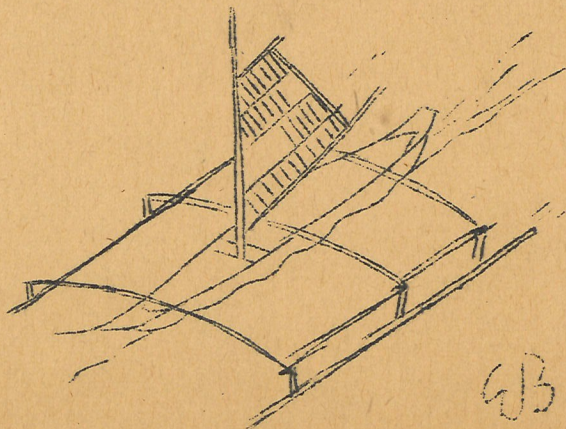
She has seen her boys come and go,
from every state in the union, of every
race, creed and color. She is proud
of all of them and we men of the LSTs
are proud of her.

OH! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

One morning recently a young wife
got out of bed,
slipped into her slippers,
got into her robe,
raised the shade,
uncovered the parrot,
put on the coffee pot,
answered the phone,
and heard a male voice say:
"Hello, honey--just got off the ship
I'm coming right over!"
So, the young wife unlocked the door,
took off the pot,
covered the parrot,
pulled down the shade,
stepped out of her robe,
took off her slippers,
slipped into bed,
and heard the parrot mumble:
"Judas priest! What a short day that
was.

CONTACT MAN

For those who would like to keep
in contact with their shipmates in
years to come, Yeoman Morris has
volunteered to keep a file of all
addresses. If you should move or
change your address, just drop him a
card with the correct address.



CALIFORNIA

B. D. Howes, III
1235 South Oakland Ave.
Pasadena

C. E. Young
P.O. Box 82
Dixon

M. S. Frank
3311 Herman St.
San Diego

E. P. Page
2747 Derby St.
Berkley

CONNECTICUT

R. H. Krewson
39 N. Leonard St.
Waterbury

DELAWARE

Harris O. Bunel
100 North Connell St.
Wilmington

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

C. K. Bingham
1900 F Street, N.W.
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J. H. Newman
203 Bates Street, N.W.
Washington

FLORIDA

J. L. Wood
Perry

GEORGIA

W. H. Fulton
2617 1st Avenue
Columbus.

IDAHO

W. L. Bowman
Riverside

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2770 W. 25th Street
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W. B. Majerczyk
4319 S. Paulina Ave.
Chicago

R. S. Friedman
2840 Estes Avenue
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RR #3 Box #104
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2325 Queens St.
Fort Wayne

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Badger

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Algona

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Morganfield

E. G. Martin
Floyde County
Minnie

J. T. Craven
New Hope

H. M. Ayers
Route #1
Puducan

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R. J. Swayne, Jr.
4120 Annunciation St.
New Orleans

MASSACHUSETTS

L. C. Pierce
23 Gay Street
North Chelmsford

MASSACHUSETTS

L. V. Nanof
4 Russel Street
Worcester

R. A. Turgeon
12 Dowfield Terrace
Lynn

M. M. Silvia
689 King Philip St.
Fall River

E. G. Zilinsky
17 Swampscott Ave.
Peabody

B. C. Adams
229 No. Main Street
North Uxbridge

R. P. Lyons
113 Ten Hills Road
Somerville

W. T. May
43 Wolcott St.
Malden

C. Machado
Belchertown Rd.
Ludlow

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Frontier

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8112 Kercheval Ave.
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Mount Clemens

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River St. RFD #2
Buchanan

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14154 Abington Rd.
Detroit

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R. L. Archer
Hutchinson
c/o Zummach

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Kansas City

MISSOURI

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3218^a Utah St.
St. Louis

F. M. Lexa
1212 So. 18th St.
St. Louis

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25 E. Granite
Butte

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319 Nevada Ave.
Ely

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75 East Bow St.
Franklin

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Leon Bartnoski
c/o Frank Bullock
RFD #1
Sewell

M. S. Dellafave
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Hoboken

J. J. Lundy
232 Main St.
Cliffside

C. J. Ackerson
17 Ridge Road
Lyndhurst

F. J. Dajczak
481 Lambertson St.
Trenton

F. H. Zimmerman
154 Delafield Ave.
Lyndhurst

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Brooklyn

W. J. Weir
111 West 89th St.
New York City

C. P. Love
48 Manahan St.
Brooklyn

P. Kowalchuk
1259 Park Avenue
New York City

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14 Pearl Street
Kingston

F. A. Dorsi
2811 39th Ave.
Long Island City

W. L. Martin
RD #2
Richfield Springs

Bruce R. Sullivan
125 Homestead Ave.
Albany

W. J. Morris
642 Eagle Ave.
Bronx

E. J. Xiques
354 Ovington Ave.
Brooklyn

B. A. Fighiera
52 25 69th St.
Maspeth

T. W. McGloin
565 Academy St.
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A. J. Federico
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7164 69th Place
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V. E. Saenger
6714 5th Avenue
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White Plains

F. A. Prinzo
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Champlain

G. W. Link
135 Roquette Ave.
Belmont, L. I.

A. C. DaSilva
33 Broad Avenue
Ossining

J. B. Sears
38 River St.
Fort Edward

G. W. Cudney
RFD
Bergen

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R. E. Helms
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Gastonia

B. C. Michael
Route #2
Hickory

W. L. Ashe
1500 E. Sprague St.
Winston Salem

OHIO

J. G. Shaw
11214 Greenwich Ave.
Cleveland

R. D. Doan
RFD #3
Marietta

F. C. Gardner
805 East Cherry St.
Columbus

S. Toda
963 Woodland Avenue
Hubbard

L. A. Doak
RFD #1
Garrettsville

O. McCoy
311 Campbell Avenue
Portsmouth

J. M. Boyles
478 Scott Street
Warren, Ohio

H. Hanger
2420 Quatman Ave.
Norwood

N. B. Freeland
2260 Indianola Ave.
Columbus
c/o F. MacMillan

H. R. Fleischer
603 Midgard Rd.
Columbus

D. D. Dean
412 Moler St.
Columbus

H. Dean
RD #4
Ravenna

D. K. Duvall
2537 North Erie St.
Toledo

OKLAHOMA

J. E. N. Baber
Annex Hotel
Wewoka

PENNSYLVANIA

J. E. Campbell
2737 West Albert St.
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A. E. DePaolo
RD #2 Box 32
Greensburg

H. L. Dick
RD #2
Stoneboro

J. B. Stephens
Nicholson

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Duport Avoca
c/o F. Cebula

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Pine Grove

J. J. Shonk
341 Palmer St.
Plymouth

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P. B. Benson
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Frederic

E. F. Scheuerell
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AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

You've got a date,
The kind that's heavy,
With loads of dough,
A brand-new Chevvy.
Your shoes are shined;
Your pants are pressed;
Good Conduct Ribbon
Upon your chest.
Your hair is combed;
You've really slicked it.
So what happens?

--You're Restricted

You make your sack;
There's not a wrinkle.
You shine your shoes
Until they twinkle
You sweep the deck;
You even mop; (swab)
You scrub the bulkheads
And blitz the head
So what happens

---No Inspection

You tell your girl
That you'll be true
And what is more,
You mean it, too.
On double dates
You never go;
You even shun the USO.
What girls you know
Are mere conjecture.
So what do you get?

--Sex Morality Lecture

When showering
You are very clean;
You wear your clogs
To the head.
You swab the decks
With septic lye;
You wash your toes
With soap, GI.
You shield your feet
From dirt and soot.
So what do you get?

--Athlete's Foot

For many years
You buck and buck;
You never have
A bit of luck
Tho' months spent
Were overseas
Your still among
The seaman classes.
They finally need
A P.O; you're chosen.
So what happens?

--Ratings Are Frozen

* * * * *

Slipped up again!

"How many fathoms?" asked
Captain Tanner.

"Can't touch bottom, sir,"
was the answer from Prinzo

"Well, consarn you, how
near do you come to it?"
the captain shot back.

* * * * *

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