

At sea
Oct 4, 1963

Dear Folks,

Ah, yes, well aware I am of the date and due to the expense of bring deep around me, I am unable to do naught but congratulate the old boy. I sure hope before the next one rolls around (which would put him in the seventies, wouldn't it?), I'll be near enough to drop in for a visit, either in person or by telephone. Many more; and all that sort of thing, Dad....I'm thinking of you.

Yes the return address on the Northeast corner of the envelope isn't very explicit, and I'm afraid my letters written to me thusly would only go astray. However, if you get the urge, write as follows on the envelope:

Ens. L. H. etc.
USS SC 1260
c/o Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.

That address tells you two things, and I think I can elaborate briefly on them, though if I seem clemented, it's because I am my own censor; I stamp it and everything, and have one of my two fellow officers (one of whom is the skipper) scrawl some initials within the censorious looking circle. But, I am on an SC (Sub Chaser). She's one of thousands (literally, as you can see by the number), 110' long, wooden construction, with real guns aboard though I dare not say that they are all AA guns, of various variety one larger than the other three. We have a complement of 24 men and three officers of which I am the most junior (known as the Third Officer). The skipper is a young "just-turned" 33 year old Princeton '42er, whereas the Executive Officer is of similar age and a graduate of ~~EMMA~~ Kansas U. We are all ensigns, and probably one of the youngest group of officers afloat - together we probably total the age of an admiral and the rank of a commander. Well, I'll have to send you an AS which is the equivalent to "I have something to do but will be back shortly."

Well, here I am back but not very shortly. In the meantime we have had a change in orders, and are now in a port, and due to arrive at a more favorable port very shortly. In fact I'll be able to see Butch, who has not yet moved.. That tells you the port without mentioning names. This is okay, I guess, since I censor by own letters. The port we are in right now is a beauty and when I get where I can talk about this trip, I'll be able to tell you.

But more about the ship if I can. We are an escort vessel working with convoys, escorting them to wherever they are bound. I stand eight hours of watches out of twenty four, spitting the day with the skipper (Bill Moore) and the exec (Bill Froust - that is the way you spell it, too.)

Standing a watch, at sea, means, on this ship, controlling the ship and its movements, and making sure that the watchstanders of the crew are "on the ball." Also, that the ship is in good condition. But mainly, we stand on the flying bridge (on the roof of the pilot house, the highest part of the ship aside from the mast), and direct our ship's course from there. It's great experience, and from all angles of the Navy I'm learning fast.

I've had some pretty exciting (but not dangerous) experiences, and I wish I could tell them to you, but my conscience says "no!!". I guess that's about all I have to say - would appreciate a letter when you have time.

Love

Kes

NAVAL CHAPEL
Navy number 115

Chaplains Clinton Wunder and J. C. Green, USNR,

A WORD OF INSPIRATION

You owe it to yourself to look over the Protestant literature Table in the rear of the Chapel. Help yourself! It's all free. Take a copy of "LINK." If you do not have a New Testament, take one. This literature will help you to go straight and stay straight. Keep copies near your bunk--for lonely and discouraged hours.

CHORAL ARRANGEMENT

We are indebted to Lt(jg) S. H. Hanson, USNR of this Base for the choral arrangement of our anthem this morning. Mr. Hanson was connected with the music teaching profession before he became a Navy flier.

"WHEN D-DAY COMES"

The topic of Chaplain Wunder's sermon next Sunday morning will be, "When D-Day Comes," recognizing and reviewing the annals of November 11, 1918. You have your problem of adjusting to your post-war world when you go home. What are your hopes and plans for them? "D-Day" is Demobilization Day. There will be 20,000,000 war factory workers; 10,000,000 soldiers; 3,000,000 sailors and Marines wanting jobs. Don't miss this sermon. Pass the word to all hands. Communion Service will follow.

TODAY'S A.A.T.C. SERVICE
0900

Opening Hymns: (small hymnal)
71, #95
Responsive Reading #19, p.16
Prayer
Hymn #94
Scripture
Sermon - - - - Chaplain Green
Hymn #99
Benediction

TONIGHT'S VESPER SERVICE
NAVAL CHAPEL, 1900 to 1930

Hymns: #327, #325, #405
Evening Prayer
Vocal Quartet - (Messers. Johnson, Martin, Petro, and Ringblom.)
Hymn #329
Scripture
Serenade - - - Chaplain Wunder
Hymn #161
Benediction
Navy Hymn (see other side)
(D. W. Thornton, CMSC, organist)

NOTE: This program meets censorship regulations, and may be mailed home as a souvenir of your Church attendance.

1960, Sunday October 31, 1963

ORDER OF WORSHIP

1015 - Organ Prelude - R.J. Martin, Sp(V)2a, USNR
"Meditation" - - - - - Jorgens

Call To Worship

Processional Hymn #182 - - - - - "Hallelujahs"
(Cong. will rise and sing 2nd stanza with choir)

Responsive Reading #107 - (On page 87)

Doxology

Reading of the Scripture - (Congregation seated)

Anthem: "O Perfect Love" - - - - - Hanson

Morning Prayer - Choral response

Hymn #223 - - - - - "Beecher"
(Congregation standing)

Vocal Solo: "Love Never Faileth" - - - - - Root
D.W. Brown, CM2a, USNR.

Sermon: "THE PERFECT LOVE" - - - - - Chaplain Munder

Recessional Hymn #197 - - - - - "Coronation"
(Congregation standing)

Benediction - Navy Hymn (All singing)
"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep,
Its own appointed limits keep.
O hear us when we cry to Thee
for those in peril on the sea.. Amen

Organ Postlude - "March" - - - - - Cooperin



Whose God Is the Lord

Sunday, October 31, 1943

Dear Folks Back Home,

"The Perfect Love," the Chaplain's theme this morning in Chapel (see enclosed calendar) was based upon I Corinthians, chapter 13; and the choir sang "O Perfect Love." Our excellent tenor, Dave Brown, of Germantown, Penn., sang "Love Never Fails." "Sweet Mystery of Life," which the Chaplain read, makes a fellow think these days...."for its love and love alone the world is needing" while Hitler and his gang murder little children.

The added Sunday evening Vesper Service is filling a real need. The old favorite hymns are sung--"The Old Rugged Cross," "In the Garden," "The Church in the Wildwood," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." There's something about a religious service held after dark which can not be duplicated when the sun is brightly shining.

Our Music Director, Specialist (W) Ray Martin, is already at work on services for Thanksgiving and Christmas, with special music by our sailor-marine choir. Christmas Eve will be brought in by a Candle Lighting Service like we used to have back home.

Even the "brig" (jail to you) has a religious service every Sunday afternoon, usually conducted by Chaplain Green.

Movies have been good of late. "Mission To Moscow" is well worth seeing and hearing. "Tortilla Flat" from the book by Steinbeck had such a great lesson in it, the Chaplain used it as an illustration in his sermon of last Sunday. Try to see it, or read the book. "Beyond the Blue Horizon" in technicolor was a bit on the "corny side"--a sort of glorified Tarzan picture, but it was enjoyed. "Bataan" was enjoyed so much, it is going to be shown again.

If a fellow is "horse minded" he can buy one here very cheaply--saddle included. When a man is transferred, he sells his horse and gear to another sailor. Most of the riders are organized into a sort of informal and unofficial cavalry unit. Many men have their own dogs too; raised from pups--the local breed, nondescript, but fine companions.

Our Chapel Choir was royally awarded for its volunteer hard work by a free picnic last Sunday afternoon. That made for a notable increase in the attendance of the Choir last Sunday!

It's important that any package sent to men in the armed forces be securely and carefully wrapped to protect against breakage. Speaking of mail, Uncle Sam certainly gave us a break when he allowed our mail to go out free.

We are all delighted by daily good news printed in which form and passed to all hands, as it tells of increasing conquests by the Allied Forces. "War IS Hell" but it's a business that must be successfully completed so we have a world which is safe to live in. One of the strongest underlying reasons we all have for being in this fight, is to win it and then go home to enjoy all the simple little pleasures apolloed in that sweet word--"HOME." When "D-Day" comes and we are immobilized life in peace time will be doubly appreciated because of what we all have gone through to earn it.

Keep on writing us....that's important--more so than food and sleep...."letters are the greatest builder of morale....."

Ever and always, with love to you all,

2 September 1944

Dear President Wilkins,

It was a real pleasure to receive your last letter, dated July 16, written from your vacation spot, the Crawford House. Indeed, two years of steady work, such as you have been doing, entitles you to a long and restful vacation - I certainly hope you enjoyed every bit of it. My constant perusal of the Review keeps me in touch with your activities, in a superficial sort of way, and two years of travelling to all points on business, plus all the administrative work, plus all your personal (and appreciated) correspondence adds up to a busy schedule. Were I your Commanding Officer I would authorize more frequent and longer leaves as well-earned.

My last letter to you was dated the 31st of January. I can remember stating quite placidly that nothing exciting seemed to occur in our voyages. Perhaps I spoke too loudly, for the very next day, we shoved off (we were in Havana overnight) for Miami and about 1300 came upon a little 110 ton banana boat, badly overloaded, with splitting seams. She was three-quarters sunk when we came on the scene, and another hour would have seen her seven-man crew in a small lifeboat (built for four men), drifting in shark infested waters. The sea was roily, not exceedingly rough, but the rescue was haddisapped just that much more. No one was hurt, but the excitement was great. To prevent the hulk from becoming a menace to navigation, we used her for a target, and eventually sunk her with depth charges. We are now entitled to paint one American flag on our pilot house - we have sunk one American merchantman!

A few months later we were sent out to search for a FIM Naval

petrol bomber which had crashed somewhere on the north eastern coast of Cuba. We eventually found some cotton batting which we thought were the remains of the plane; its occupants, we surmised, had long since been devoured. Casting about to vent our spleen, we saw a shark cruising around. We slowed down to a crawl and brought our cook topside with some spoiled meat, and our leading gunners with their rifles. Between them the crew killed two sharks, a thrilling if slightly bloody sight. When hit, the sharks thrashed around madly, then, slowly turning their white belly up, they slid down out of sight. The beautiful blue clearness of the Gulf stream made their death dive look almost pretty. However, the crew felt much better having avenged what we then thought were the deaths of Navy fliers. Later, upon our arrival in port, we found out the the cotton batting was an unsolved mystery that had nothing to do with the crashed plane; the survivors of that had been found two hundred miles from our locale!

I am a little ashamed to admit it, but that comprises the action that my little subchaser has seen in the last eight months. I guess we are just as welloff. Some of our sister ships were in on the big Normandy invasion; others were at Sicily and Elseroe; many are in the Pacific; some are at Panama and other outlying bases where life is just as dull. We are all too fortunate in being able to come back to civilization after each trip. Some trips are rough: we have rolled 50°; and often 40°; a choppy sea for a large ship is a really rough one for us, but the men are, on the whole, uncomplaining and aware of their good fortune, though ready to go if, as many of our sister ships have already been, called.

At sea, unless things are flying around the wardroom too frequently to read safely, we do alot of reading, something I wished I

could have done in college (but like most other undergraduates I "never could find the time."). I have read some very worthwhile books. I thoroughly enjoyed Ambassador Grew's "Ten Years in Japan" and am now finding Sumner Welles's book constructive and interesting. I have also read Guedalla's "Wellington", a biography of Sidney Welles and some good novels. The Armed Services have put out pocket editions of a selection of books; and they keep adding the latest selections, some of which are good, some of which are not. It is very helpful, though to have new books coming in periodically.

I have started that history course (Russia since 1900) which you so kindly arranged for me. I have landed in three lessons, and have received very encouraging remarks from my instructor, who is a professor at the University of Houston: Professor Joseph Werlin. Unfortunately, the book situation is difficult, but so far I am a member of the Galveston Library (Rosenberg Library) and have drawn books by mail. It is a slow proposition, and I hope the University will not become impatient. I know Professor Werlin will not since he has already indicated that too me. I have derived a great deal of benefit from the work I have already done, and am grateful to you and the College for providing me with the opportunity. While on the subject of education, I have read that section of the "GI Bill of Rights" which pertains to education. Will it be interpreted to include those men who have received their degrees (A.B.), but have not had the opportunity, because of the war, to study for their Eastern degree? That question, or rather the answer to it, will probably decide my future profession, and that of many other returning servicemen. Do you have any information

that might help me find the answer to that question. I feel that we who have not had the opportunity to study for higher degrees have had ~~many~~ our educations interrupted, and therefore are entitled to help from the government. If the ^{govt.} interpretation does not agree, I guess we'll have to stand on our own feet. One more question about scholarships. How does one go about applying for a fellowship or a scholarship to study for his Master's? What effect will the war have on this procedure?

I received Christeller's HI-0-HI, and I was very pleased with it. I thought that one was hard put to discover that numerous peoples edited the book. I hope that the reception accorded it by the students and faculty was not biased by the unfortunate editorial circumstances. I was quite proud of the book, and showed it to my fellow officers who agreed on its readability and pictorial quality. The theme and layouts are those I saw (many years ago) when the Gummy was first drawn up. The men who succeeded Christeller succeeded in publishing a book that kept the originators ideas almost to the letter. I think that is admirable, and I know Christeller appreciates it. Is he now entitled to his degree?

I have also read each Review as it arrives. Many of the names are unfamiliar, but the events, the places, the faculty, and the town are not and they bring back some pretty swell memories. The Woodportisan Convention was a true victory over adversity, and its platform was truly Oberlin, for I found my self nodding affirmatively over almost each point, at odds here and there with a few more conservative and more radical tenets. And of course, I welcomed the nomination of Willkie as one who would uphold such a platform. I was disheartened when Wisconsin snubbed Willkie so effectively. I hope his poli-

itic career has not ended, both because I agree with his ideas and because he is now a classmate of mine, though I never went to school with him. I hope the Review will keep coming this way, and also I notice that I must request the paper edition of the Alumni Association. Shall I write to your office separately to keep the records straight, or is this informal request sufficient?

Life on the SS. 1880 has not changed very much. We are being inspected regularly by a regular Inspection Board (it is reminiscent of the peacetime Navy). After the 1st inspection (which was also the first), we were awarded a plaque "For General Excellence" with a commendation for excellence in materiel and personnel. The Admiral of the Gul Sea Frontier (I mean the Commandant, Adm. W. S. Anderson) made the award himself, and then proceeded on a rapid, five-minute inspection of the ship. It was quite an event, with enough gold braid to last a lifetime. The sentence above to the contrary, we have had another inspection since which turned out equally as good, though we don't know whether or not it will earn us the plaque again. The title which the Admiral awarded us was "the best SC in the Frontier".

Promotions, too, come in time. Though I am still waiting for the Almy which will send me up to Lt.(j.g.), I have moved up to Executive Officer of the ship. The Commanding Officer was transferred, and the former exec moved up; we got a new Third Officer. My duties are less extensive, and in another way, more so. I handle fewer departments, but must know what is going on in all of them. Personnel, education and welfare, and Communications are my main departments; I am also Navigator, though, I confess a very poor one. Navigation is very interesting, and thanks to Mr. Carr, my computation

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is almost faultless, but my work with the sextant is pretty rotten. My fixes usually come out on land - and if there is no land around, I fix us at our destination two days early, or at our point of departure two days late. Nevertheless, I am enjoying it, and slowly by experience learning the intricacies of a sextant. Fortunately, in convoy work the Convoy Commodore does the navigating. Yes, that is very fortunate.

Barbara has had quite a time trying to decide where the Navy will decide to have us next. In the spring (it was like summer here) we moved down to Key West, and Barb followed, moving into the Navy Hotel here. That wasn't very satisfactory, so she (I was at sea) hunted and found an apartment, which was quite nice. Just about that time, the Navy decided that we would be spending more days in Miami, so Barb up and packed (I was around to do that - the Navy slipped up there) and moved to Miami. That brings us quite up to date, since she is now looking for an apartment, while I sit here waiting for our return trip. Since her letters never reach me until I get back, I don't know whether or not she has been successful. She is in good luck, though, and I have no undue cause to worry. We have been very happy and very lucky to be able to spend so much time together (though it seems like minutes). Our baby is due the first week in January (much to every one's excitement) and we are still undecided whether it will be a Florida baby or an Ohio baby. That depends on the Navy and the grandparents-to-be. I kinda hope I'll be around until then, and that it will be a Florida baby.

You are now in your third Oberlin summer. I would sure like to go back - even to go to summer school, providing it was Oberlin's. I hope that the Unit men, harassed as they are by regulation, learn to

appreciate and love Oberlin as much as we who know her in peacetime. I have heard that that spirit is not developing as well as might be hoped; but I can well remember bull sessions in which each member wished they were out of college. Those same men have written me saying they have been back, and loved it; or wishing they could get back. I think that even the Unit men will look back on Oberlin with pleasant memories. One of the most pleasant memories I have now was your chapel presentation on "Inner Cases," a copy of which you sent me in your last letter. I reread it aloud to Barb, and we were both again much impressed. Thank you, Mr. Wilkins, for remembering to enclose it.

Your letter answered nearly all my questions about interracial peace. It is hard to explain how clear your letter was, and how fair. It was inspiring to read the fundamentals which you stressed and how they must inevitably triumph over the cynicism and selfishness of individuals and nations today. Living down here, though temporarily, we feel thrown right in the midst of the anti-negro feeling, and yet are unable to do anything, except smile, instead of growl at some Negro folk who met on a bus or in an apartment. After the war, I'll be anxious to join some group working for the acceptance of the negro as a fellow citizen.

I'm afraid that I have run over my time. Writing this letter to you has been a real pleasure, next best thing to receiving one from you, or talking to you in person. Barbara joins me (though at present she is far away) in sending best wishes to you and Mrs. Wilkins. If you have time, another letter would be more than welcome.

Most sincerely