



*The CAPPS as she looked in Tokyo Bay*

than the Port Director's. He hadn't been able to draw the latest charts in the States as we had.

When we anchored in the correct berth, still nothing happened. In the afternoon another message came in ordering us to proceed to Yokohama where a Pilot would come aboard to take us into a pier. When we arrived at the entrance, we received another message, "So Sorry, Pilots not working so lately." We anchored again. The next morning the pilot came aboard and we tied up to the pier with the aid of a 500-man line handling party which broke five heaving lines with its enthusiasm, and then ran off to chase cigarettes when we wanted to double up.

That afternoon half of the crew got a chance to see what the war had done to Yokohama. The Japanese people appeared quite well fed as compared with the French. (This is despite the effort of the commissary department to feed us all the rice

in the world in order to starve the Japanese.) Some of the buildings were very nice looking but there were almost as many "vacant lots" as there were buildings. The souvenirs that were offered for sale were the kind we used to see in the dime stores before the war, but the prices were ten times as high. The souvenir that most everyone would like to have bought was one of the richly colored kimonos that some of the women wore—but none were for sale. We had to be satisfied with chop-sticks, silk handkerchiefs, painted or embroidered scarfs, colorfully dressed dolls, Samurai swords, hari-kiri knives and "dime store" rifles.

The 489 passengers for the return trip were all aboard in the evening of 29 January and we sailed the next morning for Seattle. Out of respect for our speed, the Army had assigned us 90 tons of "Air-Mail" to carry back. We were well on our way to Seattle and had a nice North Pacific storm blowing from behind us when we received orders to divert to San Francisco. This was a great disappointment for a few and a great joy for a few others but to the majority of the crew who were from the east coast it didn't make any difference. We arrived in San Francisco in the very early morning of 8 February, having averaged 20.3 knots for the trip. This average included an hour stop over to "shoot down" a floating mine 200 miles out of San Francisco.

Among the passengers this trip were about 165 Merchant seamen whose ships had been given to the Japanese. They were entitled to first class passage if available, but since it wasn't available, they were placed in troop class. According to the troop class policy, they were to furnish 50% of their number to help the mess detail. They agreed to do this and their mess detail showed up for work for the first few days. Then, however, they decided (or were influenced into thinking) that they should get