

Sept. 9, 1945

My Darling Wife,

I received three letters from you when I got back from ~~visiting~~ ^{last} visiting the Australian Cruiser, ^{last} night. One of them was the letter from mother that you sent. Its wonderful to receive your letters darling.

The money situation sounds rather close. Next pay day on the 15th I will be able to send you a check for \$100.00 which ought to help a little. I haven't received anything as yet for over three years service, but I am working on that. Of course it will take another month or two to get it in effect, but it will be retroactive. Also as soon as I get all my original copies of my orders together I can collect for your transportation from South Bend to Napa.

That was sweet of you to offer to send me some canned goodies, but there is no need to. In the Ward Room we can have toast, coffee, tea, ~~or~~ hot Chocolate, or cold coca cola free any time we want it day or night, and I can buy ice cream at the

4 ships service every afternoon plus candy and nuts. I have been drinking a lot of hot chocolate since I have been aboard and it takes the place of fresh milk. I haven't been bothered at all with my stomach, so I feel quite fortunate. I would like you to send me the Reader Digest though. We do get a copy in the ward room, but it soon disappears.

It was a quite ^{and} interesting visit we made last night to the Australian Cruiser. I don't remember exactly what I told you in my other letter, but at that time we thought it was a British ship.

The ship we visited was the H.M.A.S. Hobart. The wind had kicked up quite a rough sea by the time we wanted to visit, so that our motor whale boats couldn't be used. It happened there was an LCP (landing craft Personnel) along side that was just finishing the unloading of provisions to our ship. I asked the Coxswain if he would take us over, and he said he would be glad to. My roommate, Leslie Wolfe, had asked the Chief on our signal bridge which ship was the Hobart. There were two cruisers anchored close to the Ticonderoga and one.

3) had three stacks and the other had two. The Chief said the three stacker was the one we wanted; so with out even doubting, it, we had the Copowain take us to it. There was a pretty stiff breeze and the waves were pretty good size. Les and I huddled close to the side of the boat to keep from getting soaked, but we were fairly wet by the time we arrived. The wind had cleared the sky of clouds and "Eureka"! I saw Mt. Fujiyama. It looks just like the pictures. How strange.

Of course we climbed aboard the three stacker cruiser to find we were on the wrong ship, but I found that one of the Liaison Officers aboard was one of the Specialists that was in either Walling or Willcox's company at Notre Dame. He was starting to make arrangements for a boat for us when a boat from the Hobart came along side, so all we had to do was hop in and go on over.

They treated us very nice while we were there and furnished us with a boat to return later in the evening. They have a bar in their wardroom and we had some ice-cold beer. It was really about the best I have ever tasted.

41. Of course I think it was probably Ale, but I would know the difference tasted good anyway. They also serve scotch and bourbon but I didn't have any. We had boiled rabbit for dinner with peas and mashed potatoes and gravy, but the strangest thing was they served a casserole dish of creamed spaghetti with bread crumbs on top in place of our dessert. I asked about it and was told they served something like that or melted cheese on toast at the end of the meal. They don't have sweet things for dessert.

The British and Australian ships have the ruling that rank is left outside once you enter the ward room. They don't eat by rank or have special place settings like so many of our ships do. There is a much more congenial atmosphere in their wardrooms and they play darts and other games and have a good time. But there is a much larger gap between the officers and enlisted men in their navy. The enlisted men have very poor quarters and the ship ^{has} had over a compliment of men and a large number had to sleep on the deck in passage ways and any place they could find.

Take care of yourself and "Little Swag" darling. I love you with all my heart.
Your loving husband,
Floyd

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

Lt. (Jr) F. E. Swagerty

U.S.S. Liconderoga (CV-14)

% F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs. Floyd Swagerty
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