


4-109-391 (2 sheet)

Friday, October 25, 1945
Yokohama Harbor

Dearest,

Two days later and I still don't know anything more. I only hope this isn't just another false alarm at court official, but then I-I would have such a way of getting changed.

Meanwhile, I have been doing things. Working from back to front, today we did more painting over the rail. We almost finished the port side today, working back under the stern. And is that fun! Or something. Well then, there were four of us on two stages. Reading from bow to stern, Bob, Steve, Greg, me. We being practically at the stern.

We got off to a good start by my cutting ^{end of our} my stage too low. Greg left his end as low as could be reached from the deck, but it started at an angle about like  However we had both gotten on and I did down to my end, he lowered his until it was almost horizontal.

The first line was easy, as we were near enough the ship to reach it without being pulled in. We finished that up in about order and then lowered away. Or started I-I discovered that my line had gotten carried as efficiently as any but and refused to lower. Finally I pulled myself up a little on the

hauling part and got it free. ~~It~~ at one point I
think nothing was holding ~~the~~ my end of the stay but a good
imaginative - and much of my work was done with my feet
while I held on with both hands. But I finally cleared it,
and even if it was a very original staying rig which I could
never duplicate, it work.

So we lowered and found ourselves dangling several feet
from the surface to be painted. On rather the other men.
Since my end of the stay was secured about to the
very stem, I was always pretty close to the ship. But na-
turally they pulled us all in. I always ended up having
to sit with both legs on the stay as there wasn't room
enough for them between the stay and the ship. But by
lying flat on my back I managed to cover my share of
surface adequately. Except that in the course of getting me
more pulled forward, so I had to wait until they backed
off to get the very near end.

~~It~~
Life was made more interesting by those on deck deciding
to slack or tighten the line holding us in without warning. But

we were all in good humor, and while some of the jokes we made ~~was~~ might not win any prizes, they were much funny to us in a quiet sort of way. Before I lay on my back holding on to nothing I'd warn the boat that if he touched that line my ghost would haunt him: figures that was all there'd be left of me.

But we finally completed that line and lowered down to within about four feet of the water for the last time. This time I painted the rear as he pulled in. My end was in tight against the ship in no time, so I put my hand in my bucket and waited to see what would happen. I did call up to ask ~~about~~ the boat if he wanted me to paint the starboard side too - I'd be there in a minute. But the other stage was way out still so he pulled in some more. And yet more. Meanwhile I was wondering whether the side of the ship, the stage, or the line would give first.

I soon found out. The line. Not the line pulling us in, which just would have left us with an energetic swimmer, but the line holding up my end of the stage.

The water in *Lophoceros laurus* is 0.100 in cold.

Dates -

I've forgotten just how far I got in my mental activities, so I'll start at the beginning and write until I think I'm repeating myself.

During the early part of the week I spent considerable time studying and not entirely without result, and went in the next group of assignments Wednesday. I'm up thru lesson 24 now. Only 16 more to go. I'm studying trigonometric formulas now, and I'm now making use of my trigonometric identities. Surprisingly looking expressions several lines long eventually led down to much less neat answers. But the trick I go through to get them!

Thursday I went ashore for the first time. I only did a little business and looking around and then came right back to the ship. But eight days after we dropped the hook here, I could say I'd been ashore in Japan!

Wednesday afternoon it finally cleared up enough to paint, so paint we did. Nothing exciting though. Just right down the sideamidships. Thursday morning bilge.

The sea was quite rough Thursday and at first the captain wouldn't let us ashore. Finally at noon he changed his mind, but said only the men on night watch could go. Since I had a lot of yen (local unit of money, supposed to be worth $6\frac{2}{3}$ ¢)

I was anxious to get ashore and spend it. and not knowing how soon we'd pull out, I talked O'Neil (on night watch) into working for me, in exchange for consulting his 45 heart deft. and I went ashore.

Musick and I and one of the navy boys stood together. Musick and I were after souvenirs, and the navy was after camera pictures. He had no money so I don't know why he ~~fell~~ came with us particularly. But he was very useful holding our packages!

at first I bought only things I really wanted. But as the afternoon wore on and I still had lots of money left I grew more & more reckless. After all, whatever I bought it was worth more than the money which is I was pretty enough to paper the walls with. I stuck all my purchases in my shirt and my profit was really something to marvel at! It reached a climax as we passed the street vendors on the way back to the dock. I still had money left, so when they held anything out to me, if I could conceive of any possible use for it (and some things I couldn't!) I'd buy it and further one had my brown.

Well, we got back to the dock about dark. Our launch had gone right back so we were just hoping for a ride in someone else's.

We hoped in vain. There were about a dozen from the nettles there, but no one was going anywhere near us.

Finally we gave up that angle and the two navy boys in the crowd went to the navy office in charge of small craft and pleaded our case. While we all waited on the deck and shivered. Finally they came back with a not-very-enthusiastic lieutenant who agreed to coast us out with a landing barge.

So we all piled in. The sea was even rougher and I was convinced of any vehicle as efficient as a landing barge at dousing its occupants with spray. But after an hour's waiting on the deck we were in no mood to be particular.

Well eventually we bounced out to the nettles and tried to come up next to the gangway, which had been lowered. We came up next to it. In fact we got right under it, and then a wave raised us up. There was a splintering sound and the gangway assumed a lopsided appearance. (We later found the gangway itself undamaged, but the platform connecting it with the deck out of commission). The lieutenant became even less enthusiastic!

There was a ladder down forward of the gangway so we made for that. No way of securing the barge, so as it would pull in close and one man would climb at the ladder and go up, and the process was repeated twice and again.

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arrived my turn. As I pulled up the ladder I felt something slipping. When I looked down putting myself up, my strained shirt had broken loose from ~~the~~ my pants and it was a serious inconvenience. I was not pleased, and in case you think it easy to climb a flexible vertical ladder with occasional sweeps, sprints and a long lay under one arm, and at the same time try to lurch at ones stomach, let me inform you my darling wife that you are mistaken! I know!

But I finally arrived on deck with no idea what I had left, and tons tired and hungry to eat. I just dumped what I had left on my bunk, made for the mess hall and sat down with a sandwich & cup of tea.

Then Parker appeared with my most valuable possession (it's a present for you, so I won't tell you what it is). It had floated past the gangway and Parker had seen down and salvaged it. So I went to take inventory and my spirit rose. I hadn't lost anything worth while. My only summer pieces were most of the chess odds & ends I bought at the very end. So I packed everything away and went to bed for a very sound night's sleep.

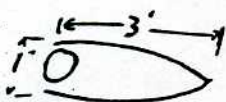
Friday, October 25, 1945
Upholsterer Harbor

Thea, my love,

You will probably be confused at any rate (I love to confuse you, you beautiful dorkies) but on the whole I'd say you'd be less I confused (although perhaps a bit more exasperated) if you read letter 109 (the one written this same day, in case in my numbering system I've written more than one) before you read this. Of course, if you've already read 109 you can accurately evaluate your feelings and anyhow there is no choice left for you. But if you have not (and to complete the ~~the~~ dilemma I think I'll send this air mail and the other not) and decide to receive this without waiting for it (meaning the other letter [meaning number 109 {the one I wrote today in case I write more than one}]) then don't say I didn't warn you!

Anyhow, as I said (had in 109 - you see what this is going to be like!) Upholsterer Harbor is October is cold. I ~~to~~ wasn't far from the rubber houses, and pulled myself up on it. It made a very

very little nest.

Fig. 1. Air view
of rubber

But the air around was colder, so I was anxious not to remain there too long. It was about 6" out of the water, but seemed in ~~accumbent~~ from anywhere else.

But eventually the lion swung a line down and secured it. The idea being that I could pull myself on it enough to

got ~~to~~ on the other stage. So I grabbed hold of it and tried to walk up my crumpled stage to Greg. But I didn't get far before the rope swung and I was right under Bob's stage. But not quite high enough. Ordinarily I can climb up a rope a few feet, but with several tons of water concealed in my clothes it was not easy, and my feet were still far enough in the water to help kick me up. But shoes and miscellaneous lines kept getting in my way, and then I hung, half in and half out. #

Stan tried to pull me up, just a few inches and I could have got my feet on the stage and pulled myself up. But they wouldn't come. Suddenly I felt this support no more, so I said "rats", let go the line and swam back to my rubber to catch my breath.

When I looked around, Stan was in imminent danger of sharing my worst. Somehow he had slipped and was now under the stage, holding on as best he could. His predicament was not

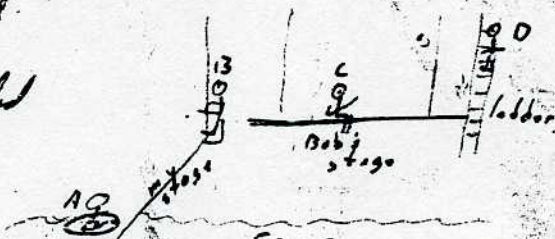


Fig. 2.

Me on Rubber

- A. Me on rubber, shivering
- B. Greg on end of stage, holding on for dear life
- C. Stan sitting & laughing
- D. Bob beating a strategic retreat

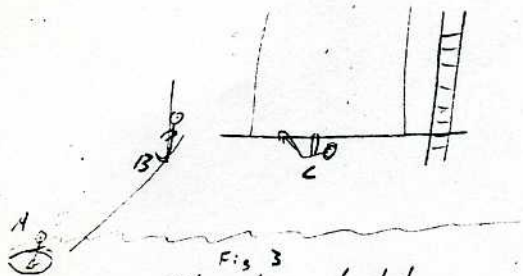


Fig. 3

Stan tries to help

- A, B, C ~~as before~~ as before, but I'm laughing more than Stan, now.

made any easier by his foot being firmly caught by a line. But finally they moved the ladder over and he was able to right himself. But even after he was back on the stage he had quite a time getting his foot free.

Meanwhile I had shed my shoes and coat and put them up on a line. I was preparing to make a second attempt to rejoin humanity rather than ~~the~~ piscivory (or what is the corresponding word for fish?) when a nearly empty life boat bore in view bound for a nearby ship. We moved frantically to them and the came around. So I jumped in and was towed over to our mid-ship ladder, which I mounted easily.

Needless to say, next stop was a hot shower, and it was very luxurious to stand under it and feel that for once I was justified in taking a long hot shower. I felt I'd really earned the fresh water!

Such completes my adventures, begun in last letter. Really it was fun, but I wouldn't want it to happen every day!

Next subject on the agenda is Christmas. I won't ask you what you want, because you'd better want what I'm planning to give you (really I hope you will like it, dear, but if you don't just let me know and I'll get you something else). as for what I want,

I honestly can't think of anything in particular. Books, yes, & things I can't think of much. I'll want certain things now, but not right away. and unless there are good things to be had I think it would make more sense ~~to~~ if people gave me cash definitely earmarked for such purposes when I need them. But really, just being home with you is the biggest and best Christmas present I could have. Honest.

But acting on the assumption that I'll be home for Christmas, most of our gifts to others is taken care of. I've gone over my list of necessities and have ~~seen~~ most of them covered as follows:

- *Mother (body): Table cloth, ~~silver~~, silver pin, slippers, cigaret case
- *Mother Drell: Table cloth, baggage and suit
- *Pop Drell: pill handkerchief
- *Aid " : Cigaret case
- *Mary (body): Scarf
- Jeans Davis: Scarf
- Aunt Edith: Scarf
- Nana : Scarf
- Gramp : ~~handkerchief~~, handkerchief, cigaret case
- Achewass: Table cloth
- Geaney " : Scarf
- Lucy " : Cigaret case
- Grandmother H: Scarf

The things I've underlined are really of pretty good quality and I think make adequate presents from lots of us. You may want to buy something more for the names I've x'ed, but I don't think you really need to. With all extra expenses we've had in our budget we don't have to spend all of our Christmas allowance. But I put them all down so you can use your own judgement. Incidentally, I'm well equipped with "stocking presents" if we have a family Christmas, as I hope we will. It would be really swell if your parents and kid could come to Rodlyn so we'd be with both our families on the holidays.

I had fun today making 40 post cards. Covered almost all the names in my address book and a few extras. A couple I was cute on, so let me quote them for you:

"Dear Lady Alice,

Recently I was thinking what I missed most from Astoria and I realized that high on the list were my frequent visits to the infirmaries to see you and the other pretty nurses."

"Dear Aunt Nan,

Alice writes that you've made a conquest of her as well as me. It's nice to see my sweet hearts get on so well together."

But most of them were sort of routine. However I really do like to send out a big batch every once in a while just to let people know I still have this address. Sort of like Christmas cards only now I have an excuse to do it more often!

But I'll sure be glad when I no longer have any reason to
write to you. When I can tell you and be told directly. It won't
be much longer, my love, before I'm home. and then not too much
longer than that before I'm home for good. ~~Oh~~ God, but isn't it
so wonderful!

I love you so very much,

Philip