

"time-and-a-half" for their work. When no one would sign their papers for the extra pay they went on strike and refused to show up for work. When they were called on the P. A. system they refused to answer. When the Marines went to their compartment and called for them no one knew them, no one had seen them, no one knew where they were, and no one expected ever to see them again. Filtering the mess line caught a few but more ingenious methods had to be devised to bring the entire lot to justice, (two days in the brig on bread and water). After looking up the home town of one of the seamen, a Marine went to their compartment and called out, "Hey, I hear there's a guy down here from Canton, Ohio!" Immediately the culprit jumped up to meet someone from his home town but instead he met one of the "Sheriff's" deputies. Another seaman's nickname became known to the Marines so one of them went to the compartment, stood behind a stanchion and yelled, "Hey, Mike!" Mike answered and was taken into custody. The evening of the day we arrived in San Francisco there were headlines, "TWELVE JAILED ON S.F. TRANSPORT," and a glowing account of the whole affair. It even got nationwide coverage through the press agencies.

The ADMIRAL CAPPS remained in San Francisco for 28 days during which time her boilers were cleaned with wire brush for the first time. They averaged almost 5,000 steaming hours since the ship started operations while the Manual of Engineering Instructions say that they should be cleaned every 2,000 hours at the very most. Most of the West Coasters were granted leave enough to visit their homes—which they hadn't seen for at least ten months. The East Coasters enjoyed their liberty in San Francisco as much as could be expected—more so than the West Coasters had enjoyed liberty in Norfolk.

In the morning of 8 March the ADMIRAL CAPPS sailed



*The Golden Gate says welcome back*

on her next voyage to Okinawa and return to San Francisco. We took the southern route in order to avoid the stormy North Pacific weather. In the morning of 21 March we anchored in Buckner Bay and waited for our friends on the beach to organize and send us some passengers. While we were still waiting the next day, the Chaplain arranged for the crew to go ashore and use the Navy's recreation area for a little relaxation and exercise — and also their "beer garden" to quaff a couple