

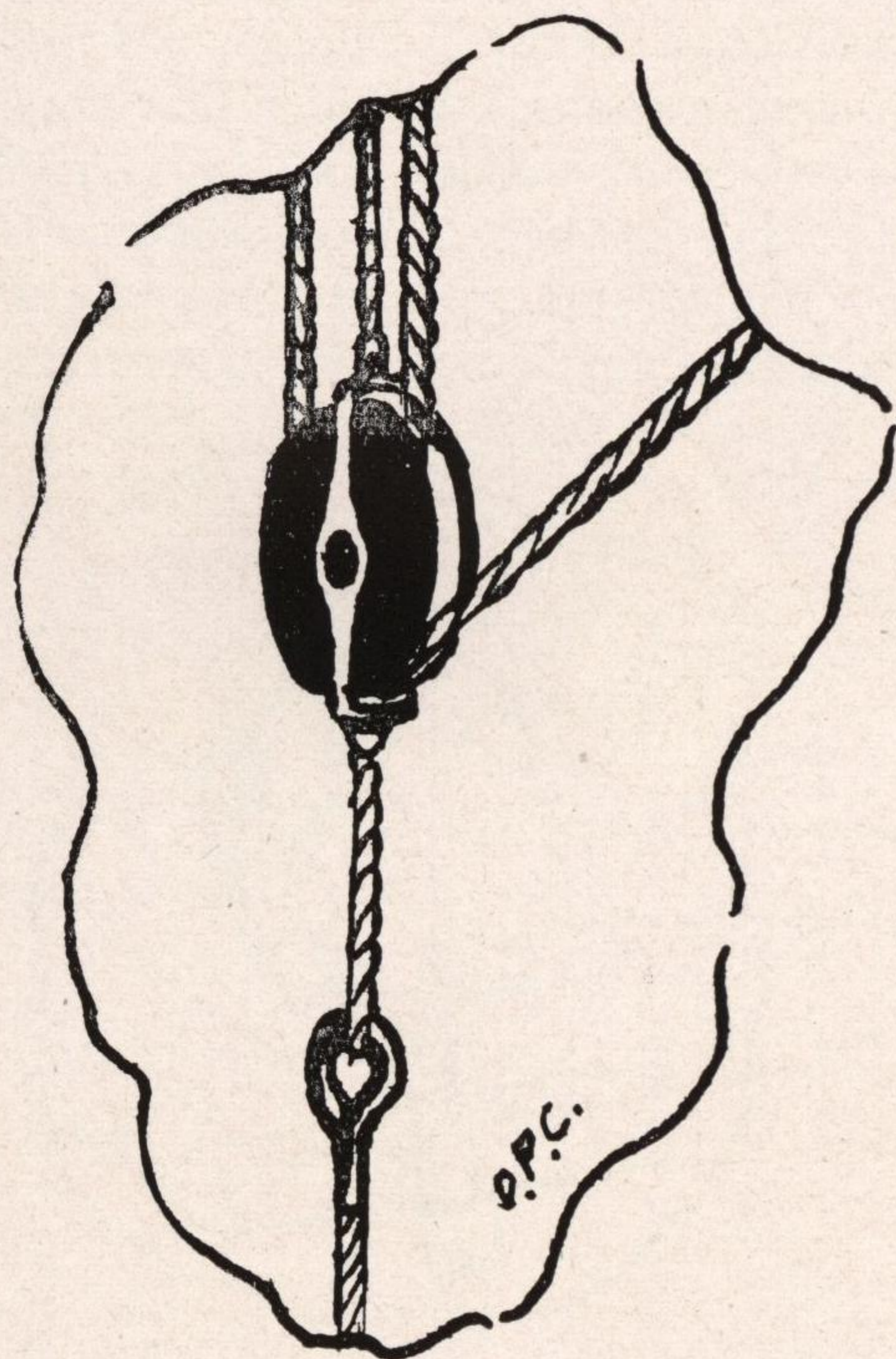
*Remember? ... Waiting for that bus at Army-Navy "Y" in Honolulu*



*Comdr. Schumm going ashore at Pearl Harbor (Note gas mask)*

"front" part of the ship was. The new men were idealistically anxious to get out and knock the fight out of the Germans, Japs or both. Slowly but surely the SAN DIEGO was becoming a real ship of the line with a real crew.

May, 1942 saw the SAN DIEGO pull out of Boston and begin her first long voyage



south toward the Panama Canal. Scuttlebutt was rampant. Everything was mentioned from training runs to joining the fleet in the Pacific. Everyone gave opinions freely without being asked and every hour a new rumor was winging its way through the ship's firerooms, bridge, and sleeping compartments. The heat was terrific, almost unbearable at times. The boys from 'way down in Mississippi or Georgia or Louisiana laughed at their shipmates from Michigan, Maine and Vermont. They were the same fellows who had almost frozen in cold, cold Boston, but now everyone was seeing for the first time how the other parts of the world live. They were to see much, much more.

It was during the trip south to the Panama Canal that the crew of the SAN DIEGO had their first contact with the enemy. This happened during a moonlit night when the lookouts sighted a surfaced German submarine riding on the Caribbean. We don't know whether we got her, for she dove almost immediately, but now the war had become a first hand matter.

At long last we were through the Panama Canal and into the Pacific Ocean. Up