



*Fisherman's wharf in the old part of Marseille*

about the location of the Azores Islands and a few ionized clouds in that vicinity which caused a few more gray hairs to be added to the heads of some.

Two days out of Norfolk orders were received for our next trip—a return to the Pacific. To the few west coast men left aboard it was good news but to the east coasters, who were in the majority, it was like being exiled to the salt mines of Siberia.

The ADMIRAL CAPPS arrived in Norfolk in the morning of 25 December by making its way through a beautiful but cold snow storm. It was a fitting start of the holiday for the crew. A small percentage rated Christmas leave, and a slightly larger percentage rated 48-hour liberties over Christmas. Those

who stayed aboard had Christmas trees, mail, dinner and everything but home and family.

The ADMIRAL CAPPS arrived in Panama in the afternoon of 2 January. That was the night that all of the yeomen were either on liberty or shore patrol and the Marine Corps had to make up the plan of the day. It was much better to see Colon at night than to see her only in the daytime as had been the case when the ADMIRAL CAPPS was last there. The next night all of the yeomen stayed aboard—at least there were no crossed quills seen going down the gangway. In the Copacabana, however, one of our yeomen mounted the stage and entertained the crowd (75% from the ADMIRAL CAPPS) for an hour with his accordion music while a large party of "N" Division cheered him wildly. What happened to our chief engineer that night is still a matter for conjecture. At any rate



*Everybody had a good time at our ship's party in Norfolk*