

All goes well with the *Pandora* Padue
of the mighty "G" - though I wouldn't mind
putting into port to have the barnacles scraped
off my bottom, that is the ship's bottom!
A little sand, sunshine and Schütz
would go mighty nice. The only land I've
seen for quite some time has been the mainland
of Japan and though my Japanese ain't
much worse than my Latin, still I couldn't
see any "Welcome" signs hung out, so
we skipped the Saki and moved on.
We have rechristened the "G" and now call
her the Avenging Ghost of the Japanese Coast.
The ship got the first G at Savo Island & we got
the first ship hit by a shore bombardment on Wombo.

There's a delicate old expression - "all shot
to hell" and that just about describes religion in the
Navy. Our Lord must have felt at home
aboard Peter's bark but He certainly is a stranger
on this ship. I don't want to sing the dirge, but
Oh Lord deliver us from this Italian and Palack
Catholicism. Well, Monsignor, my bone a la Plato,
of course, to all our mutuals.

God bless you
P.S. Healthy as usual! Not for Publication!