



*It was easier getting into the pool than it was getting out*

wasn't that the Pollywogs fought back to any great extent, but it just wore the Shellbacks out by the end of the day. The Pollywogs had all the fun and the Shellbacks did all the work.

We arrived in Noumea in the morning of 7 December. This was our first foreign port of the first voyage and everyone was anxious to get ashore and have a look around. The Japanese had never been to Noumea but the Americans had taken over. Traffic on the streets was as heavy, considering the number of lanes, as it is on Broadway or Market Street — all with army trucks, jeeps, command cars, ambulances, staff cars and bicycles. Only one-half of the crew got liberty but their four hours shore watch out as the most riotous liberty of them all. The cargo nets carried strange cargo aboard that night.

The next morning we departed from Noumea and set our



*A Noumea Street with a touch of the C.A.P.P.S. the zig-zag pattern were usually visible.*

course for Guadalcanal. It was on this leg of the voyage that we passed through the Coral Sea and saw what a "zero sea" looks like. The water was so calm that the biggest ripples (aside from our wake) were made by the flying fish. Our wake was visible all the way back to the horizon and since we were zig-zagging, three legs of



*In Noumea harbor the passengers bring their pier with them*