

firing pin clicked I said "See I pull string like this and boom - make shoot, big bullet one hundred pounds"

One of the girls said to me "You may go right ahead and speak plain English to us, we will understand all right" You could have knocked me over with a swab, ~~however~~ <sup>from then on</sup> I had not difficulty at all ~~in making them understand~~ <sup>in</sup> I guided them to every point of interest on the ship, inside the 13 inch gun turrets - and the handling room below, where 13 inch shells and powder were taken from the magazines and sent up to the breach of the big guns, all handled electrically, - also the inside of the conning tower - the galley - the officers quarters - the chart house on the bridge - the brig - the engine room - and the ordnance room etc. Believe me they sure did show a lot of interest and asked a lot of questions. The more I could show them and answer <sup>the more questions they asked</sup> their questions the more I enjoyed it.

Their visit having been completed, I returned them to the quarter-deck and reported to the Officer of the Deck who arranged for their transportation ashore. They thanked me heartily and two of them, who said they were cousins, invited me to visit them when I went ashore, one said her name was Patita Sonsallis and the other, Carmen Creado. I met them several times when I went ashore and they showed me the quickest and best routes to all the special points of interest there <sup>which</sup> was in Valparaiso.

After leaving Panama for South American ports and while crossing the Equator, and as we had quite a number of "handlubbers" on the Wisconsin, who had not crossed, that would have to be properly initiated by The King of the high seas "Neptune Key and his staff." The night before crossing the equator, at about seven bells (7.30 PM), we were hailed by a loud call from the sea - "Ship ahoy there" Captain Singer happened to be on the bridge with the officer of the deck at the time and he honored the hail by answering "Hello There" the voice asked "What ship is this and where bound?" Captain <sup>Singer</sup> answered "The U.S.S. Wisconsin. Bound for Callao Peru, and Santiago, Chile." "Heave to and I'll board you," said the voice. The engines were then stopped as we "heaved to" and over the bow came Neptune and his staff. We played the search lights on them and you never saw more frightful looking individuals <sup>than</sup> they were. Neptune's party, of course, were made up of members of the crew who

Had crossed the equator before on some other ship and were initiated into the "Royal Sons of the Briney Deep" and had their certificates of membership. They came through the large hause pipes below and up and over the bow to the fore-castle spar deck. Neptune Rex usually visited a ship going southward across the equator on the night before crossing, to consult the Captain of the ship and other officers, to find out just how many men of the crew and officers that would be initiated the next day. He or none of his staff could be recognized by any one, as they were so heavily disguised by their own make up, that had combed out strands of rope to make false hair and whiskers. Some of the staff, called the "bears" had cut open a couple mattresses to get the gobs of hair out of them, that they had sewed on to their underwear, to look like bears. Neptune's crown was made out of a large lard can.

His secretary was provided with a large black book, bearing all the names of those to be initiated. His doctor was furnished a list of those who were sick and unable to go through with the initiation, and his barber had to know how many would need a shave. Finally, his visit completed, and after finding everything satisfactory, they prepared to leave the ship, down over the bow. (Of course they came back in through the hause pipe where the anchor chains led through and they had placed a couple of their "bears" as guards in order that no one could see them as they crawled in and changed clothes.) Next day we were all waiting to hear the same call from the sea, that we heard the night before. There was a large canvas tank, about ten foot high, rigged up on the fore-castle, along side the forward turret and it was about one third full of water. Over the edge of the tank was a plank and it had a keg on the end of it, directly over the tank. That keg was intended for the barber chair. Also we stretched a long canvas tube about three feet in diameter, that was generally used for a ventilator, to draw fresh air down through the several decks to the boiler room.

Next day, about 8 bells (noon) we were hailed again the same as the night before, and when Neptune Rex and his staff came aboard they relieved every one on watch - look out - man at the wheel of signal men etc. Neptune and his wife and his doctor and secretary and a couple bears, sat up on top of the turret beside the tank, the Admiral's flag at the mast head was hauled down and they hoisted Neptune's flag, a large yellow flag

a blue three pronged spear (resembling a big fork) in  
 the center, to signify that "Neptune Rex" was now in command.  
 All the landlubbers to be initiated had to report before the  
 King of the seas by crawling through the canvas tube, and  
 as they crawled their rear ends were paddled by some of the  
 bears armed with wooden paddles. As they emerged from the tube  
 they gathered around where they could hear their names called,  
 one at a time, by Neptune's Secretary. If anyone was scared and  
 tried to shirk the initiation by hiding away some place, they sent  
 the bears out to go find him, and when they did find him it was  
 just too bad for him as he got "double-dose" - plenty -  
 As the Secretary called your name you answered "here Sir" and  
 presented yourself to Neptune's doctor for an examination. He held  
 a big tin funnel in your chest and the small end to his ear  
 while he tapped you on the back a couple times with a wooden mallet  
 he had a bucket full of round white pills as big as a ping-pong  
 ball, made out of flour and molasses and pepper, and he places  
 one in your mouth to give you new strength for what you would  
 be getting next, then you walked up the plank to the barber chair <sup>located</sup> on  
 the end over the tank. The barber had a bucket of some sort of a  
 sloppy mixture he called "lather" and with a big white wash brush  
 full of the "lather" he slapped you over the face and head a  
 couple times with that ugly stuff. <sup>to</sup> shave you with a big  
 wooden razor about a foot and a half long. Then he signaled  
 with his foot to one of the bears below the plank, and down  
 went the keg with you on it, into the tank, where several of those  
 big bears enjoyed themselves by ducking you down to the  
 bottom of the tank till they thought you had enough and finally  
 let you get out any way you could. Next the Secretary's  
 assistant handed you a large Certificate bearing colored  
 illustrations of Mermaids - Pollywogs - Crabs, and Lobsters and  
 different kinds of fish and other members of Neptune's family of  
 the seas, it was all filled out with date - descriptions - latitude +  
 longitudes, showing locations of the ship when you received initiation  
 into the "Sons of the King Neptune Briney deep", and signed by  
 Neptune Rex and all his officers, I am proud to say I still have  
 mine and it's well preserved, if you <sup>you</sup> crossing the equator again  
 some time and you have no certificate to show, you must be  
 initiated all over again. Everybody has fun during this  
 solemn ceremony, from the Admiral on down to the deck.



hands, and ~~that~~ was an experience I value very much, and it was one that is never to be forgotten.

And now to proceed with our tropical cruise. We left Valparaiso, Chile after loading on stores and coal, and headed for the Samoa Islands. While cruising the Southern Pacific we encountered plenty of Monsoons and Tropical storms - The Wisconsin was more inclined to pitch ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> than to roll. While I was on lookout in the extreme bow of the ship, she would lift her bow up high over the high waves and when she would let down again into the trough, it seemed that she was going down - down - down - clear to the bottom of the ocean but, no, she would rise up again to go over the next wave. and Believe me, if you are not sea-sick and you eventually are detailed to go on that watch, you'll be plenty sick when you are relieved after two hours! ~~You'd~~ <sup>You'd</sup> be wringing wet, with those big waves striking the bow you had to turn your back while tons of salt water and spray came over the bow as you rode up and down again. There is nothing to compare to those motions, not even the fastest elevators in any office building ashore.

P40 We passed several Islands at Samoa ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> all we reach the Island of Pango Pango. At that time each one of those Islands were owned by different nations and Pango Pango was owned by the United States, and Germany owned the Island named Tootivila ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> (since World War ~~II~~ <sup>I</sup>, Tootivila is also owned by <sup>the</sup> United States).

There was just a little tropical landing place at Pango Pango - no town ~~or anything~~ just one of those tropical island villages. After we dropped anchor there the Admiral's barge was called away so we lowered the barge and manned the oars and took the Admiral ashore for an Official visit with the American Council. Admiral Casey allowed his barge's crew to run around ~~go on shore~~ <sup>go on shore</sup> until he returned to go back to the ship. I saw something happen there that I believe is worth while mentioning. There was a small Hut on the beach that belonged to a missionary and his wife, and his boat was on the shore with the bow up on the sand and the stern in the water and it was noticed that the tide was coming in and the missionary wanted to pull his boat up higher on land so he got hold of the "painter", or rope, in the bow of his boat, and ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> asked one of the natives - who wear only a loin cloth (by the way those natives of Samoa have very beautiful bodies - Dark skinned

And very muscular, with ~~straight~~ <sup>dark</sup> hair <sup>is</sup> straight like an Indian.

They resembled mahogany, and they were very courteous and friendly. He asked the native to go in the water and get behind the boat and push while he pulled, and draw the boat further up on shore, so <sup>that</sup> when the tide came in his boat would be high and dry and secure. After that was done, the missionary, as an act of appreciation, went into his hut and came out with an old artificial red flower on a long wire stem, looked like it came ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> an old hat like the ladies sometimes wear, which he gave to the native with thanks for his help. That Samoan native grabbed that red flower and held it up and hollered and danced and sang for joy, at having possession of the flower. Then he bent the wire stem to look like a hairpin and he clamped it down over the bridge of his nose so that the red flower stuck up <sup>between</sup> about three inches up ~~between his eyes~~, so that he could see it all the time. The missionary told us those natives loved anything bright, whenever we brought fruit (~~bananas - tangerines - coconuts - pineapples - etc.~~) they did not know American money values and they would come out to our ship in their dug-out canoes with outriggers, and bring us fruits for sale. <sup>as we</sup> would toss coins onboard they would dive for the coins and sometimes <sup>with the coin</sup> dive under the ship and come up with the coin on the other side. <sup>we</sup> would go down the gangway ladder with a bucket and give them a dime or a quarter and they would give us some assortments of fruit, one of our boys shined up a penny real bright and got a whole bucket full of tangerines, of course that was against the rules, as we were not allowed to cheat the natives, and all the money they got they gave to the missionaries who provided for them when they were sick or whenever they needed anything.

[If at any time your church or your society or club are receiving donations of clothing - books - shoes - blankets or anything that you might have that you have no more use for, to fill a few boxes or barrels to send to the missionaries in some foreign far away lands, you may find some articles in your attic or basements that you are sure you don't need any more and probably feel that you do not care to send those things because they are too delapidated or too old and not very pretty to look at; chances are those are the very things that the folks out there could use; send them anyway; you'd be surprised

at their appreciation to receiving just those kind of things  
Remember what I said about that old red flower from an old  
ladies hat that somebody had no more use for, and realize what  
it did for that missionary!

As for old books and Magazines, according to the Navigator's  
charts we knew exactly ~~just~~ when we would pass a lightskip  
at sea - a lightskip is similar to a light house, and a light  
ship is usually anchored above rocks and shoals, or as a  
marker at the entrance to a channel, to guide ships in harbor.  
They have a bright blinker light at night and a loud horn  
or a bell in the day time, used in a fog. We ~~brake~~<sup>wrapped</sup> out a couple  
of empty corned beef or pork barrels and clean them and  
pack old books, magazines, and newspapers into them and place  
the cover on tight so that the barrel ~~is~~<sup>would be</sup> thoroughly water tight  
~~and~~<sup>when we needed</sup> in passing the lightskip, we ~~would~~<sup>would</sup> drop these barrels overboard  
after we signal the lightskip, they would dip their colors  
and salute us, and their crew on deck would cheer at the  
prospects of lowering a boat and pick up the barrels containing  
the reading matter for them, as it was, those men seldom get  
ashore the lightskip is their home and duty station.

# Our next destination was U.S. marine station on the Island of  
Guam, where the Wisconsin received repairs - ~~a new top signal mast~~  
That was carried away in one of those terrific monsoons that  
lasted about six hours. We cleaned up the ship from  
truck to keel, and polished up all the guns and other brightwork  
as we received orders to coal ship and up anchor for Manila P.I.  
There we would join with the Asiatic Fleet and become Junior  
Flagship of the fleet. The Senior Flagship was the U.S.S. Kentucky,  
and under command of Rear Admiral Robt. (Bob) Evans, sometimes  
called "gympy" Evans, as he limped in his walk - but a real brotherly  
spirited man and officer. Once I met him ashore, I saluted and  
he says "never mind that boy - give me a snatch." # At Manila  
we met with the U.S.S. Oregon - The Monterey - The Monadnock - the  
Helena - the Willmington - The Kentucky - The flat bottomed gun boat  
Isle de Luzon, and several others. When we dropped anchor we noticed  
a six-oared whale boat leaving the Kentucky and heading for us.

"Here they come" said our Officer of the deck "now we will be challenged  
for a boat race." And sure enough - as the whale boat crossed our  
bow the crew "toxed their oars" by holding them straight up on end in  
the bottom of their boat, that was a challenge for a whale boat

race - The officer of the deck invited them aboard, on our quarterdeck and their challenge was accepted, <sup>as we</sup> had a whale boat crew in training since leaving San Francisco, <sup>and</sup> the time and date was set for the races. Anyone wanting to place a bet would report to their divisional officer and sign up for a bet and the amount, after all divisions and officers <sup>had</sup> having pooled their "bets", ~~it was~~ sent over to the "Kentucky" and all our bets were covered - All the other men of other ships in the fleet also bet on the race, It promised to be an exciting race as it <sup>would</sup> be between the Senior and the Junior Flagships of the Fleet. ~~And~~ The Kentucky had everything in the fleet beaten before hand, ~~and~~ even a couple English and German ships race boats were beaten by the Kentucky. The day of the race was set aside like a holiday.

The two Ships steam launches towed the race boats to the starting point, six miles up the bay, and each boat had a brass initial, highly polished, on each side of its bow, a W for the Wisconsin and a K for the Kentucky. ~~The~~ fellows on the bridge used our binoculars and telescopes watching for the approaching race boats, <sup>to appear</sup> around a point of land beyond which the race started, suddenly a small white object appeared to us around the point, and we could see the flash of the sunlight on the oar blades as they rose out of the water, a little later came the other boat and soon after we could distinguish the initial on the bow of the first boat and we announced to those on deck it was a "W". There was wild cheering and several brooms were hoisted on the signal yards and masts, signifying a "clean sweep". As they passed our bow they tossed their oars = the end of the race = and the Wisconsin a winner! Later we found out that the reason the Kentucky's whale boat was so far behind was that one of her oarsmen broke his oar right at the oar lock. He dipped the blade of his oar too deep and pulled hard and broke his oar. ~~He then~~ had to jump overboard because no "passengers" <sup>are</sup> allowed in a race boat. One of the steam launches following the race picked him up,

next our fire room forces were challenged for a catamaran race. A catamaran is an <sup>almost</sup> square, flat bottomed boat, almost square about six by four feet. It is used by men detailed as side cleaners, to scrub the white ships side and to paint the side when needed. The challenge was accepted by our coal passers to race the Kentucky's coal passers, and use coal shovels for paddles = 3 men on each side. That was a race to behold! they splashed and paddled with those shovels and their

flat bottomed boat would spin around - first to the right and then to the left - and they threw water all over themselves and it did look like the harbor was not big enough for them! Finally the race was over - about three hundred yards - and the "Kentucky" won. The "Wisconsin" catamaran was about two thirds full of water at the end of the race and those fellows were dead tired! They sure worked hard, but it was comical to watch while it lasted.

Whenever we had general boat drill, all the ship's boats were called away for drill. We had six cutters, manned by twelve oars, one man to each oar and six on a side; two whale boats; one captain's gig; one admiral's barge; 2 dingies; one sailing launch; two steam launches; one wheary, and four catamarans. In a line up all the boats leave the ship's side except the catamarans, and the drill would begin by a signal from the ship for right turns and left turns; hold water (stop); back water (back up); form twos, form fours; single file again; and so on - very beautiful to behold as these boats would parade on the water. All these signals were given by hoisting signal flags from the ship, and when the flags were hauled down, that was when the boats would respond - all together. Finally the "general recall" - (a flag resembling a checker board, white with blue squares) - was hoisted as the boats were all in line facing the ship. The "recall" was hauled down and the oaromen, upon the command of their coxswain in the stern sheets, "give way together" and there would be a race to see which boat would reach the ship first. Each boat beneath its proper davits, and boat falls was hooked on and the boats were all hoisted in their davits and secured.

At Manila we saw the remains of Admiral Cervera's Spanish ships on the beach - wrecked and decaying - as our American Fleet, under command of Admiral Dewey on the Flagship U.S.S. Olympia, and Admiral Sampson on the U.S.S. Oregon, had left them in the Battle of Manila Bay, in the Spanish American War. Those ships were too badly shot up and wrecked for salvaging - later they were condemned as junk.

A signal from the senior flagship, the "Kentucky", ordered each one of the ships in the fleet that carried thirteen inch guns, out to sea for target practice. A ship a day - our ship, the Wisconsin, had the last day, in sequence they went out - first the Monterey, next day the Monadnock, then the Oregon, then the Kentucky, and finally (last but not least) the junior flagship, Wisconsin.



As each ship returned to harbor in the evening, her target practice records with the thirteen inch guns, were delivered to the Senior Flagship in command of Admiral Evans, and he filed these records of number of shells fired - time of loading guns - number of bulls eyes - and the scores that were kept of the other odd shots. Later he submitted the records to the Navy Department along with records of target shooting with all the other guns on each ship, when all the target practice was completed.

By the way - Admiral Evans furnished the Commanders of each ship with these records and The "Kentucky" had everything beat in the fleet up to the last day when the "Wisconsin" went out to fire her thirteen inch at the target, we were showing up pretty good with our loading and firing and it looked like we only had one more shell to fire and within a limited time, to beat the Kentucky, when our Captain Reiter on the bridge whistled down into the forward turret where they were loading for that last shot. He placed his mouth to the tube and yelled "A Ten dollar gold piece to the man who makes another bull's eye in the next twelve seconds"

When Boom! went that shell, right smack into the Bull's eye, beating the Kentucky's record! Everybody was happy, of course, and we steamed into port with our band playing and the men lined up at the rails waving their white hats and cheering. The Captain let everybody go ashore over night, that wanted to go, regardless of what conduct class they had, to return to the ship next morning at 6 bells (7 A.M.). The other ships had liberty parties ashore too and I am sorry to say that when the men from the "Kentucky" and the "Wisconsin" met, their feelings rose pretty high and there was a few pretty rough fist fights among those who were drinking, next day harmony was in order again and feelings were cooled over.

Sunday Morning, the Senior flagship Kentucky heaved up anchor for a trip north to Yokohama, Japan, and left orders for the Junior Flagship Wisconsin to follow. We arrived at Yokohama and the gunboats "Wilmington" and "Helena" (sister ships) were there at anchor. Next day some of our men were transferred to the Helena and some to the Wilmington, I went to the Wilmington, as she was undermanned in her crew of signal boys, and therefore I went to her. Quite a difference in my new home! a gun boat compared to a new first class battleship! The Wilmington had one large steel mast and a fighting top with two fifty caliber rapid fire guns in the top,

six five inch guns on the gun deck, and four six pounders on the  
 spar deck, and one large turret on the forecastle, containing two  
 fifteen inch guns. We were told that with all that battery of guns  
 and that heavy, lofty mast and one large tall smoke stack that she was  
 top heavy and at sea she would roll heavily, so she was nicknamed  
 the "Rollington". Her bottom was such that she could not upset,  
 in the center of the ship's bottom, from stem to stern the keel  
 was sort of caved in and made a suction, and when she was  
 rolling heavily around 45 and 48 degrees, she could not capsize.  
 I was soon to learn that she was well nick-named, that ship  
 would roll even when at anchor. At sea I was just like several others - good  
 and sea sick, no matter how sea sick you <sup>were</sup> you had to carry on  
 your duties just the same. I saw several officers on her that  
 were sea sick too. In a rough sea there was a man stationed  
 at the base of the mast on the spar deck to keep his eye on an  
 indicator that showed the number of degrees she was rolling.  
 Over thirty five degrees he would call out "37°-42°-40°-45° etc. to  
 the officer of the deck. Heavy rolls were recorded in the ship's log.  
 Our hammocks were slung in two tiers, one triced up high the  
 next one low, the next high, the next low and so on. When we turned  
 in at night the hammocks had plenty room to swing with the roll  
 of the ship, my hammock was slung low, I lay there one night  
 with one on each side of me, slung high, and I heard something  
 like a man choking. and I opened my eyes and looked up and  
 saw the fellow in the hammock above me, his face over the edge  
 of his hammock and his bulging eyes staring down at me. His hand  
 over his mouth and his cheeks puffed out full. Immediately I decided  
 to "stand from under" and I did not turn out of my hammock any too  
 soon! down came beans, chewed up pickles, rice pudding and everything  
 in a shower. That guy really <sup>was</sup> sick! <sup>was</sup> <sup>really</sup> <sup>bad</sup>. <sup>the</sup> <sup>next</sup> <sup>morning</sup> he  
 scrubbed my hammock, and mattress cover and blankets for me.  
 I actually I felt <sup>very</sup> sorry for him, I know he just could not help it, but I  
 was sick too. I knew how he must have felt.

"Up anchor for Nagasaki" Japan was the order passed by the Boatswain's  
 mate "Everybody to your stations and lay below in the chain lockers  
 all the anchor chain stowers". Our short trip to Nagasaki was  
 uneventful. The weather was fine; the ship steamed on southward about  
 twelve knots per hour, but she sure did roll.

We dropped anchor in Nagasaki Bay and downed a dingy for our Mail  
 orderly to go ashore for our mail, he usually <sup>was</sup> always the first one  
 to go ashore when we reached port. I was assigned to go over the side

with another ship mate named Urghardt, an ordinary seaman who's home was  
 in Detroit Mich. We went over the side on a stage hanging from the  
 railing on deck, with a couple buckets of lye water and a hand swab,  
 to scrub the ship's white side, and since with the hand swab that was  
 on a line so we could dip the swab down in the water by lowering  
 it down and shaking it around. Once in a while we would see the fin  
 on a shark's back sticking up out of the water below us, and sometimes  
 two or three of them. It seemed like there must be a school of them  
 around there. Once as Urghardt lowered his swab to rinse it it was  
 snapped off the line by one of them. As we sat on that stage and  
 the ship was rolling pretty heavy, when she rolled toward us we  
 would be swung out over the water and could not reach far enough  
 to go on scrubbing, so we would sit there till the ship rolled the  
 other way and we would be swinging back again and strike the  
 ship's side with the bottom of our bare feet, then go on cleaning the  
 white paint work as far as we could reach till we were swung out again.  
 When we had cleaned as much as we could in that position, we would  
 stand on each end of the stage and loosen our lines and lower the  
 stage a little, then make fast our lines and sit down and clean  
 some more. Once Urghardt called to me as usual "are you  
 ready?" I answered "ready" he and I loosened our ropes on each end  
 of the stage and started to lower ourselves again, when all of  
 a sudden I let go the running end of my rope and it went up over  
 the railing and down again. There we were with that stage  
 straight up and down, and Urghardt on top with his rope all  
 secure and me underneath that stage and hanging on to my  
 rope for dear life and watching those sharks underneath!  
 Above me Urghardt had his feet on the end of the stage and hanging  
 onto his rope looking down at me under that board and laughing  
 his head off at me, and when the old "Rollington" would  
 roll our way I'd swing way out over the water - and those sharks -  
 and when she rolled the other way I'd hit that ship's side  
 with my ribs sometimes - my head - or my knees - and each time  
 I would find out my grip on the rope was not tight enough,  
 although I gave it all I had, and I would slip down a couple  
 inches toward those sharks! - Now the worst thing a man  
 can do in any predicament is to yell for help, they will bid  
 him plenty, but I did - I hollered "On deck there" and the  
 Chief Botswain's Mate look down over the rail and says  
 "What's amatter down there?" I says "matter, hell gets a couple  
 hands and pull us up out-o- here -" he did and they pulled

us up on deck-stage and all - he told me I was dopey - had no sense - and a few other things I do not care to mention - and if he'd a thought he'd a pulled up Wyhardt and the stage and the buckets and swabs and let the rest go to the sharks. Well I took it - had to - "Now" says he "get over the side and finish your job" I says "Oh! no I wouldn't go over that side any more if you made me an Admiral," "do you refuse to obey orders" says he - "If you want to call it that" says I "I will do anything you want me to do, except go over that side again", so he put me on report for refusing to obey orders and I had to go before the mast next morning and the Skipper gave me ten days extra duty and fourth class conduct, each day was ten hours work and I could not go ashore or line up for priviledges etc. that the first class men were entitled to, I worked off the extra duty by cleaning and wire brushing the brass coal bunker plates on deck, and scraping rust and red-leading inside the double bottoms of the ship. Finally I became "first class conduct" again and was entitled to go ashore, I had four months pay and got shore leave for 48 hours and I had a wonderful time! I rode around in one of those gin-Rickshaws and had lots of good eats and drinks, and I also had four of those Geisha girls mending - washing and pressing my clothes and shining my shoes, and all in all my experiences there told me that the Japanese people were very accomodating and polite and co-operative to the American Sailor - more than Sailors of other nations who happened to be ashore. Probably because the Americans had more money and were more liberal with it than the others I bought several curios, as I always did in any foreign country, and sent them to my friends at home, You could get a Rickshaw man to haul you around - taxi like - from one o'clock in the afternoon till midnight, for one mexican dollar - about forty three cents in <sup>American</sup> money. If an American Sailor on shore leave should happen to be having such an enjoyable time and overstays his liberty, he is picked up by the native police who place him into confinement under guard, and they notify the ship he is from, and one of the ships officers goes ashore to get him, The police are paid Ten dollars,

American money for their trouble and the ten dollars comes out of the sailor's pay. Once in a while the victim tries to get his ten dollars worth by beating up on the police who nabbed him, tearing his clothes and blackening his eyes and spanking and keeping some of those pretty ornaments and buttons on his uniform to send home as curios.

Every day we were visited by dignitaries and officials from shore and we had to keep ourselves in clean uniform of the day - whites and white hats -

When we coal ship at any port in China the job is well done by coolies from shore. They have large baskets that they fill with coal in the coal lighters along side the ship. With the filled baskets they walk up a plank to the coal <sup>chutes</sup> ~~shoots~~ on deck and dump the baskets down into the coal bunkers. Then they walk down another plank into the lighter to fill up baskets again - a constant stream of coolies, male and female, all day long - until the coal is all on and the bunkers are filled. ~~As~~ <sup>When</sup> they empty a basket they are given a brass check and when they are finished they turn in the checks for their pay - ten checks brought them six cents American money or about twenty two in American money. This they would exchange for Chinese "cash" - a round brass coin with a square hole in the center - these they carried on a string like beads instead of a pocket book - they did not know what pocket books or purses were anyhow. Coolies are an ignorant, dirty, and scavenger type of chitamen, half dressed - half fed - sickly - and there were millions of them. The census of China ~~is~~ <sup>was</sup> never given out complete, as they ~~want~~ <sup>would</sup> count all those coolies who ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> mostly loafing around the docks and beaches. I am writing of conditions back in 1901 to 1904 while I was there. There has been a general cleaning up among them since that time, to overcome plagues and diseases that thrived in those earlier days.

They had numerous superstitions such as rain joss - a joss is some sort of an idol or a demon, sunshine joss, health joss - and all kinds of idols - some made of rock - metals, different kinds of wood etc. These carvings and hand work are masterpieces and of all sizes and descriptions, there are ~~thousands~~ <sup>of these</sup> thousands ~~living~~ <sup>lived</sup> on the water and never land in some of the ~~harbors~~ <sup>harbors</sup> and they ~~live~~ <sup>lived</sup> in little boats known as "sam-pans" they ~~do~~ <sup>did</sup> a lot of fishing and ~~scoop~~ <sup>scooped</sup> up everything afloat

Babies ~~were~~ <sup>are</sup> born on these boats and live to a ripe old age without ever going on shore. These sam-pans are propelled by one oar extending from the stern, and the coolies float around day and night, and they skulk these around ships at anchor and at the docks and they meet ships and steamers coming in and they follow them when leaving port as far out to sea as they can till they reach rough going at sea. The coolies have long dip nets and they scoop up anything that has been cast overboard, they would gather around our swill shoot - a hole in the ship side just above the water line - and when the ship's cook would throw out swill they would catch all of it - potato peels - coffee grounds - egg shells and other bits of garbage and swill. They have a little iron pot in the center of their boat with a fire in it where they cooked all this stuff for them to eat. They would fight and scramble to get their dip nets under our swill shoot and if one of them falls into the water, they <sup>try</sup> would scramble away from him because of one of their old superstitions that the "joss" or demon of death was down there in the water and he wanted that guy and he <sup>would</sup> reach up and pulled him in, and any one trying to get him out of the water would make the demon real angry at him and some time the demon would get him too. We used to get the poor fellow out of the water and give him some dry clothes and the first boat going ashore would take him along and put him on the beach. There ~~were~~ some organizations on shore, they ~~were~~ missionaries of some kind, of "help the poor" outfits, that gave these coolies some rice once in a while otherwise they would be more starved than they were. There are some ports in the Chinese coast when you rarely seldom see a Sea Gull so those birds are scavengers and there is nothing in the water for them to feed on. The coolies get it all. As the tide goes out there is shoots of rice plants and other stuff floating out from inland on different outgoing streams and they catch all that too.

We up anchor and leave Japan and cross over to Shanghai, China. I have already tried to describe the Chinese coolies, the way they live and beg, and fight each other and steal. As we enter the harbor of Shanghai, here they come, way outside the harbor, to meet us and catch our swill at the swill shoot and to beg for coins or old clothes or anything we can throw overboard to them. They follow us in to our anchorage

and then dozens more sam pans come out from shore and stay around our ship, night and day, ~~they are going and coming~~ all the time.

Shanghai is a beautiful city to visit, with her wide streets and elaborate homes of the aristocrats <sup>and</sup> with their well kept gardens. I was glad to be on a gunboat in these waters, as we went way up inland on the rivers, <sup>and</sup> that a big ship could not, ~~because~~ ~~the~~ gunboat Wilmington did not draw much water and she could cruise in more shallow water, so we got to see a lot of old China inland and the methods of living. We passed large rice fields and farms and on these farms were several small joss houses - shelters for worshipping idols. - when they had too much rain they prayed to their Sunshine joss - if not enough rain they prayed to the rain joss - if someone was sick they had a good health joss to pray to. if they had any looting or stealing of any of their crops, they begged the demon of death to take the robbers and destroy them.

† We got ashore at Ning Poo for the afternoon and there we visited the garden of Balanced Rocks. - some of those large boulders were so well balanced and so big, you could put your hand on ~~it~~ and push and you could feel the rock sway a little back and forth but you could never force it over.

† at Swatow we were notified that they had five or six prisoners who were charged with wife-beating, and that is a terrible crime in China. - These prisoners were to be beheaded the next morning and any foreigners coming ashore were invited to witness the execution. Some of our crew and our officers went ashore to see this and when they returned they told us all they had seen. The prisoner was brought forward blindfolded, <sup>with</sup> a square piece of paper fastened to <sup>the</sup> his <sup>eye</sup> (a pig tail as we called it) <sup>on</sup> the paper <sup>was</sup> some Chinese writing, <sup>with</sup> the names of their relatives, and if the prisoner turned his head to the right or left as the blade came down those relatives were disgraced for ever. They could not own property, nor vote, nor pay taxes and were forever in disgrace. They had no block to lay his head on, he just got down on his knees and leaned forward while an officer took hold of his eye and held it forward to clear the back of his neck, and <sup>using</sup> with a long blade, about two inches wide and two feet long, with small rope wound around one end of it for a handle - they said it was a crude looking thing with a very keen edge, with some great

heave downward by a big husky guard or officer, off. <sup>A new knife to each head with the old knife was sold for a sou-wine</sup>  
 went the head <sup>They</sup> followed through with another one of their old superstitions - the body was lowered into a hole in the ground without the head and it would be in eternal torment, for ever and ever because it had arms and legs to do things but no head with brains there to tell them what to do or when to do it - and the head was placed in another hole a half mile away to be in eternal torment for ever and ever, because it had the brains to tell the arms and legs what to do and when to do it but no arms and legs there to respond. <sup>Before these prisoners were beheaded they were placed in torture racks a few days to stretch their necks so it would be easier to chop off the heads, they had tall bamboo crates that were built square, with just room enough inside that the prisoner had to stand upright. At the top was a round hole for the prisoner's head to extend through, a square board. He was actually hanging by the neck in there but the crate was just tall enough so that when he bent his feet down his toes would reach the ground and by so doing - and reaching out a little with his elbows touching the walls of the crate - he could rest his neck. This did not last very long though because he was weakened with no food or water, and once while the visitors were there, they saw one of the guards take a white china bowl full to the rim with clear cool water and hold it up to the prisoner's lips and the prisoner gasped and yelled and ran his tongue in and out, but the bowl never did reach his lips. and it was taken away again. It was a good thing that crate was fastened at the bottom the way that poor guy jumped and squirmed, but not very long, he was too weak.</sup>

The river current going out was about fourteen knots an hour and quite often you see bloated bodies of cattle <sup>and once we saw two human bodies</sup> floating out with the current, from somewhere way up inland. <sup>We were told that when cattle or humans are drowned they lie on the bottom for about nine days and they would float then come up like a big bubble and float on the surface. They are so well bloated they are hardly recognizable and they would float with the current right out to the ocean, along with other debris.</sup>

The Wilmington cruised in for a short stop at Hancow then back to the mouth of the Yangtze river again, and Shanghai. From Shanghai we went south to Foo Chow one of China's old historic walled cities, when we were only allowed ashore



about five hours. Every <sup>one</sup> body who <sup>was</sup> not a resident of that little walled city, <sup>had to</sup> ~~must~~ be outside the wall, at Sun down. Some of those people were overcome by some kind of a plague, and their flesh was decaying in spots where the flesh was near the bones, like the ribs, the jaws, the fingers, and elbows ~~it~~ ~~and~~. They said it was similar to Leprosy, and they were not suffering, and ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> should not touch them, ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> they would hold up their bony hands and fingers to us, begging, and we would ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> raise up a foot, and with the sole of our shoe would press them back away from us. We played ball and had foot races along the beach outside the wall gates for exercise. There was nothing else for us there, worth while.

Next we went to Hong Kong, with Canton twenty miles southwest, the old capital of China. A number of big sailing boats called "junks" that came in and out of Hong Kong harbor. These were queer looking craft with their lofty bows and sails made of bamboo fibre, and they traded up and down the coast hauling cargoes of miscellaneous freight and supplies, principally rice, and sugar cane and bamboo. Sometimes one of these junks would be hailed by pirates and the junk and cargo confiscated by them, ~~while~~ <sup>while</sup> sometimes the pirates are caught in the act by Chinese Coast police, and they would be put on the beach and beheaded, no trial necessary as they were caught outright and that was proof enough ~~they were~~ <sup>they were</sup> ~~guilty~~ <sup>guilty</sup>.

Most of these junks were manned by one whole family. I went ashore in Hong Kong only once because the day was not very far off when my enlistment would expire and I would be honorably discharged and it was necessary to be careful with what money I had and to save all I could for going home. ~~The~~ <sup>The</sup> One day I joined up with five or six shipmates and we went ashore together, and ~~poled~~ <sup>poled</sup> our money and hired a Cook's guide to show us the points of interest there. He took us on a very interesting tour, we saw ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> old Chinese coolies ~~ways of living~~ <sup>ways of living</sup> and he also took us to the European sections, ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> bought several souvenirs, I had a model of one of the pagodas, about eighteen inches high, and a couple of swords made of Chinese corns, a small six legged drop leaf center table with its top inlaid and decorated with gold leaf and pearl and enamel forming into beautiful butterflies, flowers and insects in colors. I still have that table and that is all I have left. I gave away all the rest ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the things I brought home, a long time ago. Now I wish I had not been so generous.

There happened to be a U.S. Naval ship in the harbor, that was being groomed and loaded with coal and supplies, so she <sup>was</sup> ~~would~~ soon to slip anchor for the good old U.S.A! The U.S.S. Solace ~~she~~ was a large passenger steamer, converted to a Hospital Ship during the Spanish American War (and <sup>later used in</sup> World War ~~the~~ and ~~the~~)

I was transferred to the Solace to go home on her and get my discharge. She was commanded by Capt. Singer. I was assigned to duty on the bridge as acting third class quartermaster. When it was my turn on watch, I helped at the steering wheel - read the log line at the stem every hour to check the ship's speed - hoisted signal flags and received and answered signals from other ships and made hourly entries in the ship's log. At noon I held the stop watch and helped the Navigator shoot the sun - in the words - read the sexton to determine the ship's location.

Our first stop was Yokohama Japan for coal and supplies, there is an old <sup>mountain</sup> extinct volcano in Japan - it is high up and beautifully capped <sup>with snow</sup> all year round. The Japanese people idolize it and it is reverently looked upon by them. It is named Fujiama. Almost every article purchased in Japan has a replica of this mountain on it, especially Japanese pictures. The Japs <sup>are</sup> very courteous and polite to Americans and Europeans. I have <sup>seen</sup> them step off the side walks to allow us the right of way. We wore Japanese attire completely once when we were ashore, consisting of a long light blue kimono with a big dark blue flaring sash on the back <sup>and</sup> a wide dark blue sash. The kimono had large deep pockets in the sleeves. We also wore socks that were like a mitten, with a place for the big toe separate from the rest of the sock that was to allow the sandal straps to come up through the split and around the ankle. We wore these things while riding around in a rickshaw, seeing the town, whenever we went into a house we had to leave our shoes at the door and put on sandals anyway, <sup>because</sup> everything is done on the floor - no chairs or beds. We squatted down on a fibre mat to sip tea etc. and we slept on a large mat with a block covered with silk or something for a pillow. When we rose in the morning - there <sup>was</sup> our clothes all washed and pressed and our shoes shined, waiting for us. I brought my kimono home with me and in one of the big pockets in the sleeve was my socks like a mitten and I had forgotten about them. I gave the kimono to my younger step sister and she was delighted to have it.

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Finally the Solace got under weigh (weighed anchor) for the next destination toward home, Manila P.I. then the U.S. Island of Guam where we coaled ship and then went on, homeward bound, to stop at Honolulu. I did not go ashore any more since Yokohama Japan because I had been to these places before and I was saving my money. Some day I should like to go to Honolulu again, there had been some big changes there since I was there; Hotels - and Pearl Harbor and other Americanized - improvements, that were not there when I was there - ~~as there were no airplanes, no Wireless Telegraph, no Radar.~~ I imagine it must be wonderful for all these to develop in such a short time.

Cruising toward Honolulu, the first sight of land reported by the lookout up in the crow's nest is "Sand-ho", answered by the officer of the day on the bridge deck "Where away?" "Four points off the Starboard bow" is the lookout's reply. By that time everybody on the ship is on deck to see the land that has been sighted, and what is actually seen is a black lump on the horizon. The top of a distinct volcano called Diamond head and as we draw closer, it of course, gets bigger and soon you can distinguish Palm trees, coconut trees etc. and that famous resort Waikiki beach. The Hawaiian people always extend a warm reception to ships coming in, bands playing, people cheering and firing salutes - the same procedure for ships leaving.

Hooray! up anchor for the last lap of my homeward bound cruise, and good bye to the Oriental Station, and set the course direct to San Francisco, Cal. One day at sea, on the way home, my divisional officer asked me if I would not like to re-enlist when I get my discharge, for four more years, and he said that I particularly took special interest in all forms of signaling and he would like me to learn wireless telegraph - just about that time wireless was just coming out and he said I could make a great career for myself, and it really sounded like something fine and a great opportunity. He said if I'd promise to re-enlist when I was discharged in San Francisco, that he would arrange everything for me to have upon re-enlistment a thirty day furlough and four months pay as a bonus. I could go home, <sup>to Cleveland, Ohio</sup> and have a good time at <sup>Cleveland, Ohio</sup> then report back at San Francisco, with <sup>all</sup> my traveling expenses paid.

Now here is the reason that I definitely changed my mind and I would not accept. The Solace was going to Mare Island

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Navy yard at Vallejo Cal. near San Francisco and get all prepared for a trip back to the Oriental Station. She would be loaded with all the necessary components and other equipment to install Wireless Telegraph on two battleships out there. In fact they were the flagship Kentucky and the junior flagship Wisconsin. I was to accompany this equipment and study some of the components on the way to the Orient and then I would be stationed on one of the Battleships and witness the Wireless equipment being installed, and eventually become a Wireless Telegraph operator and learn all the details of the Marconi Wireless system. ~~of~~ I think about it now with all that has developed since that time 1903-04 Radio - Radar - Electronics etc. Airplanes - Sub-Marines - Bombers - mines - mine sweepers - "Sabre-jets" Atomic power - PT boats etc.) But I did not like the idea of going back to the Orient, and probably for four years, - because while I was out there I was scared and nervous all the time when I went ashore there was so much filth and disease out there and I decided I had all the Oriental Station I wanted and I was so glad to be back in Uncle Sam's country I wanted to stay where I was. If they had handed me that offer any place but back to China and Japan I would have grabbed it up right away - but the Orient - Oh! No!

On April 19-1904 I followed the usual rules that one must follow on the day his enlistment expires - that happened to be my twenty first birthday and I took a bath, shaved, and got into clean uniform and (shined my shoes) and at nine o'clock - (2 bells AM) I reported aft to the Mast to speak to Captain Sniger, when he appeared on deck I saluted him very graciously and said "captain my enlistment expires today sir" (Boy was I happy!) - He said "all right young fellow report to the Ship's doctor for a physical examination then to the Paymaster for your money" - (you could deposit money in the ship's bank whenever you wanted to - and no withdrawals allowed till the day you are discharged) - "then report to the Ship's writer for your discharge and transportation home", The Navy always sent an honorably discharged man to the place of his enlistment. After completing all this formality the ship's writer gave me my discharge (and I'm proud to say I still have it) I got high merits in marksmanship conduct - signaling - etc. but low in seamanship. I did not care any for seamanship anyway, and I was recommended to reenlist as third class quartermaster, nothing left to do now but get

forward and bid good bye to my shipmates, and grab my bag and hammock and over the side into a boat and get ashore.

Shipmates usually know how many more days each other has to serve - if over two more years they call that "two-and-a-butt" or "three-and-a-butt" and so on, well I knew of some of the fellows who had over two and over three years more to do and they were heading for the Oriental Station on the Solace and I felt so sorry for them I just could not bid them good-bye so I left the U.S.S. Solace in a hurry without good-byes to any of them.

I got ashore and having <sup>with</sup> all my discharge money on me in a leather belt around my waist, under my undershirt, I was kind of leary of them beach-combers that hung around the decks. I was told to look out for those tramps they might way-lay and rob me so I hustled to the railroad station and got on the train for home and I sat there two hours before the train pulled out. I felt safer there and I got acquainted with an elderly gentleman in the car with his two daughters, who were twins, they were probably around nineteen or twenty years old and they were heading east to catch a boat for England, that was their home. They were very companionable and we played cards and visited back and forth. I wore a special sea-going uniform that I had it made in San Francisco for a homeward bounder. On one occasion, a well-dressed man came into our car and sat with me and wanted to know if I was on furlough and dumb me says "No I have been honorably discharged and I was homeward bound" and he invited me to join with him and two other guys up in the smoking car and play some cards. I said I would, after a while, ~~he~~ he left me, the old gentleman came over to my seat and said: "I overheard that fellow invitcing you to the smokeing car to play cards and I advise you not to go. Those fellows ride back and forth on these trains and prey on people like you and they are professional gamblers especially, at cards, and they'll get all you have. Suit yourself but I would not do it" I thanked him very much for his fatherly advise and I stayed right where I was till we reached St. Louis, Mo. where we changed trains and I parted with those three fine folks, and I got on another train for Cleveland. ~~Oh~~ believe me I was very careful from then on who I made friends with and I still do, whenever I travel alone.

I got in to Cleveland the next morning and got on a street car right away for home sweet home. I was received with open arms

And they really had the Welcome mat out for me. In those days a sailor was quite a novelty in Cleveland and they were not seen on the streets there very often - being so far inland it seemed as though my folks had told everybody in their neighborhood just when I was coming home because they were all out to see me, and some of them I did not know at all. Boy - did I throw out my chest - I sure did - everybody was swell & my folks had special food prepared and set before me at every meal. One thing they had for me was eggs for breakfast and previous to that they never bought any eggs because the price was so high, and they thought it would be quite a treat for me to have two eggs in the morning, I did not say anything but ~~anything but eggs for me as I practically lived on eggs in the Creek~~ <sup>we</sup> had them all the time - soft boiled - hard boiled - fried - omelet and every style. They were sixty cents a hundred, and I sure was tired of them.

One day, before I changed to civilian clothes, I thought I would hunt up Oliver Doyle and Alex Lancaster, my two old buddies that enlisted with me and later on deserted me the way they did. First I went to Doyle's house and I knocked on the door and Oliver's mother - Mrs. Doyle came to the door, and when she saw me she grabbed me around the neck and started to cry and said "my you look so fine, and everything if only I had left Oliver there with you to serve his enlistment how much better it would have been for him" I was told later that he was not home very long after they brought him out, but he went to another city to get a job and he was found dead from a heart attack. The DoYLES treated me grand and I visited with them several times.

As for the Lancasters they had moved away and I never did find out where they lived, so I never got to see them at all.

Well as time went on I chummed around with a lot of fine young folks and one morning I found I was almost broke so I asked my father to get me a job in a factory where he worked and he says "you don't want a job in no factory and be shut in all day with hot machinery - and grease and oil, and it will be too confining for you, after you being out in the open air on the ship sailing around" ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> I told him it would be just temporary till I could get outside work of some kind, so he spoke for me at the factory and got me a job. I was afraid that if I went broke and did not have a job I would be tempted to re-enlist and I did

not want to do that at all, for fear they would send me back to China

\* Eventually I was introduced to a fine young lady, about five months younger than I was, and she was taller than me, and of a light complexion and blue eyes. ~~She had a fine lot of brothers and sisters.~~ The sisters were all married and she was the youngest of ~~the~~ family of ~~them~~ and their father and mother were deceased, and the more I called on her the more I felt that she was the girl for me, if she would have me. So I tried it one night and she said "yes" I could have her and <sup>so</sup> after I was home about a year and a half we were married on Thanksgiving day 1905 and <sup>we</sup> were blessed with a fine family of three boys and three girls. We had four of each but lost two - one of each when they were infants - so we raised six splendid men and women, one young man - Stanley - our fifth at the age of thirty one was called into the Air Force <sup>April 1942</sup> he was a true christian - and was loved by every one that knew him. He studied hard and went through all his training with flying colors and became a <sup>2nd</sup> Lieutenant and was appointed crew chief on a B-24. He came home on a furlough and spent about ten days with us and he looked and felt better than we ever saw him before. Finally he left and reported at Kansas City where he met the rest of his Bomber crew then they went to <sup>Albuquerque</sup> ~~Blavis, New Mexico~~ where a ~~new~~ B-24 awaited them, and ~~two days~~ later we received a telegram the the bomber crashed and all the crew were killed. <sup>near</sup> ~~the~~ Our other two sons and our youngest daughter are all married and happy with their lovable families and they have blessed us with eight wonderful grandchildren. <sup>There are</sup> ~~the~~ two daughters home yet, with us and they are still single and they are a real blessing to us now ~~as my wife and I are going on in years~~, and two more faithful and more home loving christian girls cannot be found.

And now in closing I would like to advise any young men who contemplate joining the Navy, stay with it. Especially young men who cannot look forward to attending college and would like to have the right kind of a start toward a career, I say, join the Navy - and when you are in give it the best you have, when your superior see that you are really sincere and anxious to get ahead and you are honest with them and with yourself and dependable, they will encourage you and help you and you are bound to succeed, and surprisingly fast! - Good night.