

noses and necks. Most of them didn't realize then, that hotter and more oppressive days awaited the ship in the Pacific.

That night as the lights of Balboa twinkled in the cool tropical breeze, the *Quincy* left her dock to follow the channel which led to the sea. The Panama Canal and its strange sights were left far behind. Soon the ship was on the great circle course to Hawaii.

When the *Quincy* arrived in Pearl Harbor on March 20, Honolulu was seething with the gaiety of many sailors on leave and liberty. Being liberty conscious the *Quincy* crew immediately joined in the fun of the crowds enjoying the marvels of this country of Waikiki fame. The beach had facilities for quiet beer drinkers. It offered fine swimming in the famous rolling surf of Hawaii. The favorite souvenirs of Honolulu were grass skirts and pictures of Hula girls. Eventually most of the pictures were sent home as evidence that everything written about Hawaii is true. Then, too, there were superb suppers to be eaten while enjoying the wonderful sight of the crimson sun sinking in the west. Unfortunately all of the pleasures that make liberties enjoyable had to be abandoned early in the evening so that the sailors could return to their ships before evening curfew—an emergency measure which was still in effect.

There was more to be done in Pearl than simply wandering about the island, however. Conferences were called for final briefing. Here were learned all of the latest tricks of a cunning enemy. Battle practices were scheduled to test the firing accuracy under the many conditions that would be forced upon the *Quincy* later at sea in the war against Japan. During the tests the *Quincy* preserved her fine reputation. The experts declared the ship to be ready for all eventualities. They set a sailing date, and the *Quincy* made last minute preparations for heading westward again. Eniwetok and Ulithi, two microscopic dots on the vast expanse of Pacific blue, were scheduled to be the two fueling stops.

The gay days of Honolulu were soon forgotten, and life began to take on a serious atmosphere as the ship steamed closer and closer to the Pacific battlegrounds.

TOP DOWN: 1. Warrant Officers' Mess, Left to Right: Burke, McKinney, Clay, Morrison, Baker, Reese, Davidowsky, Cook, Swanson. 2. "Nothing like an egg shampoo to grow hair, says Westong, Flc. 3. Mog Mog beer is hot, but welcome. 4. Barber didn't sound as funny as he looks.

