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 occured 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 similiar 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.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION