

The following is a diary kept by United States Army soldier, Private First Class Harry A. Schweikert, serving with the 96th Coast Artillery Corps., E Battery, attached to the 27th Infantry Division was traveling by train from Camp Davis, North Carolina to San Francisco, California. Their final destination was the Territory of Hawaii. These are some of the first troops to arrive in large numbers to protect the Hawaiian Islands after the attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese on December 7th, 1941.

Troop Train - Camp Davis, North Carolina to San Francisco California

Sunday, February 15, 1942 11:55 PM to Thursday, February 19, 1942 4:30 PM

Attempting to write on one of these old troop trains happens to be a difficult feat, but I find the urge so here it goes.

Arising at 5:45 AM we found quite a bit of work before we disembarked on our trip to San Francisco. Checking lockers, beds and equipment, cleaning up packing the last bag, our pack and climbing into a complete O.D. uniform with overcoat, field equipment, rifle, pack, helmet and lugging a barracks bag of about 65 pounds. In spite of the toil and discomfort, all of us were in high spirits. We have been waiting for this for quite some time. Now that it's come, even the well-known hardships of a troop train find it difficult to dampen our spirits.

We move out of Camp Davis at 11:55 AM Sunday morning and up to now have been traveling 27 hours but our having to change over to central standard time made us lose an hour. Time now being 1:15 PM instead of 2:15. It's Monday afternoon and we're still in Alabama. It looks like we are pretty near Tennessee. The town just past was "Carbon Hill." What a treat this country is after the flat swamp and sand country of the Carolinas. It's a pity we couldn't have seen some of the country scenery they brag about. Maybe we wouldn't be carrying such bitter memories of the place.

Plenty of time for thought and reading, but I find myself inclined to the former. Naturally I think of (his girlfriend) but my opinion of her is still an excuse. She's the only girl I cared about to think of marriage and me being weak in that subject. I guess I'll keep on thinking of it with her as the other half until I find someone to replace her. I don't think that'll be hard as my face turns towards any pretty figure.

Arrived in Memphis, Tennessee at 6:15 Monday nite and took two pictures of our crossing the Mississippi River. Then night falls and comes the preparation for bed. Fun can be found, even on a troop train. For when 39 happy fellows are all in a single aisle trying to make up their bunks and being playful at the same time, a good rough time is had by all - and what does a soldier wish for other than that? When things finally quiet down and all is still, a cool bunk and a good book tend to make even this a romantic trip. The rocking motion of the fast-moving train with its whistle woo wooing through the night causes the mind to wander and imagine things as they might have been. How many times I've dreamed of travel by train or automobile. Either way would be enjoyable, I think. Should I be alone, I prefer the train. With a wife, I prefer the automobile and the many different places to stop; cabins and rooms to sleep in, and scenes to behold. Always moving when you wish and stopping where you like with different sites at every turn.

Morning of Tuesday finds us in Kansas City, Missouri. It was 6 AM when we stopped. Stops never last long on this train. A few minutes and we're on our way - just to take on supplies and water. Our usual luck caused us to miss Cheyenne, Wyoming by passing it during the middle of the night. It was the only big city we passed that day. I was awakened during the night by the stop and part of it anyway-the hind end. The first two nights of the trip, when we stopped in the middle of the night, the jerk of the sudden stop-and it is sudden-caused me to leap up in bed. It may sound foolish, but the cause of my jumping was that accident in April - being jerked out of sleep with the knowledge of tragedy (talking of past automobile accident). The feeling passed as soon as it came, but there it was. I'll probably get over it.

Morning found us traveling through many snow sheds. We were passing over the Rockies. They are not very impressive from a fast-moving train. In spite of that, the scenery is wonderful, especially when dawn broke. First with a red and pink sky and as the sun broke, the beams just tipped the highest peaks, reminding me of a plate of strawberry ice cream. I took a picture of one of these scenes, I hope it turns out.

Right now it's 12:30 PM and one of our stops has landed us in Green River, Wyoming. The last stop was rolling. It was comical seeing the boys stream across the road to the Green Mill Tavern for 16 ounce beers. They thought it a novelty to be paid change of a \$5.00 or \$10.00 in silver dollars. I understand that's the custom around these mountains. This last stop wasn't as successful. We are forbidden to leave the train without special permission and on their return the boys found Lieutenant Williams waiting for them. They'll probably end up on K. P.

The temperature is 12° below zero you probably wonder at my referring to we "selectees" as boys. I can't get used to that term "soldiers" because when that word is mentioned it brings to mind men in combat, only men with uniform and guns using guns and bayonet to advantage. It brings to mind filth and scurvy and wounds. I can't imagine myself and my young friends—all of us are seemingly young, taking part in that combat and discomfort and pain afflicted by combat. That's my reason for referring to them as boys. The description is in very good but it gives an idea anyway.

Rolling plains and mountains. All they say about them in the books. I know I could consider it perfect living in Ogden, Utah. Situated on a plane with mountains in the near background it's quite a young city. Seemingly a place where people enjoy healthful living, plenty of fresh air, exercise, interests and movies, libraries—a large school, freight yard. Coming out of Ogden we hit the great bear lake which we mistook for the Salt Lake. It seems we hit the Bear Lake first—then the great bear River which empties into the great Salt Lake. Both the former were all frozen over but the Salt Lake didn't have any ice whatsoever. The Salt Lake is 35 miles wide, 85 miles long and 40 feet deep. We traveled the lake on a jetty of rock and watching the mountains on the receiving shores was quite astonishing. We traveled and traveled and yet the mountains seemed no further away after a half an hour writing then when we were 5 min. out. Finally, distance did make an impression coupled with the fact that the sun had dropped and darkness was descending fast. Before we could clear the lake entirely, we were declared as being in a blackout. All large lights were put out, shades pulled down and small lights allowed on. Imagine it wasn't on account of danger to us or practice. It probably was to mask or cover the movements of the troops drew the large cities so near the coast. Reno inclusive.

Two incidents I forgot to mention where one; a trio of skiers on a snowy slope of the south side of the train. It seemed so peculiar seeing them. I don't know why, but then it's funny to us seeing so much snow covering the mountains, too. The other incident is the discovery of a horseman way out on a plain. Though he was only a spec, we compared him with the mountains quite a distance in back of him and the result was quite surprising. We then realized how big the mountain that fail to impress us at first really were. The effect was almost appalling but it created, in me, a yearning to be out there on those mountains.

Reno, Nevada was passed at 5:30 AM this morning and as usual we missed an interesting spot. Our blackout lasted till well after breakfast, then we could lift the shades. It was still pretty dark but that didn't conceal the enormous drifts of snow on each side of the tracks. I don't know when the last snow fell but it must have been some little time ago and the plow that heaped the snow. In spite of that, the dikes of snow on each side of the train mounted from a level with the car windows at times all the way over the car at others. Scenery just wasn't until we hit California and the Sierra Nevada's and then it surpassed all of our expectations. It was really magnificent! First the deep snow with all the pine trees and the gradual diminishing of snow until right now I can't perceive a speck of snow or ice. We passed what the conductor called the "Mother Lode" where the miners went through and flattened entire mountains with hydraulic mining equipment after gold. It was quite obvious too, as the dirt piles could only have been formed like they were by man.

It was quite some time ago, because the land is now all reforested with pine, fairly large, even the conductor has a nugget mounted on a stick pin holding his tie. I took a couple of pictures of the scenery of these mountains. I hope they come out.

Living in these mountains seem to be eked out fairly well, as on our way we've noted orchids on the mountain sides where I am told apples and the famed Bartlett pears are grown. The people are housed in cute small cabins, not log, nor anything as crude, there really beautiful bungalows.

Whereas the night before last and the night before that we were quite cold, last night (Wednesday) was warm in here and today we've turned the heat off entirely. I imagine in a few hours we'll have the windows open if we are allowed.

Sure enough we did. Don't get me wrong, it wasn't anywhere as near summer temperature. It's just that the temperature was pleasantly mild and after that cold Mountain spell we wanted the most of the weather and the scenery.

We finally left the mountains and crossed a Valley consisting entirely of vineyard and a few orchids. It took a few hours to cross that Valley and then we hit some more, or rather they could be more appropriately called overgrown hills. These also had vineyards but cattle and horses dominated by large. The boys by this time had discovered that they had only seen one or two woman the whole trip across. Consequently they were hollering for them.

After dinner we cleaned the car, rested and started getting packed and ready, our destination was near at hand. As I said, the windows were open and each of them were filled. The boys were seeing that elusive site, the female animal, and each one they saw they notified the world as to the fact. Came 4:30 in the afternoon, the train stopped for the last time and we received the call to dismount. They took our barracks bags in trucks but we carried our packs wearing full uniform and overcoat. They made us walk about a mile all uphill (and I mean a good hill). At the top we found to our consternation that we were to be housed in an armory or showplace for stock. Cots were all over the place, in the arena, on the seats and in the stalls, the latter we ended up in.

So that's our trip across the continent. I hope the return comes soon.

Pfc. Harry a Schweikert, Jr.

San Francisco, California - Monday, February 23, 1942

Going on four days in California, I must say that it has more than lived up to its reputation in everything but the weather. It appears to me that it threatens or actually rains every other day here. The clear days make up for all the rainy ones, though.

I guess I could talk all day about it, but I'll just hit the high spots. No matter where the Army takes me after this, I'll always remember the three nights (first ones) I spent in San Francisco. The city is located 8 miles from where we are situated in the livestock Pavilion (Cow Palace) a ride is quite easily obtained from the many cars passing on the main street. We practically established headquarters at the "Dawn Café" a swell place off market Street on third. The owner is young and expects to be in the army in a few days.

We were the only soldiers that knew the place, I think, or dared go when because there never were any others. It was really high-class, but I don't think I'll ever encounter any people more friendly or generous. There is a one-story modernly designed building devoted to the men in the service where do-nuts and coffee can be had. It includes dancing floor, reading room and Paul are where there is a radio, games, and cards.

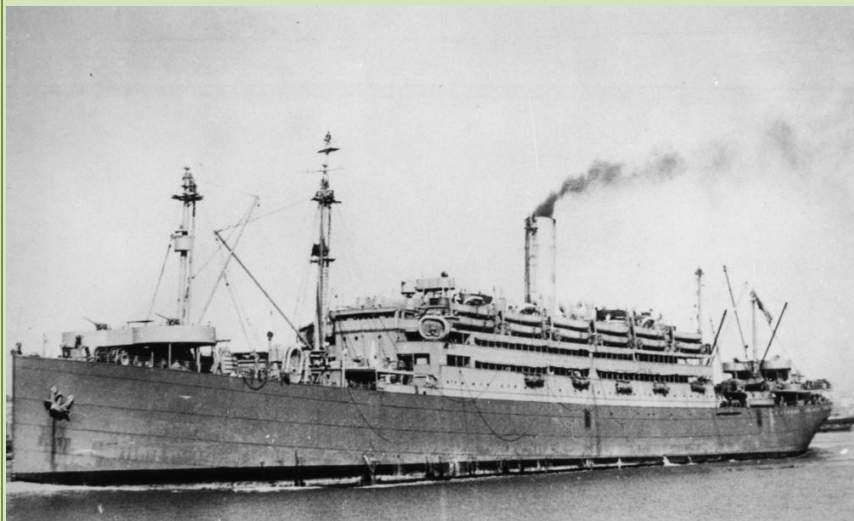
Historical sites I can't interest myself in. I guess I'll see the Golden gate Bridge on my way out.

S.S. Republic - Boarded ship Thursday, February 26, 1942.

Well, now we're aboard ship. We were packed up yesterday morning and after waiting all the morning, we were finally told it was delayed until the morrow.

After the usual fuss and kicking after the discomfit of 22 men in a single truck plus tax, we finally were all on board at three o'clock. This is Thursday I just mentioned that to help me at some future date. It's pretty hard to keep track of the days and their days (the Army's).

A troop ship is exactly that. A ship employed solely for the transport of soldiers. Every available inch of space is devoted to bunks format. The bunks themselves are just long enough and wide enough to accommodate a medium-sized man with practically no room afforded for baggage and field equipment. I drew the lowest bunk about 6 inches off the floor. There are two more men above me reaching up to when the approximate 7 foot ceiling. Between each two rows of bunks is about 15 inches, enough to allow two men to press past each other providing they are not over 150 pounds.



The U.S.S. Republic arriving in Brisbane, Australia 1941.

At present I am writing on my bunk while around me, one after another, bunk ropes are breaking. The "bunks" consist of pipe framework with a piece of canvas fitted inside and one length of cord round continuously around and knotted in one place. Consequently when the rope breaks in one place, the entire bunk comes than.

We've been wandering around and there are innumerable 50 caliber machine guns on board. They are supported by four three-inch guns and one 5 inch aft. Altogether, it gives one quite a feeling of security.

Saturday, February 28, 1942

The final troops boarded ship last night. There are medical Corps., Infantry, engineers and us (the 96th Coast Artillery Corps.). We were supposed to pull out sometime last night, but by the time all the nurses and officers luggage was on board and the rest of the troops had squeezed in, it was well after 11. I had an hours sleep by that time. 24 of us were put on guard, preceding the troops, to keep the soldiers on their respective decks. Had they been allowed to roam around while the other troops were loading, we still be extricating them.

When dawn broke this morning we were still within the Bay. Slight power was propelling us ever so slowly out towards the sea. I believe that was to give the convoy time to form.

We are still traveling slowly but I see a few ships all about us. That, which is probably the usual 15, is starting to take form. Whereas the whole ship belong to us at first, we're restricted to certain areas now.

Rules are slowly being implied on us such as the wearing of life preservatives at all times. I imagine tonight will commence the blackout from sunset to sunrise. We arrives an hour before dawn as that's when attacks are expected.

Right now, the problem to contend with his chow. There are hundreds of us to be served in the one chow line and no semblance of order. When there were a few of us at first, we respected the code of first, first served, but now with everybody it's "survival of the fittest." It takes two hours to get a meal even if you're only 50 soldiers from the front.. Reason being seventy-five K. P.'s, working gun crews, guards and all crashes who get in first. I found out that there are fifty, 50 caliber machine guns.

We are now under full power of this top which is slow. It happens to be a German sub captured in the last war. It's proposed 32 years have taken its toll. Shot at twice and missed. I hope it returns to bring other soldiers after us.

Sunday, March 1, 1942

Started the day off with a bang, in fact, a few bangs. At 4:00 AM the alarm was sounded for a chemical attack. Then "call to quarters" came through and we all filed hastily up on deck. I believe that destroyer through a couple of 3 inch shells into the city. Whether for practice or to really scare off submarines, we'll probably never know.

We stood on deck until dawn broke and it was fairly bright. That was about 6:00 AM. The reason being that we again turn our time back in our yesterday. We returned to quarters and went to breakfast. That's a problem in itself. Even on Sunday we had to police up place, in fact more so. There was an inspection made by the kernel. I saw mass at 11:00 AM and found I had drawn guard duty at two. It's quite a time taker and interesting.

A taste of gunfire and submarine threat broke out consecutively. The Col. was giving each 50 caliber gun a test by shooting a burst from the gun. My attention was drawn from that by someone to our starboard destroyer. Whereas he had been drowsing along with us they are suddenly commenced a fierce churning in its wake. Then it surged forward swiftly and through a depth bomb. Three more followed, each one a boat length apart. Those bombs exploding beneath the water cause the water to mushroom up with a ba-rooom - muffled and soggy. Though each of them exploded quite some distance away, each one of them caused the side plates on the bottom of the ship to vibrate noisily. He made a wide circle around a line of explosions, curving away from the convoy and stopped a while. Our ship veered off course about 45° to the south. After a few minutes sailing time, the destroyer caught up to us and herded the boats close together as a dog does she. After that he proceeded on event fully, except for a loan shark sighted approximately 50 or 60 yards off our starboard side. Relieved from guard duty at 6 PM, I am to return to the same post at 2 AM. We work four hours on, and eight hours off. This is worked so that the guard works two shifts a day and every third day off.

Monday, March 2, 1942

I started this day early, was awakened at 2:00 AM for guard duty until 6 AM. After coming off that and waiting for chow, it was 7:45 AM. I decided to see the days movie. Three and four times a day they have the movies, I believe. They play the same show for two days. Retiring to my bunk I enjoyed a profound sleep. Awakening at 3 PM, I washed and shaved and had everyone informed me the First Sergeant had been looking for me all day. It seems I missed a two-hour guard from 12 AM to 2 AM. I told him I was asleep and the corporal did wake me but he made me dress and pull an extra hour during supper.

Our traveling almost parallel to the coast, in the past, was explained when doing broke this morning and revealed eight more warships and two guard planes - Amphibs (PBY's). That brings up our quota to 20 ships, two destroyers and two planes. The weather has been threatening but nothing happened short of a few wins praise. Tonight

the wind is blowing quite strong, the sea is filled with white caps. A few clouds scudding across the sky with the interims lit up by a full overhead moon.

Tuesday, March 3, 1942

Nothing much today. Whether still threatening. We set our clocks back yet another hour.

Wednesday, March 4, 1942

Up as usual at 5:30 AM to greet a morning, dark and forbidding. Day past in usual manner with a long line for everything, ciao, movies, wash, toilet. The boys are starting to get restless now. The time is setting heavily on their hands. Gives them time to create gossip. The officers and nurses have dancing every afternoon and intermingle at all times. Stories about them are eaten up. The soldiers don't seem to realize the fact that they are the first to go. S. H. (shit house) rumors have torpedoes crossing our bow and three submarines sunk. I have to admit the possibility of our getting one sub the other day when the destroyer threw those step charges, but three is fantastic. Received communion at Mass this morning and went to Novena at night.

Maybe my hunch about a storm isn't far from wrong. I see all loose stuff being fastened securely to the deck. Tonight my watch is from 10 PM until 2 AM. Maybe it'll break then, but I doubt it.

Thursday, March 5, 1942

The usual monotony. While in the show, was startled by an explosion. To followed. It was our three-inch guns practicing. Destroyer pulled up to within 75 feet. Shot line over to pass message to our commander. Still heavy clouds overhead.

Friday, March 6, 1942

Our storm broke about 9:30 this morning. Just a lot of wind and rain. Sea was rough but not even remotely exciting. Movies, magazines, lines and official notice to sleep with close on. Cited ship on horizon to the rear. It cut off to the south. Just barely a pencil mark, could perceive two masts and a stack, though with the naked eye.

Saturday, March 7, 1942

Ship on horizon, one of our destroyers. Pulled guard again. Nice post near officers and nurses.

Sunday, March 8, 1942

Up at 5 AM this morning, because of the turning of clocks back one hour. Doing broke clear and beautiful on AC is, as a summer day. No sooner had the sun peeked over the edge of the earth then and interesting and pleasant day began. On guard at 6 AM; cited a spec to our front. Spec, shortly, turned out to be a destroyer assigned to escort us the rest of the way in. We are supposed to be approximately 14 hours from land. How much further than that are landing point is, I don't know. The destroyer, which was camouflaged, curved around and took the lead. The SS Republic then picked up speed a little and within three hours we had left the convoy behind and out of sight.

Relieved at guard, heard mass, eight and enjoyed our daily musical session by the 96th band. No sooner had the band ceased playing but to sailors brought out a set of boxing gloves. After six or seven and enthusiastic matches, we called it a day and retired to wait for supper.

Still rolling along at a goodly rate of speed, I have the feeling that everyone thinks the danger is over. There is more movement and chatter and more people going without life preservers. The outdoor boys are stripped to the waist and enjoying the heat of the tropical sun. The sailors so, haven't lost sight of our danger. All lifeboats have a new supply of heart attack and a box of ammunition. The life rafts are all loose and ready to cast over the side. Let's hope they never need be.

Tuesday, March 10, 1942

A drizzly, soggy day accompanied by a rough sea greeted us on this our 11th day of travel. It was the same yesterday. Accustomed guard duty took up my morning during which, at approximately 11:20 AM, the first land was sighted. It wasn't until we were up close, though, as the island was well assisted over. Another island, slightly larger, was passed and then Hawaii Island our destination. The island of sugarcane and palms was approached slowly. The ship taxied carefully around the seawall into the cove and nestled up to a pier. Inside the seawall the water was calm while looking out, one could see the waves breaking over the rocks futilely trying to invade the tranquility of the man-made Haber. A coast plane at rest on the water during our maneuvering, took to the sky as soon as the ship had been secured.

Enthusiasm in me was entirely absent. There was a stench from the dock family and pleasant but vaguely familiar. While many men were landing, we had chow and came back up on deck to see the last of them off. Immediately men (natives) appeared and commenced unloading equipment. As had happened important at San Francisco, the ship transmitted music over the loudspeakers for us. That didn't help me any for it made me dream back to the past and feel anything but patriotic. Suddenly I remembered the smell. Remarkably like the molasses works at West Shore in Weehawken(New Jersey).

Being in bed, as usual, before eight o'clock, I reckon I'll go to sleep. Maybe tomorrow will awaken the poet in me.

Thursday, March 12, 1942

Awakened of my own volition yesterday and today as for once (or twice) we had no "General Quarters." Unloading took up the time. Many men were put off, Calvary, infantry, engineers, medics and our own 96th C.A.C. There are only four batteries left. Sheets of rain day and night except a few intervals where we almost saw the sun. The natives didn't pay any attention to it whatsoever. They worked day and night anyway. Finishing at 4:45 AM this morning, within the hour the sailors were about preparing for our leave. We pulled out shortly and traveling was continuous until we passed. Spotted some flying fish. Five fighter planes are accompanying us along with our destroyer.

So on passing that, we are once more on our way. We should reach our destination around midnight. The sea has been quite rough due to a heavy wind. Consequently, the boys of the weak stomachs are commencing. **Quite constantly sailors are confirming the rumor about being shot at by a sub, the sub was destroyed. Also stated and confirmed is the rumor of our being sunk.(kidding I think)**

Friday, March 13, 1942

A beautiful sky studded with innumerable stars greeted me this morning. Land was off our starboard side waiting for the dawn and us. We couldn't pull in the harbor at night due to the heavy mining of the waters. Pearl Harbor appeared beautiful to us. We sailed slowly down the mouth of the harbor and into our docking place, observing everything we could. The entrance is absolutely run over with destroyers and cruisers. Planes upon planes circling overhead - Grunman fighters, Amphibs, Pby's, biplanes and monoplanes.

Slightly more than 200 feet in front of us is the U.S.S. California on its way up from the bottom. In front of that is the Oklahoma, overturned. Then the Utah, still on the bottom and the Arizona on the bottom and irreplaceable. Off our starboard, across the channel rests the hulks of two destroyers on top of the water but burned black and the plating resembling corrugated iron from the intense heat it was subjected to. In back of that, a warship still on the bottom in its dock, being slowly brought to the surface.

No sooner had we docked than a torpedo net was spread around our ship. Upon inquiry, I learned the U.S.S. Chester, upon which Bob Maguire is, left only a few days ago. I find Bob was quite modest. The men talk of their work as admirable stating that the Chester drove, blasted I should say, the damned Japs right off Wake Island.

After four hours guard and supper, we brought our barracks bag to another boat scheduled to take us to our destination tomorrow (Kauai Island) and proceeded to look over the near airfield. The sailors were wonderful talkative and friendly. They explained the day of 7 December, each in their own way, and damage done and people killed. We examined the planes and the sailors explained them to us. The sailors were all mostly from the wrecked ships just working there and waiting for a transfer. An enormous Amphib was still lying there, wrecked, a replica of the disaster.

Monday, March 16, 1942

Nine o'clock on Monday morning finds me feeling fine. Equipment piled high in front of me just as it was dumped off the truck and pup tents all over the place under trees and bushes. We left the U.S.S. Republic on Saturday morning and boarded the "HaleaKala." Stayed in dock and left about 5:30 PM. Traveled all night and docked at dawn in Kauai, T.H. (Territory of Hawaii). It may have been Sunday to some but to us it was a good working day. Pitched tents first then in the morning as soon as we arrived at our site. My half was stolen right from under my nose. Went swimming in the ocean after dinner and work from four until late at night loading from piers and unloading at camp. Found a can of sliced peaches on the dock and that made my total supper. Sleeping in the cab of a truck is no sense. Woke up skatey eight times having to change position. Astonishing I woke up refreshed and raring to go, but that was the case. Maybe it was because of the nice cold washing. Police call, so I have to leave.

Tuesday, March 17, 1942

Things have been absolutely topping to me the last few days. Two nights on a cot beneath the stars and one in the large tent that we put up yesterday. Today is the first day that I haven't fairly broken my back enjoyably on some hard work. Even at that I've worked pretty steadily making things fairly livable in this tent.

I appreciate this life to the utmost though my desire is to be home. It's gone helpful and really exhilarating. On the go from going till twilight, then the blackout forces you on your back looking out at stars and moon feeling the cool breezes from the ocean and absorbing the sense of the earth and greens.

Peaceful sleep removes all mortal thought and replaces streams of the world of your own making. All too short are these dreams before they are shattered by the notes of a bugle blowing "reveille." It isn't exactly unpleasant, though because the chill morning air is wonderfully vibrant; it feels good to shiver from it because more damp than then it is cold. Shortly there is created beyond the distant hills a sunrise comparable to the sunsets of the Carolinas.

You gather that I like it well I do, but even now the inevitable war sticks its finger in. Grunman fighters zoom the sky every minute of the day. One section of our men left us a little while ago to take up the duties they were sent here for. Duties on the lights that will last God knows how long. Soon this individual also expects to take off on a like mission.

The food is too plentiful and too good for a man like myself who wants to lose weight.

Saturday, March 21, 1942

The first day of spring takes its place among the other holidays and simple days of the week in becoming something unknown to us. Each day is alike in every manner. On this day however, yours truly has left camp to take up a Searchlight location. Ideas on the location cannot be listed until experienced a few times.

Monday, March 23, 1942

Searchlight position number four reporting. A position taken up two days ago, it proves to be satisfactory on the whole but still lacking in some convenience. But then Army life isn't made convenient.

10 men sleeping in one pyramidal tent is a little crowded but then we only sleep in it. Our present duties are limited due to slowness of guns getting into position. That means we cannot go into action at night at all but two men are required to do duty on the sound locator, tracking. Should any planes be picked up they have to be reported into the command post. Days only one man needs be posted at the telephone as we have been 19 us sailing over the island during the late hours.

Our present schedule starts at 6:30 in the morning at which time the guard wakes all hands up. We go into position and practice for an hour and a half until breakfast. After breakfast the Searchlight power plant and control station is drawn beneath the trees and the sound locator is dismantled and can be flagged. A guard at the telephone all day. At 6:30, after supper they unit is reassessed and we practice again until dark. Two men are left to track on the sound locator in shifts of four hours to each two men. It's a mighty lonely bird vigil at night on this hill. Being on the side tour words the West, the darkness is inky at night and though a rifle is carried with five death pellets in it, a nervousness is understandable as anyone could walk up to within 15 feet of you before being seen. And East to West wind rages all night long and all day long. The day when it is less discomforting due to a hot sun. That's what is so funny when the sun is out, nakedness is essential to a degree of comfort at night, when the sun goes down.

The diary continues until 1943 when Staff Sergeant Harry Schweikert is transferred to Texas to become a pilot in the Army's Air Force.