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Robert E. H. PEOPLES

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Army Journal of Robert E. H. Peebles

In August 1941 Local Board no. 1, Selective Service, Richmond County, Georgia classified me as 1-B because of poor vision (occasioned by myopia) and in that peaceful state I remained, long after the bombing of Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941 by the Japanese. But on May 15, 1942 I was recalled for a second examination and as of June 2, 1942 was classified as 1-A, a subject for training under the provisions of the Selective Service Act.

~~August~~ ^{July} 10, 1942 found me in receipt of sundry orders from the army of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Commander-in-chief, requesting my presence on July 23rd for a final examination to determine whether or not I could qualify for service. Accordingly, on July 22nd I returned to Augusta from my home in Estill where I had been visiting mother, Dad and Ruth since the beginning of my vacation at the bank, July 15th. At 7:30 Am, July 23rd I reported to Local Board #1 on the 5th floor of the Marion Building and from there was sent to board a special bus at the Union Bus Station (Southern Finance Building) which same bus left for Fort Mc Pherson, Atlanta, Georgia at 8:15 Am. After sundry rest stops we reached Atlanta at 2:30 Pm (174 miles) and were given lunch at a local restaurant. An army truck transported us to the Induction Center of the Fort where we checked our baggage and received bedding and sleeping quarters. After dinner in the gigantic mess hall (4:30 Pm) we were sent to the examination building for x-raying. After what seemed interminable waiting the job was completed.

and we retired to our quarters shortly before taps (10 Pm).

July 24th found us up dark and early at 4:30 Am for breakfast at 5 followed by a general checking in of baggage and bedding 6:15 - 7:15. We then bathed and shaved and proceeded to the examining building for a thorough examination by sundry physicians. I was physically perfect except for my vision which was rated as 20-200, corrected by glasses to 20-40. By 11 Am we were dressed and ready for lunch in the mess hall. One other Richmond #1 man, Clifford Roberts, and I were called to the Stables (the general offices - which were really placed in an indoor basketball court with spectators benches at each end. There the rejects were separated from those accepted and returned to the induction center for a return trip to Augusta. I became No. 343 54504 and was fingerprinted immediately. My service papers were completed by one of some 25 clerks and at 5 Pm I was sworn into the army of the United States of America by 2nd Lt. Brazieri (who made an appropriate address before the more formal oath. Roberts and I returned to the Induction Center, both having elected to take advantage of the 14 days leave of absence offered by the army as ordered by congress. However, due to some difficulty our papers did not clear and we were forced to remain a second night in "tent city".

Saturday, July 25th was another day of waiting but by 2:30 we were informed that our papers were ready

and that we should leave about 4:30 P.M. (after an early dinner.) Shortly after that hour we were summoned to the headquarters building where I was appointed acting corporal for the group returning to Augusta (Roberts and myself.) We were then transported to the Union Station in Atlanta by an army truck and all preparations for our departure at 9 P.M. were completed by me, i.e., tickets purchased and baggage checked. Roberts and I then made a walking tour of the downtown section of the city and had a sandwich and bottle of beer before departing. On the train I found a nice fellow, Sergeant Walker (from Norway, S.C., now stationed at ~~Camp~~ Fort Benning, Ga. with the ground crew of an observation squadron.) However, I soon tired of natural causes; the long day, the endless waiting, the walk about town and the journey itself, and fell asleep.

About 1 A.M. Sunday, July 26th I was awakened by the noise occasioned by the escape of a sailor, prisoner of a military police, through the window of the men's toilet at Thomson, Ga. The same sailor had deserted twice previously so there can be no doubt as to his punishment when he was captured. The M.P. left the train at Harlem, Ga. to institute a local and statewide search for the unfortunate fellow. We arrived in Augusta at 2:10 A.M. and I went to 619 Greene, hoping to find the emergency key in its place. However, it was missing, so not wishing to disturb Josie or Dot (for Frank was desperately ill at the hospital) I took a seat in a comfortable garden chair and

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slept peacefully until 7:30 AM when a messenger boy brought a special delivery for Dot. Josie received me with open arms and I spent the day there, going ~~out~~ to Mack Ramsey's at 4 PM for a swim at the Country Club, followed by a long ride about the countryside (despite tire and gas shortages) Later he came to dinner with me at Josie's and I mixed mint juleps for all.

Monday, July 27th Mack and I met at Fenner and Beane's at 10:30 and worked on the final details of closing our partnership. Later we visited mutual friends in the S.A.R. Bank and in my old establishment, the Citizens and Southern National Bank. at 1:50, after having had lunch with Josie, I caught a bus for Fairfax, S.C. and had the pleasure of Worth Andrews' company that far. From 4 until 6:15 I sat in the theatre in that place seeing "Sleeping Beauty" with Judy Canova (perfectly awful) and at 7:30 caught a bus to Estill.

Thursday, August 6th, I caught a ride from Fairfax to Aiken with a salesman, Mr. Gibson, because I had missed the bus to Augusta. From Aiken I quickly took a bus to Augusta and there found that Josie had prepared for a dinner party which included P.F.C. Carl Pfeifer, recently returned with the H.Q. Co, 8th Inf. 4th Div. from manuevres in South Carolina. Later he and I motored out to bid Lizzie and Lucy a last farewell and then back downtown and visited with Dot, Josie, John Booth and the Boland before retiring.

Friday, August 17th and Josie and I arose early for breakfast. After calling at the Selective Service H. Q. I

was able to learn that Roberts and I were leaving on the 1:05 PM train to Atlanta. Accordingly, I spent the morning at 619 telephoning several friends. Mrs. Ramsey called in ~~person~~^{person} and told about her latest word from Mack, who was still in McPherson, Co. 7. Receiving Bn. After a lengthy and uneventful trip we arrived in Atlanta and were transported to the Reception Center where we were placed in Co. 7. At the call for breakfast I met Mack and we ate together on Saturday, August 8th. Soon we were transferred to Co. A. and were issued clothing which included: overcoat, 2 winter uniforms, a blouse, a bush jacket, 2 summer uniforms, 3 ties, gloves, leggins, raincoat, 5 complete sets of underwear, 3 pairs tan socks, 3 woolen socks, a woolen hat, a khaki hat, 2 pairs of shoes, 4 handkerchiefs, 3 towels, comb, shaving brush, tooth brush, razor, 2 barracks bags and complete mess equipment. The remainder of the day Group 66-Co. A., composed of Brown, Robert; Brown, James; Boings, W. C.; Parsons; and Peoples, Robert E. H., waited comfortably in Barracks 13.

Sunday, August 9th found the situation unchanged except that Mack Ramsey left for Camp Sutton and I went to the Post Chapel for the morning service. Tubby Waller came over in the afternoon and we had a delightful visit.

On Monday, August 10th we began to see things happen when we took our general intelligence test (on which I made 134) and had our insurance written for us (I took the maximum allowed, \$10,000⁰⁰) We stood retreat for the first time inasmuch
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as our class A uniforms had been returned by the alterations department.

Tuesday, August 11th 66-A took their mechanical aptitude test in the morning and hurried into the interviewing section prior to a classification. Fortunately, I was able to contact Tom d'Antignac and was well into the interview before the lunch signal. After lunch Corporal Tom took up the questions and soon I was classified as a chief clerk. We returned to barracks and fell out for retreat before dinner. Tubby Waller (Pvt.) came over and we went to see a free showing of H. G. Wells' "Things To Come" which proved most entertaining.

After lunch on Wednesday most of 66-A joined Capt. Drexel in making a 7-mile hike around some of the wooded area of the Fort. We returned in time for retreat, at which time we were ordered out for a last medical examination prior to our departure tomorrow. Tubby was on K.P. today but came by after work to say that he leaves tomorrow, also.

When all of our equipment had been packed, Bill Hoings and I joined a group to view a special training film showing which included the subjects: Physical Hygiene; Sex Hygiene; Induction and Classification; and Military Courtesy and Discipline. After lunch, Thursday, August 13th we checked in our bedding and visited friends the remainder of the afternoon. An early dinner prepared Hoings and myself for the transportation department where we were given instructions for travelling. At 8:55 P.M., exactly six days to the minute after the time of my arrival at Fort McPherson, we boarded three special Pullman cars and in Atlanta were switched onto a train bound for the South, where we knew not, but Hoings,

Willie J. Smith (Winder, Ga.) and I bunked together in Compartment No. 7 for the night. A civilian passing through to his car told us he was headed for Jacksonville, Fla., thus satisfying our curiosity and easing our minds as no one minds being sent into Florida.

At 8:30 AM Friday, August 14th our entire group of some 150 men had breakfast in the Station restaurant in Jacksonville. Our cars were switched to the Seaboard and we re-entrained for Miami, having lunch and dinner in the dining car before arriving at Florida's largest city. From the station we were driven in army trucks through Miami, over the County Causeway and into Miami Beach where we were quartered for the night in sundry beach hotels, I alone of the three friends being sent to the William Penn Hotel on Washington Avenue.

Saturday I was transferred to the Colony Hotel on Ocean Beach Avenue and placed in Room 201 with ^{Babylon, Long Island, N. Y.} Pvt. Charles Boettiger and Pvt. Joseph Biggely. Unit 785, composed of the entire 150 men from Fort McPherson, was gathered in Lummas Park and given several lectures by Corporal Kennedy and acting-Sgt. Zevin. After lunch several of us prepared to go for a swim but found the entire Hotel restricted so we sat around until 8:30 PM listening to my radio before retiring.

This morning came in handy for getting all my clothes folded and properly displayed in my bureau drawer. We were pleasantly surprised when the restriction was lifted at lunch so Hoings, Smith and I went in the surf and took a

Sun bath afterwards. We dressed for dinner and walked down to the recreation pier for a round of dancing followed by a session in the free mathematics classes conducted for the purpose of refreshing our memories on certain formulae, principles, etc. I am extremely grateful to the kind ladies who gave me so generously of their time and knowledge.

Unit 785 was taken up to the Colony Theatre for a real test or two this morning: a second mechanical aptitude test and a sound distinguishing test. We also were given the opportunity of assigning a portion of our monthly pay to the Treasury Dept. for the purchase of War Bonds. Although my army insurance takes \$6.70 monthly, I assigned another \$18.75 for bonds. This afternoon we heard sundry lectures on orientation and discipline.

Tuesday, August 18th found 785 at the community theatre for the amsited mathematics test and a mechanical movements test. We were given the afternoon off until retreat at 4:58 PM and after dinner at 6:15 until the usual 10 PM.

Wednesday, August 19th, all who wished to attend technical and supply clerks school were given a clerical aptitude test this morning, the test being lengthy enough to consume the entire period before lunch. In the afternoon we were individually interviewed by special clerks who recommended and talked over possible classifications. Later I was qualified as a candidate for the school of cryptography, a very responsible position being held by each graduate of same. My marks on the

primary tests were good enough to qualify me for practically everyone of the 18 classifications and schools offered. However, inasmuch as we were specifically told that the clerical school was so swamped that for all practical purposes it was closed, I chose cryptography as the most attractive and promising.

Thursday, August 20th we were scheduled to view several training films but the condition of two blisters, one on each foot made it necessary for me to report for sick call. At the Shoreham Hotel a major looked at my feet and turned me over to the blister department which fitted my feet up nicely. I wrote several letters during the remainder of the morning and after lunch went out with Unit 785 to receive a second tetanus inoculation. Several men being adversely affected and the day being exceedingly warm we were excused from further activity for the day.

Our first day of our 18 days of basic training began on Friday when we were taken to the Cinema Theatre to view additional training films on first aid, chemical warfare and the use of the gas mask and lastly, the importance of military secrecy. In the afternoon we received one hour of concentrated drilling, followed by an orientation lecture by Lt. Kneller. Tonight Willie J. Smith and I walked down to the Plaza Theatre to see Betty Grable in "Footlight Serenade" - very nice but lacking in quality.

Because of my default on Thursday I was taken with a small group to the Colony Theatre to see several training films, all of which I had previously seen at Fort McPherson.

After lunch we rejoined Unit 785 for drilling and calisthenics.

After breakfast on Sunday we were required to undergo room inspections before we were freed but when I reached Smitty's room in the nearby Imperial Hotel I found him unable to leave immediately; therefore we postponed our sightseeing tour until afternoon. The morning went rapidly while we sun and surf bathed on the beach and after lunch at Sobel's we hurriedly walked over to the Floridian Hotel to inquire about Smitty's glasses but found that the optical branch of the post infirmary had moved to Lincoln Road. Accordingly, we went on to the end of 5th St. and caught a sightseeing boat at 2 P.M. We rode out among the Venetian Islands like Palm, Star, Belle and Hibiscus Islands, seeing many beautiful estates from the water, and returned to land about 4:30 P.M. We ate dinner at 6 and walked down to the Recreation Pier but didn't loiter long there.

We swung back into training on Monday with our 3rd day of training (basic.) This consists mostly of formal close order infantry drill and lectures on sundry military subjects. Sergeant-major Kaplan directs activities much as a superintendent would operate a public school; activities being divided into three periods before lunch, each consisting of 50 minutes work and 10 minutes rest, and three periods after lunch (11:30 - 1:00)

With the others I went out for a couple of hours drill and a lecture on Tuesday but after lunch I found a request for an interview with a classification officer at the Modemage Building. Accordingly, I talked with 2nd Lt. Coogler for some time and finally agreed to accept his offer of a position with the permanent party here in preference to attending the cryptographer's school. However, it is necessary for me to continue with my basic training as scheduled as that may constitute my entire training.

There seems little point in mentioning the routine of the training schedule which went on through Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday without interruption except for a mass parade, or rather, review, held Friday at 2 P.M. for the commanding officers of the 574th Technical Training School Squadron. It might be well, however, to note that one period daily is devoted to calisthenics which are held alternately in Flamingo Park and on Miami Beach. After actual exercises are done, volley ball is played in the Park while a 20 minute swimming period is arranged on the beach.

On Sunday I was called out for interior guard duty therefore it was necessary for me to report at 5 P.M. and I was prevented from taking an additional sight-seeing tour. But several of us from 785 did spend the morning playing in the sand and waves on the beach. I also received word from Mother that Randolph had been sent from Baltimore to New Orleans to resume his duties as 2nd Lt. After lunch at 5 P.M. the guards reported to the Park Central Hotel and hours of relief were assigned. Fortunately, I received a relief from 8 to 10 P.M. and at 8 P.M. was assigned to post No. 7 along the far side of the William Penn Hotel. Nothing of consequence occurred until 10 P.M. when the Officer of the Day and the Sergeant of the Guard approached and I was forced to challenge them and advance each separately for recognition. Shortly thereafter I was relieved and literally fell into bed at 10:30.

After one hour of drill this Monday morning we enjoyed a lecture on military discipline followed by another on the well-known gas mask and accompanying chemical warfare this

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afternoon. There was also another big parade and review for the benefit of a new major. Tonight Det. Guy Pinckard of Louisiana and I went to view a showing of Walt Disney and Leopold Stokowski's film "Fantasia", a veritable monument in the evolution of motion pictures. Stokowski played the music (which included Tchaikowski's "Nutcracker Suite", Beethoven's "Pastoral (Sixth) Symphony" and Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring") while Disney and his assistants portrayed their reactions in technicolor fantasies.

Tuesday, September 1st, our 10th day of training so we headed for the drill field and sat around for two hours of rifle instructions followed by an hour of intensive drill by Sergeant-major Kaplan. At lunch I found a notice requesting me to report to Lt. Schwal at the National Hotel at 8:00 Am - it then being 11:30 Am. Accordingly, I bathed, shaved and changed to a Class A uniform and reported at 1:30 Pm. Lt. Schwal returned about 15 minutes later and we chatted for some time over the prospect of my entering his office as a member of the permanent party. Since he was formerly an officer of a bank in Louisville, Ky. we had a great deal in common and our interview proved quite pleasant. He immediately decided to take me and promised to request my transfer immediately, saying that he would see me again within a day or so. I also requested a change in hotels as the Colony is some 20 min. walk from the National and would be inconvenient. I then rejoined 785 for some additional inoculations at 3:30 Pm

after which we prepared for retreat.

Things were snapping fast this morning during the first two periods of drill and those were followed by routine calisthenics and three games of volley ball. But after lunch the sun was beaming more tyrannically than ever during the mass parade for Major Danusen. Unit 785 was outfitted with rifles and after the review was called up to receive especial commendation by the major as the best performing outfit on the field. The following hour of drill was diabolical with several men falling out from sun-stroke but following that we were required to practice positions for firing our pieces in preparation for a day at the range later. The final straw came when, upon returning to our hotel, a list of those required to serve guard duty was read and I drew the 2-4 AM shift. I retired completely tuckered out.

At 2 AM Thursday, September 3rd I was patrolling post No. 9 back of the Hotel's Angus and Roessel but nothing eventful took place and I was duly relieved and fell back in bed about 4:30 AM only to be called out for reveille at 5:30. It seemed physically impossible for me to take another day of drilling so I reported for sick call asking for a new pair of spectacles which would correct my vision to 20-20. The examining major gave me a pass to the eye clinic at 605 Lincoln Road and I returned to my hotel to rest until lunch. En route to chow our sergeant announced that the mother of a private in the Colony Hotel (but in another Unit, specifically 842) had died, whereupon the Colony men made up a purse of some \$30 to enable him to start on the trip to New York. Then at 2 PM I reported at the U.S. Army Dispensary on Lincoln Road and received an appointment for Saturday at 8 AM. I returned in time to join 785 for calisthenics on the beach but

the heavens literally opened and the resulting down pour drove us to the shelter of our hotels. At 4:58 we stood retreat between showers for by dinner time the streets were flooded and trouble threatened. The rain slackened in intensity enough for some of the excess water to drain off and disaster was averted.

After breakfast this morning I was ordered to report to the Park Central Hotel inasmuch as I was transferred to the permanent party halls overnight. Sergeant White finally suggested that I report to Lt. Schwab at the National Hotel so up there I went. After some little wait Lt. Schwab put me to work delivering sundry batches of papers over the Hotel and finally handed me one batch with the instructions, "Take this to Lt. Fields in room 703." Up to the seventh floor by elevator and finding the door of 703 ajar simply walked in. An officer was just leaving so I snapped to attention, saluted the figure seated at the desk and inquired, "Lt. Fields, sir?" Suddenly all hell broke loose!

"Do I look like Lt. Fields?" snapped the seated officer.

"Sorry, sir," I went on, "but this is my first day here and I am attempting to deliver this note to Lt. Fields."

"First day!" came the reply with rising tension. Then "When did you arrive in Miami Beach?"

"August 14th, sir, and was today detailed to work with Lt. Schwab in School Assignments."

"By God," he roared, "I want to know what officer sent you here for special duty before your training was completed!" And so saying he rang his buzzer and called in Captain Robertson. Getting more and more upset, the Colonel explained the situation to Captain Robertson who immediately took me into his office

and after writing my name, called Lt. Schwab. In came Lt. Fields also and the fight was on, all three talking at once, while I stood by rigidly at attention, unable to speak a word (because a private may not interrupt an officer or speak to him unless spoken to.) Lt. Schwab finally attempted to comfort me by saying that I had done nothing wrong and bidding me relax. I was sent back to Lt. Schwab's office and there told my story but of course, no one could believe that Lt. Schwab had sent me into the wrong room - it was simply my error and the story was soon running around about how a dumb private had blundered into the office of the commanding officer of the post, Colonel Proctor. Publicly, I accepted and bore the shame of the blame; privately, I feel without a shadow of a doubt that I only followed orders.

The question which my entry into the Colonel's office brought up was how many days of basic training should the trainees have before being put to work as permanent party men. The policy of Lt. Fields was to use them after 18 days on the post; the Colonel insisted that men should have been here 28 days and completed all 18 days of basic training, unless a medical certificate could be shown proving physical disability to drill, etc. Inasmuch as I had only been here 21 days, Lt. Schwab dismissed me from duty and told me to return to my training unit until further notified. So I returned to the Colony Hotel and after lunch joined 785 to proceed to the drill field for a parade followed by a lecture on extended order drilling and another on chemical warfare. We then donned our swim suits and prepared for calisthenics on the beach, but a terrific rain began and we retreated to the shelter of our

hotel. There I found an order for me to pack my clothes and move to the Park Central Hotel, headquarters for the 574th Training School Squadron. Upon arrival, I was assigned to room 310 and fell in bed exhausted by the events of the day.

Saturday, September 5th I reported at 605 Lincoln Road for an optical examination at 08:00. After much waiting I was examined about 10:00 and by 10:45 left after having been properly fitted. I am to call there for new glasses next Saturday. After lunch I joined Unit 785 and received \$15⁰⁰ cash as a sort of initial advance on pay due me, the same sum being given to each man. It being about 14:00 we were given the balance of the afternoon off. Bill Hoings and I accordingly went shopping and I bought an air corps garrison hat, three sleeve insignia (one of which I had sewed on) and an air force pin for my hat. With these trimmings I am recognized as part of the permanent party and am addressed by trainees as "sergeant." Unwilling to retire immediately after chow I joined Collis, still of Unit 785, in viewing a showing of "Mrs. Minniver" at the Cinema Casino. Bruce Harson and Walter Pidgeon were excellent, as was the story (book by Jan Struthers) and the photography.

Early Sunday morning I went out on the beach, enjoying both surf and sun. At noon I assumed the duties of charge de quattres for this hotel, an 18 hour shift to last until 6:00 Monday. The job consisted mostly of handing out mail and answering sundry questions about procedures, rights, duties, etc. At 22:00 I made the customary bed check, finding very few missing, and so, retired to the relatively comfortable sofa conveniently provided in the lobby. By 23:30 I was fast asleep.

Promptly at 5:15 Am I awoke and aroused the hotel for another day - another week of work, Monday, Sept. 7th. Finding room 305, on the cooler side of the hotel, vacant I moved in and then went to bed again for Sunday's job had proved none too restful. Awaking refreshed, I tackled C.R.V. Thompson's "Trousers Will Be Worn" which proved most fascinating. This I followed up in the afternoon with "Whistle Stop", a novel about small town Michigan life.

Tuesday I began to suspect that the entire week was to be a time of rest and relaxation prior to my assuming duties next Monday. Accordingly I read "Amazon Throne", a novel telling of Brazil's emperors of the Braganza family, for morning relaxation and retired to the beach for the afternoon. Tonight I walked down to the Service Men's Recreation Pier (operated by the kind ladies of Miami) and played a couple of games of chess before perusing some of the current periodicals.

A notice for me to report to Lt. Schwalb at the National Hotel awaited me this morning so I donned a fresh uniform and hurried up to his offices expecting to go to work. However, he knew nothing of the order and requested me to report again next Monday. I returned to my hotel and read "A Toast to Tomorrow", a novel about a British espionage agent in Berlin. As usual I spent the afternoon on the beach, returning to the Park Central to find an order moving me to room 416 with three other permanent party men: John Jay Rose, William Wilbert and Benny Bolison (who is away on a furlough at present.) It is a grand front corner room, overlooking Sumner Park and the Ocean itself. The breeze is unencing. Tonight Jack

and I worked on through supper getting the room in order and finally went down to Mammy's Waffle Shop on Washington Street and got a nice roast beef supper for 40¢. I had my heart set on sea food but none was available down this end of the beach.

Thursday morning I sat in Sunnys Park and read a current issue of Life Magazine from cover to cover and returned to my hotel to take over the C. Q.'s duties while he went for lunch. After my lunch at Sobels (liver and onions being the not too savory piece de resistance) I donned my white satin swim suit and located myself on the beach for a two hour sleep. Later I showered in the hotel sun roof baths and leisurely dressed for an early dinner. At 8:00 P.M. (E. W. T.) I departed for the Recreation Pier where a dance was being held for the 574th Technical School Squadron. Some 150 Miami girls were on hand to keep us company (and pleasant company it proved to be) and refreshments in the form of sundry soft cola drinks were served. Each member of the 574th was given a special pass allowing us to be absent from quarters until 11:30 P.M. (23:30). A good time was had by all.

After breakfast I walked down Washington Ave. and out 5th Street onto the County Causeway as far as the Florida Light and Power Co. and Star Island and returned to my hotel via the Recreation Pier and Ocean Drive. After lunch I donned my swim suit and sun and surf bathed until three thirty when I returned and carried several shirts to the tailors to have the air force insignia sewed on. After an early supper at Sobel's I walked up to the Miami Beach High Schools at 14th St. and Drexel Avenue to see an army production of "Believe Me, Fantippi", a comedy in four acts. A delightful six piece orchestra played popular melodies entre acts. Then hurrying back to my hotel in an effort to beat the 10 P.M. deadline (I still don't have my permanent party Class B pass) I hit my leg on a projecting pipe (unseen because of

the blackout) but managed to get here and fall in bed right at the hour.

On Saturday about 8:30 Am I reported at 605 Lincoln Road expecting to receive my glasses but found them not ready, accordingly I shall have to report for work Monday without them. Walking on north from Lincoln Road I crossed the canal and watched troops drilling on the golf course for some time before returning along Collins Avenue past the luxurious Sherbourne, Raleigh, Grossingers and National back to the lower section of the city where I had lunch at Sobel's. In preparation for work Monday I cleaned my room thoroughly and got all my clothes in order and sat down to catch up with my correspondence. After an early dinner I took over C.Q. duties for a last time here at the Park Central. Everything seemed in order at 11:15 when I made the bed check, so I retired for the night on a sofa in the lobby.

Sunday morning I routed the hotel residents out on time and when relief came, had a bit of breakfast. The morning passed rapidly and uneventfully but I was happy to relinquish charge of quarters to Edward Coyle at noon. The afternoon passed rapidly while I blissfully slept on the beach.

At 8:00 Am I reported to 2nd Lt. Hugh Shwab, Room 403, National Hotel and was shortly thereafter put to work by Sergeant George Springs at locating cards with a group headed by Corporal Howard Partridge. All of the fellows were extremely nice to me and after lunch in the marvelous Grossinger dining room, overlooking a gorgeous Cabana Club (now used as the non-commissioned officer's club) and the ocean beyond, I walked around the National's gardens and finally sat with Pvt. Lane beside the swimming pool in the cabana club. I wished mightily for a swim but had neglected to bring along trunks. The day's work ended promptly at 4:30 Pm and we departed for our hotels.

Jack Mason took me up to his room in the Grossinger Hotel today for a rest during lunch hour. It was an enjoyable interlude since both his roommates came in and a spirited conversation ensued. In fact, we forgot to note the time and were late

in returning to work. At 4:45 I had dinner at the Grossinger before walking back downtown.

Today, Wednesday, September 16th, my record card was pulled for special orders which should transfer me to Headquarters Squadron within a week. I met Bill Hoings on the way out this afternoon and asked him to dine with me but he had several things to wind up at the 584th Squadron so I continued to the St. Moritz and ate with "Chuck" Lane.

Things rocked on up and down until today, Tuesday, Sept. 22nd when Staff Sergeant Keating called me in and read to me S.O. 150 paragraph 28 which transferred me to H.Q. + H.Q. Sq. I hurriedly packed my clothes and caught a taxi from ye olde (?) Park Central and soon was installed in Room 314, Tropics Hotel, Collins Avenue below Lincoln Road. H.Q. + H.Q. Sq. lost the Grossinger Hotel about four days ago and this hotel doesn't even begin to compare with it. However, we still have a private swimming pool and clean, large, comfortable rooms of the \$15 per day variety.

Thursday, Sept. 24th Jack Mason, Harry Wheeler and I attended the Variety Show at Flamingo Park handshell. Local night club entertainers did their routine for us, the new R.T.C. orchestra provided a nice background for the show and a soldier m.c'd the affair. Some Lt. interviewed one of the 40 Chinese flying lieutenants who are here for a while - a most enjoyable and interesting bit.

After breakfast Sunday, Sept. 27th I read the Miami Herald in a nearby corner lunchstand where I had eaten with Bob Sharpe and Eddie East, both P.F.C.'s. Leaving

them about 10:15 I caught the bus for miami, after crossing the lengthy but beautiful County Causeway I dismounted at 13th St. N. E. and Biscayne Boulevard and walked on up Biscayne to 15th and down to Bayshore Drive to Trinity Episcopal Church, at the head of the Venetian Causeway. The service there was very lovely, but I enjoyed especially the music of Miss Bertha Foster, organist. After the service I gave up an invitation to dinner to go back to the parish house and meet the choir and offer my services. I think there experience with soldier singers hasn't been very satisfactory for they didn't really welcome me as they should have had I been a civilian. But I did catch a ride back to the Beach, right to my hotel door with a Jewish family going to the Beach for the afternoon. I had lunch at the Albion Hotel at 1 Pm and walked down Lincoln Road to the Rotary House of Friendship where I read current periodicals until 3:30 then returned here and prepared for a swim. Our pool being temporarily closed I swam merrily in that at the Sands Hotel across the street. After a salt dip I dressed for dinner and later spent the evening on the roof talking with sundry soldiers.

Tuesday and the work proved to be lighter than expected so I took off about 4 Pm and called at 605 Lincoln Road to pick up my G. I. glasses. They seem unnecessarily strong but I shall wear them for work and for the theatre. After dinner I walked down to the Park Central with Jack Rose and there found sundry mail awaiting me. After a visit to my old room, #416, I walked back up and enjoyed immensely reading and re-reading Ruth's first letter to

mother on her trip from Estill to Greensboro, N.C. and subsequent happenings in getting settled in college.

Wednesday, September 30th held no terror for me as the end of the month for here there is no recapitulation as at the bank where I was in civilian life. Rather, P.F.C. Eddie East came by conveying Jeanette Shikowin's invitation to dinner so I dressed after work and with Eddie and P.F.C. Gentry Osborn (both from Virginia) took a taxi up to Royal Palm and 41st Street where we enjoyed highballs before dinner and Amirette Cordial afterwards, before going to the Sheridan Theatre to see Lucile Ball in Damon Runyan's "The Big Street". The picture was 2nd class but we enjoyed the filming done here at Miami Beach. After another highball we arrived back at the Tropics at 12:30 Am.

Today all the 1st of October ratings came out making Eddie East a corporal and promoting Al Steinmetz, "Beanie" Vincent Williams, Eddie Donahue and Donald Crane to P.F.C.'s. Sid Podell and Paul Seeman became Sergeants and George Springs became Staff Sergeant. Dick Morris also became a corporal. Nevertheless, Howard, Cpl. Partridge talked me into working tonight from 6 to 10 P.M.

At lunch today Jack Mason and I stopped in the Mercantile National Bank and I opened a checking account. We then explored several antique shops and reported back at the National at 1 P.M. Howard gave us the afternoon off in exchange for our working tonight so we hurriedly got into our swim suits and got into the surf at the Royal Palm Hotel. The waves were 4 to 6 feet high so we

had great fun riding them in to the shore. Later we took a swim in the Sands Hotel's sumptuous pool before dressing for dinner. At the Albion's Blue Room we enjoyed a glass of sherry before eating then worked until 10 Pm and returned to Welcome Inn for a few beers.

Saturday, October 3rd was an easy day so we made good use of time by writing personal letters, listening to the World's Series Baseball game and conversing. After an early dinner I retired to the roof of the Tropics for a sun bath after which I wrote a reply to Randy's letter from Hunter Field, Savannah, saying that he expected daily to be sent on overseas duty. I also wrote to mother, to Josie, to Mr. & Mrs. Garlington and Fannie, Thelma, Aunt Ethel and Uncle Stoney and to Mary Ellen Wooten.

Corporal Partridge inveigled me into working today but inasmuch as the entire post was restricted to Miami Beach and I could not have gone to Miami to church, it made little difference. Needless to say, the threatening tornado or hurricane did not arrive so the restriction was useless. We had a delicious Sunday dinner consisting of baked chicken, cauliflower creamed with cheese, corn stewed with bell peppers, parsnip, potato soufflé with pineapples diced and lettuce and tomato salad with thousand island dressing; for dessert was ice cream with ginger sauce.

Thursday, October 8th I walked down to the gaudy old Fleetwood Hotel on the Bay where the 595th Tech. School Sq. is quartered and had lunch with Charlie H. Houston, Jr.

(over)

of Augusta. He is still in the midst of his training but upon completion of that will go to work here at classification with Capt. Pond and Lt. Coogler. He gave me word of Mack Ramsey's being in California and Tubby Waller at Fort Lewis, Washington. After planning to meet again soon he went out to drill while I was given a lift back to upper Washington St. by a fat Jew who generously shared his decrepit auto with me. Back at the Tropics I met Al Steinmetz, Ed Donahue and Harrison Lusk and off we went to the Lincoln Theatre to see "Tales of Manhattan", a grand picture showing the adventures of a strange tail-coat. After dinner at the Albion Hotel we reported for work at the National Hotel where we are on the 18:00 to 24:00 shift this week. Having completed our work at 22:00 o'clock we went en masse to "Pappy's" grill room in the Dempsey-Vanderbilt Hotel for food and drink.

Friday, October 9th I slept most of the morning but read extensively in the Federal Guide to Florida, joining Jack Mason for lunch. We toured additional Lincoln Road shops spending most of our time in a well stocked antique shop near Alton Road. In the afternoon I went surf bathing with Al, Ed and Harrison on the Royal Palm's private beach, enjoying a brisk swim in the Sands lovely pool.

Sleeping late, through both personal and room inspection, I dressed just in time to meet the supplementary payroll call at 10:00 o'clock in the Tropics lobby. There I collected the sum of \$42.85 which represented my pay from August 7th through October 1st minus the item of \$18.75 for one war bond, \$15 casual pay, \$6.70 for insurance for September and \$6.70 for month of October. Note... at the end of one year this insurance, \$10,000.00 should be converted into some cumulative type. At the Mercantile National Bank I deposited \$40⁰⁰ of the sum and after lunch, caught the Miami bus with Ed, Al and Harrison. We dismounted on Flagler St. and went shopping in Burdine's, Ed being anxious to get his wife a "brown

sport bag" for her approaching birthday. We also visited sundry drug stores, 5 & 10's and finally wound up at the Columbus Hotel's smart cocktail lounge for a scotch and soda. The other fellows then returned to the Beach but I remained for a lengthy stroll around the city's business district and luxurious Bayfront Park with its sub-tropical flora.

There is no reveille on Sunday mornings, a fact which proved so disastrous at Pearl Harbour on Dec. 7, 1941. At 10:55 I was, none the less, proudly walking up the center aisle of Trinity Episcopal Church, Miami, and thereafter enjoyed a grand worship service. After the recessional whom should I see but Ensign and Mrs. Dan Stevenson (Kate Waring) late of St. Michael's, Charleston and with them Mary Hull (Mrs. Ensign Hibber, late of St. Paul's, Augusta!) We effected a great reunion there on the steps and finally tore away to return to the Beach where Mary's apartment is only some six blocks from my hotel. Kate and Dan have a Miami apartment. After lunch I discovered at the locator that Lansing B. Lee, Jr. of Augusta had a room at the Royal Palm Hotel just across the street from me and went over to call but found him out for the day. Back at the Tropics I discovered that the pool had been reopened so I donned my swim suit and went down for a dip followed by a sun bath. Sunday evening I spent in reading and writing letters.

Monday morning I arose for breakfast and reveille, retiring again until time to report for work at 08:00 o'clock. At 16:45 Lansing and his roommate, Edgar Clapp (formerly of Miami, late of Atlanta) called to accept my invitation to dinner and off we went for a table at the St. Moritz Hotel. We went, ^{from there} walking down to the Blackstone Hotel via Sumner Park on Ocean Drive where Lansing and Edgar inquired for mail while I walked in the garden and lounged beside the pool. Edgar wished to visit certain friends there so Lansing and I walked back up to Lincoln and out to Kitty Davis' Airliner on Alton Road. There we consumed sundry glasses of beer and

tremendously enjoyed the floor show's attractive women numbers, one trio of singers being exceptionally good. The club lobby represents a ticket office where hats are checked and thence one goes up an aluminum-railed gangway to the club proper which is decorated like the interior of a liner. The wall spaces are broken with insets of giant photographs, aerial views of famous cities of the world, framed like plane windows and lighted with neon tubing. A giant ship is incorporated into the ceiling above the dance floor and is adorned with red and green side lights. One end of the club which features an oval bar with the side away from the dance floor raised three steps, is turned over to enlisted service men, for there special rates prevail. Lance and I negotiated the return trip quite safely, singing lustily sundry arias from the Italian, French and German operas and drinking songs.

After work on Tuesday I wrote a note to Rev. Hamilton West at St. Paul's Augusta, enclosing for the treasurer a check for \$10.00. His monthly letter to men in the armed forces contains current local information and news as well as a real inspiration. The mail also brought a card from Lt. (j.g.) Henry Y. Shaefer now at Harvard and a grand letter from Edna Agee. After a sun bath on the roof I joined P.F.C. Don Crane for dinner and afterwards enjoyed the piano playing of an unknown staff sergeant in the Albion's lobby. My reverie was broken by a training film containing helpful instructions in identifying sundry German, Japanese and Italian planes. Our knowledge of their military aircraft seems quite complete. At (A.P.M.) 21:00 o'clock we began a bridge game which lasted well past midnight.

This morning I overslept but arrived at work not too late to escape censure. The noon mail brought a grand letter from Carl Pfeiffer telling of his promotion to Sergeant Technician (radio operator) and sundry chit chat about Augusta. Gladys Holcomb wrote also giving latest Clarkesville, Ga. news, especially

recalling her interesting family and the week I spent with them some four summers ago (1938). After work I had a lengthy swim in the pool, 15:30 to 17:00 o'clock, with Steinmetz, Williams, Crane and sundry other soldiers. After dinner with Al, I returned to the Tropics and retired. At 21:00 o'clock a fire drill roused me and afterwards I wrote a long letter to Susie (Bellavita) Clem whose husband was on Bataan and later reported captured by the Japanese at Corregidor.

Friday, October 16th H.Q. + H.Q. Squadron signed the payroll at noon, after which I received at mail call a grand letter from Eliz. May, 429 Greene St. Augusta, Va. and another from Mary Ellen Wooten, the latter amusing me with an anecdote of Billy Stevens' air warden, having reported the First Baptist Church as a violator of the practice black out, a light in a laboratory having been forgotten. The fine was a mere \$51.⁰⁰ but a practical joker deacon suggested that Mary Ellen spend 90 days in jail (although it was in no wise her fault.) That evening Crane, Weed, "Tex" Varney and I played bridge until 10:00 Pm when Tex had to report for work.

Inspection I passed this morning with flying colors as Capt. Clare E. Guinter, Lt. Hughes and First Sergeant Johnson looked me over. The day's work passed in a breeze and at 5:30 I was freshly scrubbed and dressed when Al Steinmetz called me for dinner. At 6 Pm we were correctly seated in the Beach Community Church for Austin E. Chandler's (Pvt.) wedding to an old girl friend from his home state, Vermont. The bride's train was delayed some 26 hours in Virginia by the flooded rivers but the wedding was only 30 minutes late, the post chaplain performing the simple

military service. Our whole office was present except for the two officers, whose presence seemed almost obligatory to me but whose absence was severely criticized by the men. After a short bridge game with Pts. Weed, Varney and Crane, Weed, Crane and I found a seat in Mamma's Restaurant, the Dempsey-Vanderbilt Hotel, Collins Avenue at 19th St.

Sunday, October 18, 1942 there was no way out so I had to report for work at the office. After 4:30 and dinner I tried to get in touch with Lansing and Charlie but found that they had signed out. Accordingly, I decided to swim and sun awhile in the hotel pool and really had a grand time. Private Weed and I then had delicious steak dinners at the Lincoln Center Hotel and proceeded to the Beach Theatre to view "Here We Go Again" a class B Saturday thriller with Molly & Fibber Mc Lee, Bergen and Stooze, McCarthy.

Tuesday, October 20, 1942 was almost a repetition of Monday for both days I found it extremely expedient to remain in bed and sleep until time for lunch and after a short ramble along Lincoln Road to spend the afternoon in the Hotel's pool. This week Pfc.s Warren Smith, "Beanie" Williams, Eddie Donahue, Pvt. Joe Prendergast and I are operating the night shift but new trainees are still being delayed by Virginia floods so the work is scarce.

Lansing Lee came over today bringing latest small talk from Augusta and word that the cadets have been assigned semi-weekly guard duty. A new letter from Corporal John Doyle gave new aspects of Sgt. Tech. Carl Pfeifer's background. After lunch I procured application forms for the Army Administrative Officers Candidate School and after completing my work tonight spent an hour or so working on same.

On Thursday a letter from Pvt. Mack Ramsey came telling of his location near San Anselmo, California and Sunday trips into San Francisco 25 miles away. As corporal of the guard he seems to have a minimum of work today but is prepared for anything tomorrow.

Immediately, I rushed back to him a glowing account of the situation here. The work at my office was rather lengthy tonight so after completion we were forced to resort to food and drink for revivification before retiring.

Many Eidson's grand letter came today with words of news of the bank personnel: Scotty and Yvonne have a fine son, Hugh Hall is in the army, Forrest Stringer is being inducted November 23rd, Lt. Willie Miller writes from "Somewhere in England", Peggy Pierson and Pat Patterson are accepting other employment while Hudson Boyd, Lorin Hughes and "Mout" Cleary are preparing for early induction. After lunch, at the Rotary House of Friendship I wrote Johnny Doyle a lengthy letter then ran into Charlie Houston on Lincoln Road. He admitted that he couldn't locate his destination so I walked with him as we talked, directing him to the Community Theatre where he will work with a unit of classification.

By 2 P.M. I was in the Miami Beach Public Library in Collins Park.

There while sight reading a non-fictional volume on architecture I could hear a series on 1 minute talks by officers in O.T.S. and the criticisms offered by the officer-instructor in charge. Tonight we completed our work in record time and by 8:30 P.M. I was visiting Lansing Lee and his roommate, William Joseph, both of whom have guard duty assigned tonight. So, I left them after 9:30 and back in ^{my} room fraternized with my roommates, Corp. Bob East and Jim Fletcher, Pvt.

On Sunday, October 25th, Lansing Lee and I took the bus down to Margaret Sells' apartment near the Fleetwood Hotel and there Charlie Houston joined us and we drove Miss Sells' car over to Trinity in Miami. Rev. Miller preached a grand sermon on "Lily will be done" which didn't set well with Charlie's Presbyterian ideas. We went to the Seven Seas Restaurant for a grand dinner (\$1.45) after which we drove leisurely back to the Beach and deposited Lansing with his cadet friends for a formation, Charlie and I going back to the apartment to listen to the N.Y. Symphony on the radio. Margaret came in about

16:30 o'clock and we went for a long ride right-seeing up the Beach, over the Bay, Venetian, Sunset and other Islands. We returned to the Colony Restaurant on 41st Street for dinner, after which I was safely deposited at my hotel.

On Thursday, October 29th Lt. Hughes called me in to go over my O.C.S. application with him. After dinner tonight Harry Wheeler, Corp. and I went to the Beach Theatre to see Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager," a truly fine picture. The story reminded me too much of Catherine Peeples Salomons and of my own, Aunt Charlotte, but I dare not pursue the subject.

Saturday, October 31st ^{were} we routed out at 5:45 for reveille and out again at 6:45 for a general muster. There was little work at the office so we back here at 9:45 for payroll call, after which I went over to the Mercantile National Bank to make a deposit before lunch. We were surprised at lunch to receive a huge T-Bone Steak! Apparently my monthly pay will be \$24.55 for a while; my laundry was \$2.24 for the month. After dinner I walked down to the Nassau Hotel but found Lansing, Bill and Edgar fast asleep so I played the piano in the day room there until 19:30 then went up and roused them. We bought a quart of Rowico Rum and I had a Cubre Libre with Lance while they ate a snack on Washington Avenue. From there we hied ourselves to the Circus Bar and finished the quart pronto amid general singing and merriment. The three cadets were quite loopy and poor Edgar got sick but I got them safely back to their hotel and was in bed well before the 12:30 deadline.

Sunday, Nov. 1st was my day on duty at the National but there was little work to be done so at noon Lt. Shwab graciously gave us the remainder of the day. Donald Crane and I had lunch at the Albion, baked ham with pineapple sauce being the piece de resistance. At 14:30 we arrived at Mrs. Frank Stoneman's place, 701 9th Ave. N.W., and enjoyed a visit with the Misses Shine, Mildred and Florida, and Mrs. Stoneman. At 16:00 we all went for a drive down beautiful Brickell Ave. past the gorgeous \$16,000,000⁰⁰ Deering Estate, "Viscaya" to Coconut Grove where we visited with Mrs. Stoneman's step-daughter, Mrs.

Marjorie Stoneman Douglas, eminent short story writer, daughter of Judge Frank Stoneman, founder and owner of the Miami Herald. We returned to the city via the Pan American Air Base where we saw a giant ship just in from Rio and enjoyed gawking at the gigantic ever-turning globe in the main lobby. Mildred Shine recalled Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker's great interest in developing the base and expressed a wish for his safety in his present dilemma. Back at Spring Garden we enjoyed a fresh papaya for the first course of dinner, delicious roasted chicken next and hot gingerbread and tea for dessert. Mrs. Stoneman (Lilla Shine) is the granddaughter of Thomas Eppes, Mayor of Tallahassee in 1842 and grandson of Thomas Jefferson and her dining table is composed of the two end sections from Jefferson's gigantic banquet table - most interesting.

Thursday, Nov. 5th, Don Crane and I went down to clothing issue to exchange Sunday articles and on the way back noted with pleasure the high waves on the beach. We lost no time in donning our suits and getting out there where we met Joe Prendergast and Eddie Donahue. We all noted with pleasure the lovely form of Greta Falkenberg, the movie actress, who was sunning on the Lincoln Center Hotel's private beach. After exhausting ourselves against the high surging waves we prepared for dinner and reported for work; before returning to our hotel we visited Mamma's Restaurant where the hot buckwheat cakes are unusually good.

I was awakened early on Friday and ordered to report for Squadron duty in fatigue clothes - a hurricane warning had been issued and gigantic preparations for weathering it were under way by 8 A.M. The lobby was jammed with all movable furnishings from the porch, terrace and pool areas; large jugs of water were being brought in. Already the storm shutters were being brought out of storage and everywhere there was a feverish activity which was apparently accelerated by the ever increasing in intensity wind from the sea. Ranking sergeants

worked side by side with privates while across the street O.C.S. was rapidly preparing the Shorecrest's shutters, literally thousands of "jeeps" enthusiastically hammering away on the Sands, the St. Moritz, the Poinciana, the Royal Palms, the Bancroft and all the other hotels in the vicinity. Back from the offices in the National came all the remainder of our squadron and the tempo increased. Bathtubs were filled with water, eating utensils and field kits cleaned and soon army trucks were delivering canned foods against any emergency. Lunch at the Albion was not too abnormal but during the afternoon orders came confining all to quarters so supper was served by Albion chefs in the second floor corridor. Soon bridge, poker, rummy, checker, ping pong and other games were going and a good time was being had when the all clear sounded at 9:30 P.M. and we were free to go out. The hurricane had changed its course and was sweeping southwest over the northern coast of Cuba.

On Saturday, Nov. 7th no reveille was held and no room inspection so

I slept calmly until lunch time. In the afternoon Don and I proceeded to the beach for a lengthy sun bath. Joe and I each gathered in a coconut from one of the storm wrecked trees and we cracked some on the cement debris which lay on the beach, remnants of walks, walls and gate posts. The water continued fine for enervating bathing so we remained out until nearly five P.M. getting dressed just in time for dinner and work at 6 P.M. At midnight we all calmly drank our ale in the Albion's Blue Room.

Sunday, Nov. 8th found Don and myself at Trinity early enough to chat with an English soldier from Gloucester; learning to fly he was at some nearby town. Suddenly I saw Buster Rockwell stride up in his new 2nd Lt.'s uniform and so, I hailed him and we chatted nobly until no time was left. After service I bid him adieu for he leaves tomorrow for Jefferson Barracks, an overseas replacement training center. Outside I found Lansing Lee and Bill Joseph, both preparing to leave here soon, in fact, Bill is to go Tuesday. Don and Mildred finally claimed me and off we went to a delightful roast duck dinner with Mrs. Stoneman and Miss Florida. For ^{my} pleasure Mildred went over on North River Road and brought back an attractive girl, Margaret Fress, and we all listened to Rubenstein's playing of the Brahms Second Concerto with the N. Y. Philharmonic. At the conclusion Mildred suggested that we take the maid, Alice, and her son home for it was raining. So, Margaret and I agreed

to drive with her up to Liberty Homes, known as "the Project" by the inhabitants, on 63rd St. or vicinity. From there we decided to take 79th St. out to Hialeah Park where we dismounted and walked through the clubhouse and grandstands, viewing with great delight the pink flamingoes which were feeding on a small promontory jutting into the lake in the center of the track. We followed the Miami Canal well down into Coral Gables (via 27th St.), seeing the imposing entrance to the city, it's gorgeous homes, the exotic Venetian Pool, the Miami Biltmore Hotel and other beauty spots. Back at 701 9th Avenue N. W. we had a delicious dinner and all played Rummy until 11 P.M. when Don and I caught our bus for the Beach.

Bright and early on the 9th I presented myself at the Dental Clinic for my appointment but I sat and sat with no results. At 11:30 we were all informed that work on an overseas shipment had necessitated the cancellation of all appointments. A charming young lady gave me an appointment for Nov. 20th and I departed for lunch, getting to the office just in time for the afternoon session.

After work on the 12th I met Don down here and we both got a hair cut on Lincoln Road before proceeding by bus up to 41st St. where B.T.C. #9 is developing. We first inspected the new office building, the Cadillac Hotel and from there explored the Lord Tarlton where Don had a room on the 10th floor. We even went up on the roof for a breath taking view from Miami Beach's highest building, only 17 stories, but in the darkness the myriad of lights told us that if this was a dimout, the area in full light must be out of this world. Looking for a place for Don's girl friend, Elizabeth, to stay, we explored the facilities of the Coral Reef, the Hotel Sovereign, the Hotel Hood and the President Madison. I returned to the Tropics about 11 P.M. to find my roommate, Jim Fletcher, had been moved to another room, so I am now the sole inhabitant of 314.

Friday the 13th proved not too unlucky for we completed our work quite early and enjoyed a G.I. dinner. But John Mills + I delayed a bit and when we finally arrived at the Beach Theatre to see Clarke Gable and Lana Turner in "Somewhere I'll Find You" the place was more than

filled and we had to stand for a while. Eventually we were able to find seats but weren't very happy anyhow for the show was nothing to write about.

The traditional Saturday night for Pance and myself is a real party with a little "drinking liquor" and fine company. All the plans seemed fine but at 7:30 Pm we found John + I were still working so that it was well after 10:00 when we three landed in Bill Jordan's Bar of Music. We enjoyed the music and company but were disillusioned when the check for the first round of drinks amounted to \$2.00. In haste we departed for the Pago Pago bar for a round and on to the Blue Room and finally ended with a sandwich and coffee at Lizzett's. Nothing went too well but we shall all look back at it and laugh.

This was my Sunday on duty and a full day it was. John Mills and I joined Jack Mason for dinner at the Albion after which we managed to secure three adjoining seats at the Lincoln Theatre to see Frederick March and Veronica Lake in Thorne Smith's "I Married A Witch". From there we hid ourselves to Whiskey's "Welcome Inn" for a double round of beer. John and I had never visited the Russian Bear so thither we went for a bottle of Budweiser. It proved to be quite exotic looking, possessed of a great deal of atmosphere which was mostly created by the paint brush although probably quite authentic.

Monday, Nov. 15th I reported for work on the locator detail under Sgt. Paul Leeman with Jeanette Shibourin, Fred English and Bob Sharpe. I returned to the Tropics at lunch time to find a notice to move to room 312 so in I moved and met my new roommates, Corporal Edward Dunphy, Philadelphia, Pa. and Staff Sgt. Robert Trott, Boston, Mass. Both are fine fellows and are detailed to the mimeograph section at the National Hotel.

At lunch time I fortunately ran into Aviation Cadet Lanning Lee and invited him to join me for lunch. Over a delightful meal at the Albion he related the details of his impending departure from this post for Scott Field, Ill. from which place he will emerge on March 1st as a 2nd Lieutenant. That evening while writing a letter or two Staff Sgt. Harold Eitzel came in and sat down for a lengthy chat. It is nice to exchange ideas and views and attempt to establish a common ground for friendship but I fear our heritages and ideals are a bit too dissimilar for any mutual understanding.

An orderly room notice requested me to proceed to 605 Lincoln Road this morning at 08:30 for a blood typing appointment. Result - type A. and so to work but at lunch time I hurried up on Lincoln Road and bought 2 lovely linen handkerchiefs at 50¢ each, a gift for Mildred Shine whose birthday we celebrate tonight, Thursday, November 19, 1942. Mrs. Stoneman invited Paul Seeman, Donald Crane and myself via telephone for the affair is to be a surprise party. Well, Mildred was duly surprised when we all trooped in with gifts and out came Alice, the maid, with martinis and canapes. Dinner was a real gem of culinary triumph, the piece de resistance being Mildred's favorite, a huge, juicy, tender beef roast. At the conclusion of the main course the lights were extinguished and in came Alice with a birthday cake with candles alight, seven miniature American flags waving. Mildred won her wish by blowing out the candles and served each of us a generous slice of cake bearing a flag as a favor while Alice brought in ice cream for dessert. The affair was a great triumph for Mildred, 52 and Mrs. Stoneman, 76.

at 07:30 on Friday, Nov. 20th I presented myself at the dental clinic for the fourth time in my fight to have a tooth filed. By 07:45 a captain had me in his chair and was hard at work. There was the usual drilling and probing but I endured it in silence and by 08:30 was at work in my office. At 10:30 Lausing came rushing up requesting me to endorse his check for \$45.00 as he is departing at 21:30 tonight. I was only too glad to oblige him and he was off for a farewell luncheon with the Houstons. Tonight at 18:00 Edger Clapp, Lause and their roommates, Baker, joined me for a farewell dinner at the Albion. Lause sold me his service cap for \$1.50 and with much ado and fare-thee-wells, we parted.

Sunday, Nov. 21nd was a gala day for John and I arose early and caught the jitney and bus to St. Stephen's Episcopal in Coconut Grove arriving in time for only the last half of the 9:30-10:30 Choral mass (the members of the every-member-canvass were commissioned and no 11:00 Am mass was said.) On the way out Dr. + Mrs. Herbert W. Virgin stopped us and invited us to Thanksgiving Dinner. From there we went on to the 11:00 Am service at Trinity and there Mrs. Stoneman insisted that we come out for dinner. Mr. + Mrs. Ellis dropped the three of us at 701 N.W. 9th Ave and with Mildred and Miss Florida we cooked up a fine dinner. at 3 Pm Margaret Fries came over and we walked over to Lois Werner's and down to their boat landing on Seibold

Canal. The girls rowed us out into midstream then John took the oars for a turn up the Miami River. But the traffic was very bad so I took over and rowed back to the canal entrance. Mr. + Mrs. Werner had come in from fishing in the cruiser and so we readily accepted their kind invitation to remain for dinner. They had a nice little piano which I enjoyed no end. After ice cream and cherry pie for dessert the four of us spent a quiet evening in conversation.

Monday morning John Mills roused me out of bed in time for lunch at the Albion after which I sent him for his swim suit so we could take a dip in the pool. The weather proved so fascinatingly pleasant that we strolled merrily up the beach as far as the officer's club before turning back. While tanning I read the current issue of Time and John continued his Thackeray. We reported for work at 6 P.M.

After lunch Bob Sharpe and I played a few games of table tennis, each winning a couple of games before a shower broke up all outdoor activities. The afternoon mail brought a nice letter from Carl Pfeifer, Kempton DeLoache and from May Ellen Wooten, all still in Augusta.

John Mills came by in time for lunch on Wednesday, Nov. 23rd and from there we began a walking tour of the North Beach. On Pine Tree and 26th St. a nice lady gave us a lift up to 41st Street, telling us about her three sons in the service: one a naval flyer, one a captain in England and one missing on Bataan. Up North Bay Road we walked via the Nautilus Hotel, now the hospital for the A.A.F.T.C., we walked, oggling the many fine estates with their beautiful landscaping and fine buildings. Finally we sat down to rest in the gateway of 5820 North Bay Road and the butler invited us in and showed us the fine house and gardens belonging to the Allworths of Deluth, Minn. After feeding us cookies and soft drinks he gave us a note to another fine estate's butler. We sauntered down Pine Needle to 63rd St and crossed over to Collins Ave. and near the Bath Club were given a ride down to 41st St. B.T.C. #9 made our flight look bad for a while but a milk truck driver offered us a ride down as far as the Tropics Hotel, our destination, so we gratefully accepted it. After bathing my weary feet we proceeded to dinner and on to work where we related our adventures with much elaboration.

John and I were much too tired to start out early but we finally got down to Coconut Grove via bus and made our way to 4030 Poinciana Ave. and met the Virgin family, augmented by Mrs. Kernigan, her daughter and son, Cliff. Dinner proved quite exquisite after which we heard tales of Dr. Virgin's days at Northwestern. Eventually, he took us down to "the Moorings" where his boat was docked and we cruised over to

Biscayne Key, getting back to his house about 5:45. With all the children; Charlie, Chipps and Betsy, piled in we took off for Miami and John + I were only 1/2 hour late. Great fun.

For Friday, Nov. 27th John and I had dates with Margaret and Lois for lunch and a movie. At 11:30 Am we met and walked around the shopping district before having lunch at the Miami ~~Columbus~~ Columbus' Bahama Room; John, chicken Tetrazzini; the girls, chicken salad; myself, breaded cutlet; bill \$4.55. From there we went on the Paramount to see Jack Benny in "George Washington Slept Here." After it was over the girls boarded a bus and we came back to the Beach to go to work.

Monday, Nov. 30th we all stopped work to answer pay roll call at 10:30. As usual, my pitlance was \$24.55. I collected \$2 from newly-made-Corporal Jack Mason and \$3 from P.F.C. Sharpe leaving no one indebted to me but John.

The bulletin board quite outdid itself today when it carried a copy of Squadron Order #21 which appointed me P.F.C. (temporary). I grabbed my first shirt and hurried down to have a stripe sewed on but had to leave it. From there John and I went to the Service Men's Club on Dupel Ave. at Lincoln Road and there I get a stripe sewed on gratis. From there John and I went to the Beach Theatre to see Walt Disney's "Bambi", a very nice job of cartooning.

After work on Dec. 2nd John and I decided to visit Pvt. Fane who was ill at the hospital and accordingly, we walked down to the Floridian Hotel and inquired at the desk for him only to learn that the Floridian had become headquarters for the 1147th T. S. Squadron and all patients had been moved to the Nautilus Hotel. We walked up to the old Fleetwood and purchased a Coca Cola, sitting on the veranda overlooking famed Biscayne Bay to drink it.

On Friday, Dec. 4th John had C.Q. duty at the Delores Apartments so I went alone to see the B.T.C.'s production of the "Desert Song". A tumbling act was magnificently introduced to provide a rare and unusual spectacle. The singing of the 2 principals was much more than anticipated so everyone enjoyed the affair tremendously.

It was my turn to do the dirty work on Saturday so I went early to Flamingo and somehow managed to hold four seats until John arrived with Lois and Margaret who had come over via bus. All enjoyed the "Desert Song" after which we went to Joe's Broadway Restaurant for a sandwich and coffee. We caught a bus to Miami and transferred to another at Burdines, getting to Lois' house about 11:45. There was a bit of a shower so John and I stopped at

Margaret's visit 12:15 then come on home to bed.

Sunday, Dec. 6th 5 was up bright and early and picked Jim up so we got over to Trinity in

time for the regular service but there we saw with Mr. Stemann for midweek. The Bishop of Florida

was the preacher for it was a confirmation service so we enjoyed it immensely. Back to the beach

we came for dinner then 5 telephoned Mr. Stemann who wanted Jim and myself to drive into

Florida out to Miale. We arrived early and enjoyed the trip and the beautiful scenery of

the beach then came back to town. Miale was dressed and waiting to drive down to

the Fairchild Garden so we decided to invite Lois and Margaret to accompany us. They took

so long to dress that by the time we arrived the gardens were closed. Instead we had

the famous beverage tree and then drove through Mother Hammock Park, coming back to

Spring Garden via the University of Miami which approves and handles most incense burners

then several acres of Coral Gables. After dinner we returned to the beach.

Monday, Dec 7th and we have completed one year of war with Japan. The newspapers

are now comparisons and editorials on the subject but we have still ahead of us the big

fight of winning the war. Tom Miale and I summed in the Tropicsatorium before going to

work on the night shift at 18:00.

On Tuesday, Dec. 8th Jim and I wandered along Lincoln Road, looking for

a shop which would make a suitable and not too expensive reproduction

of Mrs. Willie Peoples' likeness of my great-great-grandmother, Elizabeth McCoy, as

daughter of Henry McCoy who is listed in the 1790 Census of South Carolina. As

the photographer out of Studio 5 was able to advise a bargain with the artist who agreed

to make a miniature color reproduction for \$9.50 within two weeks. We returned to

create one for dinner then summed on the beach with time to dress for work.

Lois age pleased me no end by forwarding today a copy of the Augusta

Chronicle which seemed to contain interesting news about many things in Augusta.

a feature story being the musical program planned by Mrs. Craig for Sunday at

St. Pauls - a noted player of the clarinet to perform on her own instrument.

Lois Stemann is arranging night, Jim Miale and I decided to go shopping today

and accordingly visited the bank for cash before starting our trek along Lincoln.

At Bandline's I found a pair of hand knitted Chinese wool hat for Ruth in largest

yellow, a knee-see variety quite new and popular. Jim bought Knight's colored wool

pleasant teatime for the Chinese freshman woman Ruth, Helen. At Celia's we selected

fruit and other nature products to be sent out immediately. I sent Jim and Lois

and Lucy two boxes of Florida candies and jellies.

Friday, Dec. 11, 1942 was for me a day of real rest, sleep all the morning and

naptime on the sun roof in the afternoon. We finished our work a little early

tonight and the 2 of us crept into morning's meditation in the Vanderbilt Hotel.

The workers gave us the words "be with you in a minute, keep" and proceeded to wait

on sundry groups of officers and civilians, acknowledging our presence every three

in four minutes. We continued to joke and converse and were comfortable and most indulgent but after 15 minutes we were watching with casual interest the entrance of two lieutenants and their women, obviously femmes de joie. When the waitress busled up to take their orders we all arose en masse and put on our hats preparatory to a quick departure. The waitress rushed to us begging for our order but we pushed by and in dignity paraded past the cashier and manager who pled forgiveness. From there we went into Pappi's and received immediate and consoling service, vowing to enter Mamma's no more.

After lunch on Saturday, Dec. 12th John Mills and I went over to Mrs. Stoneman's and got out the car, preparatory to our trip to Fairchild Gardens. Margaret Ires and Pat Malloy were to accompany us but Margaret had to play in the band for a football game so Mrs. Malloy consented to join the party. No sooner did we begin the drive than "the rains descended and the floods came" but we arrived at the damp gardens 'neath a sunlit sky. Then while walking about enjoying a few of the beauties we were caught in additional showers and were finally forced back into our machine, principally because I feared for Mrs. Stoneman's health. We did appreciate the gorgeous double arctagonon (pink coral) wine and many other rare tropical and semi-tropical shrubs, vines and flowers. We hope to visit the gardens again for a more thorough investigation since the library of many rare botanical works was closed today. Mildred was absent since she is visiting her sister and brother in Jacksonville.

Sunday, Dec. 13th Headquarters and Headquarters Squadron moved from the Tropics Hotel to the recently acquired Georgian Hotel. Corporal Dunphy, S/sergeant Trott and I were assigned room 102 on the north side of the building with an inside bath just as before. After our work was completed about 3 PM John Mills and I decided to catch a ride to Miami and Mrs. Stoneman's via the Venetian Causeway and were pleased when an army truck offered us a lift. Then, however, came the wildest ride in both our careers for the driver proved to be stupidly drunk. After several hairbreath escapes we got across the Venetian safely and went into the wildest scramble imaginable at 15 St and Biscayne Boulevard. By the skin of our teeth we escaped collision and requested the driver to let us dismount at the next corner. After about 10 blocks of walking, still on edge from our experience, we arrived at 701 9th Ave. N.W. where Mrs. Stoneman had gathered Festarine Cox, Mrs. Law and Pfc. Donald Crane for dinner.

Monday morning I got up and explored the Georgian Hotel from basement to roof, including the terraces, pool and beach areas, and decided that except for the fact that we have no carpets we are as well off as in the Tropics. Being right on the ocean has a definite advantage and one block nearer the National Hotel means that many less to walk daily. After lunch I visited Peiken's (7th Ave.) Lincoln Road store and after much consideration bought a pair of sterling based canterbury glass hurricane shades at \$26.90, a Christmas gift for mother and Dad. At Miletan's Jewel Box I bought 3 sterling pins to me mailed home; one for Aunt Charlotte, one for Aunt Rosa and one for Aunt Mahala. After dinner the night office force did its work efficiently.

When working at night it is customary to sleep through reveille and breakfast and arise just in time for lunch. So, after lunch today Corp. Edward Dunphy and I walked up Lincoln to Alton and up to Wade Boulevard where we caught a ride with a nice old couple going downtown to have a screen repaired. We dismounted at Sears + Roebuck Co. and spent the afternoon looking at their store and its varied merchandise. I bought an occarina for a quarter and plagued Eddie nearly to death before we got back to the Venetian Causeway and caught a ride with an army truck to 23rd and Collins Ave. Dec. 15, 1942

Ed and I enjoyed yesterday's trip so much that we tried it again today and caught a ride to Hagler St. with a lady with friends in Philadelphia near Ed's home. We browsed around two old book shops but found nothing of great interest so we toured several floors of Burdine's and Richards but made no purchases. We eventually walked back up to the Venetian where a kind hearted fellow gave us a lift to Lincoln and Alton Roads. Eddie hurried off to work and I visited the library in Collins Park until time for dinner.

Sunday, Dec. 17th I sauntered up to the Lincoln Road Hallmark card shop, greetings, and gave them the three sterling pins to mail to my aunts in Estill. They have a free wrapping and mailing service for soldiers although I had to pay the postage. After a leisurely lunch I joined the throngs sunning on the strand.

Directly after lunch Eddie and I got out the chess board and paraded out on the beach where I proceeded to trounce him in two games. A goodly audience of sun worshippers came over to look on but the game is not too well known in America and not one could kibitz. Thereafter Mack and I got out the surf board and physically exhausted ourselves riding the breakers. After dinner, while working, Pvt. Moyer came by to say that we were both scheduled to appear before the examining board at 7:30 AM tomorrow at the Cromwell Hotel.

At the first peep of the reveille whistle I was up, bathing and shaving, and by 07:25 I was in the lobby of the Cromwell only to find that the board had moved to 605 Shelburne Hotel. Six of us filled out an additional history and waited nervously until interviews actually began at 08:45. Last position fell to be so at 10:00 AM I entered the board room and saluted Major Smith. His questions to me were in reference to my present work and my eyes. The lieutenant asked questions in reference to my work with the boy scouts in Charleston and the young people of St. Paul's Augusta. The captain, normally asking current event questions, offered no questions at all. As I passed out of Private Harrell's office he whispered "you're accepted!" and then for the benefit of the board, said aloud, "Call extension 606 after 11 o'clock this morning. I arrived at my office at 10:30 AM and immediately the fellows began firing questions at me to see their future procedures more clearly. None even suspected I knew the truth but all remarked upon my calmness in the situation. At 11:10 I called the board's secretary and she said I was qualified for Army Administrative School, Air Corps Administrative School and the Finance School. Congratulations poured in so we decided to celebrate by going over to Miami, the gang from School Assignment Section agreeing to meet at the Biscayne Bar. That night John and I arrived on time and had to wait so we enjoyed chatting with a couple of O.C.S. boys about what goes on there. Soon along came Tans and Mullay and off we went to another bar where there was