



With the Colors

6/13/44

TRUE LIFE OF A SAILOR

A happy-go-lucky guy was I in 1943,
When the postman delivered
Greetings from the president to me;
Then to the induction center I went
And over me the doctors bent;
To Great Lakes then I came
And chow hand is now my name.
They shot my arms and gave me pills,
Then made me swim and take the
drills;
They gave me two combs, then shaved
my hair,
Gave me a swim suit, but sent me in
bare.
I learned to call a washroom the head,
Say deck, for floor and sack for bed.
They made me stand in line half the
long day;
Yes, hurry up and wait, they'd al-
ways say.
We washed our clothes, we shined our
shoes.
We scrubbed the deck and rolled our
blues;
With battalion drill and old k. p.
We were busy as honey bees.
We rowed the boats and took the gas,
They gave us hell and took no sass.
We got demits every day
For failing to do the Navy way.
Speeches were heard on every hand;
About the dam chain of commands.
Gradually hours turned to days and
days to weeks,
And hard grew the muscles in all our
cheeks.
And now that we are about to go.
It looks like the end for old Tojo.

Mrs. Floyd P. Martin of Yale re-
ceived this poem from her brother,
Robert Farley Perisho, seaman second
class on a cruiser. Bobby and his
shipmates wrote this while still in the
states. He says to tell all his West
Liberty friends hello and write to him
some time.

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The following letter is from Claude
Shacklee, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. W.
Shacklee of Olney, formerly of Hunt
City, who has joined the Seabees,
Navy construction battalion:

"I did not really think I would pass
for work, but I did, so here I am in
Honolulu, Hawaii, a place I always
wanted to go to, but one I did not
think I would ever see. Everything
is just as beautiful as it is painted;
a wonderful and beautiful place in
spite of all the commotion of war-
time.

"I went out to Waikiki beach to-
day. I was only in swimming one
hour and I am sunburned. If you
leave your shirt off one hour, you
are raw. This sun is like fire.

"The population is very much mix-

ed up—Chinese, Filipinos, Japanese, Hawaiians, Negroes, Indians, and of course white people. You can stand on the street here on one side in the dry, and it will be pouring down rain on the other side. The weather is really nice here though. It never has rained more than a few minutes at a time since I have been here.

“We were nine days coming over on the boat. I came over on the Phillipa, built forty-two years ago in 1902. It is a very sturdy ship yet. It was the third ship to go through the Panama Canal. It was condemned four years ago as a fire hazard. Kaiser bought it out of the scrap yard, reconditioned it and put it in service again. It is a smooth riding ship,

“I saw worlds of flying fish, some whales, one big shark, some porpoises and seals.

“One need never worry about the Japs taking this island, as there are service men here until one can hardly walk, and more ammunition than I ever thought I would see.”

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Louis E. Mascher of Route Five, Newton has been promoted to the grade of staff sergeant, according to a recent announcement by the Army Airways Communications System, of which he is a member.

Sergeant Mascher is on duty as an AACS Airways radio operator in Africa, where he maintains radio contact with military aircraft in flight. In this capacity he handles position reports, arrival and departure notices, and furnishes pilots with countless details and information necessary to make military flying safe and efficient.

As part of the Army Airways Communications System which furnishes such control both in this country and in foreign areas, he is making a very real contribution to the war effort.

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Mr. and Mrs. Chris Isenburg have received word that Warren Isenburg stationed at Farragut, Idaho, is convalescing from an appendicitis operation, performed a few days ago.

He would appreciate any letters or cards from his friends. His address is Warren E. Isenburg, apprentice seaman, U. S. N. T. C., Ward B-6, U. S. Naval Hospital, Farragut, Idaho.