

Cattleboat Trip of Kenneth Heatwole, 1946

My father, Elmer J. Heatwole, was a supervisor of seagoing cowboys and made multiple trips to Europe and eventually to China in 1948. In late June 1946 after I graduated from Goshen College while looking for summer work and placing applications at several factories in my home town of Waynesboro, VA, I decided to hitch hike to Newport News VA to visit my father who at this time had a port job with UNNRA loading the cattle ships. After arriving on Saturday, June 30, visiting with Dad, Newport News friends, and waiting "cowboys" on the weekend, I decided to apply for a cowboy trip. Next day my seaman's papers were granted and I phoned my mother to send me some work clothes! On July 2 I boarded the Lahaina Victory and this college student became a farmboy sailor tossing hay for horses (our ship was horses, not cattle). The ship pulled out in the "stream" away from the dock the next day but the cowboys stayed ashore as there were no messboys available.

Finally on July 11 we sailed. As the tug was pulling us out, a mare in my hold gave birth to a colt named "Pier X" because he was born as we left pier X in Newport News. His life was short as he was stepped on by a horse the 2nd night and died as the ship tossed and turned (The mare died 6 days later). For 2 days I suffered from seasickness but managed to keep up my strength and do my work with the help of crackers, lemons and liquids and some assistance of other cowboys.

On the morning of the 4th day (July 15) we had a lot of excitement when a fire broke out in the galley while making breakfast. It was a serious fire and the ship's crew feared it would reach the fuel tanks. A storm arising on the portside of the stern moved forward and directly onto the ship giving us a downpour right at the time of the fire which helped the men cool the other rooms. As soon as the fire was out it quit raining. The mate said, 'I'm no religious man but that was a miracle. God saved us!' I wrote in my diary, "God is so great and good - I have to think of Him often as I look at the great sea. He's marvelous," We ate cold cuts that day which was somewhat disappointing to me as I had recovered from seasickness, was working hard and hungry but when I saw the melted metal faucets in the galley I was thankful for any food.

I knew of two other Mennonite boys on this trip, Dale Hartzler and Paul Yoder. They were as surprised to see me as I was to see them. We were assigned to the same hold (#2) near the bow of the ship. We took care of 119 horses. As a pre-med and seminary student pitching hay and shoveling horse manure wasn't exactly my cup of tea, but as a Mennonite small farm boy I had more experience than many of the other cowboys who were college students from colleges scattered over the U.S. Some were Bible or seminary students from various denominations and gave messages in our Sunday church services. We had "bull sessions" on origin of man, deity of Christ, nonresistance, etc. with all gradations of liberal to conservative theology.

This voyage was my first experience in a foreign country. The thrill of seeing the English coastline, the horrors and devastation of war in Poland by the two day trip to Warsaw while the ship was in port, were impressed on my mind, never to be forgotten. My diary account follows.

Kenneth M. Heatwole
September, 2009

The Personal Diary
of
Kenneth M. Heatwole
during
The Adventures on a Cattle Ship
in the
summer of 1946

Sat. June 29

This morning I went to town to see about gaining employment at the Wayne and Crompton. I got so far as to fill out an application. I decided to go to Newport News to visit Daddy. Consequently I left about 9:30 hitch-hiking from E. Main St. I had a ride with 3 women to Charlottesville where I took the train to Newport News. Arrived at 4:45 (DST). Attempted to find Daddy by telephone. Went to boarding house - then to UNRRA office, then to Pier X. Found him at last. Watched men load a ship until about 11:00 when we went uptown to eat at a restaurant - my first solid meal for the day. Boarding house not the best but will do. Am very tired and sleepy. Dad was worn out too.

Sun. June 30

Got up in time to eat a bite of breakfast in a restaurant. My plain coat attracted much attention. Sat in bus station 1 1/2 hours for a bus. Arrived in Denbigh in time for preaching, Was at John David Yoder's for dinner and afternoon. Brought some cowboys to Pier X about 5:00 and expected to take Dad along back. He couldn't go, so we went to the Bible School program and then back to Yoders for watermelon. John David and Myron Ross had dates - I was chaperone. Got in about 11:00 p.m. Dad was already in bed.

Mon. July 1

Dad persuaded me to try for a cattle ship. So we went to Norfolk by waiting, streetcar, ferry, and bus. It took us all morning to merely get to Norfolk. Took my picture in a 5 & 10 and then was fingerprinted, etc. Got my seaman's papers so I guess I'll go for sure now.

Tue. July 2

They had a big stampede last night when a locomotive let off some steam. Horses were knocked off a coal pier and others went all over town, some as far as James River bridge. This morning I was assigned to a ship and had my tetanus shot. My arm has been sore since. Was I ever surprised to see Paul Yoder and Dale Hartzler. I telephoned to Mom and had her send me my clothes. Tonight we went aboard the Lahaina Victory and put out hay etc. 30 of us, black and white, slept in the small bedroom for the gunners crew. And did it rain. We were soaked through but it didn't hurt us.

Wed. July 3 (entry written on July 15 - at sea)

The ship pulled out in the stream about noon. At nine o'clock Dad had us to sign the articles after getting my tetanus shot. We cowboys couldn't go along to sea because they had no mess boys & it was leave or starve.

NO ENTRIES IN DIARY UNTIL

Thur. July 11

At last we sailed this afternoon. A colt was born in my hold just as the tug was pulling us out. We christened it Pier X as he was born before we left. Didn't sleep well for it was very warm last night. I wonder what is in store for us.

Fri. July 12

The 2nd day out. Pier X managed to get some supper. That is more than I can do. I still work like crazy. The smell of hay turns me. I don't care much about anything.

Sat. July 13

Same story - seasick. I eat food and then immediately go hoist it over the side. I usually go back for more. About the only thing I can keep down are lemons, fruits, and fruit juices, and water. Crackers go down hard but I manage somehow. Didn't sleep much last night. Maybe that has something to do with it.

Pier X was stepped upon last night and died.

Sun. July 14

What a way to spend a Sun. Worked like crazy all day. Had an inspiring church service at 12:30 in which we sang, prayed and had a swell message on Lord's Prayer by one of the Ferré boys. Hauled hay in the afternoon. After work a group of us got together and sang songs. The moon is beautiful but cloudy. At 2:30 in the night we were awakened to cover the hatches because of rain. We got soaked to the skin. My appetite is coming back for I ate a big meal tonight for the first. Kept all food down today but ate mostly fruit and liquids.

Mon. July 15

Was awakened at 6:00 but oh it was hard to get up after the excitement of last night. Wallace was moved from our hold to #4. And who says there is no excitement?! A fire broke out in the galley while breakfast was being made. I think all the fire extinguishers on the ship were used. If the fire had gotten in the fuel oil as it almost did we would have been blown to bits. God was with us for even the mate said, "I'm no religious man but that was a miracle, God saved us." A storm arising on the portside of the stern moved forward and moved directly onto the ship giving us a downpour right at the time of the fire, which helped the men cool the other rooms. As soon as the fire was out it quit raining. God is so great and good - I have to think of Him often as I look at the great sea. He's marvelous.

A very romantic moon He gave us tonight. Dale and I went up on the bow after 8:30 and talked to the night watch. Then I took a saltwater bath on deck. Here we can go naked and no one cares. Several fellows pulled up a bucket of water and after I soaped down dashed it on. A bit chilly but refreshing. The food today was cold of course but it was good and I really ate because I was well and hungry. We ate cheese, bologna, liverwurst and other cold cuts, tomatoes, plums etc for supper.

Tues. July 16

Yoder, Hartzler, and I are really working like dopes. The 3 of us are taking care of 119 horses. The mare that had the colt is very low and we expect her to die. I hope not though because 4 have already died in our hold. 13 have died all told. Chow was good today. For supper I had pork chops, potatoes, beets, spinach, corn on the cob, etc. Put new film in my camera.

Wed. July 17

Water, water, everywhere. and fog! Last night they blew the fog horn every 2 minutes! But I slept better than usual. Work went fairly well today but we had to change a lot of houses again. The old mare died that had the colt!

Yoder and I sat on the fan-tail for awhile talking about things in general. He's having a big time trying to make the fellows believe he is married! Lillian is her name!

Chow was fair today. The corn wasn't so hot this noon but tonight they made up for it.

We had to batten down the tarpaulins over the hatches just before retiring,

Thurs. July 18

More fog and rain and boy it is cold as blazes. I wore my sweater and jacket all day. At noon we were 2450 miles from Newport News. Tomorrow we ought to be getting close to England.

The work seems to be getting lighter because we are learning short cuts and better techniques. Chow was rotten this noon. They never cook the meat enough. The roast duck was half raw as well as the veal chops tonight. Had good baked beans and ice cream tonight though.

Had a bull session with Don Lieffer on Origen of Man, Deity of Christ, Nonresistance, etc etc. In my estimation, he is a very rank naturalist and modernist. His goal for life is social reform. We had to start shoveling manure today from back of stalls. A very distasteful job, at the minimum. If my darling would see the things I do such as wiping snot and pus from noses and eyes, etc. and could see the dirt on my hands with which we eat she'd probably faint.

I'm tired tonight and since we set up our watches 3/4 hr. tonight I shall retire.

Fri. July 19

Very chilly today but it cleared off so we had a swell day to sail. The water is darker again so we must be out of the Gulf Stream. Tomorrow we are supposed to see England!

Tonight we had good chow, Haddock fish and steaks. I ate them all. None of our fellows are seasick anymore so eating is fun.

I played checkers today for a change. We didn't work too hard. But they intend to keep us busy because the vets keep adding duties to just give us something to do. I'd very much like to write a letter to my darling but when oh when will they give me time. Goodnight folks!

Sat. July 20

This was an eventful day. At 5:30 we (Dale, Paul, and I)were routed out of bed to help get a horse up. The morning was chilly and cool but I felt very well. There was a note of expectancy in the air as there was an increased number of sea gulls flying around. About 9:00 we saw land. It was the Scilly Islands. Then after awhile we saw England. Oh, it was beautiful. We could see the farms right down to the sea. Also the cliffs were high and big. Radar towers lined the shore. I saw Plymouth on a hill. Now we see new ships and sights right along. For once tonight the time won't be changed so we will get a full nights sleep. Tomorrow we hope to see Dover.

Sunday July 21 .

Oh, sweet England. This morning we saw the white cliffs of Dover...Some day I'd like to visit England. We stopped for orders but got no pilot. We headed up the coast

and then across the North Sea. We had our little church service tonight after we were done working. Again it was inspirational. After that some of us sang some quartet numbers.

Mon. July 22

This morn. they let us sleep until 7:00 by a mistake. Link almost fired the night watchman but luckily he cooled off. We saw an Army transport today which passed us like greased lightning out in front of us. We entered the Elbe River this p.m. about 3:00 and the Kiel at 5:00. We had a lot of fun talking to the German children around the canal and threw them candy and oranges. The countryside is beautiful and refreshing. It certainly would be interesting to look up the Mennonites in Germany. The boat is moving very slowly through the Canal as there is much traffic. The Doc took an autopsy today on a horse which I tried to get with my camera.

Tue. July 23

Again it was very difficult to get up this morning. We were just leaving the Kiel Canal and before chow time we were out of sight of land in the Baltic Sea. All day today we have been brushing up on German for when we land in Poland. One of our horses was down again and we spent much of the day with it. I managed to quit early tonight and Hartzler and I washed our hair. I think that was the first time since I left Goshen that I have had a chance to wash it. A sense of expectancy is present as we discuss our plans after we arrive in Poland. Today the sun shone for a change. I lay on deck for a short while.

Wed. July 24

It seems to be very chilly today but we are eager to get to Poland. Link collected the tools this morn. About noon we sighted land and at about 3:00 we saw Gdynia. We signalled for a pilot, was told to go to Gdynia to unload. But the Luckenbach beat us there so we had to go back to Nowyport to unload. We docked about 6:00 and I got my first glimpse of bombed Poland. Around 9:00 some of the fellows persuaded me to go to Warsaw so I began a long and tedious adventure. First of all I was sent through the custom house with my stuff. All they did was to put tags on our baggage and put seals on our cameras, then we walked down the cobblestone streets to catch a tramway to Gdansk (Danzig). The tramways always go hooked together by twos. On the car I met a young Polish Medici student from the Danzig Academy who could speak German. We got to Gdansk all right but then the fun began as we knew no Polish and Mr. Weaver and I knew little German. And boy did we have a time trying to get tickets on the train! Finally we found out that the train left at 12:05 & we got our tickets. Then we sat for 2 hours in the ticket office. The building was damaged & had been repaired but had a very musty & disagreeable odor. The mosquitoes were great big suckers and bite-WOW! The people all seem to belong to what we would call the poverty class. They all have one suit of clothing and often no ties or extras.

Thur. July 25th

At 12:00 the train came in and 11 of us (3 joined us - a good Polish speaker & German) boarded the train. The train coaches are divided into compartments. We were not lucky enough to have a seat so we stood in the aisle all night. At first I was too nice to sit on the floor but later I got so tired I sat on my haunches and after 2 hours I sat on the floor. Later I lay on it. Everyone got on the train but no one seemed to get off.

Everyone was going to Warsaw! On the way we met a girl who was quite a flirt. I guess I started it as Knox started his Russian & got her laughing at him. I became interested and went over. Finally I caught on she wanted our names. From there we carried on a conversation which was quite interesting by means of a Polish- English dictionary. We sang for her and she sang for us.

Then too I must not fail to relate the picture which I cannot erase from my mind. It is so typical of devastated Poland. A young woman perhaps 25 evidently had the wrong ticket & when the porter collected tickets she looked up to him with the most kind and pleading look that I have ever seen in a human beings eyes. They were blue and her hair was blonde showing from beneath a dark kerchief. That sight will never leave me - it spoke of hardship, poverty, and determination - the slogan written on all the faces.

I should mention that the train was completely dark except for a very small moon which my darling would have liked. The train travelled about 30 mph all the way.

The farms we saw along the way are very neat but very small. I don't think I saw a field over 2 acres in size. The average was between 1/2 and 1 in my estimation. All work is done by hand. The farmers were cutting the grain with scythes and cradles. They tied the sheaves by hand with straw.

At every station women brought bread and fruit and Lemonada to people on the train. The loaves are very long and are all baked over an open fire. It has a delightful taste, rather musty as if it had some buckwheat in it.

We arrived in Warszawa (Var sav ia) about 10:00 in the morning. First we walked about 3 miles with a boy who knew some English. We crossed the bridge from Pragma to Warsaw. It is a beautiful bridge and is the only new thing I saw in the town having been completed only 2 days before. We went straight to Hotel Polonia to see about plane reservations to find that we must go back by train. That was discouraging to us having stood for 10 hours already.

We were so weak and tired that we decided to eat in a restaurant. So we did - and don't say that wasn't funny! Trying to order food which you don't know what is and can't read the menu and you can't speak Polish! Fun, fun, fun! It only took us 1/2 hr. to order. Powell Lawton knew Deutsch & so did the waitress a little. So I ordered Gemüse Zupe (vegetable soup) and the others got cherry soup which turned out to be noodles in cold cherry juice. My soup was good and had a delightful flavor. They use much dried parsley for flavoring & onions. Some of the others had chicken etc. The cost-- later 6 of us figured the 11 ate for a total of \$3.00. Mine was 20 zloty = 5 cents.

After the dinner we went to UNRRA headquarters in Warsaw to get a guide. They wouldn't furnish one but we at least got a reference for one and had a lot of fun talking to the English women working there. The guide was wonderful - a Polish officer who had been in England for 6 years so he spoke English very well. I have pictures of him if they are good. First we rode the double deck street bus to the Ghetto.

My heart was nearly torn to pieces to behold the ruins of that former Jewish living quarters. I was reminded of Jeremiah wailing over Jerusalem. Also the prophecy of Jesus about the temple was refilled here. But not only was there not one stone left upon another the stones were broken & rent in twain. There were acres and acres of just bricks. No ruins were left standing at all. And where are the 350,000 Jews that

lived there? 10,000 live in Warsaw in ruins - others migrated to other parts of Europe - and the rest lie in those ruins! The Germans allowed no one to leave and then blew up the place!

From the Ghetto we walked to the old parts of Warsaw. What did I see? RUINS! Here a church, there a church, here a home, here a former palace, but now RUINS! Then we walked to the former Kings Palace and old govt. buildings to see more RUINS!

Warsaw was blown up systematically by dynamite & then shelled and bombed. Consequently not a single building is untouched. Now on only 2 streets are the buildings repaired.

Horror stories are written in all parts of the town. The church where lies buried 2000 trapped in an air raid shelter. The dozens of spots in the city where flowers line the place where the Germans shot the citizens in cold blood. For every German shot 100 citizens were lined up and killed. But after seeing the living conditions today it seemed to me that it would be better to be dead than alive. I have a picture of a mother in a second story window living or whatever you call it. I saw a curtain in windows on 3rd or 4th stories of buildings in which the bottom was demolished & they were held up by merely a few columns. On the train many families had all their possessions in one or two bags! In America we worry where we are going to put our possessions!

A stone at the edge of the Ghetto tells the story of Poland. It told of an invasion of 1811 by the Russians. All through the history of Poland it has never been really free but all European wars have been fought there.

We walked and walked all over the city and was about worn out until the end of the afternoon. I had a corn on my foot and my legs were swollen. Our Polish friend managed to get us a compartment on the train which was reserved for the porters. We had a lot of trouble keeping it however because we had no sooner started when a man poked his head in and said, "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" I said, "Yah." Then he says, "Ich bin ein Porter!" Then he wanted to put his Kind in the car. We couldn't disagree so we allowed the child to come in. Then she begins to cry so he shoved another child in to take care of her. Then he says, "Dees ist mine Frau!" and shoved his wife in and before I knew it she was beside me on the seat. Then he tried to come in and that's when we objected. Stacy yells, "Two kids, one Frau, makes 3 (showing on fingers) enough! Get out!" He understood & retreated very angry. Thus 11 rode in a compartment for 8. We fed them some of our candy, cheese, & bread. We also drank much lemonada which is better than nothing.

As far as I'm concerned I've never had more fun in my life & never have I learned as much in one day nor have my sympathies been so aroused toward my fellow human beings. My convictions were aroused all the more for my service for Christ & man in need.

I didn't mention the beautiful Catholic church which the guide took us in. The architecture was beautiful and very conducive to worship. The statues of Christ with the wounded side, the high altar, the burning candles all contributed. I had to bow my head & pray to God for the benefit of these poor Polish people. May God help them!

Friday July 26th

We arrived in Danzig about 8:00 am but got to the ship too late for our breakfast so we had jelly bread & cold cereal. I took a shower and felt much better. I ate dinner on the ship which was the first real meal for 2 days. I still had had no sleep for over 50

hours except for what I got lying in the train. UNRRA took us to Sopot in the p.m. to shop. I bought many souvenirs including the tripod and then went out on the beach where there 1000's of people. The aristocracy of Poland is here but they were hardly more than our low middle class. I handed out gum on the beach until my supply was depleted.

The people aren't too careful about their modesty as they change right on the beach. A number of small children were going naked. I even handed a stick of gum to a little naked girl.

I must say a few words about Victor, the genius. He is a 11 yr. old orphan boy who lives on American ships as they come in. He knows 4 languages so serves as a good interpreter. He is cute as all get out and wants to go to America.

Several of us decided to go to Gdynia after looking through Sopot - so we did. I almost bought a Polish blouse but it cost 2800 zlt & I was afraid she would wear it! It was very colorful. Stanley was our guide here - a lad 15 yrs. old but seemed quite a bit older. He had been in the Polish Army & was with Amer.G.I.'s in a German concentration camp. He knew English well but had also picked up the swear words & a great deal of the Amer. low class attitudes. However we gave him much stuff when we left him.

We rode the train back to Gdansk & was going to take a boat from there to Nowyport but was disappointed to learn that we must wait several hours after walking a mile. While we were waiting a gun battle occurred several blocks away. They didn't need to persuade me much to take the streetcar.

Gdansk is a very smelly and dirty town. The ruins have much decaying material in them. The desire to rebuild is not present as in Warsaw. They would rather let it lie.

In Warsaw people are removing bricks all the time. All they have to work with are pick & shovels but they are busy with those. Their morale is high even though none have jobs & the work they do is voluntary.

The children in Gdansk plagued us more than anywhere else. Their plaintive cries of "Mister, ein goom! Please, ein goom" rent your heart. When I would say "Ich habe nein goom" they insist that "Yes, you habe! Mister, ein goom!" Some would want ein bon bon or sucre. Oh, if I could only have given them all they wanted or have clothed them or even washed their dirty faces. I wish every Christian in America could see - may God forgive our negligence!

A short while after I was in, someone said the purser had his glasses broken in a fight! Also most of the cattle boys came in with alcohol on their breath. Even, I'm sorry to say, the Mennonite boys. Everyone seems to drink Vodka (the most powerful liquor). The American Bar has almost become the embassy. The whore houses have been frequented by our number too. Why must men behave like brutes and devils when they get away from home. I'm so glad I'm a Christian! (I was tempted to drink beer yesterday in Warsaw because the water is unsafe to drink & I didn't know what Lemonada was then). I got some water at UNRRA in which we dissolved some pills to make it safe.

I know now why Dad said to not go out at night or if you do, go with someone. But I don't feel safe with fellows that go armed or drink. I would rather depend on my character & God's protection.

Saturday July 27th

We were supposed to go on an UNRRA tour but we were scheduled to sail at noon which cancelled that. I had a wonderful sleep last night & feel wonderful today except I feel rather tired as yet. I went into Nowyport & bought another tablecloth & spent the rest of my zelotche so I wouldn't have any on hand. I went back to the ship about 10:00 am. I have seen enough! 4 towns along the coast which are representative and an inland trip to Warsaw make my 2 days worthwhile.

The crew members are drunk as bats today and just before the gang plank was lifted two began to fight. One was our messboy Tony, a Filipino, who hit the other Chinese fellow with a beer bottle in the face and broke it. It bled something awful. Willie in turn nearly bit Tony's ear off. It all started when Willie wanted Tony to take his picture with a Polish child he had been leading around all day & Tony refused. Drink makes beasts of men!

We left port about 6:30 in the evening. The captain is really travelling - I understand he's in a hurry to get home! Suits me!

The air is getting very chilly & the smoke from the ship goes very low.

Sunday July 28th

Imagine my surprise to see land when I was on my way to breakfast this morning. The sun was shining brightly on the shores of Sweden. Although the air was chilly I stayed on deck quite a while. I passed the day reading and watching the atlas for islands we passed. We saw Danish islands and sighted Germany early in the pm.

A stowaway was found aboard and was locked in the Ferré room. We fed him until he was put off at the Kiel. We arrived there about 7:00 in the evening.

We had church after supper before arriving at Kiel. Link spoke but I didn't think much of it as the whole message was a farce. He tried to make the thieves on the cross the symbols of Poland and starving people today. He wound up telling us what good boys we were. Nothing of the blood of Christ entered in at all.

I went to bed about 10:00 tonite while we were anchored in Kiel taking on water from a barge. It was still light in the north & they say it never gets completely dark here in the summer time.

Monday July 29th

Got up at 3:00 this am. as we pulled into the locks of the canal. I got off and walked around in Germany for awhile.

I have a terrible cold today so I've been hanging around inside most of the day. Just as we left the locks I was in the Mess Hall sipping cocoa, seaman style. Sure tastes good. Would you be surprised if I said it was snowing when I looked out of the porthole. Imagine snow on July 29th. That was while we were coming out of the Elbe River. Now I'm back in quarters as my pen ran dry & Tony wanted to set the table. Sea life is o.k. except I'm afraid of the toilets etc on account of the venereal disease that is likely prevalent. As I close we are in the North Sea.

Tuesday July 30th

The North Sea showed its contempt of us by pitching us all night. Several fellows claimed they were lifted right up off their bunks. Personally I was only rolled around. This pm. it became somewhat more calm but a number of us are still rather woozy. I hope we don't get sick.

Today we cleaned the manure off of topside & hold #1 & part of #2. We also put creosote on them. It has a wicked smell which almost turns my stomach besides eating the hide off.

Just before dusk we saw the cliffs of Dover through the haze. Tomorrow we'll probably see our last land for awhile. I'm anxious to get home! Today is the first day I really got anxious to the extent I wished I were there!

Wednesday July 31st

If you can't read this it is because the boat is vibrating & shaking so much tonite that I can't write. The ship seems to be rocking more tonite than usual. I suppose it is because we are out in the ocean and the ship is not loaded.

Today we finished cleaning & creosoting the pens. I understand Link has some work for us tomorrow which means we won't have much time off.

George Ford admitted tonite that Shen. Valley is the place he would rather live than any of the 3/4 world he has seen. I agree.

I feel a bit woozy in the somach so I'll close for tonight.

Thursday Aug. 1

Thank goodness another day has passed. They seem to fairly creep. I played chess and checkers all morning. This afternoon I read a book and talked to Bob Jones. He's an interesting character. He showed me a symphony he's going to write as well as some of his present compositions.

We saw a school of porpoises today. Also received an SOS from the Riddle which jammed another ship. Later they radioed that they were taking all the survivors back to England. That's the ship the Ohio State boys are on.

Today I cleaned the head and Wallace cleaned the room. (Tonight I finished "Seventeen". Reminded me of my adventures. I had to think of the day I became engaged. Long live those memories!)

Friday Aug. 2

A wonderful day of relaxation. I played checkers and chess. Read part of "Born Crucified". As result had several discussions on religious viewpoints. Lindy is full of "brotherhood of man" stuff. They all believe that good works will get a man to heaven if there is one. Jones drew some swell pictures of Christ. I had a nice half hour of devotions alone this morning too. Afterwards I did some phy. ed. exercises to keep physically fit.

That much today of home & the future. I'm getting very eager to get home. Everyone is!

Time goes whooie out here. Jonesie scared me just now by saying it was 11:45 pm. I decreed it was 9:45 pm. Correct time was 900 pm. Each night we get 45 min. extra sleep. This is the life in some aspects!

Sat. Aug. 3

But today is a different tale. I didn't feel so well today. I think it was something I ate this noon although I had no appetite then. Tonight I could scarcely get any food down. I had severe abdominal pains.

The sky cleared up today - the first day since we left Poland. The air was balmier and the sun even shone awhile.

I sat on deck all morning talking to Folks Ferré. I had just read my devotions so we started a long discussion about Mennonites, etc

This pm I slept & read. Tonight I played checkers & chess with Herbe Weaver and then went out on deck to watch the phosphorescence with Klassen.

Today we went in a southerly direction to avoid fog ahead. Would that my feet were on the old U.S.A.! I think my stomach troubles would cease instantly. But instead we will sail the other half of the Atlantic OCEAN!

Sunday Aug. 4

This Sun. is certainly different from the way I expect to spend next Sun. I was very seasick today. The boat was rolling more than it ever has this am & I wasn't very hungry. However, I ate 2 pancakes & some cinnamon rolls. I then went back to bed & remained there until noon. To make a long story short I "fed the fish" my dinner and crawled back in bed. For supper I ate only jello & fruit. The sea was somewhat calmer so it stayed down. A bull session of several hours ensued in which many things were discussed; the main topic which was movies. I'm still not convinced of the value of the thing. All they have done is tell me I'm foolish for not following the custom of the day.

Mr. Weaver gave an excellent talk in our service today on "Choosing & Refusing".

Monday Aug. 5

Today has been the grandest day yet. The sun shone brightly and the sea was smooth as glass. All the fellows lay in the sun on deck & many are blistered. We saw two whales (brown ones) today. Only saw them spouting water but anyway it was a whale. Flying fish were abundant too.

I attempted to work awhile in the hold but the lights were turned out on me. No sickness whatever today & I ate well. Tonight we sang for a long time as the sun set. Also a beautiful moon is in the sky. I wish I were with Ruth! I think I'll write her a letter.

Tuesday Aug. 6

Spent the forenoon cleaning out the holds. Link finds more work for us to do. This pm. I lay in the sun (what little there was of it) and read. Later a gang of us worked cross-word puzzles. This evening rainstorm came up which was a beautiful sight to see as one can see the rain approaching for miles. Afterward I saw the most perfect rainbow I have ever seen. It was wonderful. In fact there were two of them. Noah, I think, saw this type of rainbow. Tonight we had the best meal yet. We had pork chops, peas & carrots, French fries, applesauce, Boston cherry pie, baked beans. Not bad, eh?

Wednesday Aug. 7

Oh what a beautiful day! The sea is smooth as glass. Not a wave! Little tiny ripples smaller than what is on the Elkhart River is all there is. The sun is scorching hot these days and I took advantage this forenoon and lay in the sun. This afternoon I used linseed oil! Tonight I suffer for I fear I am burned. Now it is officially known that we are going to New York. Poor me -how will I get home?

Thursday Aug. 8

The land swells bothered us a little today, a number had headaches & lay around most of the day. Fog and rain didn't brighten our impatient spirits much either.

This afternoon I went out on deck (to my Devotions Bench on the fan tail for my devotions. It was raining but I enjoyed the sight of rain spattering on the big swells. I have done this several times and I enjoy reading the Bible aloud to myself. Then I like

to preach to my imaginary audience. I was just to the climax of my sermon on "What will ye do with Jesus, who is called Christ" and was telling how the Jews marvelled greatly when a big whale stuck his nose out of the water not more than a 100 ft. away. I saw the whole length of him - about 15 or 20 ft. A nice juicy brown color and a contented look on his face. Never since I was a child have I had such a feeling of amazement and admiration for such a sight. My jaw dropped and eyes popped and breathed a heavy "oh" and just stared! It was true I saw a whale (or mabe just a big fish) I marvelled greatly.

Later I talked to Freddie Knox about his soul's salvation. He claims to be a free thinker but seems to me to be a sort of pantheist. I wish I knew how to lead souls to Christ!

Tonight I read until nearly 11:00 aloud from the "Robe" to Bob Jones. He seems to be a slow reader so both of us enjoyed it. I was very happy to notice that several other fellows were listening and seemed to enjoy it. Freddie listened and when I spoke to him later he said he wanted to read the whole book. The section I read was on Maecellus experiment in the -----(?) section with the melon workers. The Spirit of Christ is definitely manifest and many scriptures are quoted. It is a very touching section and the fellows seemed to melt under the influence. May the results be recorded in the Kingdom of God.

Friday Aug. 9

I'm writing this on the fan tail as I wait to see New York. Almost home - oh glorious moment - I can hardly wait to see the Statue of Liberty. And don't think I won't sing God Bless America and the Star Spangled Banner! I love America! As I write this one of the fellows is reading his testament beside me. Sometimes I think there is more Christianity than we are prone to see.

My stuff is packed and I'm all ready to see the sights & head for home & Ruth eventually. I can't wait!

11:30 pm.

Boy, am I ever tired. We impatiently waited until 7:00 tonight to get off ship. We didn't get into the harbor until about 2:00. First the immigration and health officers came aboard and respectfully repatriated us & o.k.ed our health. Then we sat in the bay until 5:30 when they pulled us into dock.

You sure can get around cheaply. 5 cents for the ferry - 5 cents for the subway & you can ride all night. But oh the cost of knick-knacks. I ate only 1 milkshake, 1 sundae, 1 soda, and 1 orangeade & they soaked me 75 cents.

First of all, we went to Times Square in Manhattan and walked around. Then we went to Pa. Station for information and where I had a most delightful talk with the sweetest girl in the world (and I have been 8000 miles). She was happy as a lark - not saying anything about myself! After this I boarded another subway (which is an adventure in itself) and came back to the ship. From what I hear we won't be able to leave until tomorrow (Sat.) evening. That means I'll be a little late getting home.

My impressions thus far, of New York City are very good. I rather like the skyscrapers and the Staue of Liberty was very beautiful tonight as it was lit up. Maybe I'm so pleased with everything because its just plain wonderful to be back in good old U.S.A.

Sat.Aug. 10

Oh, I was tired this morning but very happy for I was back in the USA and I had talked to my honey. Maybe I shouldn't admit it but I rather worried about her - I don't know why. But sometimes in my lonesome spells I dreamed of all sorts of odd & queer things. Thus to find her happy did me an extremely lot of good.

Customs officers came on board this morn. about 10:00 to check our declared stuff. About noon Link brought the checks and after lunch I started for home. Going thru the gate the customs man made me show everything. At first he was going to keep my camera and glasses but when the other fellows came they vouched for me with the result he let me through.

It was a very cool and misty morning but I took several snapshots anyhow. On the subway I thought I was going the wrong way but it turned out ok after all and I got to Penn. Station in time to get a ticket and crawl right on the train. Believe me, those Pa. trains buzz out in a hurry. We made only 4 stops - Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, & Washington. The cloudiness turned to rain in New Jersey after which the sun came out. In Washington it was very much warmer and very sultry.

Immediately I got in line to wait for my C&O train but decided since it was almost 2 hours yet I'd take a little stroll. Imagine my surprise to see the Capitol only 3 blocks away. I walked down and felt like a King as this was my country. Then I took some pictures and walked until the rain chased me in. I called Mom on the phone to surprise her but she's not very easily surprised. At 6:00 I boarded the last vehicle (a train) between me and Home. A beautiful sunset over the Va. landscape seemed to be put there just for me. At 9:30 I got home to Waynesboro. Mother, Stanley, Harold, & Louise met me and then I was Home. No ruins here, no noise, no rocking, just home.

THE END