

The Diary of Reuel B. Pritchett  
Transcribed by Peggy Reiff Miller, October 1, 2025

Citation: Pritchett, Reuel B. "A Record of a Trip to Europe Made by Eld Reuel B. Pritchett of White Pine Tennessee, 11 Aug 1945 to 13 Oct 1945." Reuel B. Pritchett papers. Robert R. Newlen '75 & John C. Bradford Special Collections, Bridgewater College.

*Note: Pritchett frequently capitalizes the first letter of common words that will be put into lower case in this transcription. His punctuation or lack thereof and spelling will be followed as much as possible. An occasional period will be added at the obvious end of a sentence, or commas added for clarity or a sequence, and spellings corrected only where necessary for understanding. Editorial comments are included in brackets.*

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"A Record of a Trip to Europe Made by Eld. Reuel B. Pritchett of White Pine Tennessee."

Rcvd a telegram from A Stauffer Curry of Bridgewater VA Aug 11, 1945. 4 P.M. to start to New Orleans on Sunday Aug. 12. on Stream Line train at 7:30 P.M.

After boarding said train I fell in company with two other men namely L. P. Hawkins of Mt. Solon Va. & Theo Woodson of Roanoke Va. We met in Chattanooga Tenn Woodson being an old colledge school mate.

Together we came in to New Orleans La arriving Monday Aug. 13. 7:30 P.M.

Here we met Mr Thomas Woodward at St Charles Hotel UNRRA organization office of War Shipping administration 600 Canal St. We were told our ship laden with 385 mares to go to Greece [and] a cargo of grain soon

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to be delivered.

The name of our ship is Charles W. Wooster with 42 men in crew and 16 horsemen with Reuel B. Pritchett as leader. [<https://vesselhistory.marad.dot.gov/ShipHistory/Detail/914>]

We spent the first night with the U.S.O. and slept in a room where 250 men slept most of whom was soldiers saylors & mariners. Price per person per bed 35¢. Here we checke all articles even our clothes when we retired.

Up soon Aug. 14. Mr Hawkins, Mr Woodson, and Reuel B Pritchett with a taxi drove over the City of New Orleans.

We spent the day today fixing out various papers and credentials which we found exceedingly troublesome.

By 5:00 PM we were all fixed up and we drove down to the dock where we got on board our ship Charles W. Wooster. On said ship we spent the night. Our staff to take care of the 385 horses [UNRRA records state 335, which is more in line with Liberty ship capacity] were as follows

1. Reuel B. Pritchett. Supervisor.	61
2. T. D. Woodson. Asst Supervisor	56
3. Luke R. Bomberger, Mount Joy, Penna.	18
4. Donald E. Reist, R.D. #1, Mount Joy, Penna.	20
5. Ivan Gascho, R.D. #4 Harrisonburg, Va.	17
6. Wallace W. Michael. Mt. Solon, Va.	20
7. Wilbur Layman, Dale Enterprise, Virginia	17
8. Richard N. Keller, 46 S. Charlott St, Manheim, Penna.	18
9. L. P. Hawkins, Churchville, Va. Route 1	47

10-16. (Greek names, undecipherable)

nine of which are American citizens and 7 of which are natives of Greece.

Aug. 15, 1945. All is well. We are getting organized for the trip. After dinner 12:10 we set sail after the U.S. Gov. Patroal checked us out.

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At 12:15 we were moving out thru the Mississippi to the Delta.

As we were preparing to go on board ship the long looked for news of V. J. Day was announced by the President Mr Truman.

And all Whistles. Horns. Cars. Bells and even tin cans were herd above the din of trafic.

Some shouted, some cried, some prayed and all deeply rejoiced. No more shot, no more shells, no more death on the battle points of the world. The radio on our ship kept us posted on the happenings around the world.

I sent to shore and got two news papers with the (glareing?) headlines of the surrender of the Japanes.

Among the rutine while still in Custom House was our vacnations for four diseases including small pox, typhoid, typhus, tetatraus. So today on Aug 15 some of us had pretty sore arms.

We passed on down the Mississippi and into the Delta and on to the mouth of the Gulph of Mexico. The days work being over our staff and the ships crew all enjoyed the evening on deck. The sea was calm and the sky clear and moon bright. After such an interesting eve, our staff was called

together to gather for worship by Reuel B. Pritchett our supervisor, this our manner to celebrate V-J-Day.

10:00 P.M. We are now out in the Gulf past sight of land. We retire for the night.

Aug. 16, 1945.

Good morning to all. Clear and breezy. We sailed all night and are now 12 hours more out in the Gulf. Nobody is sea sick and all the boys happy and thrilled with the trip so far. The sea is calm and really blue. We witnessed the beautiful sunrise this A.M. Sharks & porpus fish play

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around our ship. Flying fish can be seen in every direction.

7:30 The ships crew say we are now almost opposite Mobile Ala. and Dolphin Island. No land in sight. Ships of various sizes and kinds pass and meet us going in various directions.

We pass opposite to Pencecola and Panama City Fla. I just had an interesting conversation Mr John Telman Hall of Briton Ala, one of the ships crew. He tell of his experience during the war just closed.

I allso just talked to Charles V. Stevenson raised Ducktown Tn. and once lived near Bean Station. He tell of his experience having been on six different ships which were bom[b]ed or otherwise destroyed.

They say that the world is not round but it sure looks round now and our ship in the middle of it. I herd an old seaman say that it is 800 mi from New Orleans to Cuba and that it is some 5000 mi to Gibralter and we are on that way.

I must now say that the kindness shown our party on this ship by the ships crew from the captain [space left likely to add name] down to the colored cooks exceedingly fine. We join with them in one big family.

Our gun(n)er Mr Jame Hugh Cabelt of Dyersburg Tenn just now tells me of the 5-in. guns now mounted on our ship and invites me to review the guns on upper deck.

The day is most over and the sunset is splendid indeed. Nothing in sight but clouds and deep blue sea. Now we see thousands of flying fish, sharks & a porpus.

It is evening now and all men are out on deck viewing the sunset and other beautiful sights of a peaceful sea.

The nine American of our crew are really enjoying the trip.

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My attention was just now called to a boxing match between one Mr Hall a white man and one colored boy Charlie McNeal. A great crowd assembled to see the so called fun.

The following signature of our veterinan who has charge of the health of our herd of horses follows in his own hand.

Frank R. Huster VMD 2722 S. 16 St Phila, Pa.

One horse died and was burried at sea.

This eve at 8:00 I had a date to visit the engine room down in the hull of the ship which are situated 40 feet under water. This ship is a Liberty ship known among engineers as follows:

EC2-S-C1 Liberty ship

Engine 25 feet tall

H.P. no. 1 24½ diamater of cylinder

I.P. no. 2 37 in diamater

L.P. no. 3 cylinder 48 in diamater

With stroke of 70 in

Top speed of 76 revolutions per minute

I.H.P. 2500/Eng no. 329.

Name Iron Fireman [engine manufacturer]

Masters a load 10500 tons and will carry 6 mo. fuel supply.

We have on board water enough for all purposes to last over 25 days.

Fri. Aug. 17, 1945

After a wonderful night rest and calmness last night we are all up this A.M. From the deck we can see lighthouses in the distance of off the coast of Florida and a few fishing boats are in the distance.

10:00 A.M. now and then we can see a few birds and sea guls in the direction of land which we cannot see. A blimp moving slowly in a parallel with our ship. We are passing on a rout about halfway between Key West and Cuba.

All of our staff are ancious to know how we will be affected when we do approach the Atlantic proper. None of us so far have had the slightest of sea sickness.

I think I should say something of the food on our ship. We have everything we

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could have on land as in any large city resturant. Stake, roast beef, chicken, pork chopp, sausage. All kinds of vegetables, apples, cantalope, coffee, tea, tomato juice, cider, & ice water, fresh oysters & sea foods. We can eat what we want and all we want and any amount of any drinks we want.

This ship has now 6 mo. supply of all foods for all the crew and our men.

It is a city within itself.

The day is passing and evening approaches and we are out on the Atlantic proper and five of our boys and myself are standing on the bow of the ship as she plows up a mist of spray which it has done since noon Wednesday with a single stop.

We are standing some 35 ft. above water and the boys are singing religious songs. Today one of the ships crew asked me to preach on Sunday to the crew.

Now being around Key West we have changed our course and are heading right out in to the Atlantic.

Our radio picked up Cuba and other Spanish programs.

It is now 8:30 and we can see in the distance some city, perhaps it is Miami Florida.

A number of planes have gone over since dark. One circled the ship and give signals to the captain and the mate.

10:00 oclock at night and we see a ship in the distance sending up flares (signals) of some sort.

Now we see a meteorite fall. Lovely it fall in the water it so far to land.

We have made friends of the crew of this ship of every man on it.

We now set our watch up one hour being in Eastern time zone.

This evening I visited the ships store and purchased one pr. shoes, 3.96, one pr. pants, 2.42, and a cap 77¢.

I allso did some washing. I got my garments clean but not so white.

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We are now cruzeing around the extreem southern part of Florida. We see light on shore, cities in the distance.

Sat Aug. 18, 1945

This morning we find ourselves going out to sea proper and perhaps 300 mi from shore. We have now had several days travel down the Mississippi, across the Gulf of Mexico, accross toward the Keys (Key West) around Florida and then north east and we are now heading on out thru the Atlantic. Some time during the night the sea got more boisterius and we were in sight of several storms and passed thru one.

Said rain cooled the air. But the waves are now rolling higher and the ship rocks decidedly more. One boy of our crew is sea sick.

3:00 P.M. The clouds lowered and a storm swept over us, the ship rocked and tossed, the rain fell in torence, and such a mist was in every direction that we could scarcely see 500 yds.

One of our boys, Donald E. Reist being sick I took I took him to see Dr. [blank space for name] and he was placed in the ship hospital.

We just had a wonderful supper. The meals are the best I have ever known.

7:00 P.M. We now change our course suddenly and are sailing towards Cape Hatrice [Hatteras] and nature is closing in for the knight and agin I am sitting on the bow.

Today I spoke to the capton of the ship relative to holding public service on the ship. To this he exclaimed yes Sir Preacher go right ahead. Well said I, Capton you name the hr. and the place. Any where and any place you care. Then I said, we will have service at 10:00 oclock.

Sunday Aug. 19, 1945.

Stormy and rainy agan today. Two more boys are sick. Sea-sick.

According to arrangements

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we assembled on the stern under the gun terret for worship. Prayer, reading, sermon & prayer by Rev. Reuel B. Pritchett.

We had a nice audience of sailors, seamen, cooks, and ship crew, more cooks and our own staff. The men were all attentive and highly appreciative. They rushed out with a camera for a picture of the crowd, also a no. ask for me to pose for a picture with them, one or two of which were made on the 5 in. gun terret.

Our audience represented men from Panama, Greece, and a no. of other countries including a no. of states of the U.S.A. We were out in mid ocean, waves high, white caps floating, the ship rocks side ways and length wise. To have Gods word read and commented on on board was an unusual thing for most of the crew.

We are now going out to sea.

11:30 A.M. We had another wonderful dinner. Fried chicken, mashed potatoes, candied yams, corn on cob, celery soup, bulbs, roast tongue, tea, coffee, lemon pie, celery, olives.

Some of the crew who was sick is some better this noon.

But the Atlantic is rough today.

Some excitement just as we were going to service someone rushed into my room and said one of your horses has hung himself across a partition. I hurried down into the hull of the ship with two hand saws and three men to saw him free, but the old sea sick, tired of travel horse did free himself without sawing out the partition. These horses have been standing on their feet for several day and will not have a chance to lie down until the boat lands.

3:30 P.M. Sunday, Aug. 19, 1945.

After changing our course at Cape Hatteras 7:00 P.M. Aug 18

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we are now about 400 mi. out in the Atlantic from the Carolina coast.

We are heading for the Azores which is some 1100 miles from U.S.A.

The sea is choppy and foamy. I am now in conversation with two men and a Navy man. Mr. Lester Franklin Taylor, Evansville, Ind and Mr. Rocky Herrin, Grand Prairie, Texas (Boatswain) of the ship.

6:00 P.M. Two men, Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Hall, in commenting on the Atlantic said we are now on water 3 to 5 miles deep. At supper Mr. Rocky Herrin said that he had never seen or heard of a sermon on board of ship, a no. of other men said the same thing.

I must say that those who attended the services and the no. represented all men on board except enough to man the ship.

Our church [Church of the Brethren] sure did get a lot of compliments from all the men for engaging in such a worthy project.

May I add that the whole crew now insists that we have services on deck next Sunday. They ask us to preach tonight. But we have a prayer meeting in mind for our staff. Now we see a little bird flipping about the ship. Seamen say it has gotten lost and will no doubt stay with us until we land.

Monday Aug. 20, 1945.

Well this is our 6<sup>th</sup> day on the water and they say we are about  $\frac{1}{3}$  or less of the time.

The sea is calmer this A.M. and all is well.

When you see how this ship is constructed and equipped you can understand how civilians were rationed of steel, iron, copper. Iron pipes, comodes, kitchen utensils, buckets, pans, tubs, wheel barrows, pitch forks, wire cables, ropes, all sizes and every thing you can think as this ship is 482 ft. long.

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We are sailing due east and have been for several days. The sun sets over the stern and rises over the bow. Since Aug. 15 at 2:10 our ship has never stopped. The mighty engines down in the hull grind and growl all day and all night without a stop. We can feel the mighty ship heave as tho it was alive and breathing as for me it verily rocks me to sleep. Others are disturbed by its two fold movements.

After noon the sea is calm and all goes well.

The gunners invited me to inspect the large 5 in. gun in the terret over my state house.

They said that I can have a 5 in. shell if there is one empty.

We are still traveling due east. We are still on a straight line toward the Azore Islands.

Old seamen say the Atlantic is 3 mi. deep where we are now.

They say that should a man die at sea on this trip with no facilities to freeze and keep a human body that he would be buried at sea.

For supper this eve we had pork, ham, calf liver, butter beans, tomato & lettuce salad, butter potatoes & macaroni, candied yams, ice tea, jellie & peach cobbler.

Tonight after the days work was over I agan did my washing.

Today I got an appointment as leader in charge of our staff in fire drill which applies in case of any serious accident such as if we should hit a floating baum [bomb] or if our vessel should spring a leak. I am with 20 other men assigned to life saver boat no. 2 up forward. We have all been provided with life saver jackets.

Tues. Aug. 21, 1945.

All are up this fine cool and breezy morning. We had rain during the night and the old ship did rock. But as for me, it just (?) me to sleep.

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I just had a talk with the capton (skipper) Mr Jim Moran of our ship. He is a fine young man full of business and exceedingly courteous to me. We were told at the Customs House in New Orleans that every thing would be in charge of the capton, in fact they said when this ship leaves port the capton will be a little king.

Men who commit any kind of a misdemeanor can be and will be tried before the capton and can be put in the hold of the ship on bread and water.

Today is a wonderful day cool and pleasant.

As for me I am enjoying every inch of the trip. For a couple day Aug. 19 & 20 I did have quite a reaction from my small pox vaccination and now have a sore arm. All of our boys are better of their sea sickness today.

An old seaman says boys we are 1000 mi. from shore and water bound. Most of the crew are good men at best by (?) when measured by our standard.

Our boys had singing on the deck last night. Sang religious songs from a book they brought along and these old seamen crowded around to hear the music.

It's evening now and the sun sets over the stern of the ship and we are sailing in a direct line toward the Azores. We see no land birds now.

We have on board three cats and one dog.

We have a very sick horse which the Dr says will live until morn. 1 hr. later the horse died, just a few minutes ago. Tomorrow we will bury her at sea.

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The moon is most full tonight and the moon rays spreads a silver coating as far as we can see. Tonight closes our 7<sup>th</sup> day at sea and the chug and grind of our massive engines have never stopped a minute.

Some of the boys are writing letters to home folks hoping to have a chance to fly them when we reach the Azores.

As for me my health is fine, as for the eats it is luxurious. My trouble is not that I don't eat but that I eat too much.

I will never forget how the face of the Atlantic goes up in the distance and touches the sky. It looks about 2-5 mi. but from the first deck we see 20 mi., from 2<sup>nd</sup> deck we see 25 mi., and from the bridge we see 30-35 mi.

10:00 P.M. Eastern time I retire for the night.

At one o'clock one of the boys on post called me to get one of our horses up. In time I awoke the Dr and we got the poor old tired horse up.

Wed Aug. 22, 1945.

I eat to much stake for supper and did not sleep well and still have the effects of it. Well we buried at sea the old horse which died last evening. Swung it up out of the hold of the ship with a massive boom. When it was released it dived head first perhaps 40 or 50 ft but back to the surface it came. I watched it for a couple of miles floating in the wake of the ship. This is our eight day at sea without a stop. Even our engine have never ever hesitated. I had another talk with our capton Jim Moran. He is a fine fellow and very congenial. The capton and 1<sup>st</sup> mate supervised the burying of the horse at sea.

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I am off this A.M. with 2 degrees of fever. The Dr prescribed quinine which I am taking at intervals. I am now reclining in top deck and in a conversation with Mr. George Mageau. He is one of the crew, a member of the Catholic Church and faithful to its tenants.

4:00 oclock P.M. I now see a ship in the distance, the first living thing we have seen for a no. of days.

This eve three saylor ask me to inspect a no. of small rifles and they very kindly gave me two small cartridges, some 7 in. long.

5:30 I have taken very little exercise since noon.

I eat a very light supper.

Examined by the Dr and have a shade less than 4 degrees tempiture. The Dr orders me to go to bed immediately and I am now taking sulfadiazine two every 4 hr. day & night.

No sea sickness. The Dr thinks it could be coming from my small pox vaccanation. However I do have a very soar arm. I am advised not to go out on the job this eve or night.

The Dr came to my room late this eve and found my tempiture a degree lower. I finished with my quinine tablets and continue to take the sulfa tablets 2 every four hrs.

The Dr brought me three pints of grape fruit juice. Wants me to drink all of it.

Thu Aug. 23, 1945.

Today is the 9<sup>th</sup> day in the water.

Last night we came close to a large ocean liner going toward New York.

As for me I am some better I think.

Then I went to have a hair cut by Charlie Mc\_\_\_\_\_ and he did a splendid job.

The sea is calm today and we speed on. We have never ceased for a minute.

3:30 P.M. I am lying out on deck, upper deck, enjoying the scenery and the fine cool breeze.

Don Reist, one of our staff, and I are now in a conversation compareing his church the Mennonite and my church the Church of the Brethren.

I feel much better this P.M.

The clouds are comeing up all around and it promises to be a stormy night.

I have listened to two radio news reports today.

I notice that white clouds make a lighter affect on the sea. Clear sky causes the water to look very blue. Dark spots, clear spots, light spots allso present a spotted appearance on the sea. Tonight we had as usual a big supper.

We see from deck a ship some 20 mi. away going an opposite direction.

One of the Navy boys on our ship tell us the following story of two Japenese suside boys whos baum(bomb) planes failed to go off. These boys were 16 & 17 yrs old, had had only limited training and no experience in landing a plane. They get 10 days furlow prior to suside attempt with anything they want. Drinks, eats, and (?), even all the girl companions they care for. They have a funeral then dress in a burial robe with a Japenese flag bound to their brest and get in the cockpit

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and locked in to it and take off. These boys expressed themselves as really being disappointed because they failed to explode and hard as it may seem the Navy give them the needed satisfaction they longed for. I long to see such a philophicy as that taken from the mind of man.

Fri Aug. 24, 1945.

Sea a little rougher this morn. My arm is really soar from the vaccanation.

I now have the worst arm of our staff.

This is now the tenth day on water and no land or stopping place yet. We surely will be to the Azores soon.

One of our boys Ivan Gascho got horse kicked this A.M. but not serious. His arm has a crushed and brused mussel.

6:00 P.M. All is well and we speed on and still have never stopped.

They say we are now in the neighbourhood of the Azores, a group of islands which belong to Portugal. From here to the Rock of Gebralter it is some 1200 mi. One saylor says the distance from New Orleans La U.S.A. to Athens Greece is 6600 mi. We don't seem to be half way yet. Today we wound our watch up another hour.

Before bed time we encountered a rain storm which lasted several hrs.

We notice that it rains without any trouble at sea.

Bed time. All quarter lights are out.

Sat. Aug. 25, 1945.

Today makes eleven days at sea without a stop.

We shot one horse during the night last night to get her out of misery.

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At 9:00 oclock we witnessed the burrial of the horse at sea.

Today is the windies day we have had as yet.  
 Sea is choppy. White caps everywhere.  
 Two of our boys have gotten hurt, one kicked by a horse, one bitten, neither serious.  
 We hear over the radio that a terrible herrickane is sweeping over the Gulf.  
 The Sailors say we barely missed it.  
 The ship rocks more today than ever but it does not and never has affected me a bit.  
 Some days ago somebody told us that we were comeing to the Azores but we learn today that we will not be there yet for a day or two.  
 I just had an interesting conversation with the ship engineer Mr Fred A. Eckert Baton Rouge La.  
 He is 58 yrs old and has been on the sea for 42 years.  
 He tells me that it costs \$580.00 per day to sail this ship.  
 After sitting on the deck for the fine breeze then working the horses I retire about 9:30.

Sunday Aug, 26, 1945.  
 Last night and this morn is the roughest sea we have had. The spray comes up on deck.  
 At 10:00 o'clock we had services at which time I preached to a mixed multitude of men on subject of Holy Ghost. Every body had the unual [unusual] experience of hearing a sermon preached on a war vessel 5 in. guns mounted due overhead.  
 7:00 P.M. This Sunday has passed and has been the most rocky day yet and it promises to be a bad night. The sun set clear tonight but the wind is high.  
 We have now finished twelve

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days at sea.  
 We are now in the neighbourhood of Azores but to far out to sea to see land or even light houses.  
 To my surprise it is several hundred mi. to travel to pass the Azores.  
 Good night.

Monday Aug. 27, 1945.  
 Thirteen days at sea.  
 My it was rough last night. All night long we were tossed and pitched on the restless waves. Our ship 480 ft long and heavy loade and made of heavy steel through out was handled by the waves of the sea as a common river would handle a paper carton.  
 I tried to anchor myself by taking a half hitch around the iron railing of my bed with my arm.  
 Every thing that was not tied or locked slammed and moved all night.  
 At 3:00 this A.M. our boy on watch called me and after a trial I called the Dr [veterinarian] and we used a block & fall to pull a horse out of a hole where the tossing ship had pitched her.  
 Later in the A.M. I lanced two horses which had gotten banged by the pitching of the ship.

The sky is clear and the weather is a little cooler today. Last night we moved our watch up another hour. This is the third change.

We expected to mail male [*sic*] at the Azores but no hope now since we will not stop there.

We are now in what is called European waters and all day the sea has been rough. Since we are near the Azore Islands we now and then can see a white bird on in the wing.

Supper is over for Aug. 27 and the Navy boys are

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engaged in target practice with U.S. army rifles and of course I secured a no. of cartridges for souvenirs.

Some of the targets are balloons sent up with helium gas.

Good night 8:00 P.M.

Tuesday, Aug. 28, 1945.

Fourteen days at sea. The weather is cooler and the sea rough. Our ship rocked and tossed all night last night so much so that a no. of our boys and the crew could not sleep. As for me I just got along fine. The weather being so much cooler we are wearing more clothing.

This noon we met another ship going toward the States.

Today we got new linens for our beds, towels, & soap.

About 3:00 P.M. another Liberty ship passed close enough for the crews to talk to each other.

We found out today that this ship is carrying 400 tons of water and 160 tons of hay.

The ship is surely tossing again tonight, perhaps the worst yet.

Today I secured two cartridges about 4 in. long.

Today I had another talk with our captain Mr James Moran. He stays in the bridge but he ask me to come up and visit with him. He sure is a nice fellow and so very considerate of our staff and our church.

Wed Aug. 29, 1945.

Our ship rocked and tossed all night. We had to hold on to the bed rail to stay in bed.

Later in the day our ship still tossing.

Dinner my soup spills out of a bowl first over one side then the other.

We are now well past the Azores and on our way to the Rock of Gebralter which they say

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is some four days away.

We are definitely now in European waters. These waters along with the Azore Islands are controlled by Portugal.

I had another talk today with captain James Moran together with the first mate. I got permission to crate and ship from our ship a large cartridge and its projectal.

I allso discussed with them how to handle our cash and sasheers checks in Athens Greece.

Agan the church matter come up and they both sure spoke very complimentary of our church in their endeavor to help rebuild a war torn world.

This P.M. another Liberty ship passed in 500 yds of us on its way to the States loaded with U.S. army trucks.

I waved at the men on deck and they waved back.

The ship has tossed and pitched all day.

Tonight closes our fifteenth day at sea and all is well so far. I just closed a conversation with Mr Rocky Herron "The Boatswain" and he was free to express himself how he appreciated having a minister on the ship and how he was stirred at the preaching of the Gospel.

Today we moved our watch up another hour. We have moved up four times since we left the States.

Thu. Aug. 30, 1945.

Good morning. All is well. Our boat did not rock quite so much last night. Ever since we were near the Azor Islands we have been bothered with what the seamen call swells. At a distance they look like a rolling hill. They look smooth and harmless but when they approach (our?) ship is lifted high then, swing down in to the trough, then another

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approaches and so on thru the night. We roll from one side of the bed to the other.

This A.M. every body is talking about the "Straight of Gebralter" "Rock of Gebralter." We are just 48 hrs away.

Noon and it is the sixteenth day at sea and fortunately the sea is much calmer today.

5:00 P.M. We pass another ship going to U.S.

Today we had quite a bit of excitement when a horse jumped over his pen and walked around the deck at will.

The store opened today and I secured some under wear and chewing gum.

Mr. Hawkins and I after dark went up on the bridge and had a long talk with the 1<sup>st</sup> mate. He told us that we would be to Gebralter by midnight Fri night. We are not so far from the shores of Africa.

Fri Aug. 31, 1945.

Good morning to the crew. Good morning to our staff. Good morning to the waters of Africa and the approach to the mighty Gebralter.

The sea was calmer last night and we had a better nights rest.

The sky is clear and the weather is cool. Last eve we enjoyed a coat.

We are now getting into the section of the Atlantic where mines have been planted and the waters have been considered treacherous all during the war but our capton says mine sweepers have cleared our route of most mines. We could however strike one.

We have never stopped a minute since we put out to sea Aug. 15. Thus we have been at sea seventeen days and thank God all is well.

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Noon one horse jumped out of the pen, one was down and had to be pulled out of a jam with a block & tackle, and one died today with pneumonia and we burried her at sea. This is the fourth one that has died.

In a conversation today I found out that I am the oldest man on the ship. Mr. David is 49, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ head engineer is 54, and I am 61 yrs old.

Since noon and as we draw closer to the African shore we begin to see sea gulls and other birds. We have been two far out to sea for birds to hold up that far.

Ever since yesterday our capton and mate has been conversing with Gebralter. A pilot is to come out to pilot us thru the straight.

We passed Casablanka last night.

Tonight we see lights on the shore of Africa on the starboard side and we see the shore of Portugal on the port side. These are the first shore lights we have seen for more than two weeks. We seen two fishing boats this eve which is the sign of land

We are going in to the neck of the Straight of Gebralter tonight.

It still seems like several days travel in water before we come to our port near Athens Greece.

I just listened to a news broadcast. Radio is all we get. We had news papers Aug 15<sup>th</sup> the day we left.

After we pass thru the Straight of Gebralter we go into the Medeterion Sea.

Today we had fire and boat drill when the signal came. I as well as all men on board drew on our life jackets and raced for our post in

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case of fire. However I am in command of two holes of the ship and five men. At the second alarm we climbed the steel ladder out of the holds and raced to our rescue motor boat. In my case it is boat #2 on upper deck.

This is a wonderful experience for all men on board in case of fire or a reck of any kind.

In case of fire every man knows which hose to go to. In case of a reck, torpedo, or a collission every man knows which boat to go to. My boat is boat no. 2 on port side on upper deck.

We are beginning to see lights along both sides as we near the Gebralter.

Sept 1, 1945.

Good morning. We are now in the Medeterion Sea and on our last stretch toward PIRAEUS Greece.

We are now past the mighty Gebralter and we are now passing between Africa on our right and Spain on our left. The mountains on shores of Spain loom up like our Tenn & NC Smokies. Every body is cheerful and anxious to get to our journeys end.

The Medeterion Sea is quite [likely means quiet] so far and porpus fish in schools are (seen?) on all sides. Fishing boats, birds, and other large ships are common. Most of the ships are coming from the various war zones toward America. In less than an hour we seen more than 15 ships & boats.

Very contrary to what we have been hearing it is nice and cool on the Medeterion. The sky is clear.

I arose and dressed twice last night, one when the fog horn blew, one when our night watch reported a horse was down.

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#### Prayers

My prayer for today Sept. 1, 45.

I thank thee Father God for all blessings maneyfest, multiplied, and many fold.

I think thee our Lord Jesus Christ for all the sacrifices you have made for our salvation.

I covet the leadership of the Holy Spirit to guide me in all truth and holyness.

I recognize this Holy Trinity in their great effort to save sinners from spiritual destruction and I want to be gloriously saved and be one in that number.

Amen.

Noon Sept. 1. We are now slipping past the shores of Spain and approaching the shores of France, Marsales France, these isles on our left port side of our ship. On our right we are approaching Algerres Africa. It will be Africa for 900 miles on our right "ship board."

The coastal mountain range mentioned this A.M. on the shores of Spain & Portugal are Sierra Nevada Range. One peak on the map on Spanish shore shows to be 11400 ft high.

Today on the sea has sure been pleasant sailing and it is our eighteenth day at sea.

I want to thank God for good health. I really feel fine.

Tonight we moved our watch up another hour which means we are 5 hrs ahead of New York time. 12 oclock New York is 5 oclock here in Medeterion.

Good night. I will now go and check the horses and then retire.

Sunday Sept. 2, 1945.

We are now out of sight of the coast of Spain and all the southern coast of the Medeterion Sea but we are following the coast of Africa, North Africa.

We are now on what old seamen call bloody waters. Our ship is no doubt

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passing thru a mighty grave yard of ships of all kinds, planes, bommers, submarines, and thousands of soldiers of many nations lie peacefully at the bottom of this sea.

Let us thank God that the war is over and men and nations can persue peacetime pursuits.

Last night we sailed along side of one of Brittons mighty battle ships. It was all lighted up and displayed a proud appearance.

The sea is calm agan this morning and all is well. The men are counting the days. It seems to be about 5 days yet before we are in a Greece port.

Today makes our nineteenth day at sea.

You would think of the world as a world of water.

The sea here as elsewhere is constantly lashing, gnawing, and eating at the base of the high African mountains now in sight.

9:00 oclock a Rushion ship comes in sight and its path would center our midship but we had the right a way and the Rushion ship changed its course and let us by them. It straightened out on its course toward Algeria Africa while we are passing.

The mate extended to me the rare courtesy to look at the ship thru the field glass from the bridge. I exclaimed to the capton that ship represents a great nation but represents a people with a bad philopy.

You are right he said.

11:30 noon meal for dinner roast spring chicken, dressing, gravy, corn, potatoes, peas, olives, celery, peach pie, ice tea.

At 10:00 I agan preached to an (?) audience. Next Sunday we expect to

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be in Athens Greece and hope to visit cathedrals and other places of interest.

We are now meeting another Liberty ship on its way to the Straight of Gebralter.

We are all in the path of a ship which we are catching up with.

Since noon I had the priviledge to see a whale, school of purpus fish right along side our ship.

This ship has never stopped a minute yet.

Its propeller is 18 ft in diameter. The blades are 4 ft wide. Each turn pushes the ship forward 16 ft and the propeller revolves 70 revolutions per minute.

Since noon we are sailing close enough to the African coast to see cleared fields on the rugged mountains sides.

After supper. For supper we had fried stake, spinach, stuffed cabbage, cold slaw, mince meat, butter, jam, ox tongue, donutts, ice tea, fruit salad.

I went to the sick bed on the ships hospital and had services for an inmate Mr Geo. Fineberg(?) 545 N 32 St St Camden NJ. He is on his way to a Marine hospital some where in Europe.

Good night.

Mon. Sept 3, 1945.

Twenty days at sea. All is well and we are drawing toward our journeys end. Some say Wed. and some say Thu. At any rate we will just stay on board and see.

Sea gulls and other birds are flying every where.

Ships near and some in distance are traveling too and fro.

This part of the Mediterion has been the battle ground of many nations for a no. of years.

Men of many nations together, their equipment lie side by side beneath the deep.

Now we come in sight of two or more volcanic islands which are

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the property of Italy and they lie on our port side. They are the approach to Sicily Italy. These islands are just a series of sharp jaged peaks right much like the famous Mt. Lacont [Le Conte] of our Tenn & N.C. Smoky Mt. They are red with darker (?), treeless and void of vegetation. Just volcanic spikes sticking up out of the sea. Beautiful to look upon. Their names is Belita [I believe this to be Galite Island which had an Italian naval base in WWII but is owned by Tunisia.] and (Altuss?) [I could not identify this island; but it is likely part of the Galite archipelago.]

On our starboard side the shores of Africa present a long continues chain of ruded mountains, sharp peaks & high ridges interspersed with sand bars and planes near the coast. This morn we seen what looked to be a look out on top of one of the highest peaks.

Now we come in easy distance of two strange phenomenas. Two large bolders of solid rock sticking out of the water on the African side but far from shore are they. Between the two rock an American ship with 42 men in its crew in 1942 struck a mine and blowed up and all were lost, nobody was rescued. In this mighty Medeterion country these two rocks definitely mark the spot of these men and their cargo.

Last night we moved our watch forward for the sixth time. It is now 12:00 noon Sept. 3 with us but just 6:00 A.M. back in Tenn.

We have several days ago passed the Azores, then we passed Gebralter, Portugal, Spain and now are passing province after province of the vast African continent.

The shores of Africa are sure beautiful from this close range. 1:00 P.M. Sept. 3. I looked at the whole scene from the bridge thru the 1<sup>st</sup> mates field glass.

Our boys have had a no.

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of fads. One was to make a ring out of PVC & VOC pieces. Now they are trying to secure a horse shoe from our cargo of horses. Even the capton now has one tacked up in his state room. I have a nice one which I am polishing. When I get it home it will have traveled 13200 mi. on water and crossed the ocean twice.

As I have said I am the oldest man on the ship and the only man which started with a beard but quite a number of the boys now have beards.

12:30 Sept. 3. My what beautiful shore line. We are still passing on short range of African shore line. One beautiful little town, Bizerte by name, nestled in the cove of the mountain built mainly for war purposes.

We are now approaching the Ile of Zembra. We are in sight of an old university now in ruins on a mountain top over 10,000 ft.

5:00 P.M. We are now passing the Cape Bon, a long neck of volcanic rock projecting far out in the Medeterion. This part of the African shore has seen much of World War no. 2 and is known as Rumels ruins in as much as all the cities was destroyed and layed waste by the German General Rumel but he was overtaken and defeated by the Americans, English & others and all of his tanks, planes and equipment lie in (ruins) on these shores together with his men who are now (bleeching?) on these bleak mountain shores.

This is the north African battle field.

It is night agan and we next will come to Malta, the most bom(b)ed spot on earth. We will pass it about midnight then about daylight we will come to Sisely Italy.

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Tues. Sept 4, 1945.

We have been twenty one day today on the water.

Sept. 3. give us the most scenic day of our whole trip. A long African cost, the grave yard of Rummel. He was known as the Desert Fox. The Sahar Dessert is just back of the shore line of North Africa.

This morning we are in easy sight of Malta, the most bomed spot on earth said to have been bomed 2000 times. It has been rould for a no. of years by a man of a Brethren faith. As we approach it it rises abruptly out of the sea as if it was man made massonary then it carries a rather level skyline. Its size and area I do not know.

But we do know that it is a land of much suffering whose people were killed and citys, dry docks and indistries were laid waste.

Will it ever be rebuilt? God only knows.

8:00 A.M. I had the rare privilidge to look at the island of Malta thru the first mates field glass. It brought the historic island up so close that its massive stone cities, gun turrets, dry docks, and ports and custom buildings could be seen as tho they were  $\frac{1}{2}$  mi. away.

A beautiful location for a city stretching for several miles along its coast. Malta, Malta, Malta, the pride of the Medeterian. An out post of protection for the democracies of the world before World War no. 2. Malta, Malta, Malta, a shock absorber aganist thousands of vishious attacts stood like a stone aganist the storm of battle brought on by the German empire and the Italian army. Malta, Malta, Malta, a vast waste of rubble and destruction. May your

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wounds heel and your cities be rebuilt and may you stand like a giant in memory of the out post to which rightfully belongs the credit, the defeat of Rumbles mighty armies in North Africa. Since we left Malta we sail out of sight of land and approach what the capton call a hot spot, so called because every sea lane has been fortified by minds (mines). Mine sweepers have cleared a narrow passage way for immediate shipping. This way we hope to find.

Wed. Sept 5, 1945.

Good morning. Except for the rolling of our ship all night we come thru safely. This was the first swells we encountered since we left the Atlantic. For six days we have had lovely sailing and we have had no rain since we left the Atlantic Ocean. We have so far missed the storms which are so common in the Mediterian. This seems to be our last whole day of sailing before we reach Greece and it is our twenty second day at sea.

There was no land in sight, houses in sight all night and noon today the sky is clear and no fog. We are doing our washing today getting ready to go ashore.

When our cargo is off of the boat we are free to go as we please. I plan to visit a lot of places of interest in Athens.

Today we moved our time up another hour. Thus we are seven hours ahead of Knoxville time. I listened to a brodcast this morning from Toronto Canada. We still can hear New York. But the most we hear is in some strange language.

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5:30 Sept. 5, 1945.

We can see land looming up ahead of us. It proves to be the shores of Greece. We have seven Greeks on board. One of them on his way home and has not been home for 15 yrs and knowing that most of his folks have died on account of the horrors of war. He is so glad to see the shores of his home land. He come to me and shook hands and kissed my hand and said I can not sleep tonight. They all was gleeful when some one said land, Greek land.

After 22 days of sailing without a stop we see the shore of our destination. First a no. of islands then sight of southern Greece. We shall endeavor to whip around southern Greece and on to PIRAEUS, a sea port city of 250,000 people and it is a suberb of Athens.

On our way about nightfall we passed Crete, so much spoken of in the Bible Acts 27:7, 12, 21 & Titus 1:5, 12. I turned to the scripture and read of Pauls experiences in this mission field.

We had herd for a no. of days that we would strike a tough spot in going round southern Greece. Before the war rocks were to be dreaded but now mines in these narrow passes was the most serious. Our radio operator told me that he recd (received) a message that one or more mines had been spoted in our path so we changed our course 3 degrees to miss it.

Soon after dark our ship come down from its top speed of 71 revolutions to the minute to 20 rev. Some times it would get up to 50 but it just crept thru this mind field all night. It went so slow it disturbed my sleep. I was up

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a no. of times to see if we really was moving. The sea was all most perfectly calm thus the vibration was reduced to a minimum. The capton placed an extra man on watch up on the bows upper gun turret and well he did for just in time about midnight he spied a rock ahead. He give a quick allarm and our ship swerved to one side and we were safe. So we go on in the night passing island after island.

Good night.

Thu. Sept. 6, 1945.

Good morning. Daylight and safe to this hour for which we thank God.

This is our twenty third day at sea and we expect to get in to the harbor of PIRAEUS Greece this A.M.

10:00 A.M. We arrived at PIRAEUS on time to find out that we must go to SALONIKA, 300,000, some 200 mi. further up shore. But we are anchored in port along side a beautiful city which has vast areas in total ruins. Many city blocks with out a single window or a bit of smoke or even a single person on the street. Not a tree or a sprig of grass any where. Great castles, domes, and large buildings all in total waste. No autoes, no vehicles, just a forsaken shore line city. But how the city does extend way back and covers many bleak and (?) shapes and of course the people have found refuge there. Traders of all sorts have come to the ship and offer to trade for cigretts, matches, shoes, and any kind of clothes. Here I got a \$5000.00 bill and two nice strings of beads. We find out that we will not leave this port until Sept 7 5:00 A.M.

And a string of trading

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boats keep on coming. The day drifted by with our ship still in PIRAEUS harbour scheduled to leave Sept. 7, 6:00 A.M.

Sept 7, 1945.

We left harbour on time via of the AGEAN Sea for SALONIKA Greece. The old Bible name is TESS-ALONICA Acts 20:4, 1<sup>st</sup> Thess.1:1. The Apostle Paul wrote to letter to the Christians of this city namely 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Thess. New Testament.

I must say that the city of PIRAEUS is a beautiful city even if parts of it was bombed to rouins. It is spread around the sea coast on a no. of barren hills and every building is built of stone.

No trees are in sight. However they say that over the barren mountain which holds back the sea vegetation grows.

10:30 Sept. 7. We are agan out to sea (Agean Sea) which looks as vast as the Medeterian except we can see land on our star board side and on port side we are passin an island where prisoners of war suffered, starved and died.

It looks to be a bleak mountain of volcanic rock, treeless and it is said it is void of fresh water. It is evening now and we have been passing island after island all day on our way to northern Greece.

We expect to arrive in port Sat morn about 7:00 oclock then we hope to unload our horses and go ashore.

Today Sept. 7 makes 24 days at sea.

7:30 The capton reports that they are following a storm tonight and we can see the lightning and hear thunder and black clouds are coming over and we are heading right into it.

Sat. Sept. 8, 1945.

We escaped any serious

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damage from the storm which we passed thru during the night. The rain however cooled the air and it was the first rain we have had since we left the Atlantic.

Today makes 25 days on the water but we are 5 or 6 hrs behind schedule on account that the steering geer on our ship went haywire last night.

This morning we are passing mountainous islands with many villages and cities dotting the slopes.

Now in sight is the remains of a recked ship aganst the rocks of an island.

The waves are rolling high this A.M.

We are now in the worst storm and wind and high waves we have yet experienced.

The mist from 10 to 15 ft waves lash on upper deck. We can hardly walk on deck at all.

We are passing some of the most picturest scenery we have seen yet. Rock bound coast stretching a wall of low green shrubbery back in to the distance dappled with stone houses, small rock fenced fields with crops, orchards, vineyards and such crops as will grow in Greece.

We are nearing our distination SALONIKA on the end of the Agean Sea and it is dotted with numerous islands.

We are now passing a British mine sweeper trying to clear the sea lanes of mines which was layed by the Germans in the Agean Sea.

10:00 A.M. The storm rages, the waves are high. Happily we are sailing straight in to the storm path thus we are cutting the waves instead of the waves lashing our broad side.

2:00 After noon we are sailing along side of beautiful Maccadonia so much

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spoken of in the Bible Acts 16:9, 18:5, 19:21, Rom 15:26, 2<sup>nd</sup> Cor 7:5, 8:1, 9:2, 4, 11:9, 1 Thess. 1:7-8, 4:10. A

A beautiful rolling country it (is). Farming is the main industry.

Thank God that I have the chance to see the country where Paul preached and the opportunity to sail on the same water he sailed on.

Macedonia has a comparative level coast line with mountains in back ground. After seeing so many bleak mountains it looks good to see green trees on level land. Here and there are citys and town dotting the coast line.

4:00 P.M. We dock in the city of SALONIKA or Thess-a-lonica Greece.

A pilot came out to meet our ship and pilot us into port.

He told us that 40,000 Jews out of 50,000 was carried away and killed by the Germans during the war and he said that their people died at the rate of 4000 a day with starvation.

We viewed hundreds of buildins which had been bombed to ruins. Whole city blocks are now void of building which was covered with fine buildings.

In the harbour which is filled with all kinds of sunken ships eight of which we can see the masts and smoke stacks above water.

Most every ware house on the shore is unroofed or otherwise damaged.

Many buildings do not have a single window glass in them which from the concussion was shattered to flinders.

By dark tonight the long shore men began to unload our horses and one got louse and jumped into the sea.

I got passes for all of our men and we all went to shore to see the city. The city is much different to our citys.

Street full of shops of all kinds. We bought water melons, figs, grapes, and souveniors and all come

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back to our ship for the night. The people feel keenly the shock of the war and are glad to just be able to live.

One man on street after finding out we were from America shook hands with me and kissed my hand. All were courteous & kind.

In this city of 300,000 there are many very fine buildings ranging from 4 to 8 storys hight but no uniformity as to streets or alleys and people live in many of the down town upper storys of fine stone buildings.

We made the second trip out town and retired about 11:00.

Good morning.

Sunday, Sept 9, 1945.

Well the horses were all unloaded by 7:30 this A.M..

During the night one horse got away and jumped over a sea wall in to the sea and was out to sea for three hrs. and returned and was rescued unharmed.

Well a no. of us went to the Greek Orthodox Cathedral church for services today.

It was St Sophia on St Sophia St in SALONICA Greece.

The church was built 750-780 A.D. now near 1200 yrs old and is now in a wonderful state of preservation.

It was once taken over by the Turkish Gov. but was restored to the Greeks agan after World War 1. It now shows marks of war #2. in as much as it has the frunt portoco burned away and a no. of shell holes and bullet holes in its walls and dome. It has a wall of not less than 5 ft. It has beautiful articture and fine artistic pictures of the Last Supper, twelve apostles, Marry & Jesus, Moses and others.

We were met and escorted down to the frunt and I was given a special chair to one side of the chancle (chancel). The chair which the Govenor of the province SALONICA used during his life time.

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After church was over which lasted for 2½ hrs they observed a memorial service for one of their members who had been dead 40 days. Then they took us all round the church and in to meet the preast who had one of his subordinates to cut a loaf of bread into little squares and ask us to partake which we did. This was done as a social meal of fellowship, a sort of a Lords Supper not the communion.

We then climbed into the upper chambers of the church and awn up into the bellfery and one of the attendents give us each a few little stones from one of the moasics (mosaics) which has been damaged by the war.

Many rifle bullets has been malissiashly fired into it and some larger ball has burried up in the wall.

Then I must mention my very interesting visit to the old walled part of the city. The walls very in thickness and hight. Some parts of the wall are thick enough for people to live in and some of them are as high as a three story building. The wall is called the Wall of Seven Castles.

I visited the main castle which is now being used for the prison of the city and there is now over 700 prisoners in this one castle. I was impressed with its duribility and its strange zig-zag style of architecter.

This wall was built entirely around the ancient city of Thess-a-lonica and was built by the [blank space likely for name to be added] about the date [blank space].

There are places where enemies would half to cross seven walls in order to reach the citizens who would seek refuge in the main castle now used as a prison.

We visited the famous white tower where King George the 1<sup>st</sup> of Greece was killed in year 19-12 or 13 during the Balkin War.

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Sunday night I went to church St. Theodoses Church tonight and herd a service in English by a English pastor chaplin. It is a beautiful little stone church with a dome, colloms & marble floor and the pastor told us that the Germans used it for a horse stable during the years of 1940 & 41. Allso it still has most of the windows out which was shattered when bombs hit the street in frunt of it.

The story relative to the massacre of the Jews of this and surrounding cities and towns is beyond description.

As mentioned above something like 45,000 Jews from the city of SALONIKA alone were carried away and killed.

Our pilot in the harbour set the figure at 46,000. My friend Mr & corporal SAMAKAS LAMBIS, 2163 [or 2/63] 336 Squadron RHAf SALONIKA, a British soldier from Egypt who piloted me up to and into the old castle ruins told me that the Germans and Italians correlded and carried 30,000 Jews out of the city and turned flame throwers on them and burned them all up alive at once.

We met a Greek who made his wealth in New York and now lives in comfortable circumstances in the city and who did entertain some of our boys told us that 48,000 Jews was killed during the reign of teror by the Germans & Italians.

This city is listed as a city of 300,000 but the population from other totaly destroyed cities and towns have swelled its population to near ¾ of a million or more.

All quarters are crowded to the capacity. Supplies to eat and ware are scarce and high. Even water on the hilly section of the city is not plenty.

We are told that twenty-five or more ships are still on the bottom of this harbour. We can see the mast,

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broad sides and smoke stacks of eight of them.

Good night Sunday night.

Monday Sept. 10, 1945.

We were to leave port at 6:00 A.M. but left at 8:00. All is well.

We are now returning thru the Aegean Sea back to PIRAEUS and Athens Greece where we will unload the rest of our cargo.

Noon. We sure had some excitement at noon. Six mine sweepers sailing in formation just ahead of us exploded a mine which was exactly in our path and they cut another one loose and one ship in sweeper fell out to blow it up when we got by.

This part of the Aegean Sea has been dotted with mines and British sweepers are constantly on the job trying to clear the Aegean and Mediterian Seas of mines.

It is now 8:00 at night and we so far have hit no bom. Thank God for protection.

The register on the ship shows that our propeller which drives the ship turned over 2379572 times on the way over and each time it drives the ship 16 feet. Thus on that score we traveled on way over 7400 miles while the estimated milage was 6650 mi.

Well we are tonight on our way home and back tracking our path thru the Aegean Sea. With those beautiful Grecian island mountains sticking up to our starboard side.

In SALONIKA we picked up three passenges for Athens Greece. One of them a fine young man DIMITRIOS SARREAS. He agan related the awful massacre of the Jewish population of SALONIKA. He said that the Italians and Germans slayed 46,000 Jews and made soap of their bodys, burned their section of the city and tore down their synagoges and bomed their cemetrys until it was nothing but ruins.

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Tonight we herd that the 6 mine sweepers found and destroyed 8 mine during the day Sept. 10.

Good morning.

Sept. 11, 1945.

We had a pleasant nights ride last night. The sky is clear and sun bright. All is well and we are nearing the harbour of PIERAUS Greece. Along side of us sails a transport ship load of Greek soldiers on way to Athens and other points. Along its side are three mine sweepers making sure the path is clear.

10:50 A.M. We are now going into port PIRAEUS Greece. All the shore line is laid waste by boms of World War #2. A few are being replaced. Great heaps of debris strew the streets for miles. All buildings are either concreat, brick or stone. Some large substantial buildings are (?) to the foundation.

At 1:00 oclock nine of us go to on a tour thru city of PIRAEUS, Athens and the rouins of the Pathenon and other ancient rouins. We will give \$4.00 in U.S. money or 2000 Dragmas in Greek money. One \$1.00 in U.S. money will buy 500 Dragmas paper money.

Well we had a tour around Athens and especially did we visit the rouins of a no. of other ancient buildings and temples which are all most beyond description.

I bought a couple books so I would have all the dates when they were built and reduced to rouns. Especially was I thrilled to see the spot in which St. Paul stood when he made a memorable speech. On Mars Hill Act 17 ch.

I then went down to the city of Athens itself buisness district and there I had a chance to see the university library, cathedrals and temples of various sorts.

I am made to exclaim Athens, Athens beautiful city for many centuries you have made and kept history alive.

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Wed. Sept. 12, 1945.

Yesterday was a great day and today has been just as great. I went to the city of Athens today and visited a no. of places including the city library, university and I allso made a trip to the top of the highest point in or around the city on whose cragy summit is situated a cathedral. Here I could over look the city all around. I climb 1100 stepps to reach its top. I fell in company with an Irish young man of the British army whos company was very congenial.

I had quite an experience trying to find some old books for sale.

A fine young Greek boy escorted me around town. However I did find a shop

1. and bought an old music manuscript made by a monk in a monestary on Ile of Athos Aegean Sea about 1700. I had the pleasure to see the buildings on our way thru the Sea. [Athos is a peninsula

2. then I bought an old flint lock pistol which has 20.00 worth of silver mountains in it. [silver-mounted flinklock] made in Greece about 1795.

3. and an old sterling silver ink & pen holder combined which has 20.00 worth of silver in it allso.

4. then an old wood block painting with 16 human images on it including a fine madona. A real museum piece made about 1650.

5. then I secured a Greek silver cain. Made 4<sup>th</sup> century before Christ. From Ile of CHIOS 100 mi from Athens cained during King Alexander reign.

6. an old book with the five first books of the Bible in it including a book devoted to Jesus of Nazrath.

The man from whom I bought the articles lives in Athens and has a buisness there. He is an exporter of fine antiques to various museums all

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over the world and especially to the United States. He mentioned that he had shipped a lot of materials to Kansas City, Kans.

Among my experiences which I had I fell in company with two orthodox priests. One of them invited me to have ice cream with him while we talked about the similarity of his church and Church of the Brethren. He told me that they had allways baptized by a three fold (action?) and that they now and have allways practiced feet washing.

He also went in great detail about St Paul preaching to the Athenian people from the summit of a hill just down from the Parthenon. [added later – Mars Hill]

Paul preached the known God to the people of Athens first.

A small depression has been hollowed out in the rock where Paul was supposed to have stood.

Shurely I shall never forget this day.

Good night.

Thu. Sept. 13, 1945.

Up early, had breakfast, mailed two letters to Tenn. and out again for the day.

Six of us roamed about the city of PIRAEUS and especially about the docks and the huge ware houses which have been blasted in to ruins, great masses of steel, gang ways, R.R. bridges, huge trussels, & hoisting machines to unload ships of all sizes just piled and twisted beyond any use at all. They have taken blow torches and burned away enough of it to let the traffic thru, especially the trains.

Our guide showed us a piece of (?) 7 in. thick 2/3 ft which had cut in to a tree 8 in. and 10 ft high which was thrown 1 1/4 mi. from a blasted ship and just around a corner was to

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be seen a twisted piece of the hull of the same exploding ship which weights 10 tons and smashed in to a large stone building and tore the roof and one side to the ground. It all came out of the harbour over 1 mile away.

The six of us hired a taxi and drove 30 mi. in to the country to see a (?) sight of the country side. Many things of interest was before our eyes. We stopped at St Mary Cathedral some 10 mi. out of the city. A fine old church it is. It was built yr 1080 and now stands on the sight of a former church which was built 500 A.D. This church sure shows (?) of its art and mosaic and was much disturbed by the Germans of the recent war.

At the end of our journey we stopped in a small village on the shores of the [blank space for name] Sea. Here we visited a family who invited in a no. of adjoining families with a no. of interesting children of all ages. We give them all some U.S. coins. They were quite friendly when they found out we were from U.S. We spied a U.S. flag high in the air and was told that it was a U.S. country. We stopped by to find that there were some 80 American soldiers buried there all marked by a white wood cross about 3 feet high. Most of them carried the name but a few of them said unknown.

One fresh grave buried yesterday Sept. 12. In this grave had been placed what was left of four U.S. boys whom lost their lives in a plane crash.

The grave was covered with flowers such as grow in Greece.

When we got out of the car we walked two by two around the circle to its center. Here we stood in a column of six while we bowed our heads in prayer led by Reuel B.

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Pritchett. We each held in our hand a small twig taken from an olive tree which we placed on the rim of the circle then we viewed the cemetery in detail and found that there were about 80 soldiers burried there and the caretaker had 8 or 10 graves dug for the next ones. We passed the section which was sparsly wooded by some kind of pine trees. Our driver told us that the Germans corralled and tied up many Greek soldiers and shot them.

Most of the successful farming is done by irrigation. We seen a no. of primitive water systems, some (?) types and others. The farming land lies in the valleys and on the low land. The slopes and mountains are a mass of rock and void of trees and grass.

We had the pleasure to visit a large olive orchard and see the olives on the tree and a crew of women picking olives.

In a no. of places all out thru the country we found German concreet pill boxes along the road. Here and there a bomb had hit and rendered havoc to what ever it did hit, especially the bridges and the docks on the sea.

We were back by noon and mailed some letters and visited PIRAEUS. Marked which was exceedingly interesting in every way. Then we visited a no. of second hand shops where we bought a lot of interesting articles. I bought a Egyptian silver dollar, one very fine old candle stick, one old brass coat hanger, 6 nice little miniture tumblers, and three ink wells.

I had the experience to see a solid ship load of Greek prisoners of war come in to port from German and to see the throngs of people from all walks of life come to meet their long looked for folks, they with packs on their backs, clothes

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in tatters and they look undernurished, presented a pitiful spectable.

Today we had the priviledge to see the noted Swedish passenger ship Gripsholm [Gripsholm]. It will soon sail for New York, it is a palace on the water.

Fri. Sept. 14, 1945.

Good morning. All is well.

We hear it rumored that we will not leave PIRAEUS until Tues. Sept. 18.

We found a very compitent pilot Mr George Tritakis 62 Andromachis Street Athens Greece who spoke good English and was well informed on ancient medival and modern history.

We took the train down to city of Athens. We visited the old ancient water clock at the foot of the Atropolis which was built [space left to fill in] B.C. The foundation and the dome & tower is still there. The grooves for the water to make its rounds to the water cups are still there in spite of its age. The old marble well top is still there and shows the rope marks accross its side left there by the Athenians 2000 yrs ago.

We next went to an old cathedral which was built, St Marys, 1080 A.D. and adjacent to it we visited the National (International) Cathedral for the whole Orthodox Church. It was Holy Cross Day and the building was thronged with people of the city.

Here we recd a warm welcome. After we were shown thru the various departments of the magnificent church with its millions of dollars worth of art, then I was permitted and invited to go into the secret chambers of the priests and Pope. [The Greek Orthodox Church has an archbishop, not a pope. The reference here would be to the Archbishop of Athens, head of the Orthodox Church in Greece.] Here I met at least a dozen of the priests and the Vice Pope who give me a nice little boquet of mints saying to you in honor of the pope. This I highly appreciated. All of them were exceedingly courtes. I had an experience here that but

p. 74-75

few folks can have outside of the Orthodox Church and one would have to be a priest or his aid in order to have this priviledge. Here we seen a high gold canopy toped chair and others roulers are permitted to sit in. When in city of Athens and attending said church one priest bid me good by several times and kissed my hand.

The priests and pope all wear a full beard and long flowing robes.

To being a special day (Cross day) the church bells rand [rang] at intervals all night and rang special at 6:00 A.M.

All folks who visited the church, and it looked as if the whole city was comeing during the day, a waiter at the dores give each person a little sprig of mint which they eat and then appeared at the various crosses, crufixes, and images around the church and made the sign of the cross and even kissed the feet and images of a no. of them.

Our guide pointed to the hill top Mars Hill where Paul stood when he introduced the Christian religion to the people of Athens. Read Acts 17: especially verses 1-4-13-15-18-23. It is a wonderful experience to see to see the spot where Paul preached.

We visited the University of Athens. Here we seen a wonderful lot of paintings among which the judge passing a death sentence on Socrates.

I also bought a few nice relics among which was a piece of wood painting dated 1550, one old nickle plated flintlock pistol, and a fine old Greek coin coined during the reign of King Alexander B.C. 345 coined at Amphipolis Macedonia, and one old Roamon coin coined at Athens at time the Roamon Emperor had charge of Greece A.D. 100, one fine old blass door pull. [Glued between these pages were two Athens street car receipts and a printed flier in Greek.]

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I shall relate an experience I had cashing a cashiers check after making such purchases as mentioned above.

I went to the American army head quarters first and found out that I should have gone to the head quarters of the U.N.R.R.A. Instead here I made my way from one department to another. Finally I was sent to Mr. Reeds office, (Cass?) Arthur Reed 580 Columbia Ave. Pomona California, Pilgrim Congregational Church pastor Pomona Cal.

He and I were introduced and I proceeded to present my credentials and along with that I told him that I was working under the auspecies of Church of the Brethren. Then said he let me ask you a few questions. Have you a college in Cal? Yes said I. Can you give its name? La Vern said I. Can you name its president? C. E. Davis born in Tenn. I replied. Do you know Dr. Kurtz? I do. Do you know Culler? Yes. Then he said you can get your money. Then he called his publicity man, a Greek, and made an engagement with me for a story of our trip together with information relative to the Heifer Project and other activities of our church in our effort to reconstruct. Allso he wanted a picture for the papers of Athens.

I was elated to get two letters from home today, one from bro John, one from Erlene, two from Ella. All is well at home. Thank God.

Sat. Sept. 15, 1945.

This has been a lovely day and of great profit to me.

After breakfast I went to Athens as I have been doing every day for several days. It don't cost us any car or train fare because we are Americans and are trying to help them. I had been invited to appear at the U.N.R.R.A. office to have a picture made and to give a story of what our church is doing for the Greeks. The photographer took me on top of a five story build-

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ing for the picture.

Here I had another interesting talk with Rev. Reed, an U.N.R.R.A. official from Cal. U.S.A. Then I made a trip to Mars Hill and had the priviledge to stand on the spot where Paul stood when he preached to the men of Athens, Acts 17:22. Then my pilot took me to the side of the hill of the Acropolis on whose summits stands the Parthenon and showed me a walled up cavern now with (?) rod door where Paul was supposed to have spent the nighs while in Athens. There is a marble slab which marks the spot. On Mars Hill there is a copper rod drove into the (?) solid rock marking the spot where Paul stood when he preached.

The bottom of the cave contains a secret water supply which had a secret windind stone stair way up to the Parthenon when it was in its prime over 2000 yrs ago. The water now runs out away below and I drank out of it from an iron pipe which flows out by gravity and in this dry country it is one of the extremely rarities. No streams, no springs in this country side.

Well I agan view parts of a no. of rouns of the city and come home [to] ship for supper to find one of my former pilots who had spent 22 yrs in America ready to take me over to his home. We however stopeed by a great catredal and injoyed the service as well as the fine art, pictures, and architecture of the building. Here I met three priests and one of them invited me to his home. My

pilot and another prist went along. In his highly Christian home we with his family & 4 children had a pleasant eve for several hrs.

He brought out some sweets, a little wine, water and coffee and thru my interpreter I answered many questions

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relative to America and especially the Church of the Brethren. We have a no. of thing in common. He invited me to a wedding tomorrow then to witness a baptizing in the eve.

Sunday, Sept. 16, 1945.

Another fine morning.

Myself and Mr R.C. Owens went to the Metropolitan Cathedral down in main part of city of Athens which is not only their national church but their international church. It is the home of their pope. Here we found the cathredal crowded. We allso viewed the little church in the yard which was built 430 A.D. and is still in fine state of preservation.

One of the most interesting things we saw in the national cathredal was the tomb of one of the popes who was excuited by the Turks while they held the country of Greece in bondage which was for 400 yrs and ended in 1821. The Turks after the execution of the pope carried his body out in the Aegen Sea and threw him over board and by chance a Rushing ship picked up the body and surrindered it back to the Greeks and they now have his body buried in an [blank space] and is a real shrine in the big fine cathredal.

After we were in the service today we visited three other cathredals and all were beautifully decorated.

May I mention that Mr Reed informed me yesterday that he had herd of the death of Edker [Edgar] Rothrock of Cal. He was one of our big men of the church.

Well this eve I had the outstanding privilidge to attend a Greek wedding in one of the best homes. It was very interesting in every way. 1<sup>st</sup> the ceremony was very lengthy. Two priests and other hight church officers participated in it. After the ceremony all congratulated the bride & groom, then they had a candy shower which covered the bride & groom.

I allso throwed on a few lumps of candy.

Then as their custom is we all set around and they served cake,

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wine, candy, & candy loaf.

Then at length they give me a little boxed up present for my wife and some candy balls for her. In fact it was a swell affair and I must say the bride was the best looking girl I have seen in Greece.

Then according to arrangements we went to another home for a baptizing. This was also a lengthy ceremony. The laver was carried from the cathedral to the third floor of an apartment where the family lived. After a certain part of the ceremony the child, a boy, was presented to the priest nude who took the child into his hands and put him into the water and out of it three times and layed him into a blanket held by his mother who carried him away and dressed him and then presented him to the priest for still more ceremony. After this was all over we were seated. Here I met a few people who could talk some English.

They served two kinds of fine tasty drinks and two kinds of cakes, candy & ice cream, and also give me candy for my wife.

It was a rare chance I had to witness a wedding and a baptizing in the city of Athens Greece. The old priest dressed in robes which was very Oriental in its appearance, we would call it a mantel, was of course dress as was all the priests I met, and I met at least 15 or 20 counting those I met in Salonica, PIRAEUS & Athens.

The priests whose home I visited, when he give me good by each time I left the home would shake hands & salute me with the kiss of love.

Monday, Sept. 17, 1945.

This is a Monday and we plan to leave this city tomorrow.

We make our final visit to the city of Athens today and I agan go up to Mars Hill and also to the cavern in the slopes of the ACROPOLIS where St Paul slept. A marble slab has an inscription on it to mark the spot.

We allso agan visited the old Roamon market which has yield-

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ed many relics of art dating back to the 1<sup>st</sup> cen A.D. We, myself and Donald Reice [Reist] fell in company with a young man, an Armenian, and his beautiful girl friend, a Serian. She was manerly, smoothed featured, fine countenance, well built. Very reserve and tactful. His name Edward Kal Parkins, Odos Praxitclos no. 40 Athens Greece. He wanted so much to come home with us but the captor would not allow us to take him on as a passenger, especially since we have orders to take soldiers back to the United States.

We did however take him down to one of the nicest places in Athens and we had ice cream together which cost 930 drachmas, one fifth as much in American money. Then we three took the subway train to go to PIRAEUS where our ship was docked. We franked him to the harbour then paid his way to and from our ship. He told us that he had just ceased from his job with the Greek Merchant Marine which worked him 15 hr. day and paid only 40 dollars per mo. in U.S. terms of cash and that he had his parents, one sister, and his wife to keep and that one pair shoes cost \$20.00.

Well the day is over and shore leave ceased at 4:30. A lot of us had a quantity of drachmas on hand. We sent to shore to get grapes, apples, and so on.

Tues. Sept. 18, 1945.

Well this A.M. at 7:00 oclock finds us leaving the harbour or PIRAEUS and the historic city of Athens. While we are 250 mi. closer home than we were at Salonica we will go to Naples Italy and get some soldiers to take back to U.S. This no doubt will add to our mileage enough to make it about same distance home it was to home from Salonika.

A no. of our boys and myself picked up an Italian gun each out of the rubble on the shore line. Myself and Mr Woodson & Mr Hawkins moved about a ton of stone

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and concreet and found at least 10 rifles and literally hundreds of cannon shells of all sizes from 1 in. to 5 in. and three feet long.

I have boxed 25 or so and expect to bring them home.

Well we have sailed all day and now passing some of the outlying islands of Greece which we readily recognize having seen them as we came over.

I must mention the name of Mr Robert K Yeaton U.N.N.R.A. Athens Greece. Home address c/o M A Foster Rt. 3 Box 235 Petaluma Cal. U.S.A. Mr Yeaton sure paid the Church of the Brethren a grand tribut and said they done things rather than just talk about doing it. He said he wanted me to carry a message to the founders of the Heifer Project and went on to say that you people have found a method in this act to glorify the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Good night. This is our first day on the water on our return trip.

Wed. Sept 19, 1945.

All is well and we had a most pleasant trip all day yesterday and last night. The sea is calm. We slipped out of the Aegean in to the Medeterian agan and we are now out of sight of land.

6:00 P.M. We have seen no land all day and all seamen say the sea is the calmest they ever have seen. The face of the water is smooth as glass.

Today we agan had fire and boat drill. I am still a capton of a no. of men.

If we count one day and night travel from Salonika to Piareas then this day Sept 19 makes our third days travel toward home.

Sept. 20, 1945.

Good morning. All is well and we see three sail boats and a strip of land in the distance which surely is Sicily. Yes, information from the mate on the bridge tells us that the high mountains in the distance [is] Mt

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Etna over 10741 ft. high on Sicily. We can also now see land on our right (port side) which is the toe of the Italian boot. By 10:00 A.M. we will be to the narrow pass - city Messina.

Today we turn our watches back one hour.

9:30 A.M. As we pass Mt Etna we can see the actual volcano on its summit belching out smoke and ashes which drift with the wind far inland. As for the land on the toe of the boot port side the shore line is really beautiful. It presents a variegated collar of rocks, trees, and shore line.

12:00 We are now in the narrow part of the passes and we are so close to land on either side that we can see the church steeples, roads, ware houses, and car on the roads.

For miles on either side it is city after city blocked one against another. Beautiful cities which have undergone the ravages of war.

This narrow pass is called Straight of Messina with a large city of Messina. Before we got to the Straight we passed two other large cities on port side, Syracuse & Catania and in the Straight on the starboard side is the city of Reggio.

To our starboard side we are passing Mount Stromboli, a perfectly spherical and we go on into the night expecting to be in Naples. Soon we are sailing in the Sea of [blank space].

Fri. Sept. 21, 1945.

This morning we are near the harbor of the great city of Naples. It is spread about the harbor like a great horseshoe. It looks to be industrial and many tall buildings can be seen laid out in great city blocks.

The tall blue mountains about the city form a great contrast with the harbor & the city, the tallest of which is old Mount Vesuvius which is situated at the outskirts of the city

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of Naples and on whose summits come fire, smoke, & vapor and which credit for being the most active and largest volcano in the world.

Before day light this morn huge light as tho it was flashes of lightning played about its crater.

The crater is said to be one mile or more across. The irregular cone around the crater itself can easily be seen from our ship.

Mt Vesuvius destroyed a great city Pompeii before Christ, the ruins of which have been excavated and are one of the scenic places of all Europe.

As we approached the harbor of Naples we came thru a narrow pass between Isle of Capri. In the States we once sang the song (Isle of Capri).

Naples is located along the leg of the Italian boot and was the scene of much battle during World War #2. From our ship we can see much wreckage on the shore line.

We anchored in the Naples harbor about 8:00 A.M. and docked about 4:00 P.M.

I met a gentleman from N.C. Mr J.M. Durham of Durham N.C. who showed us around the dock a little and here we seen fine large ware houses and many other buildings completely in ruins from bombs. We also seen a large no. of ships which had been sunk by bombs.

Mr. Durham proposes to pilot about the city.

Today I was glad to get a letter from home and to learn that all is well.

The city of Naples is a city of about 1,500,000 population and has the largest harbour in Italy.

There is now perhaps hundreds of ship in the harbour which belong to many nations.

This city of Naples is situated on Sea of Tyrrhenian, thus we have sailed on the Mississippi River, Gulf of Mexico, Strait of Florida, Atlantic Ocean,

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Strait of Gebralter, Mediterian Sea, Stait of [blank space], Gulf of PIAEUS, Aegean Sea, Gulf of Salonika, the Ionian Sea, Strait of Messina, then Tyrrhenian Sea.

Sat. Sept. 22, 1945.

Good morning. We are in the harbour of Naples, the largest harbour of Italy.

Mt Vesuvius stand like a great giant over looking great cities like Herculaneum, Pompei, which it has threatened and layed waste and which now sleep in the dust of its destructive eruptions of 2000 yrs ago and which still threaten the citys of the community with its smoke and fire which we can see bubbling out.

Today we formed a party and took a tour to see Pompei which was destroyed by an earth quake A.D. 63, then was partly repaired, and then compleetly destroyed A.D. 79 by a mighty eruption of Mt Somma, a twin bro. to Mt Vesuvius which too no doubt uses the same source of liquid fire deep down in the earth with which thru them God furnishes death and judgment to a sinful and adulterous generation.

We seen a great city of 4 mi. sq which has been uncovered from its blanket of cinder, ashes, and lava of 24 ft over the citys top. All streets are paved with stone and are in good condition today. Many walls, monuments & statues and even many paintings, mosaics are still preserved.

I should mention the old wine press, and numerous wine jugs and wine pots both hot and cold, water systems, led pipes, theatres, courts, medical shops, drug stores, play grounds and private homes, palaces, temples, paintings, and other signs of immorality as well as signs of great skill and science.

No amatore could believe how great the city really was unless he would have a chance to see it. Let him who would know more read up on the subject. I did

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secure a little book "Pompeii as it was and as it is" so as to keep my memory refreshed of it (granger?).

Then our party visited the Old City of Naples "Ye wicked old city." Naples is a beautiful city of nearly 2,000,000 soles. The center of the city is a large arcade building with a large glass dome in the center whose four streets come into a center.

Naples like most of the European citys is badly damaged by boms especially around the harbour. Hundreds of fine buildings bomed to street levels.

Sunday Sept. 23.

We expected to leave the city this A.M. but the soldiers did not reach until 10:00 or later. One hundred and two of them marched on board to the music of the band. You would halfto see them to be able to know how proud they were to get started home.

They were satisfied with any quarters just so they could turn homeward.

At last late in the afternoon we set sail for the States of the U.S. This would be our fourth day on water on our return home.

Monday Sept. 24.

All is well and we had a peaceful sea and a wonderful nights travel last night.

Today I met the chaplin for the army boys on board, however he is a Catholic priest and said he prefered to have me serve as chaplin for the Protestant boys so we will proceed to have two public services on board each Sunday at 10:30 and we still go on with our daily Bible and open forum subjects. The name of the priest is B. J. (Freasere?) from state of Wis.

I understand that we have 102 men on board over and above the ships crew and our staff.

We had fire and boat drill agan today, every man to his post.

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Monday Sept, 24 is our fifth day on the water and we are now sailing in the Mediterian Sea agan. 6:00 and a storm is beginning to rage in accordance with a report reed by the captan.

Tuesday Sept. 25, 1945

The storm raged all night and quite a no. of our staff was very sick as well as a few of the ships crew and every so many the soldiers on board.

Some 4 or 5 of our staff vomiting at once. As for me I cast up my supper and eat no breakfast and had little dinner and have stayed in bed most of the day.

The old ship rolls and is tempest tossed beyond imamation.[likely meant to be imagination].

Today we set our watches back one hour. We are sailing west and every few days we gain an hour on the sun.

4:00 P.M. The storm still rages and our patients find little or no relief.

Last night the rain fell in torence most of the night and the weather is considerable cooler. Today we all got blankets.

8:00 and we retire and the boat from the raging storm rocks on.

Wed. Sept. 26, 1945.

Today is our seventh day on the water and the sea is some quieter.

And all the boys including myself are better.

We expect to stop in some African port and take on some ballace [ballast] so we can brave the expected rough water of the Atlantic.

Having nothing to do we spend the time reading, writing, and in interesting conversations.

As we go along we pass Algeria, a city of Algeria Africa but we are far out to sea and out of sight of even the hills of the province. Night approaches and we change our course so as to

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sail on the harbour of Oran, a city on African coast.

Thu. Sept. 27, 1945.

We had a nice ride all night on the Mediterian Sea last night. This morn finds us anchored in the harbor of city of Oran. This is a beautiful French city built around the harbour and was one of the strong holts of the Germans at the out set of the war. Before our eyes we see a great castle on top of a high mountain over looking the city of Oran where in the German soldiers post the army of Arnim. Many American soldiers lost their lives on this hill in routing the Germany army and which was successfully done.

Our purpose in stopping at Oran was to get orders as to which rout to take after we pass Gebralter and allso to learn just which port we enter of the United States.

In this harbour we see a large ship cut in two, one half still afloat and many other enduring marks of destruction.

12:00 noon we set sail again for some port some 60 mi. away to take on ballace.

2:00 P.M. We are now passing a long stretch of North African shore. Beautiful shore line dotted with small villages and farm lands, populated with Arabs & French.

2:30 to our starboard side we pass a series of some shaped rocks sticking up out of the sea. Solid rock, no soil, not a sprig of grass.

I understand we got orders at Oran to land at Norfolk Va.

We arrived at BENSOF [space] in order to take ballace but we arrived to late in the eve to load and the sea was to deep to cast anchor and the dock to small for a large ship to tie too and be safe from being smashed by a storm against the ledges. The waves are high now from the raging winds.

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Fri. Sept. 28, 1945.

Well we sailed all night and made no progress. We towed out two sea and run circles all night and thus no progress.

This A.M. 6:00 we towed in to port along side of a huge elevator conveyor and begun to take on ballace composed of iron ore from the (?) of Africa.

This town of BENISOF [space] is owned by the French but a great many of its citizens are Arabs liveing in their primitive way. The men wore thin short kinky beard, heads wrapped with a turban, dark skinned and (?).

On the street we can see two wheeled carts, carts with one or more up to four horses, burrows strung out instead of side by side. Often we see a woman leading the burrow and her man riding the burrow. The trails leading from the dock are lined with women carrying heavy loads & pack on heads and backs. The women do all the labor relative to the home and its upkeep. We see many boys from 8 to 15 yrs old swimming about our ship (nude) and can stay up for over an hour.

Here we taken on 500 tons of ballace, red oxide iron ore and left the dock about noon.

This is a unique little mining town with beeches and many resorts, a French English style church in the distance and Arab mosques can be seen. One large cemetry with tombs and vaults situated on a hill side.

Good by to the many scenes of Europe. We sail now for Gebralter.

Sat. Sept. 29, 1945.

This A.M. at daylight one of the ships crew called me to know if our boys wanted to see the famous Rock of Gebralter. We all quickly dressed and rushed out on deck. There she stands, said to be the best fortified spot on earth.

It is easy to see Spain on the Rock star board side and French possessions on the African port side.

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As we pass the Rock we bid fare well to all of Europe proper. Here the Mediterian shakes hands with the Atlantic Ocean and this is our last view of land for at least 14 more days.

The Spanish city of PARIFA is on the most western tip of the main land.

Today is our tenth day on water on the road home.

Allso today is the day for the anuel Love Feast at French Broad, my home church.

Sunday, Sept. 30, 1945.

All is well and we are makeing good head way. For two days and night we have made good time and we have smoothe sea with a current driving us ahead.

This A.M. we saw a school of whales, six traveling two by two, all of them spouting water at intervals and two of them showed their huge bodys above water.

At 10:00 A.M. we had church and I preached to an attentive audience on the subject "how the Bible come to us".

This is a beautiful Sunday of sunshine and fair sky and this is our eleventh day on road home. After supper three of the ships crew come to my room to discuss religion and we really had a wonderful time. We had a nice audience and each of the following

John T. Hall, Jr., R 3, Brewton Ala.

Jack C. Croy, 545 East Call, Tallahassee Fla.

Houston L. Brown, 405 Ontario Ave., Bocalusa La.

Today we moved our watch back one hour.

Monday, Oct. 1, 1945.

The night was clear and the sea was calm and all is well this fine morning.

The services we had Sunday morning and the unplanned inquiry in my forecastle on the part of a no. of men seeking religious instruction is the topic of the day

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today and a no. of men have already expressed themselves to come back to my forecastle tonight to continue the investigation.

This A.M. one of the colonels conducted an open forum in the officers mess hall.

He ask me to speak which I did briefly.

Today I finished crating some of my affects.

After noon the day has passed quietly and we have never stopped a minute since noon Friday where we took on ballace at BENISOF Africa.

Today closes our twelfth day at sea.

Tuesday Oct. 2, 1945.

Clouds are flying thick and fast this A.M. The radio tell of approaching storms, the wind is stirring briskly, and some rain is in evidence.

The following interesting times of history relative to "Charles W. Wooster" from whom our ship was named is hereby given by Mr Donald Reist of Mount Joy Pa., one of our staff. He takes it from the ships bulletin board. [account written in a different hand]

Charles W. Wooster  
(1780-1848)

Charles Whiting Wooster was born in New Haven, Connecticut. Since he came from a sea-faring family, he went to sea himself as a boy, and when he was twenty-one, he was in command of the ship "Fair America." During the War of 1812 he commanded the privateer "Saratoga," and captured twenty-two British vessels, including the privateer "Rachel," which he defeated in a hot action off the coast of Venezuela. After the war Wooster returned to the Merchant service, but the death of his young wife gave him a restless desire for change and adventure, and led him to join

the in the South American struggle for independence. In 1817 he sailed for Chile on his armed bark "Columbus," which the New York newspapers stated was on a "commercial voyage—" although carried 66 cases of guns and 300 barrels of cannonballs. When the "Columbus" arrived at Valpariso she was taken over by a Chilean revolutionary government, while Wooster became captain in the infant Chilean Navy. On October 18, 1818 he commanded the Chilean frigate "Lantro" in an action which bottled up the Spanish warship "Maria Isabel" and captured her, Wooster being the first to board her. Shortly afterward he left the Chilean service because of the hostility of Englishman Lord Cochrane, who had been placed in command. For several years he engaged in whaling, but after the departure of Cochrane he re-entered the service of Chile as chief of its naval forces. In 1826 he attacked Chiloe Island, the last Chilean stronghold of the Spaniards, and capture it in conjunction with land forces, in an action in which he showed the "courage of a lion," according to the Chilean President. Three years later he retired from the Chilean Navy with the rank of rear-admiral and a pension, and returned to the United States. He died at San Francisco in poverty, and at his funeral the flags of Chile and the United States were draped together over his grave.

~

p. 106-107

The sea is rough today.

We had an open forum today conducted by an army major. He inquired into the church Heffer Project and paid it a great compliment.

This morning we moved our watch back one hour.

Today is our thirteenth day on the water on our return home.

We are now past the Azores Islands.

The sea is till rough.

Wed. Oct. 3, 1945.

The sea raged all night. Some of the boys have lost their appetite.

Big swells and high waves 12-15 ft. are in evidence.

We had the forum agan at 10:30 conducted by colonel [blank space].

I did my washing today. I need to wash out garments once more.

By radio the chief gunners mate got an order from the War Department to dump over board all ammunition on board except for the 5+ in. guns.

We witnessed the dumping of 12 or 15 smoke bomb drums, many big gun primers, and much smaller machine gun type shells.

Today is the fourteenth day at sea on road home and the ship has tossed all day.

Thu. Oct. 4, 1945.

Last night was the roughest sea we have ever had. The old ship rocked and tossed. Most of the men did not sleep much and some none at all.

Noon. We are this day being relieved of a quantity of ammunition, some 40 thousands rounds of twenty (ca.? – meaning caliber?) millimeter cartridges. Over \$30,000 are being poured in the Atlantic. This ship has been heavily armed during the war.

Today we had another interesting forum.

Today is our fifteenth day at sea, and the storm has raged for three days and nights.

p. 108-109

Friday Oct. 5, 1945.

We had a very boisterous sea all night last night but it is a little better this A.M. Mr [blank space], a soldier, cut my hair. Then I helped the navy boys throw 10,800 rounds of 20 m.m. cartridges over board.

After noon. The sea is much quieter this P.M. and the distance to Norfolk is 1600 mi.

We have not seen land since we left Gebralter and the coast of Spain Sept. 29.

This eve the ships pet and playful cat accidentally jumped over board. She had just had her supper of meat and choice food, then as usual out for a play with Toots our dog and the boys on board. Allas she spring to the top rail of the ship but got over balanced and fell some 20 ft. to her death 1600 mi. from land.

Today is our sixteenth day on water on return home.

Sat. Oct. 6, 1945.

The sea got rough agan last night and remains tempestious yet this A.M. Agan this A.M. I helped pour out 10,800 rounds of 20 M. anti air craft shells.

At our open forum conducted by an army major right much regret was expressed to our cat accident by jumping over board last eve. Much was said about our dog Toots searching for the lost cat.

This P.M. we pitched over board 21,600 rounds of M.M. cartridges. Next week we are to dispose of the 3-in. shells.

Today at the forum conducted by Major [blank space] he aloso announced my service for tomorrow.

Today is our seventeenth day on water on road home.

My mind is carried back to my little church in Tenn. and the Love Feast on this date in my absence.

p. 110-111

Sunday, Oct. 7, 1945.

Today all is well and the sea is some quiter.

Yesterday our capton got a radio message to go to New York instead of Norfolk, Va. so we changed our course a little north west and sailed on. All the New York boys were jublnt. However for all southern boys & men it means more R.R. fare & time.

Agan today I had preaching on deck and we had a nice croud. Sub. "Christ's last will and testament."

I am convinced that men nead the truth and appreciate it when preached.

All day today we have had showers and beautiful rain bows with ends down on the water. Today is our eighteenth day.

Monday Oct. 8, 1945.

All is well. The sea nice last night but storm is approaching.

This A.M. we washed the walls [next line was cut off/unreadable] our forcastle ready for inspection when our boat lands in N.Y. which is expected about Wed. night or Thu. A.M. Incidently the cook told me they cooked 50 fryers chicken Sunday for dinner.

Oct. 9, 1945. Tuesday.

Last night the old ship took the hardest beating from the waves since left New Orleans.

At one time the ship acted as if the foundation had fallen from it.

Today our capton got a radio message to go to Norfolk Va or Hampton Roads rather than to New York on account of a strike in New York harbour by the long shore men.

This evening the water has become rough agan.

Today is our twentieth day on sea on road home.

Tonight the storm rages. Why be afraid. See Math. 8: 23-27.

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Wed. Oct. 10, 1945.

All is well and the sea is some quiter.

By noon today we should be within 180 mi. of Norfolk. No land has been in sight since we left Gebralter Sat. Sept. 29.

After supper. As far as we know now this will be the last night on this ship and the last night on the water. All the boys are packing up. This is our twentieth first day at sea on road home.

Thu. Oct. 11, 1945.

Last night all the boys had a good time joking, eating, and finially in song service to retire for last time on board ship.

This A.M. 8:30 we come in sight of land approaching Old Point Comfort. I plan to close my diary having secured most of the names and home addresses of the crew, our staff, and a no. of officers and men of our soldiers on board.

We are now passing Old Point Comfort, Va. and approaching New Port News Va.

We arrived New Port News 12:00 noon and the soldiers all got off here. The bands played and it was a jovial time.

This city looked good after seeing so many smoky and rouned citys in Europe.

I called on buss & R.R. stations for service. Allso I sent a wire home.

Friday Oct. 12, 1945.

I passed the custom men with all my affects shipped, 3 crates home. Got my discharge and my rifle which had been confiscated by our captor and custom men.

I trasfered over to Norfolk, Va. Missed the 1:30 train but got a train out at 10:30 P.M. Made good time and arrived home about 2:30 P.M. Sat Oct. 13, 1945.

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[Names and Addresses, in person's own writing]

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John B. Orrand, 3<sup>rd</sup> Mate  
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Fred A. Gebert, Chief Eng.  
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Baton Rouge, La.

Frank W. Kirby, 2<sup>nd</sup> Asst. Eng.  
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Thomas R. Davis, 3<sup>rd</sup> Asst. Engineer

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Rocky Hurin, Bosin  
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Harris Borden, Deck Maintainer  
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John T. Hall, Jr., Deck Eng.  
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Route #2  
Louisville, Alabama

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Lamar Hollston, Messman  
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