

Sunday, October 7, 1945
at sea
(After stopping at
Enewetak)

Dear Wif.

I'll give you this question to what minor afflictions I am suffering from at present. Give up? Dastard.

Yes. I know it sounds silly, doesn't it. I've been in the sun at sea the past 22 days of peace and I had a good tan when I started and for the past 6 weeks or so I've been with the degree of the eyeblack. So now for the first time I look about sunburned!

Well, I haven't been out - just much the past month, and a tanred tan wears off quite rapidly. and yesterday I was alone in the sun the greater part of the day, and when I went to sea I was I was in the salt water.

It's not really a bad one. I don't think I'll need anything. But I would want anyone to hit me in the back.

After a long view, let me amend my description of the island. The island we were on today is larger than a mile - about three at least. But I doubt if it's a thousand feet wide at any point. and while there's plenty of scrub grass ^{now} on the ~~most~~ uninhabited islands, this one had almost none. and the only things which pass for trees are a handful of banana bushes the palms where little clumps of them cast a shade about

the way I - passed.

Not for the architecture! The basic notion in those things that look like half sections of ~~the~~ wrought iron. I found this now. That and canvas were frames. - all one story, of course. The light was made print in a church steeple, not up right in front of a pipe dumb. There is one road traversing the length of the island, and a few cross streets going the two blocks from one west to the other.

The ground is all white. Sand and sand, let mostly sand on top. On the harbors side I dove off my boat. There is sand, then a few feet of low coral, then 40 feet of water, just like that. On the ocean side there is a mile stretch of sand at just about water level. In fact there is a slight tick here, and the island: a ~~island~~ hundred or so feet wider at low tide.

And now you have the background for my escape. I got about an hour's sleep after my swim, and then a launch came by. The navy man was an unceasless visitor to all the ships in the harbor. A launch of us piled in, and 15 minutes later I stepped on dry land for the first time in 33 days. Although I did not of felt that I had to be careful of my balance or I'd fall over into the water on our

ride on the bus.

Find this I found myself again with a soft ball game which I failed to distinguish myself. Find this is it always at this. Get one ground ball right between my legs for 2 hours, and caught a fly. So they shifted me to second where I caught a fly and caught all the balls thrown to me - but now is time to make a get out! and at last I hit two easy ground balls - one so weak I got to hit before they could field it, and another would. All this was a little strange, so I was thrown out early. But it was kind of fun.

Now comes after 4 hours another game and I got nervous to take my place. And Dick, our health, Ray, and myself went to look for sea shells. It was low tide and we walked out over the coral reef, looking in the pools of water left by the tide. and it was really fun. One thinks of a shell as a very useless, useless, but this they really must do. One had to be fast to call them a glaze of the shell to us if it looked nutty, and this glaze is the pocket or back on the beach, depending on the mud. One small bit of coral also went into the collection. There was one kind of shell they were particularly looking for. We didn't find any at first, but then we started

Dr. Nick found a total of 53, ave 52, Aug 34, 1 with 23, no 3!
But this was my first time ashore so I was looking for anything
interesting.

After a couple of hours we tired of this sport and crossed the
island to go swimming in the harbor. And did that water feel good!
The water was very warm. Let all cooler than the air. I did
nothing except swim, but just moved enough to keep afloat and let the
waves wash into me. The water was amazingly clear & rusty
but does looked like glass.

And off as soon as we could get that we were back to the ship in
time for supper. We'd mind lunch of course, or did full justice to
the meal. And to the water! Fresh water on the island is a precious
commodity and they do it goes much out to tourists. But we did get
one pitcher full with ice in it after we went swimming. All this water
here is evaporated, of course. It comes out of the evaporator ~~and~~ looks
hot, and stands is the was only to cool it down to 100 odd degrees.
So they guard this in machine more carefully than their guns.

These are interesting ramifications to an island culture interest

women. For instance this latrine are just paved topped pines set up right in the open. But they don't allow swimming in the water. On a long night on the boat, last night not go is noted. Which regulation strikes me as either absurd, or else a real conundrum, on the basis that opinion of isolated ~~water~~ ^{water} was unanimous. But we were all promised and provided overabundance with water about.

And as we pulled away from the little island in all bound our heads for a mind of silent prayer: "then let for the grace of God as I stated it." Praise be to God is the one is a white, but after the first month I think I'd begin to get bored!

About seven tonight I started to go to bed. And determined our goal was to not swim. And left the boat about ten degrees cooler than our own. Let no fit sleep to sleep. So I borrowed the man of Pachis's at until midnight (he lives on until until then), and while it was hard and I was wet, I had no trouble in oblivious myself until called. And even after my 4 hours sleep which made a total of 5 in 24 hours, I was not overly enthusiastic about getting up. The third night is on watch and was feeling

quite bad. Told about 11:50 he told me he was going to bed and to call him at 7. At 7 at 12:00 I was up in another space and with a fine o'clock call placed with the pieces on well. and did that extra sleep feel good! I was now going upon the world with a much clearer eye than I could 6 hours ago (the time now being 4:14). So that's not a bad way to make one's bed: 8 hours wait for 5 hours sleep and 3 written letters, etc.!

And now, just after telling you how I got interested in the first week in October I read your letter about turning the furnace on in August! It's a strange world, isn't it!

Glad you had such a good time at Princeton. But you ~~were~~ are a much kinder person than I feel you would ever think. I will always stand against the popular team if I have any excuse to do so.

The logic problem is:

There are 3 men A, B, and C.

There are 5 hats, 2 black and 3 white.

The men are blindfolded, a hat placed on each, and the other two hats removed.

The blindfolds are removed and the men instructed to tell what color hat they have on if they can figure it out.