

MEMORANDUM

3 May

194

5

From: Commanding Officer.

To: Dr. F.C. Allen,

Dear Phog:

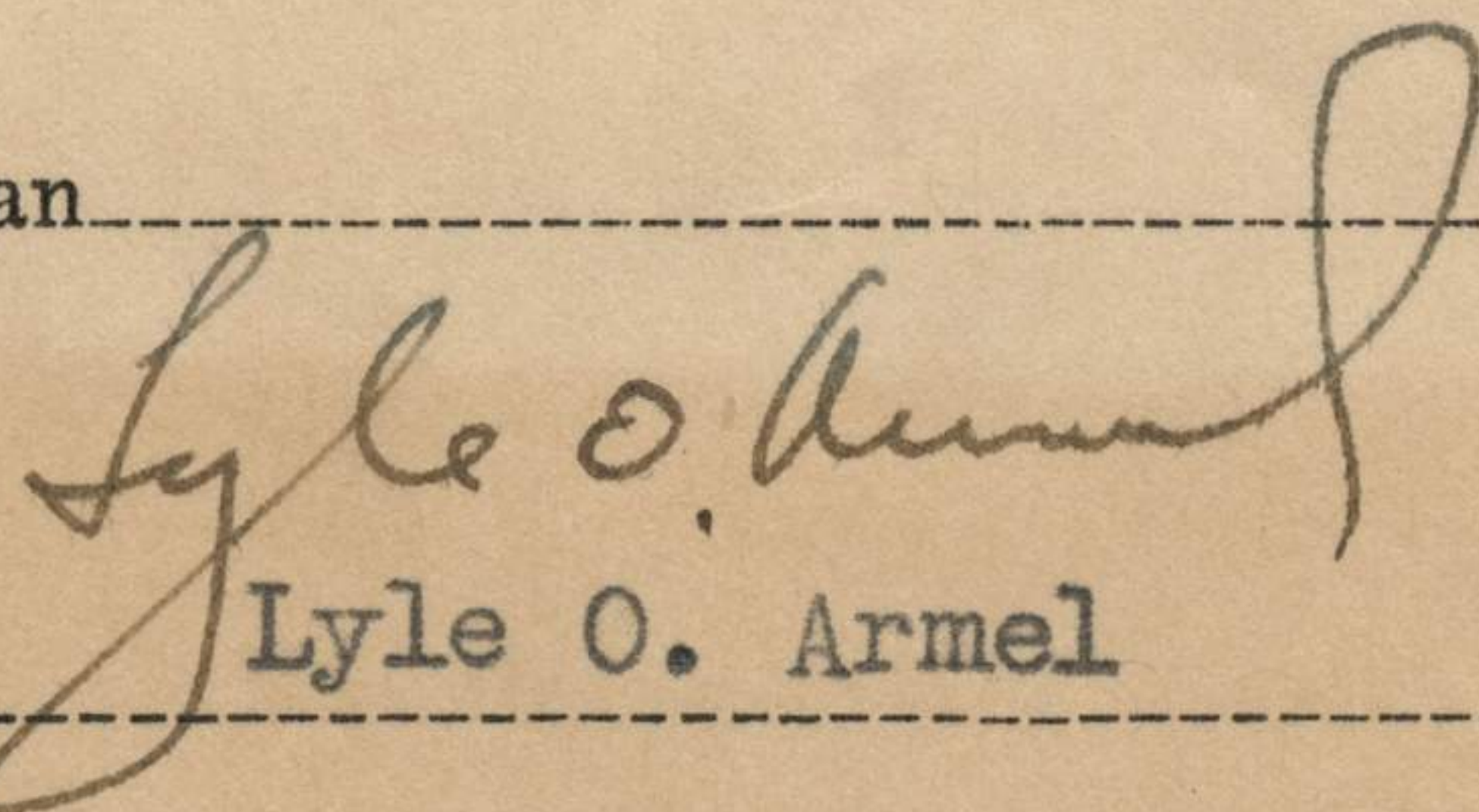
Here is the letter I promised
you a few days ago.

I gave your last copy of Rebounds to
Lt. (jg) Neill Lysaught, a friend of
Raymond Wheeler's and a medic graduate a
couple of years ago at K.U.

Sincerely,

Please

- (a) Furnish information requested.
- (b) Submit full report.
- (c) Report completion not later than


Lyle O. Armel

TELFAIR TALES

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Vol. I. No. 1.

A MAY BASKET

1 May 1945.

A MESSAGE FROM THE CAPTAIN

To The Loved Ones At Home

The Commander in Chief, U. S. Pacific Fleet and Pacific Ocean Areas has indicated his desire that unduly restrictive censorship directives be relaxed where it can be accomplished within the limitations of the current needs for military security.

To that end Commanding Officers have been authorized to inaugurate a plan whereby, within the limits of Censorship Regulations, Naval personnel may, within certain time limitations, tell where they have been.

I am glad to announce to the officers and men of the TELFAIR, and through them to their families, that I accept the responsibility of this program on board this ship and will, from time to time authorize news releases, with the definite stipulation THAT THEY ARE NOT TO BE PUBLISHED IN PRINT IN ANY FORM AT HOME. Read them, compare them with your favorite war correspondent and file them away in your Memory Book.

I told the relatives and loved ones of the officers and men present at the Commissioning Ceremony of this ship that we would do everything humanly possible, consistent with war time operations to get the mail in and out, with a minimum delay in "Sugar Reports".

I also cautioned them not to become impatient at mail delays, nor disappointed at a lack of factual news, pointing out to them that censorship provided safety for men on the fighting fronts because "Careless words in the past have sunk ships" and killed some one's loved ones. In my nearly four years at sea in World War II, the mail service to this ship has been the best I have experienced. That is due to the heroic efforts of our Navy Fleet Post Offices and the direction of our high commands who realize the relationship of "MAIL TO MORALE".

Then too, there has been a minimum of inquiries from families to the Captain regarding men under his command relative to mail. This is a wholesome sign and indicates that the folks at home realize the situation and are not nagging, knowing that their "MEN OF THE SEA" will write when they can.

I believe I can allay the fears of wives and sweethearts over that old chestnut of "A GIRL IN EVERY PORT". There just couldn't be even if the sailormen were so inclined in the ports we have visited, and as a guess into the future - - - those we may later visit.

Now the news you are going to receive, naturally can't be all inclusive. It shouldn't be because that would rob your "MEN OF THE SEA" of the opportunity of putting the rosy embellishment on their tales when told to families and friends about the old family fire places in the years to come.

- 1 -

NOT FOR PUBLICATION



The stories we used to hear from the old Indian War and Civil War heroes, about how they "fit" will pale into insignificance, to what your men, when they are "grand pappies" will be able to tell. Some how time has a mellowing effect, memory tricks you and you have to compensate by adding a little touch here and there.

But seriously your men are doing a grand job. You have every reason to be proud of them, Representing as they do, 46 states and three territories, they are truly a cross section of America. You can take pride in the fact that they are a part of American Might who sailed away to meet the dawn to bring light to a darkened world.

And so through the medium of TELFAIR TALES, news as available will be sent you. It should help bridge the gap of distance, transcending both space and time, and let you know that this Commanding Officer, as a representative of the greatest Navy in the world, is interested in both his men and their loved ones at home, both of whom are fighting on their respective fronts, best expressed in the following home-made couplet:

"For both men and women must fight a war,
Each in a separate sphere.
The one at the front against the foe,
The other at home, protecting those dear."

Sincerely,

Lyle O. Armel

LYLE O. ARMEL,
Commander, USNR,
Commanding Officer.

THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER SPEAKS

We are fortunate in having on duty on board, Lt(jg) JOSEPH H. KIRKPATRICK, USNR, formerly with the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, Naturally we have pressed his civilian experienced into service, in assembling an editorial board.

His first offering is a reverse English of the "Dear Buddy" letters published in home papers for the boys in service, to a "DEAR FOLKS", for the families at home. We hope you enjoy reading the letters. We think they are good.

D.B. Oakland
D.B. OAKLAND,
Lieutenant, USNR,
Executive Officer.

THE LETTER HOME

Dear Folks:

You, like all the rest of the families of the men aboard the TELFAIR, having wondered "where" we've been, "when" we were there and "what" we saw at the "when and where". It's a long sort of story and there are still parts of it that will have to be skipped due to security and censorship regulations. Incidentally, this censorship business is as much for your benefit as it is for mine - - - The enemy has profited on several occasions from information revealed in letters and by "profit" I mean sink ships and kill men. I want to come home as much as you want me to be there - - - but anyway - - -

After the U.S.S. TELFAIR sailed out of San Francisco's Golden Gate the course of the ship was set for Pearl Harbor, T.H. (Territory of Hawaii). One of our first adventures occurred about three days later in mid-Pacific, when we intercepted an S.O.S. from a merchant ship without a doctor who reported a member of his Navy Armed Guard crew with acute appendicitis. We altered our course, made a rendezvous with the ship and transferred the sick boy. The doctors took one look and said, "operate", which they did and found a ruptured appendix. I'm glad we got the message because much more delay would have been too late. As it turned out, a few days after reaching Pearl Harbor, he walked down the gangway, a well man. Our Medical Department did a real job.

Then we sighted the famous Diamond Head and Aloha Tower, landmarks of what lay before us, Pearl Harbor and Honolulu, a new adventure for a majority of the crew. A good many of us probably expected to see a lot of beautiful native women with grass skirts and leis (neckpieces made of flowers or tissue paper) doing about seven different versions of the hula right on the dock. Fact of the matter is that Pearl Harbor is just like a lot of ports we've been in along the West Coast. It's like being in New York, Chicago or San Francisco during any rush hour with that rush hour extending throughout the day. Downtown Honolulu is so similar to any State's town of 25,000 in California, Arizona, Georgia, Alabama or Florida that you could set it down in anyone of those states and hardly be able to distinguish it from the rest of the towns in the vicinity, except of course for the natives. They are short, dark and have coal black hair and look like Mexicans.

Honolulu is filled with souvenir shops, jewelry stores and curbside hamburger stands. It's a rat-race every minute you're there. A few of us took sightseeing trips around the island of OAHU and saw some beautiful scenery. In the outlying districts of Honolulu there are many beautiful homes surrounded by gardens filled with tropical plants and flowers. Inland, the island reminded me of a few spots I've visited in California. The island of Oahu, like most of the islands in the Pacific, is of volcanic origin - - - that is at sometime in the distant past volcanic action on the ocean floor erupted with the result that there is now an island (or several as the case may be.).

About half of the TELFAIR boat group were assigned temporary shore duty at Waimanola while we were in Pearl Harbor. The boys considered it good duty for it gave them a chance to get used to being on land once more. The camp was situated in one of those real beauty spots of the island.

The weather, while we were in the islands was ideal. Temperatures might get up to 80 or beyond during the day, but at night it would cool down just like Spring at home.

Then one afternoon about 1500 (3:00 P.M. to you) we headed west again and knew it would be several days before we saw land again. We settled down to the routine of shipboard life for the next ten days and kept steaming along.

I wonder if you know what an "Atoll" is? Well, we do because we stopped at one, the island of Eniwetok in the Marshalls. I'm sure you remember reading the accounts of the fight the Navy had to secure these islands. Eniwetok is an enlarged piece of coral set down in the Pacific about midway between Pearl Harbor and the Philippines. It might not look like much but it meant a great deal to the Navy for many reasons I can't mention now.

One of the interesting events was the crossing of the International Date Line when we jumped a day, and come to think of it, I guess we lost a day's pay. Anyway we all passed into the DOMAIN of the GOLDEN DRAGON, Ruler of the 180th Meridian. We all hold proper credentials addressed, "TO ALL SAILORS, wherever ye may be and to all mermaids, flying draggons, spirits of the deep, devil chasers and all other living creatures of the seas, GREETINGS". We will later get regular certificates which can be framed and hung over the fireplace at home.

We continued to push westward and found ourselves in Peleliu, one of the Paulau Islands and the western most of the Caroline Islands. This is another island of coral formation. The history of these Islands dates back to their discovery by the Portugese in 1527. In 1686 they were annexed by Spain and renamed in honor of Charles II. In 1899 Germany purchased these Islands from Spain and after World War I, they were placed under Japanese Mandate. You have read the current history in the newspapers and know what is happening to them.

MABOHAY ang FILIFINAS! In case you don't know, the meaning is "Long life to the Filipinos". I am sure you hear it over the radio from General Mac Arthur's broadcasting station. Yes we were in San Pedro Bay, Leyte, of the Philippines. The bay is between the islands of Samar and Leyte, both a part of the Philippines. During our stay in this area the crew, the sections, had two liberty parties ashore. Of course there wasn't much opportunity to do much sightseeing, but we did get a chance to see a bit of these famed islands in the Philippines.

The islands are all mountainous and during the morning and early evening are covered with fog banks and low hanging clouds. The weather was hot and humid with very little rain during the time we were there.

A few of us did get into the province capitol of Leyte, Tacloban. One of the Saturday Evening Post correspondents wrote three articles about Leyte which appeared sometime during January and February. If you can, get these back copies from the public library.

The natives of Leyte and Samar are very small in stature, dark skinned and most of them look underfed, which they probably are. We saw little kids who couldn't have been more than four or five years of age, doing the family washing in one of the fresh water streams that run from the mountains into the ocean.

Tacloban, capitol of the province of Leyte, was fantastic. There were two main streets in the town which were at right angles to each other and met in the center of town. When we were there, that "State and Madison", "Times Square" or "Market and Fifth Street" crossroads of Tacloban was an ankle deep mudhole. The houses were mostly two stories and looked like they were built to last about two weeks. The province capitol building was a huge structure, modeled after one of the periods of Greek Architecture and surrounded by massive pillars. Closeup inspection revealed that the plaster was scaling off, the interior was the worse for wear due to the peculiarities of modern warfare and in general it looked like many of our real estate developments at home did after that "era of wonderful nonsense" which was climaxed in 1929.

With this we close Vol. I, No. 1. of TELFAIR TALES with the promise that in due time and within the limits of existing regulations, other chapters will be sent you. And SO - - - with Oceans of Love, I remain your nautical correspondent,

JACK TAR, Editor.

- 4 -

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Comdr. Lyle O. Armel

~~NAVY DEPARTMENT~~

U. S. S. TELFAIR (APA-210)

c/o FLEET POST OFFICE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

~~OFFICIAL BUSINESS~~

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POSTAGE PAID



Dr. Forrest C. Allen,
University of Kansas,
Lawrence,
Kansas.

