

**PERSONAL LOG - JACK E. CLARK
LIEUTENANT USNR - USS FULLER**

**SENIOR BEACHMASTER
RED BEACH, GUADALCANAL
AUGUST 7 - AUGUST 9 1942**

**EXECUTIVE AND REPAIR OFFICER
U.S. NAVY DEFENCE FORCE
KUKUM BEACH, GUADALCANAL
AUGUST 9 - OCTOBER 9 1942**

The first attempt at landing the United States Marines by the United States Navy on an enemy held base.

ON TO GUADALCANAL ISLAND

Friday August 7 1942

Today will be a long remembered day. Today the Allies are going to make the first offensive landing of World War 11. I believe that we are all proud to be part of that move. The convoy is now entering the channel between Tulagi and Guadalcanal Islands. Our Cruisers are shelling the shore establishments. Every now and then a blast goes up from the beach, followed by black smoke. Another oil dump has gone up. The Marines are ready and set to go, and the beach guard is standing by. We are all watching the shelling, bombing and planes strafing the beach. There has been very little return fire and little damage done to us. Can it be possible that we are going to walk into this invaluable base without much work?

Zero hour is now close by. Much activity now on deck. All boats being rigged out. Now they hit the water. As soon as they let go their lines they come along side the nets. The Marines are pouring down the nets into the boats. Equipment follows them down. The first wave stands off to the assembly area. Now the second wave is loading. Soon they too are off to their assembly area. The fourth, fifth and sixth waves follow. The troops are all off the USS FULLER in less than thirty minutes. The waves are all set, waiting for the time of departure. All the time the Cruisers and Destroyers have been, and still are, shelling the beach unmercifully. The signal! There goes the first wave with the second close behind. We've got five minutes and then High Ho! Here goes nothing!

On we go, no fire from the beach yet. I guess we must have the beachhead. If we don't we'll soon find out because we're landed. We all climb over the side of the boat and hit the deck as soon as possible and still no fire. Our landing is in a Coconut Palm Plantation. Just as we are setting up the beach markers, preparatory to the landing of the supplies, in comes the second assault group. They went through us and on inland to their objective. The supplies are now coming in and it looks as though this is going to be the usual unloading problem. Not much news from the front except that we are progressing very well and quite rapidly. No casualties. Just received word that we should expect enemy planes in forty-five minutes.

By Gosh! Here they come! All the ships in the fleet are putting up anti-aircraft fire. The sky is full of black puffs the shells make when they explode. There goes one Jap down, then another. Now a thunderous roar - the bombs. They certainly kicked up a lot of water, but nothing was hit. Our fighters are up there after them. Boy, Oh Boy! You should see the Japs high tail it out of here. I don't believe that this is a popular spot for the sons of the setting sun. More bombers coming down in flames bears out the above. Out of the twenty-six that came over we got at least ten.

The landing of supplies continues. We on the beach are very thankful that the enemy did not bomb us. I looked around me just after the show. In one place there were about 200 drums of high-test gasoline and right next to it were piles containing tons and tons of high explosives. If they had hit any of this our expedition would have been washed up and there would have been a huge hole in Guadalcanal Island. Continued unloading all day and all night. No more troubles with the enemy on the island. They are moving back so fast that the Marines cannot make and hold contact for long. We have moved the beachhead up three times now.

We still need larger working parties to unload the boats. One of the Admiral's staff officers came ashore to check the cause for delay in unloading. We walked inland looking for the senior Marine officer to get things straightened out. Every fifty feet we ran into sentries. Some times challenged and some of the time just told to halt. The boys were all of them just as apt to shoot us as to talk to us. The night was just like the Fourth of July. This business of going along at night is not the healthiest proposition. So for a couple of hours sleep.

Saturday August 8 1942

I did manage to get a couple of winks. This job of Senior Beach Master is not the best in the world, especially if the working parties are not large enough. All night long runners come battling along with some sort of trouble, the majority requiring my presence, so out I get. Still boats, boats and more boats being unloaded. No rest for the weary. Boy, I'm tired, but chop chop along some more. Moved the beachhead again, but many supplies are still going to the first beaches. Just got word of another Jap air attack on its way. They ought to be here in about forty-five minutes. Nothing seems to change. Have passed the word that all boats are to get off the beach within the next half-hour. Boats all clear of the shoreline now.

Here come the Jap planes, low over Florida Island. They are very low, just skimming the water. The fleet is all underway. The planes must be torpedo planes because they are flying directly at the ships. All of our ships are firing every gun they have. The sky is again full of shell bursts. Boy! Oh Boy! Are we cleaning up those Japs. They are falling like leaves in a heavy wind. All of them in flames and smoke. So far they have not got any of our ships.

Oh! Oh! Something hit one of the ships. She is up in flames. A message just came in - SEND ALL POSSIBLE BOATS TO TAKE SURVIVORS FROM THE USS ELLIOTT - There are quite a few Chicago boys on that ship. I wonder how they are? I wonder how badly she was hit? The planes are still falling. One even shot down by the Higgins boats. There were forty of them starting the trip when they arrived, then about thirty and now there are none. Reports from the USS ELLIOTT say that she was hit and set afire by an aircraft diving into her. There were only about four men on the boat deck who were killed and there were about six injured. They were burned. Ships returned to the unloading area and operations were continued. We just got the dope that one Destroyer was lost and one damaged in the last show.

Went down to the Jap Workman's village. Boy! They certainly left in a hurry. All their clothing, tents, pots, pans etc. were still intact. In fact their breakfast was left in the dishes untouched. The camp showed many signs of shellfire and bombing. There was hardly a tent left untouched. Large holes and huge fires marked our invasion. The entire camp was equipped with electricity. A good-sized power plant was still intact. A radio station with a few holes in it, but for the most part

intact. They even left some of their secret and confidential documents. Their gun emplacements were not quite complete. In fact there were only trenches and partial dugouts. Suddenly through the undergrowth we saw one of our guys crouching along and asked him if he was the rear guard. His reply *"Hell no! I'm an advanced scout"*. So being rather unarmed we got back to the boat and out of there.

Back to the Beachmaster's Headquarters and unloading. Raining now. One of those tropical rains - heavy, cold and very wet. No sleep tonight. All of a sudden bright flashes from the sea in the direction of Savo Island, and loud reports. There is definitely a sea battle going on. There are planes overhead dropping flares, not bombs. They seem to be looking for the transports and supply ships, but because of the rain clouds they cannot locate them, thank God. Some one is taking a licking out there and that is for sure. Now silence except the fire on the island. The small arms are always popping. Well, I guess I'll flop down for a while. No sleep and little comfort with the rain beating down. Maybe I'd better give up the idea. That is one tough thing about this job - no rest.

Sunday August 9 1942

The results of the battle are coming in. The Japs were apparently the winners in that round. We are not certain that we got any of their ships, but we like to think that they lost some Cruisers and Destroyers. Our losses were heavy. HMAS CANBERRA, USS QUINCY, USS VINCENNES and USS ASTORIA sunk. USS CHICAGO and Destroyers USS TALBOT and PATTERSON damaged. The HMAS CANBERRA was on picket duty cruising close by the island. Three Jap Destroyers fired torpedoes at her. She was hit in the forward magazine, fire room and after magazine all at the same time. She blew up and left only about 400 survivors. The USS CHICAGO took a torpedo in the bow. She is still under her own power. Well, I guess we will pose some ships before this war is over. The unloading of cargo has pretty well slowed down for now.

It seems that the fleet will move out today. Some few ships were completely unloaded. Most of the supply ships were only partially unloaded. The ships have sent boat recalls, beach guards have left and all ships are preparing to get underway. There goes the first one out to sea. Now they are all heading towards the passage. The USS FULLER is standing out now. I wonder when I shall see her again? I wonder what tales she will be able to tell? I wonder what tales I'll be able to tell? Started putting all boats left beached off and anchoring them. Lt. Cmdr. Dexter, USCG, Captain Willis Neal, USMC and Lt.Jg Art Gibson, USNR are now on the beach with me and about 200 other lost Navy and Coast Guard souls. I am now Exec and Boat repair officer of the US Naval Defence Force.

Monday August 10 1942

Well, last night I did get a good night's sleep and rest. It is peculiar the adaptations one can make due to his surroundings. I slept very soundly last night in spite of the constant procession of tanks, amphibious tractors, artillery, combat cars, half tracks, trucks and jeeps rumbling and shaking the ground not over fifty feet from my stretcher. All this racket could not deprive me from my sleep. Breakfast, like all other meals, consisted of emergency field rations. For the past three days I have only had 2 cans of dog biscuits per day, except for one lucky occasion when I got a can of pineapple. Still feel well, so I guess the dog biscuits are OK.

Air raids kept us in the bush most of the day, however we did find that we could move into a permanent camp at KUKUM. We started to move all our equipment and boats down there. The new headquarters are not pretentious, but not too badly shelled or broken up. It was apparently the headquarters of the Jap's efforts on this island. At least we found officers' uniforms and equipment scattered all over the house. We set up in the house. The screens have holes in them and the rood leaks. The place is littered with Jap gear.

The general house plan - It is a one-storey affair - frame with a tin roof. All the sides are screened and open to any and all breezes. The floor is about three feet from the ground to keep out the bugs, water and to give better ventilation. We hope to have it liveable in a short time. We came in about dark, so set up camp on the beach. A short distance from the house is a long dock built by the Japs. The only bad thing about it is that our shells hit it and broke it up a bit. However we can tie our boats up to it. Down the beach about 100 yards are two more docks with derricks on them. We can use these rigs to lift the boats for propeller changes, and remove cargo. All in all it looks as though we will have a good set up. I am anxious to see or inspect these facilities.

Just before retiring we got the word that there was a Jap submarine about. So we got into one of our boats with depth charges and went after it. We cruised for some time, but saw nothing. We did get shot at by our own forces coming back in. No casualties, so to bed.

Tuesday August 11 1942

Today we woke up to find that we had picked another Jap camp to stop. We found two tents filled with miscellaneous supplies. Our boys looted the place at once. I inspected the docks and found that both were rigged for lifting about four tons each. Each derrick had a winch and one of them a power unit. There is a brand new power unit in a crate that we can use for the other winch. The one with the power unit set up we got working about 10 minutes after we looked at it. Have put men on it to get the rigging back in order.

Found a tractor that we may be able to use. Found some gasoline and diesel fuel which we are trying out in our boats. Now eleven o'clock and air raid time. Here they come! Three twin engine planes dropped bombs and parachutes filled with supplies, which later we found were picked up by our troops. Continued refuelling boats and making small repairs. Tried to pick up the rest of the boats, but found that a strong wind had caused all the boats to wash up on the beach. Now we do have a mess. There must be eighteen boats on the beach.

Three P.M. on the head and a Jap submarine surfaced. He is shelling us, cruising along in full sight to all. The shells are landing too close for comfort. Our batteries open up on him, but all our shells fall short. He keeps on and we can't do a thing about it. Oh well, just eight shells fired at us. Pretty soon now maybe we will get some planes to protect us. Each night we send out our anti-submarine patrol with depth charges to pick up subs. So far no contact.

Wednesday August 12 1942

Awoke this morning to find that most of our boats were beached and it was practically impossible to get them off. Big booming last night, or should I say this morning. Anyhow, about six o'clock our friend the submarine sent in a few calling cards. Several shells landed close by and sent showers of shrapnel flying over us. We of course were in foxholes. Foxholes are shallow trenches dug just as long as your body and about a foot and a half to two feet deep. These shellings are most annoying, as everyone seems to dash off to the woods and then we spend the rest of the day looking for them.

I have often wondered how I would react under fire. Actually being shelled is not as bad as I had often imagined. For the most part one forgets that the shells burst. It is too much trouble dashing around looking for a hole to dive into, so most of the time we continue working or watch the guns go off. In the early morning it is most inconvenient. You mush around dressing, putting on a helmet, binoculars, pistol, gasmask and then make for the nearest shelter. By the time you get all this gear on the shelling stops and you return to the hay. Such is life.

Started down after boats again this morning. Got my tractor and we went down in a tank lighter. The tank lighter got in trouble, so we had to leave it. Bombers came over at eleven o'clock. Dropped one bomb in the water off our place. It broke up a couple of boats, not seriously, but did some damage. We continued all day to try to get boats off the beach. The tractor broke down, so we had to knock off. We got caught about four miles from headquarters by darkness, so had to sleep on the beach. Fortunately one of the boats had a tarpaulin in it, and we found another on the beach. We put one under us and the other over us. It rained, but we were still fairly comfortable. By now I'm getting fairly used to sleeping in wet clothing, and on any kind of ground. I did join the Navy to get away from this kind of stuff!

Thursday August 13 1942

Woke up this morning to find that a battle took place last night about 300 yards in back of us. We did not hear the shooting - slept right through it. Had a can of water for breakfast and then started hitch hiking our way back home. Started out about seven and got back about eight, just in time for breakfast - tomatoes and rice. Went back down the beach again to get boats. This time we got two off. At eleven we got our usual bombing and spent the afternoon watching the submarine shell us. Our guns returned fire, but the sub remained just out of range. We have some very mobile guns on the island. They move into position on the beach and fire a couple of shots at the sub, then dash off to another spot down the beach and fire some more. Thus any ships firing at us get the idea that we have plenty of shore batteries set up.

Tonight a small raiding party left to go down into Jap territory to ask for the surrender of all remaining Japs **{The Goettge patrol}**. They had one prisoner who volunteered to take them down, an interpreter and about twenty men. We were all laughing and talking to the members of the little party while they were awaiting the boat which was to take them down. They left feeling quite confident in their mission. We waited until our boat returned and then turned in. According to the boat crew everything was quiet and peaceful. *{Jack told me he had suggested to Colonel Goettge that the boat lay off the shore until they saw how things were, but he declined}*.

Shortly after we had hit the sack a runner came in from the party. He had swum and run back. He told us that the entire party had walked into an ambush and were killed. The Jap they had taken with them had apparently led them into a trap. That is the way these devils are. They have on occasion waved a white flag signifying surrender, and as soon as the Marines have come out to get them, the Japs open fire. They respect nothing. The only way to treat them is to kill them all. About the only prisoners being taken are those who were members of the worker group.

Friday August 14 1942

Today we have been on the island a week. So far we have worried the Japs plenty (they have worried us too), taken a few prisoners, taken over all their stores, buildings, airport and improvements. Even some steel beams bearing the "Bethlehem" markings. The cost has not been too dear. We have lost some ships, been bombed, shelled, strafed and sniped at. On the whole we are well established and it will take a considerable force to remove us. We are confident that we are going to stay here.

Life is not easy. Most of us are losing considerable weight, and our personalities are changing. Where once we were rather carefree, we now know only the realities of fighting. We have slept in rainstorms, we have been awakened by shrapnel shells bursting over us, we have seen boats blown out of the water. Still we go along repairing and installing gear to make our job easier. Soon we'll get along great, and at just about that point they will come along and move us out. We had a very quiet day today with only one air raid, bombs dropped but not too close. So to bed.

Saturday August 15 1942

All quiet today except for the usual air raid and bombing. Wonder what old Tojo is cooking up? It will be nothing good for us. It is too quiet. Four APD's came in today loaded with aviation stores. They came in about six PM, and were fully unloaded and out to sea by midnight. About two hundred men came in, all of them aviation mechanics and ground crews. Maybe we will get air support soon. That will be a happy day for all of us.

Sunday August 16 1942

Sunday - a day of rest? Here work, work and more work. No replacement parts for boats. No battery charging outfits. No gasoline. No diesel oil. The only thing we do have are orders which say that the boats will operate. The Jap gas and diesel oil is of too low a grade to operate in our engines. Our own supplies are not too large and they are hard to locate. The engines are causing trouble due to the bad fuel. Air raid and bombing came in just about on time. They usually get here about eleven AM each day. Got a bed rigged up now - mattress, springs, mosquito net and everything except a reading light. At least it is a bit more comfortable than the folding cot. The only unfortunate thing is that I don't get enough time in it.

Monday August 17 1942

Today we woke up about seven, had breakfast and started to get more boats off the beach. The usual air raid at eleven. They dropped bombs and supplies. After bombing, they flew about five hundred feet overhead, just back and forth above us. We could do nothing but watch them. They were twin engine single wing jobs. They didn't strafe, so we didn't have to duck. Two APD's came in with more aviation gear. We got them unloaded in four hours - not too bad time.

Tuesday August 18 1942

This morning we were rudely awakened by a destroyer or cruiser shelling the beach. The shells landed pretty close to us, and made a whale of a lot of noise. The shrapnel whizzed all around us, but no one was hurt. No air raid today. All in all it was a very quiet day. Sometimes the lack of activity seems quite ominous. We always wonder what those little yellow devils are up to. Continued work on the boats.

Wednesday August 19 1942

Early this morning we landed a party of Marines on the beach about 15 miles west of us {Kokumbona} Another made a frontal attack and the third group make a flanking move on known Jap held positions. The boats we had assigned to this raid were attacked by a small enemy float plane. First they were bombed then strafed. In the bombing large waves were created by the explosion. The boats were lifted up and smashed down on the coral reefs. This broke four boats beyond repair. The troops were all landed safely though.

This morning two of our picket boats and crews failed to return to the base. Our last report from them was by radio at five am. Everything was reported okay then. Well, maybe we will hear from them soon.

A cruiser started to shell the beach, then another came to join her. They were having a fine time blasting away at us. They just kept going back and forth in front of us. All of a sudden along came a Flying Fortress. The plane played with one of the ships like a cat with a mouse, then WHAM! They scored a direct hit on the Jap cruiser. They went after the other one, who by this

time was going "Hell bent for Election" around the bend and out to sea! The Jap who got hit went out of control and started to blaze. Her whole stern was on fire, and she was going around in circles. Later on she managed to gain some control and slowly headed out to sea.

Still no news of our picket boats. Our landing craft returned from this morning's excursion. We caught a bawling out from the Marines because our boats had left the troops. The Marines were supposed to cover our boats against air attacks, which they did not do, so our boys decided to scam. I don't blame them. We sent the boats all back to pick up the Marines. When they returned we found that they had only a very small number of casualties, and they eliminated about one hundred Japs. Three villages were entered and partially destroyed. Today is another banner day. The planes finally came in. Boy! Oh Boy! Are we happy now. At last we have the air support. Now things should be different.

THURSDAY August 20 1942

Today we were awakened again by loud gunfire. Small arms, medium weapons and artillery. More darned noise. No one seems to have any idea of "what goes on". News is coming through. It seems that last night about seven hundred or so Japs were landed and started to march down the beach in the general direction of the airport. About two o'clock they met up with the first batch of Marines. The meeting place was a river along the beach. It is a blind river which comes About a hundred feet from the sea, but is separated from the sea by a sand spit. This river is called the TENARU River.

The Japs approached the river and started across the sand spit in marching order. They had met no opposition yet and did not figure on any for some time. Just as they reached our end of the spit, the Marines opened up on them. Then began the slaughter. The first waves came marching up to death. The following waves piled up on top of them four or five deep. The artillery laid down a barrage behind the Japs so that they could not retreat. After the barrage a very systematic elimination process was started. Small antitank guns loaded with shot about the size of marbles, fifty caliber machine guns, auto rifles, rifles, thirty caliber machine guns and anything else that would pour out lead was used. The artillery started to lay down a waving barrage. These were just like lawn mowers, and killed all the enemy, even those who were burying themselves in foxholes.

One bunch got into a small valley where nothing seemed to get them. The tanks went after them. They ran the Japs down and crushed them. Those who climbed trees to get away were shaken out of them and shot down. The entire group of Japs was wiped out. Very few if any escaped. The entire action lasted about twelve hours. Our work continued on, except that we did not go down the beach after more boats. Still no word of our missing picket boats.

Friday August 21 1942

Another day of hard work getting enough boats ready to unload ships tonight. We at last received word of our picket boat crews. From the report they were on their way back to base when they were intercepted by a Jap cruiser. The ship got in between the boats and the beach. The crews were either captured or killed by shellfire. They are all down on our reports as lost in action. They were some of the best boys we had in camp. The APD's came in again about four PM. We started unloading immediately. The cargo was all foodstuff. Boy, did we need it!

We have been lucky so far and are existing on captured food supplies , mostly rice. We have had rice and tomatoes for breakfast, and vary our diet with tomatoes and rice for dinner, but at least we are still here. We had about one days ration left. As it is we only have two meals a day. Now we eat good old American food. We have had quite enough of these Jap rations. We unloaded all six destroyers from four PM until midnight. This makes our third Friday on the island. We missed

a day or so of air raids. It seems as though some one bombed the base from which the Jap operates.

Saturday August 22 1942

Rudely awoken by the Boss chasing me out of bed and on my way out to rescue survivors from the USS BLUE, a very modern destroyer of ours. I went out much asleep and not knowing just what I was after. Pretty soon we saw two of our destroyers coming in. One appeared to be towing the other. Came alongside the USS BLUE and found that she had her entire stern blown off. Went aboard to find what assistance we might offer. Sent one boat off to check the area for survivors.

One of the tank lighters took BLUE in tow while the other destroyer went to Tulagi to find out what to do about the situation. The skipper of the BLUE said that they were cruising along and a small boat took out after them. He thought that the small boat was one of our picket boats, so he did not fire at it. When the small boat came close enough it fired a torpedo which went past the stern. Then it fired another which went ahead of the bow. The third, however, hit the stern which was entirely blown off. Even the depth charge racks, the rudder and the propellers.

We towed her the whole morning and then the USS HENLY came back to get her and take her over to Tulagi to await some ship to pick her up and take her to Noumea for repair. We got some candy and stuff, then went home for lunch.

Went out to the airport and then the TENARU battlefield. I have never in my life seen such a sight. The bodies did not only have gunshot wounds, but were horribly mangled. The heads of most of them had been blown off. The bodies were all ripped open and all of the entrails were spilled on the ground. Arms and legs were laying all over the area. Heads with tops blown off exposing the brains. The ground was thoroughly soaked with blood. The stench was almost unbearable. The Jap prisoners were at work burying the corpses. They had been working all day. Most of the piles had been buried, but the majority were still in the foxholes they had dug.

It was brutal, even to the burial. The engineers would blast a long trench, the prisoners would load about 20 bodies on a truck, the truck drove over to the trench and the Japs would unceremoniously dump or roll the bodies off the truck into the trench. Parts of bodies were just kicked off into the trench. As soon as forty or fifty bodies were dumped a bulldozer would push sand over them and fill up the hole. No markers of any kind were set up.

There was a huge pile of gear, which had been collected. In the pile were many helmets, all of which had some sort of a hole in them, if they weren't blown to bits. The gear this outfit had brought with them was considerable. Food, tons of ammunition, flamethrowers, mortars, machine-guns and rifles. All had gas masks and plenty of hand grenades. Several of the Marine Officers said that they had been in battles in the last war, but had never seen such a tangled wreckage of human bodies and equipment.

There were very few, if any, survivors from this action. It seems that if a Jap were wounded and knew he was going to be captured, he would pull the pin of a grenade and hold it to his head. This accounted for many of the ruined bodies. There were apparently no prisoners taken. We lost about twenty men.

After having seen this battlefield things seem so muddled up again. It seems as though we just get one philosophy of life established and are living comfortably by it, when comes the war. When we went into this thing we were all rational average American citizens. Life was held dear and it was very pleasant. Now all is changed. The Japs are a different people. They are a suicidal race. Life is very cheap. If they die in battle they go to an Exalted Heaven. It does not seem

possible that these seven hundred men a few hours ago were laughing, talking and singing the same as we. They walked into a trap from which none of them escaped. Now they are no more.

When you see so much death around you, something seems to change inside of you. Maybe you get a hardness. At any rate you catch yourself changing a part of your personality. You look at the piles of mangled flesh and think "the dirty yellow rats - they deserve more than they got". The only answer is - war is absolutely useless and is certainly HELL. There is no justification and therefore no philosophy to cover it.

So many people get killed for some silly reason, mostly because some one has a lust for power and someone else's wealth. We would all like to have things without any effort, but most of us know that such a system will not work. I sincerely hope that I can forget these scenes I have viewed today, but I do not believe I ever will. I am afraid that to many of the men who fought this battle life will become very cheap. I know why, after the last war, men returned disillusioned. War is that way.

Sunday August 23 1942

Today the USS FORMALHAUT came to unload supplies. The former executive officer of the USS FULLER is in command of her. I went aboard as usual as Boarding Officer. I have often said that Commander Flanagan would be a good skipper to work under. I am still of that opinion. The Captain was certainly cordial and even invited me to breakfast with him. We started to unload her, and were really going to town. She came in about seven AM and at noon we were about thirty - five percent unloaded. I took out a few souvenirs from the battle and Captain Flanagan was very happy to receive them.

He invited me back for dinner and turned on chicken and ice cream, the first in a long time and it was so good. The FORMALHAUT got underway about six PM. He was just finishing fuelling a destroyer alongside and asked if we could swing both ships around to head out. We put a couple of tank lighters on the lines and had just started to move the ships when a torpedo came kicking up a wake just astern of the destroyer and the FORMALHAUT.

It missed the ships and hit the beach. It was going with such force that it landed about ten feet above the high water mark. The tin fish did not explode. Thank goodness our tank lighters took the strain when they did. One of the destroyers dropped depth charges and all of the ships got underway under full power and full speed ahead. Captain Neal USMC left us. The FORMALHAUT was supposed to pick up the USS BLUE and tow her back. Time did not permit this, so the BLUE was sunk by our gunfire. How he hated to see her go. We had the FORMALHAUT about sixty-five percent unloaded, and that is a good record, but then Captain Flanagan anchored as close to the shore as he could.

Monday August 24 1942

Woke up at two AM this morning by a submarine shelling the beach. Watched him shell us and then went back to sleep. Continued work on the boats. At one PM we had an air raid. Our planes got six twin engine bombers, four single engine bombers and nine Zero fighters. We lost three fighters.

The bombers tried for the airport but missed. We no longer duck when air raid time comes, we watch the raids and the dogfights. When the air raid alarm sounds all the gang gathers in front of the house to watch the fight. Such a change from last week. Went to bed figuring to spend a good night of rest. Just at the stroke of midnight we were shelled by two cruisers and two destroyers. Watched them a while and went back to bed.

Tuesday August 25 1942

Before we got up this morning our planes went out on a raid and returned with the following score - one large Jap transport hit squarely in the centre. She was in a sinking condition and on fire, about 14,000 tons. One 6,000-8,000 ton transport hit on the stern - set on fire and out of control. Two direct hits on a heavy cruiser. They went out again this afternoon and picked up a Jap destroyer or cruiser leaving an oil slick. They bombed and got near misses on it. We were bombed again today, but the planes were at about 28,000 feet. No damage.

Wednesday August 26 1942

For once a sound nights sleep. No shelling. About noon we were bombed again. Our planes got 7 Jap bombers and 5 Zero fighters. One of our planes was lost. Picked up an American pilot today. He bailed out and dropped into the water. We managed to get him without too much delay. He seemed to be very weak, but otherwise just very wet. Another of our little jobs ever since the planes have been working here is to send a couple of boats out as soon as we hear the air raid warning. They stand by out in the water to pick up any of our guys who bail out. We stay out until well after the planes come in just in case. We did get some more air raid warnings, but no enemy planes. So to bed again.

Thursday August 27 1942

The Marines made another attack on Jap held territory on the island. Boats all left very early and took about a thousand Marines. The Marines apparently had some difficulty at the start of the operation, but I guess they finished it off. Continued our work on boats. The troops decided they would continue on down this way and eliminate all the Japanese points of concentration. They send for more ammunition and rations. They will be fighting all night. We had an air raid, but apparently our planes intercepted because there was no bombing.

Friday August 28 1942

Started things this morning by sending the Marine attack force more rations and ammunition. After this we sent 2 boats to out base in Tulagi with men and equipment. I have been against this trip for some time because I do not believe our Higgins boats are up to it. It is 25 to 30 miles across and the water is usually very rough. It takes about 130 gallons of gasoline for one boat. At best we can only carry a couple of tons of supplies. It does not pay, besides every once in a while our boats are attacked by enemy submarines. It is hard enough to maintain the morale of our men without having anything more to break it down.

This makes the fourth Friday on the island. At this point the picture is not Rosy. We have been fighting mob fear in our men. They are running at the slightest gunfire. They seem lost when a plane flies overhead. We have established a fair semblance of order and are getting quite a bit of work done. The men are for the most part working pretty hard most of the day. They go to sleep never knowing just what will happen before sunrise.

Usually we have a shelling or bombing in the small hours. Most of us are so absolutely all in that we can hardly move. But this is the stuff it takes to win. We are going to win this war. I am personally ready to shove off for the capture of the next Jap base. Now that we are on the first one, I am convinced that we must hot hard and fast.

Saturday August 29 1942

Lt. Cmdr. Dexter awakened me about 7.00 a.m. this morning saying "*Hey Jack! Come on get up - you've already slept through an air raid and bombing, and its high time you got up!*". It seems as though about 4.00 a.m. some enemy planes through over and dropped some bombs. I neither heard the planes or the bombs. I guess they made plenty of noise too. War can't be too bad when you can sleep right through attacks and not know about them until they are past and over. Just shows what one can get used to. Six of our ships came in today, so we had lots of unloading to do. We started and got quite a lot of gear off.

Had an air raid and bombing. The airport again. Our planes had the Japs flying so high that they cant be accurate. Not much damage has resulted in any raid. The bomb holes have been taken over by our boys for dugouts. It is much easier to have a bomb blast a hole than it is to dig one. Oh well, that's the way we live here. Score for today - 4 twin engine bombers, 4 Zeros and one submarine. We just found out that early this morning an air patrol went out and came back with the following score - 3 destroyers sunk out of 4 sighted.

Sunday August 30 1942

The unloading was to have continued, but the USS BROUGHNS ran aground in Tulagi Harbour, and the SS KOPARA, an Australian Merchant Man, decided that it was Sunday and they don't work on the Sabbath. We went out to her with a boatload of some pretty rugged looking Marines and our Navy riggers and winch men. I went aboard to have words with the Australian Skipper, and suggested that if his crew didn't want to work the ship we would. Anyhow, she was going to be unloaded. The ships crew decided to work on the Sunday. We got her about half unloaded. It was a slow process because of her slow speed winches and the attitude of the crew. Two APD's picked up the cargo from the BURROUGHNS. They unloaded it in about an hour or so. About 11.00 a.m. we received our usual air raid warning and the KOPARA set out to sea. The enemy planes were apparently intercepted.

There were low hanging clouds. We heard the planes, but could not see them. Got a rescue call. A pilot bailed out. We started out and got to approximately the location. Went into the beach to find out where he came down. The Marines said that he had come down about a mile inland. Called this information in to Dex, who then told us to go back out, as another air raid was expected. We messed around for a while and then came back into the camp. We just got in and the all clear was sounded. Immediately we heard bombs drop and explode. Jap planes went after our APD's, bombing two of them. The USS CALHOUN caught a couple of bombs on her stern. Great clouds of smoke arose. She was in trouble. I did not wait to watch, but immediately dashed out to get the boats manned and on their way out to aid if possible. The CALHOUN sunk in just eight minutes after it was hit. Our boats picked up about 120 survivors. I believe that all but about 10 men were saved. That is not too bad an average. We all had fuel oil covering us from head to toe.

We just started to clean up when the Airport called to tell us that another pilot bailed out about one quarter mile west of Savo Island. Savo Island is about 20 miles north-west of our beach. I asked for plane coverage, of which I was assured. We started out. About half way out a plane came out and started to look for the pilot. Just as we got off the tip of Savo the plane came over us and headed back to the Airport. This made us kind of angry because the plane was supposed to tell us where to go. They gave us no help at all. It was just about sundown. As long as we were so near Savo we decided to have a look see. Found three camps, a road and several boats. We finally started back home. Just before we got into home waters we signalled in for a bearing. We

received a reply and started in, only to be fired on. We got out of there and headed towards our own beach. Finally made it, still well oiled with fuel from the CALHOUN. So to bed.

Monday August 31 1942

The KOPARA reappeared, so we continued unloading her. Air raid held us up. This time the crew abandoned the ship, leaving her easy prey for enemy planes. At the mere mention of an attack those poor fellows in their hazardous job just jumped into the boats and beat it for the beach. The ship still has some cargo of bombs and gasoline. Finally got her unloaded and out of here by 8.00 p.m. Boy, oh Boy! It was a relief to get rid of them. The BURROUGHS is still stuck on the reef. Made a report today to the Intelligence section of the findings on Savo yesterday. Understand that more Japs landed on the island this morning. I guess that this means that we'll have a big battle soon. We will not give up the Airport for anything. The Japs might as well get it through their heads.

Tuesday September 1 1942

The USS BETELGUESE came in today very early. My old pal Bob Stauff from Bremerton, Washington, is still Supply Officer on her. He came in on her when she arrived. I picked up some supplies and brought Bob ashore. We rode around the points of interest on the island and then got caught in an air raid. The enemy planes again did not get here. Sent Bob and his truck load of souvenirs back. We unloaded about 80% of the ships cargo. That was a good record, considering 2 hours off for an air raid. Three YP's came in today. They are old tuna fishing boats. They are to work under us freighting passengers and cargo from Kukum to Tulagi.

Wednesday September 2 1942

Not too much to tell today. I got sick. We had an air raid and some very heavy bombs were dropped. Went to sick bay for treatment for dysentery, but instead just passed out. Dr. Webber put me to bed. Incidentally we first met when we took the Marines from San Diego to Reykjavik in June of last year. We met again in Wellington. Joe Webber was a good friend of Joe O'Connor, who is a doctor on the FULLER and used to be the medical officer on the beach guard with me.

Thursday September 3 1942

Awakened in sick bay this morning early. The beach was being shelled, so the entire sick bay was being moved into a dugout. Four salvoes went into the hills back of us. Air raid about 9.30 a.m.. The rest of the day just resting, feel much better now but am still all cramped up. Went to sleep early, but it rained like the dickens, so weak I didn't care. The boys covered me, so I remained rather dry.

Friday September 4 1942

Awakened this morning due to cramps. Had to go. Read some, washed and generally feel better. I expect to go home today. Had my first meal in several days and finally got back home. The Marine Raiders went to Savo Island today. They got there before I got the chance. I wanted to take one of the YP boats and blast the place with the six pounder. The Raider outfit returned, saying that there were only natives on the Island. There had been Japs, but they had left the island some time ago. The trip was for naught. The tents I saw were native huts, but then no one was supposed to be on Savo. Our fourth Friday on Guadalcanal Island.

Saturday September 5 1942

Awakened this morning by the banging of shells. They were breaking pretty close. They stopped, and a plane flew over dropping a flare, which started off the real action. All of a sudden shells started to go across the water. We could not figure who was firing at whom, or how many ships were involved. One ship caught on fire, but continued to fire. There was another one with her, firing on two others. Quite a few shots are being exchanged. All of a sudden the second ship burst into flame. Two of them now are burning, both of them are on the same side. The other two are still pumping shells into the burning ships.

Now all is quiet. Searchlights again break through darkness. The two burning ships do not look like our APDs thank goodness. The other ships came in for the kill. They really finished off the wrecks. Now the ships on fire are just about to their water lines. Several blasts and explosions. The pyrotechnic lockers are just going up. More fireworks. Shells are still pounding into the wreckage. One has now sunk, the other still burns.

Not much we can do tonight. Awake at daylight. We received an SOS from a boat. It was a Higgins boat from an APD. This was our first knowledge of the sinking of 2 of our APDs by Japanese ships. Our boats were immediately manned and on their way out. This is the first trip I have not made. I am too weak this time. The first boat is just coming in with a load of survivors. 2 died and were committed to the deep. Three wounded or burned. My old friend from Northwest University USN ROTC days, Hank Heinie, came in with them.

The boys were in pretty fair condition, considering that they had been swimming around for about 4 hours. From their stories they thought they were going after a submarine that had been shelling us for the past few nights, but when the shelling started the ships turned into two cruisers and two destroyers. The size and the large number of guns were no match for the antiquated four inchers of our WW1 destroyers. They were put out of action in about 20 minutes. One sunk in about 40 minutes and the other in about 2 hours. We took about 225 men. We understand that between 250 - 275 men were rescued out of about 300 aboard the 2 ships.

I hope that this plus the CALHOUN will indicate to Uncle Sam that it is necessary to send us something besides APD's when we need a few Motor Torpedo Boats to keep sinkings down. At least with PT Boats we could get torpedoes in on the enemy. It seems like such a waste of ships and men the way we operate. As soon as our boats returned the men chowed down and went to unload the USS FORMALHAUT. All of a sudden there was a big puff of smoke from the ship and she was completely enveloped in a haze. We thought for sure that she had been torpedoed, but she moved off under her own power and continued unloading. We had two air raids and one bombing. Another burst of smoke on the waterline of the FORMALHAUT. Apparently she was having a "clean sweep" down in the holds and the sweepings were dumped over the side. Upon contact with the water they gave off a heavy yellow smoke. The USS BURROUGHS finally got off the reef. She came over to pick up the survivors of the USS LITTLE and the USS GREGORY.

Sunday September 6 1942

After a hectic day yesterday we had comparative quiet. Read some more, washed clothing and went to bed. Heard reports that there was a large Jap fleet concentration on its way here. Just a false rumour.

Monday September 7 1942

Woke up to shell fire. Apparently some Jap ships came pretty close to shore and created huge wakes. The waves drove quite a few of our boats up onto the beach. Spent most of the day getting them off.

Tuesday September 8 1942

I was awakened by the Marine Major who stays with us. Shelling was taking place somewhere, and motor boats were running all night. Everyone figured that we were about to be invaded. I still fail to see why anyone should get up in the air about it. If the Japs come, they come. I was sent here to operate boats. The Marines are trained to fight on the beach, I to fight on the sea. I cant see how I could add or detract from the total firepower with my .45 cal pistol. I do know that if there was an invasion I would pick up a few Lewis boat guns and ammo pans and walk back into the bush. After getting up I went back to sleep.

The USS ALHENA and the USS FULLER came in today. It was certainly fine to see all the FULLER gang again! The ship hasn't changed a bit. Still clean as a whistle. Boy - I'll be glad to get back aboard her. I'm pretty much fed up with all this monkey business. I'll not again ask for shore duty. It wouldn't be bad, except that someone is always running around with rumours, or someone is shelling. Besides the dirt and the bugs. I joined the Navy to get out of this kind of stuff. Received mail today - stacks of it. All the way back to April. The first since we left home. One air raid . It came about sundown and centred on Tulagi. No damage done.

The Marine Raiders and Parachute troops attacked the Japs on the eastern part of the Island. There were about 1,000 of our troops. They landed, stormed the place and burned up their supplies, ammunition and camp. They ruined all the guns and military equipment, then returned home. Only about nine casualties, and only two of these fatal. Well, we've been on the Island a month and a day. We are pretty well established. The Airport is quickly being enlarged to take more planes. The Navy Construction Battalion, or CUB Unit, is coming, which means, I hope, that we will be relieved and sent back to our ships.

Wednesday September 9 1942

Had a pretty good night's sleep, except for being awakened by the tale that the Jap fleet was shelling and that we were about to be invaded. Well, I finally got up. Someone was shelling Tulagi. They were pumping the same number of shells in there that they usually do on us. So back to bed. NUTS to these night invasions. Yesterday they got one of our YPs boats. The others were at sea.

Thursday September 10 1942

Had a long sleep for a change. They tell me that the Japs shelled Tulagi again last night and started fires. We had an air raid and bombing. The Japs are really sending over planes, and getting few back. I believe that it is becoming very expensive for them. Today they bombed an open field far from any of our installations.

Friday September 11 1942

Another full nights sleep. An air raid and a bombing. Our guns knocked a couple of them out of the sky before they dropped their bombs. It was nice to see these planes blow up in the sky. Our

planes got more of them. The fire seen last night was the end of our YP boat. It was burned up by shell fire. One man lost and four injured. Our sixth Friday on Guadalcanal.

Saturday September 12 1942

Another night without interruption. Today we had a real show. The bombers came over as usual and ran into anti-aircraft fire and started to fall. As soon as they were hit they burst into flames and the bombs exploded in the air. It was great to see the devils taking it for a change. They dropped their bombs and headed out over the beach. On the way our fighters got into the formation. Then things did start to happen. Bombers and Zeros started to fall. The sky was full of wings slowly drifting downwards. Parts of the planes were falling all over the place. The score was eleven bombers and eight Zeros. The rest of the day was easy. About 9.30 p.m. small lights, about six of them, started bobbing around in the water about a mile out just off our beach. Back behind them were huge searchlights, but we saw no silhouettes.

Action started down the coast. All the lights went off. Not long after we heard naval gunfire. Soon the firing started on our end of the beach. Four ships came in, turned on their searchlights, and slowly started to pump shells into the beach. They were surprised to find that a searchlight from the beach lit them up. All of a sudden our batteries let go. The Japs figured to get out of range of the battery and steamed right into the range of the second battery, which immediately let go. Old Tojo was astounded to find that someone would fire back at him. He got out of range and spent the rest of the evening trying to find our guns, but in doing so he kept a very respectable distance, so he landed all his shots in the water. This ended up about 1.00 a.m. Admiral Halsey came in today to inspect things. He couldn't have picked a better day.

Sunday September 13 1942

Admiral Halsey got out in a hurry this morning. Guess he doesn't like to fight on land either. We slept this morning after last night's shelling. Air raid about 9.30 a.m. Lots of dogfights. About 11.00 a.m. we got an all clear. Three of our planes did not return, but there were many more Japs who are not going back today. At lunch time the main air raid started. They were intercepted and did not get in close enough to watch. All clear sounded, so went up to the river to wash clothing and the body.

Just as we were about to eat supper two Jap float planes flew over about 1,000 feet above us. They came in, took pictures and shot down one of our planes just landing. The Japs apparently got the pilot and the observer. As they dropped its bomb exploded. The Japs got away with the whole show.

About 9.30 p.m. the Jap ships started to shell again. Boy! They are close tonight. One salvo landed just behind our house. One Hell of a racket. After a while heavy shelling started in back of us. The Jap land force was attacking us. The situation was well in hand in a short time and our artillery was playing havoc with the attackers. We went back to sleep amid much shooting, but the shelling from the ships stopped.

Monday September 14 1942

Awoke this morning to small arms firing about 300 yards down the beach. It seems that the Japs were attacking us from the beach west of us. Things quieted down after our guns and mortars went into action. About 8.30 a.m. it was all over. Only lasted two hours. Many Japs lost in last night's and this morning's activities. Air raid around 9.30 a.m. and all clear shortly thereafter..

Activity going on in back of the Airport. Firing is sporadic. According to the Newspaper guys the General's Headquarters is under sniper fire. Many casualties, but not many fatal. Someday these coconut heads will know that they can't take this Island back. Till that time I suppose the days will be like the Fourth of July. Things quieted down after a while, except for the occasional shelling of Jap territory by our guns. At night we were again shelled by the same Jap ships. Shells, as usual, landed in back of us. The little enemy flying boat "Louie the Louse" came over. After the shelling everything was quiet.

Tuesday September 15 1942

Nothing much of interest today. Someone has been giving the Jap base at Bougainville a shellacking, so we have it quiet here. No surface raiders tonight.

Wednesday September 16 1942

Ships were supposed to come in today. They are our ships bringing in more supplies and more Marines. Got up about 5.00 a.m. to meet them. Sat in a boat till about noon, but no ships. Finally was ordered back home. Found that two Jap fleets were on their way down here, so our ships scrambled for the time being. Sat around the rest of the day peacefully.

Thursday September 17 1942

Nothing much doing today, so I decided to start my own private war. We have quite a few boats beached down in the Jap territory. These we were not able to remove prior to the arrival of the Jap reinforcements - then it was too late. So we went down in one of the YPs to blow them up. Jimmy Hurlbutt, a fraternity brother of mine and good friend of my brother (now a Marine Corps Correspondent) joined me in the trip. We went down in definitely Japanese held territory and started shelling the beached boats. The guns not having sights it was a bit of aim down the barrel, pull the lanyard and hope you hit the target.

We knocked out our boats and in the process got four Jap trucks, some machine gun emplacements and some stranded Marine Amphibious tractors. One of our shells missed its mark and went far inland. When it landed we saw a brilliant flash and much black smoke. One of the other shells started another fire, which quickly spread over the plain occupied by Jap troops. We continued on our way, breaking up our boats as we came to them. Finally we signalled that we were through. The Marine observation post gave us a "well done", which we did not understand. Made our report to the Generals Headquarters and back home. So to bed.

Friday September 18 1942

Those long awaited ships finally showed up. Came in early this morning. There were about 25 in all. About 15 APAs, AKs, APDs and AVDs. They all had their own boats and started unloading immediately. Men and freight seemed to fly onto the beach. I went out to pick up supplies and had very good luck. I got a lot of engine parts. While I was on board our own ships shot down one of our planes, the landing craft finishing off the pilot. These gunners and boat crews must be instructed to recognise our planes, how very valuable they are to us and how much more valuable the crews are.

When I got back to the beach we got the dope on our raid yesterday down at Red Beach. It seems that we are heroes for the day. The fire started inland, which gave off the huge flame and black smoke, was a gasoline fire. The Japs were setting up an emergency landing field. Our shell

set off all their gasoline and other installations, causing a great deal of damage. A Marine patrol was trapped behind the Jap lines and was slowly being closed in on. Our shellfire scared the Japs away so that our patrol made it safely back. All in all we had a very good day - thus the "well done" from the Marines. Got sick again today and went to bed early. Got shelled tonight, but not for long. Seventh Friday on the Island.

Saturday September 19 1942

Still in bed. Wish my duty here would terminate and I could be returned to my ship, where I could get back to decent living conditions. Our expedition the other day made the papers in the States. No raids.

Sunday September 20 1942

Still in bed. This dog gone fever and infection certainly gets one down. I'm still very weak.

Monday September 21 1942

Still in bed. More infection breaking out. Don't seem to be able to fight it. Some talk of sending me back. The Japs were landing more troops last night. Our bombers finally got off the ground at night. They blasted the enemy out of the water. Every time they ran out of bombs they came back for another load.

Tuesday September 22 1942

The water seemed to be full of wreckage today, according to reports. So I guess the boys did some damage last night. At least we were not shelled, though high waves were thrown up on the beach by passing ships. It only got one boat. Spent the rest of the day in bed. They finally decided to send me out of here to get well. By that time I hope to go back to the USS FULLER.

Wednesday September 23 1942

Today is the day. We had no shelling or other annoyance last night, but I did not sleep too well. Too much anticipation! Got up this morning and Dex took me to the Airport. Got there just in time to climb aboard the DC3. They shut the door and taxied around to take off, then down the runway and off to the hospital at "Buttons" (as soon as I can get my Atlas I'll let you know where it is). The distance is about 400 miles south-west.

The weather is ideal ,the plane goes along very smoothly, only on occasion do we hit an air pocket, which seems like a ship riding a swell. The plane is an unarmed DC3, just the same as the passenger planes back home except for the bucket seats down the sides. The interior is different. There are stretcher racks along the sides, which clearly mark the main use. It has done an excellent job down here. Today there is only one stretcher case and about eight of us who are just able to walk. Most of us are pretty weak and don't do much walking.

Just found out that we are not stopping at "Buttons", but instead are going to "Base Roses". "Base Roses" is about 700 miles away. Oh well! It is swell fun riding in this plane. At last our new home is in sight. Now we circle around for a landing. More coconuts and wild tropical underbrush. There are two ambulances waiting for us. It took about five hours to make the trip. At last - in the hospital. Boy, is it clean! We ate, took a bath, got into pyjamas and crawled in between sheets.

What a relief to be clean again and live like a human being! Nothing to do but rest and take a hand full of pills. So to bed.

Thursday September 24 1942

A good night for sleep. Kind of wasted it though. Woke up every hour or so expecting to hear Jap guns, or ships firing at us. Nothing broke the peace and quiet. So different from last night. Read most of the day. The Doctor did tests on me. So to sleep.

Friday September 25 1942

A fine night's sleep. How good it is to wake up rested. More tests. Doctor says so far they have found that I have amoebic dysentery.

Saturday September 26 1942

More rest and good food. Just reading and resting. Feel much better.

Sunday September 27 1942

Got up today for the first time and dressed. We walked around to look the place over. It is quite a complete hospital. Operating rooms, laboratories, dentist office, contagious ward, shell shock wards, mess halls, nurses quarters, laundry and all the other things that go to make a complete hospital.

The nurses, of course, are all Corpsmen and they are very good. Today the ladies of the French Red Cross visited us. They brought home made cakes and cookies. They were so good and very much appreciated.

Monday September 28 1942

Another good nights rest. Feel much better.

Tuesday September 29 1942

More food and rest. Many of the skin eruptions are beginning to heal and disappear.

Wednesday September 30 1942

Dental exam today and another blood test. Got up and wandered around. Rain and clouds most of the day.

Thursday October 1 1942

First day of October. It does not seem possible - so much has been packed into the past few months.

Friday October 2 1942

Walked all over the compound trying to find the laundry. We seemed to find everything but the laundry. It was there, and we finally did get our clothing in for washing. Ain't it wonderful - clean bed and clean clothes. Sure makes a difference.

Saturday October 3 1942

Slept very well last night. Wandered around the compound some more. Each day I manage to walk a bit further. The hospital is on a hill with a winding road down to Villa, the Capital. A funny thing about the island - it is under the English and French flags, a dual government. Seems to work fairly well. Most of the island is divided into coconut plantations. The plantations are manned mainly by Tonkinese.

Sunday October 4 1942

Started to walk down the road to Villa. Got a lift and then walked around the village. It is a typical island settlement with coconut warehouses, General stores, a couple of hotels and many locals selling various produce. I had a good look around. A beautiful beach, white sand and very clear blue water. It was a good day, but I got pretty tired. I bought some finger bananas for the guys in the ward, then managed to get aboard a truck bound for the hospital.

Monday October 5 1942

We didn't eat the bananas I brought back, but took them to the wounded wards. Those poor guys certainly appreciated them. So I went down to the village again today and got a lot more. It seems as though I now have a daily job.

Tuesday October 6 1942

Down to the village again, but this time there was a supply ship anchored in the harbour. Boats were coming and going from the wharf to the ship, so I bumed a ride out. Went aboard and after a chin wag with the supply officer and the ships store guy I managed several tins of ice cream powder. Got it all ashore and then had to find transport to the hospital. The guys in the ward were really for the new scheme. We mixed up the ice cream powder and put it into the ice trays to freeze. That evening we not only had our bananas, but for the really tough cases we had ice cream.

Wednesday October 7 1942

Got a lift down to the village and a boat out to the ship and got some more ice cream powder. This time I managed to get some fruit too. Had quite a collection of tins, but managed to get them all back to the ward. While I was away the guys had made up another batch of ice cream, but this time they had squeezed the bananas into the mixture. We had our fridge loaded and borrowed the freezer of the next ward. We are now a thriving enterprise.

Thursday October 8 1942

It is amazing how well received our little dishes of ice cream are. It is well worth the effort, and that's for sure. We are slowly building up a supply of ice cream powder, so we should be going for a while.

Friday Saturday 29 1942

Went down for the village as usual for supplies for the Dessert Incorporated of Hospital Roses. This day was different. The USS FULLER was at anchor! Boy! What a sight!

I went aboard and really shook everyone down for goodies for our Ice Cream Distribution Company. Went along to the Exec (the Skipper was ashore) and asked if I could come back to the job. Got ashore with all my loot and up to the Hospital. The Hospital C.O. typed my orders transferring me back to the FULLER. I was sad to leave the ice cream Co., but there are now a couple of other guys who have accompanied me on my supply gathering job and no doubt the service to the beaten up guys will continue for a long time. I hope so - they need it.

The same routine has been daily since October 6th, so I have not made entries until this final one. At long last I am back aboard and believe it or not we are on our way to GUADALCANAL with supplies!

DIARY ENDS