



Dr. Rufus S. Swain

John,
Hope this is what
you want. Don't
hesitate to edit to
fit your objectives
Rufus

**Support Our Troops
Remember Our Veterans**

“YOU’RE IN THE NAVY NOW!”

By Rufus S. Swain (2006)

Upon graduation from high school, I decided to join the navy, preferring that to other branches of service. After a few days of assessment, I followed through and signed up for a “minority” enlistment, meaning I would be classified as a “regular” navy enlistee, rather than a “reserve” enlistee. Since I was not yet 18, this enlistment would go only to my 21st birthday, rather than the normal four full years for regular enlistments. My widowed mother was engaged to be remarried, so I did not have to worry about her.

Upon my enlistment on June 21, I was ordered to report to boot camp at Camp Perry, Virginia, on July 4, 1944. Bus transportation was provided by the Navy. Camp Perry was a primitive camp with wooden barracks constructed by the Navy Seabees, a construction corps for the Navy. The camp had been their basic training camp during the early years of the war. It was equipped with a memorable obstacle course, suitable for Seabee training. I arrived in time to stand in a long mess line for the big Fourth of July turkey dinner. It was a lavish introduction to navy chow. One of the reasons I chose the Navy was the prospect of three regular meals a day, and a bunk to sleep in at night, as opposed to field chow and a tent. Having been a farm boy; and a boarding school resident, navy chow was very acceptable to me. We were first trained in “close order drill,” or military marching in ranks. My Boy Scout experience prepared me somewhat for that experience. Many of my fellow enlistees were “city boys” and not physically or mentally ready for the rigors of basic training. The obstacle course was particularly challenging. With my farm muscles and athletic experience, I was able to meet the challenge fairly easily. I also enjoyed some self-defense classes in karate and some boxing contests at the gym. My past life certainly served me well here. We received our first boot camp pay – two \$2 bills. I still have one of them among my souvenirs. The other was spent at the base store.

While in boot camp, we went through testing and interviews to determine our future assignment. While in my senior year, I had heard that drinking carrot juice would help night vision, so I had started drinking it regularly. I don’t know if it affected my general vision, or not, but when I enlisted, my vision checked out at 20-20 without glasses (which I had worn since I was six). I passed the qualifying test for aerial gunnery school. However, I was informed that that school was already filled. I also scored high for signalman school, thanks to my scout training in Morse code. I thus wound-up being assigned to Bainbridge Naval Base in Maryland for signalman school. In the meantime, upon completion of boot camp, we were given two weeks of leave. It was during this time that my mother had scheduled her wedding, so I could be present. It was a great comfort to me to know that she would be taken care of if anything should happen to me.

Signal School was much different from boot camp. The barracks were large, two-story buildings with comfortable quarters for the students. We continued military drill, of course, but most of our time was spent in classes and practice exercises. In addition, we were given week end leaves regularly. These were usually spent in Washington, DC. One of my favorite haunts was the National Press Club. Every Saturday afternoon, they had open house for service men. On one occasion I had lunch directly across the table from the wife of General George “Old Blood & Guts” Patton, famous for the invasion of Africa and Sicily. On another occasion then Vice-President Harry Truman played the piano and actress Lauren Bacall sat on the piano top and sang for us. She then came off stage greeted us personally. At one of these meetings I met another sailor, Charlie Roe, who invited me to

go to a dance at an apartment building that evening. I met a girl name Lainey, whom I liked as a friend and dance partner. She was from Louisiana, but was working for the Defense Department. We then went out together a couple of times. Our final date was at the Trade Winds nightclub, as I was soon going home on leave and then heading for San Francisco for assignment.



L-R: Evelyn, Charlie Roe, Lainey, Rufus

Following my visit home, I returned to Bainbridge and was subsequently placed on a troop train headed for San Francisco, California. I remember the USO greeting us at stops along the way with refreshments at the larger city stops. I had a few days at a base at San Francisco awaiting assignment. I was put aboard a transport ship for shipment to the Pacific ports for rendezvous with various ships to supply replacements for crew openings. The first day out of port was memorable. As soon as we passed under the Golden Gate Bridge, we hit "ground swell" waves which caused the ship to sway to and fro. Pretty soon the rails were lined with seasick "landlubbers." It was not a pleasant sight, especially when some of them could not get to the railing in time. I was not subject to seasickness, but I was nauseated by the scene.

I was eventually placed aboard the SS Maurice Thompson, a merchant ship at the Ulithi Islands, as a member of a navy "armed guard" unit. Ulithi was an atoll, or a ring of coral islands, forming a large bay used for assembling convoys to Okinawa. We were responsible for manning the guns and conducting communications (radio, Morse code with lights, and flag signals for convoy maneuvers). For security reasons (to protect us from submarine detection), radios were only used for emergency messages or to received messages from bases. Ships were "blacked out" at night, except for emergencies. We traveled in large convoys of ships, accompanied by destroyers for protection from enemy submarine attacks.

I was assigned as a back-up gunner and/or loader during attacks, when I was not on a regular shift on the bridge as signalman. Soon after we left port, we engaged in gunnery practice, using target balloons. I knocked out the first balloon when I was on the 50 caliber machine gun, in competition with the other gunners. We were using tracer bullets mixed with the other bullets, so we could see who hit what, and also to aid us in correcting our aim if we were shooting at an incoming kamikaze plane. The ship also had 20 mm. guns and two five-inch cannons on deck.

Unlike the regular navy vessels, life aboard the merchant ship was very informal. We wore blue jeans and (if needed) denim shirts or t-shirts. In the tropics we could opt for bare-chested when off duty. We dressed more formally when going into port. We were also friendly with the merchant seamen. Our on-duty hours were strictly scheduled, but life was simple and relaxed when off duty.

As our convoy was moving toward Okinawa, the destroyers detected an enemy submarine stalking us, and started dropping depth charges, following the sub by sonar. The sub veered toward the convoy and our hull scraped the cunning tower of the sub as it cut across our path. This was my only experience with sub encounters.

When we arrived at Okinawa, we anchored in the harbor to await unloading of our supplies. We were anchored in a triangle formation with a cruiser and an ammunition ship. Late one afternoon we watched our reconnaissance planes come in from patrol. Shortly behind them a Kamikaze plane flew in, thus avoiding recognition by the radar operators. Our first awareness came when the pilot dropped a bomb aimed at us. It barely missed our bow and exploded in the water, causing our ship to bobble. The plane then chose to dive on the deck of the cruiser anchored next to us. The plane hit directly on the aft gun turret of the ship, with a big fiery explosion. It was a calm day and the crash generated a huge smoke ring which slowly drifted upward from the ship, like a halo. It was a sight which stayed in my mind. The explosion killed all the crewmembers in the gun turret and numerous deck hands in the area. We also wondered what the consequences would have been had the pilot chosen the loaded ammunition ship instead of the heavily armored cruiser.

A couple of days later, another Kamikaze flew in, but the ships were on alert and filled the sky with anti-aircraft fire. A piece of shrapnel landed within six inches of my head. I still have that souvenir. One of our crew was standing in a hatch (doorway) peeping out at the action, with his knee exposed. He was struck in the leg by a small piece of shrapnel. The sky was filled with tracers and exploding shells, but the plane flew over us and dived at a battleship, The New Mexico, anchored next to us on the starboard side. Evidently he was diverted by some ammo hits, because he missed the bridge of the ship and came down just over the deck, landing in the water on the far side of the ship.. A close call!

The commanding officer of the armed guard unit was a reserve officer. He was a lawyer in civilian life. Since my station was on the bridge, as a signalman, I got to know him pretty well. He was the only navy officer aboard and was in command of about 25 signalmen, radiomen and gunners. (The captain and crewmen of the ship were civilians.) One day he invited me to go with him on a shore excursion. We used one of the ship's lifeboats. I had been watching the action on Okinawa through my binoculars. Our side of the island was in our control, but there were still tunnels with enemy soldiers in them who refused to surrender. Our units were cleaning them out, one by one, with flame throwers and grenades. I thought it would be interesting to get a closer look at the action. However, when we arrived at the pier, the army sentry would not allow us ashore, since we had no official business.

After the ships were unloaded, the convoy departed for San Francisco. We had no medical personnel on board. On the way home I developed a severe case of athlete's foot. Someone on board told me that Clorox was an effective treatment. We had plenty of that for bleaching our white uniforms. So I started soaking my feet in water with about two tablespoons of Clorox. This produced almost immediate improvement, and totally cured the problem in a few days.

In San Francisco we enjoyed a few evenings of shore liberty while the ship was being reloaded with cargo. On the way out we stopped overnight at Honolulu. Unfortunately, I was on sentry duty that night and missed out on liberty ashore. (It was many years before I finally got to see Honolulu.) The next day we departed in convoy for Ulithi. During the trip, I developed a fever and cold or flue, with chills.. The merchant marine Chief Steward, in charge of food and supplies for the entire ship,

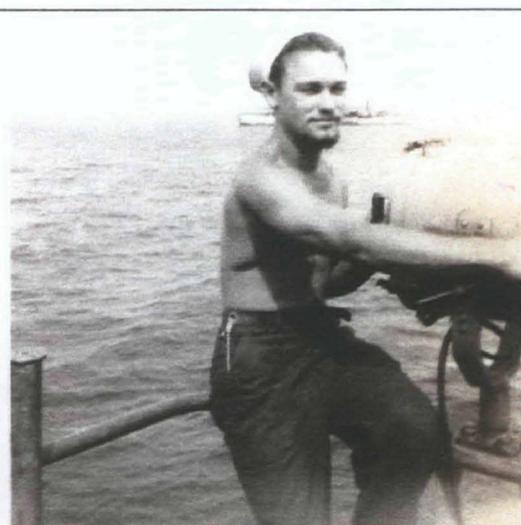
was in a cabin next to my six bunk cabin. He had a reputation as a heavy drinker. As a matter of fact, he had ordered a large stock of apple juice for the trip, from which he secretly brewed apple cider or brandy in the storeroom. When he heard I was sick, he came in with a bottle of bourbon and gave me a heavy drink. He told me to wrap up in my blanket (we were in the tropics by then) and had the guys stand watch over me to keep me covered. I went to sleep. When I awoke I was in a pool of sweat, but my fever had broken. The next day I was weak, but over the chills and fever.

A few days out of San Francisco, a raid was made on the cabin of my benefactor. It had been noticed that he was drinking a lot of beer. When they removed the wooden drawers under his bunk, they discovered a stash of beer cans. It seems that the front "Hole" (cargo compartment) had a locked hatch (door) below deck and out of sight in the anchor chain compartment. The compartment held a cargo of beer destined for troop recreation events. He had obtained a key to the hatch and was sneaking up the deck at night to raid the cargo compartment. He was made to throw the cans overboard, can by can. I had very little film with me, but I still had my original camera and managed to take a few pictures on board. We were only required to wear uniforms when in port.

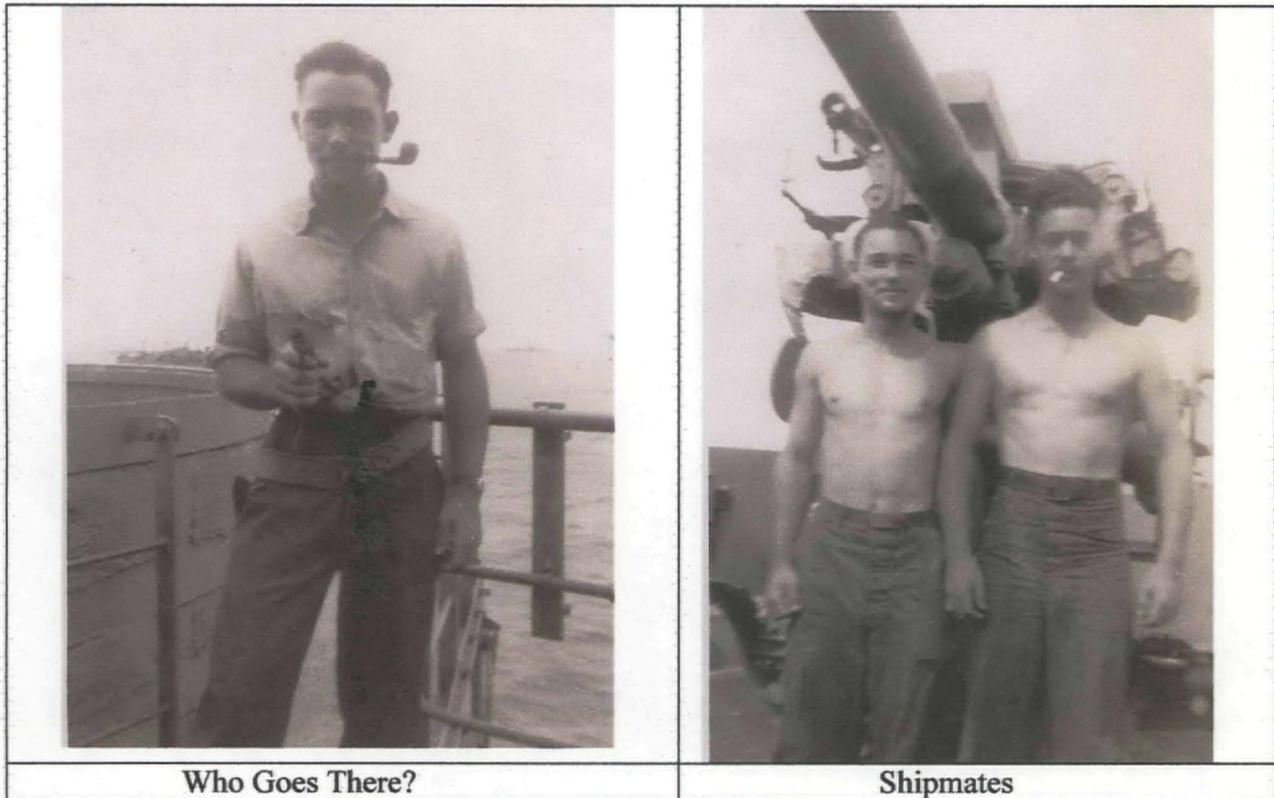
Aboard The SS Maurice Thompson



Gunnery Practice – RSS (rt.)



Signalman on duty. RSS



A few days before we reached Ulithi, we heard on the radio that the atomic bomb had been dropped on Nagasaki. When we arrived at Ulithi, our trip was halted. We remained inside the Ulithi cove for some time. . We were told that our current cargo was destined for an invasion of Japan, which now would not be necessary. As we awaited developments, we got liberty from time to time to go to a recreation area on one of the islands. The civilian coxswain on the ship had built a small row boat. He and I had become friends, and used the boat for fishing trips in the harbor. I even hooked a small barracuda one day, but didn't try to land him. One day we spotted a group of boats, from a navy ship anchored in the harbor, headed for one of the small islands for a recreation party. We put the row boat over the side and started rowing to the island. By the time we reached the island, the group was loading to return to the ship. When they saw us, they started throwing cans of beer into the water for me to dive for awhile my buddy rowed the boat. We then took turns (one rowing and the other drinking a beer) on our way back to the ship. By the time we reached the ship we were getting tipsy. Some of the crew helped us aboard and loaded the boat for us.

We were still at Ulithi when we got news the Japanese had surrendered! We were still awaiting orders when we heard a tsunami (a hurricane to folks in the Atlantic) was headed our way. It sank one US Navy ship at sea and was a threat to many others. As the storm approached we dropped both anchors and headed into the wind. The winds exceeded 125 miles per hour. At peak we were running our engines at full speed and were still dragging anchors from time to time as we were being driven toward the reef. One ship in the harbor was driven onto the reef. The wind was so hard, the rain was parallel to the deck, and too hard to face. The eye of the storm passed directly over us. For a good while, it was perfectly calm. Then the wind shifted to the opposite direction, and again we were fighting to keep the wind from driving us into the reef. It was a long and memorable day! I slept well that night, knowing the danger was past.

Soon afterwards, we were told to unload our cargo on the island and prepare our cargo holes as sleeping quarters to shuttle troops back to San Francisco. Cots and bunk beds were installed as available. Evidently, our cargo did not include a lot of food. On our way home we ran out of most food about three days from port. We were down to canned Irish potatoes, and those were strictly rationed! When we approached San Francisco, a small supply boat met us and deposited fruits and raw vegetables on deck. We were all invited to help ourselves to what ever we liked. Best fruit I ever tasted!

The armed guard was no longer needed so we were transferred to the Naval Station to await orders. I received about two hundred dollars in back pay which I planned to use for a train ticket home as soon as my leave papers came through. We had no lockers in the barracks I was assigned. I put my wallet in my pillowcase, but somehow it was stolen during the night. I went to the Red Cross requesting an emergency loan, but was denied. I phoned Mom, collect, and she wired me money for my ticket. I was given leave in San Francisco and ordered to report to Newport News Naval Base at the end of my 21 day leave. The navy thus didn't have to pay for my transfer transportation! I got my wallet back, sans money, about six months later while on my next duty assignment. The empty wallet was evidently found and turned in to the Navy. My ID card was in it, so they could trace my location.

I enjoyed a three week visit home.

On January 31, 1946, I was assigned to the USS Joseph E. Campbell, a destroyer-escort ship. This was my first assignment to a navy ship, and life was much more controlled. We were always in uniform and subject to formal navy conduct. The navy was undergoing social change also. The ranks had been opened through anti-discrimination regulations. One of the signalmen on the ship was a young black man from Philadelphia. He was well trained and quite intelligent. We had adjacent bunks and became good friends. Even though the war was over, we still traveled in convoy formation and observed wartime safety practices. We were sailing to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, in close formation and blackout security. Johnny was on watch. I was asleep in my bunk. Suddenly our ships engines stopped and our ship was dead in the water, with a following ship rapidly closing on our stern in the dark. Johnny had the presence of mind to grab our signal light and flashed a warning to the approaching ship, which mad a hard turn to port (left) and barely missed crashing into our stern, which could have produced a major catastrophe. Johnny was highly praised for his quick thinking and action without waiting for orders.

We proceeded to San Juan, Puerto Rico and were given shore leave to visit the city. Our first impression came from peasants living in huts along the waterfront. They came out in small fishing boats, begging for money or food. However, the downtown area was prosperous. A big casino had been converted to a USO club for servicemen. The beach was also very nice. We were given an afternoon and evening of shore leave to explore the city.

See photos below.



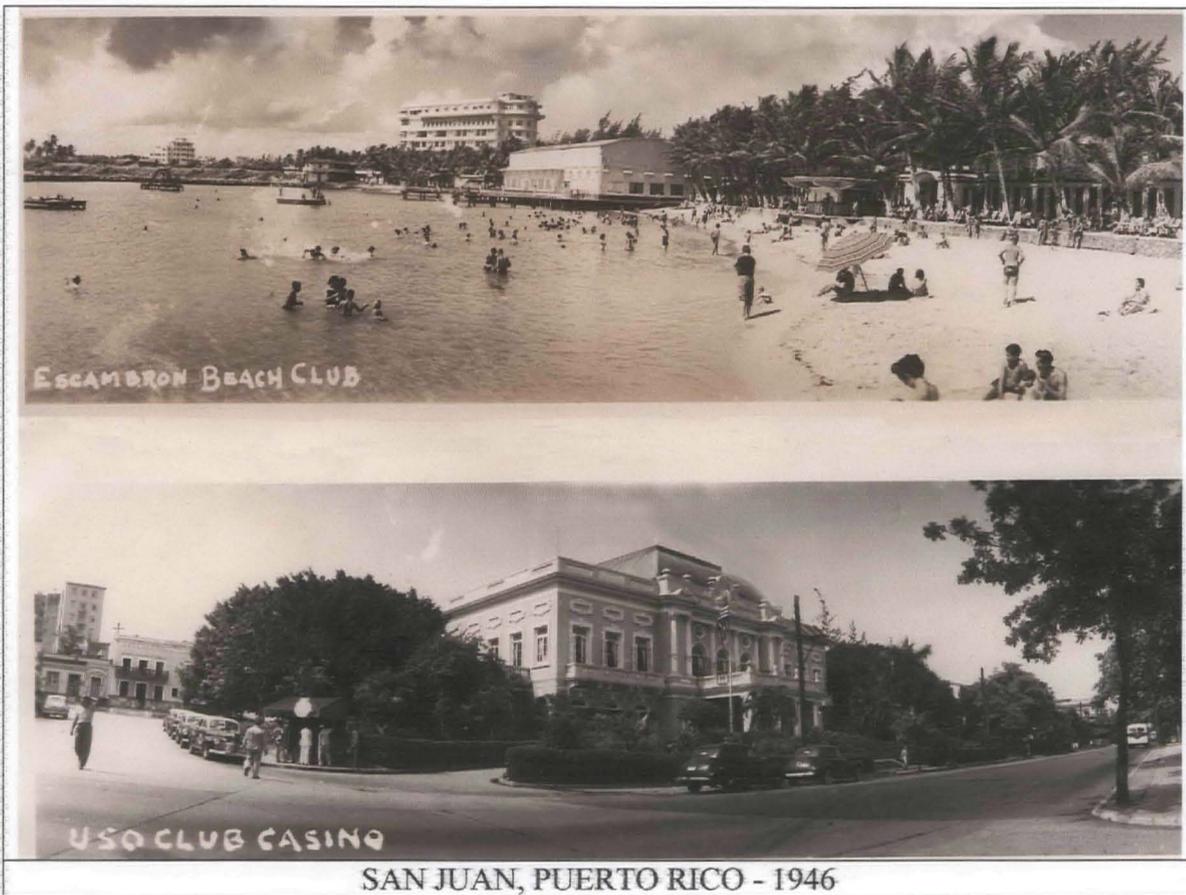
RSS – Aboard the Campbell - 1946



Johnny – Aboard the Campbell - 1946

San Juan Greeting Committee





After our shore leave, we sailed to a position near an unoccupied island. We anchored in a narrow channel and enjoyed a day of easy duty. Some of us, with the skipper's permission, decided to take a swim. A life boat was stationed a little distance from the ship, with a rifleman aboard to watch for sharks. I was no great swimmer, but I decided to take the plunge. I did a dive off the forward deck, and by the time I surfaced the current had carried me the length of the ship. I just managed to catch the ladder hanging over the stern, to climb back aboard ship. Had I missed, I'm sure the shark boat would have rescued me, but I decided I had had enough swimming for one day!

The following day, we were boarded by an admiral and learned our assignment. Of course our Captain had known, but it had not been announced to the crew. Our purpose in coming to Puerto Rico was to assist with the "shake-down" (training) cruise of a new carrier, the USS Roosevelt. One part of the training dealt with the training of the bomber pilots on the carrier. One of the islands was shaped like a horseshoe. On one of the points, a bombing target was established. On the other point, across the cove from the target, an observation and communications hut was established. Personnel to man the hut were shuttled over there daily. Included were a radio operator, a signalman, and an officer. We were anchored off shore at a reasonable distance from the target island.

The admiral was accustomed to the huge carrier, which was not normally affected by waves or ground swells. Our little ship, however, was anchored in fairly shallow water and ground swells

caused us to "rock and roll." A couple of hours after he arrived, he became quite ill, and vomited on the bridge deck. I'm sure he was quite embarrassed, but he stayed with us, and got accustomed to the constant rolling.

One morning when I was on signal duty on our bridge and the admiral was there to observe the bombing practice, a pilot from the carrier made a bombing run at the target and released his bomb without first opening his bomb door. The bomb was thus loose in the bomb compartment of the plane. The pilot circled away from the target and headed in our direction! Apparently realizing his error at that moment, he frantically opened the bomb bay door. The bomb fell very close to our ship and exploded on impact with the water. The admiral hit the deck in panic, then jumped up, grabbed the radio microphone and yelled to the carrier, "Get that damned pilot's name, rank, and serial number!" I would hate to have been that pilot! These were green pilots who had gone through flight training on land, but this was their first experience in solo bombing. This unfortunate event was only a prelude of what was to come.

A couple of days later, I was assigned as signalman for the shore observation point. I was to stand on the roof of the radio shack and send Semaphore messages from the officer to the Admiral aboard our ship. (Thus the nickname "skivvy waver" for navy signalmen.) It was a different experience, and interesting. All went well, and I returned to the ship at the end of the bombing practice.

The next day our ship was relieved of duty and set sail for Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. While I was on duty on the bridge we heard a radio report that a bomber from the carrier had mistaken the radio shack on the island as his target and made a direct hit, killing the entire communications crew on the island. The officer who was killed was reportedly the fiancé of millionaire heiress Doris Duke. I thus dodged the bomb by a mere 24 hours.

We spent a couple of days at Guantanamo Bay, but there was nothing there but the base, which was closed off from Cuba. We then sailed to Charleston, SC, where we learned our ship was to be decommissioned and prepared for long term storage. We thus became a "mothball" crew. Signalmen were not needed for that operation, so I was assigned to assist in cleaning out the ships water tanks and bilges and painting them for preservation. We would go into the tanks and prepare them for painting, and then spray-paint them with a strong preservative paint which contained "laughing gas." We wore gas masks, but they were not very effective. We would work for an hour or so, then come out for some fresh air. The minute we inhaled fresh air we would get hysterics. The dangers of the gas were not well known at that time. I now know it can have serious after effects.

Again, an incidental event in my past came to my rescue. At St. Andrews school, I had taken a semester of typing, just to fill out my schedule. Aboard this ship, I had made friends with a yeoman named Jim Black, from Charlotte, NC. After my first day in the "gas chamber" I saw Jim and told him what I was doing. He had seen me typing letters in the radio shack earlier. This was near my station as a signalman, and near his office. He said, "Haven't I seen you typing?" I told him I could type and he informed me the ship was in need of typists to record all reports of work being done on the ship. He said he would tell the captain. The very next day, I was transferred to the wardroom and assigned a typewriter. My life improved drastically after that. It also led to a raise in pay. I had met the qualifications for a promotion to Signalman Second Class, and had filed an application for the promotion with the captain, but had not heard from it for a couple of months. I asked Jim to check with the captain for me. The next day, Jim told me the captain had told him he just didn't have time to

mess with that. That made me angry, naturally. The next time the captain came into the wardroom where I was working. I started typing with one finger, and glared at the captain. I could have wound up back in the gas chamber, but instead, the next day I was notified that my promotion had been approved. The captain actually became quite friendly after that.

We were anchored in the St. James river, south of Charleston, and not too far from Myrtle Beach, so we were able to go there for weekend leave. However, after a few weeks we were told our ship would be towed to Florida for permanent storage. We started our tow out of the St. James River, but as we reached Charleston, we received a hurricane warning, so we were moored at a pier in Charleston to ride out the storm. It was quite a blow, but not a really big one. After a couple of days, our towing trip was resumed. We had no power aboard the ship, so we used gas torches to make coffee and warm canned food. It was not great cuisine! We had flashlights for light. We lived the simple life.

Once we arrived in Green Cove Springs, Florida, life improved. We were close to Daytona Beach, so we were able to spend our weekends there, when not on duty.



RSS & Jim Black



Jim Black-lt., RSS ctr.; unkn.



Claire & Rufus



RSS, Bob Herbrandt, & Todd ?



RSS, Todd, Jim Black, and Bob Haerbrandt

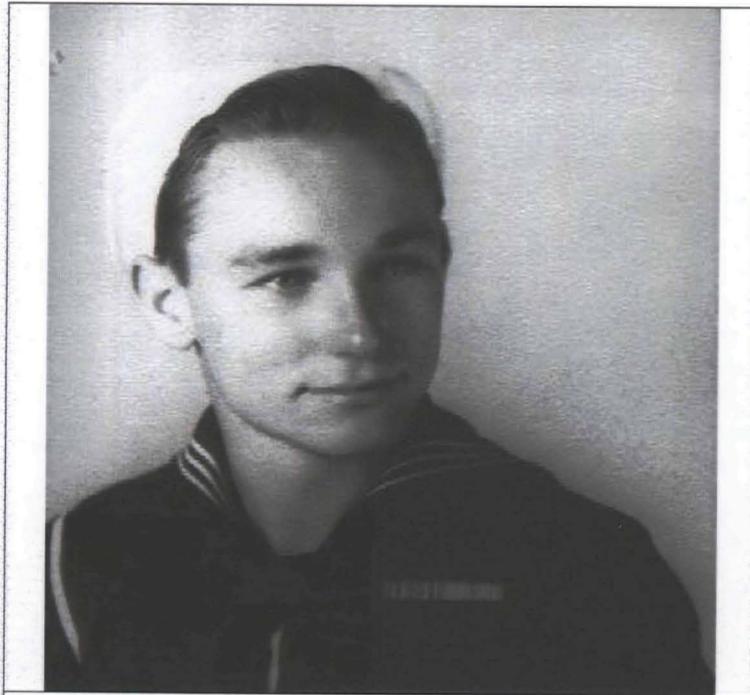


Docked APD's

When Jim and I were discussing our after navy plans, we discovered we were both headed for N. C. State. We decided to room together, so we both requested it when signing up for dormitory housing.

My enlistment was scheduled to end on August 22, 1947. However, with accumulated leave time, I was discharged on August 16th. At that time I enrolled for a four year term in the inactive U. S. Navel Reserve, which, due to the Korean conflict, was extended one year. I was discharged on August 16, 1952.

In 2004, I visited the World War II memorial in Washington, D.C., with a tour group sponsored by the Wilson Chapter, Veterans of Foreign Wars. I then learned that all veterans were eligible for listing on the web site, so I started a free listing service for any veterans whose family would like to have listed. The VFW was already doing it for its chapter members. However, I was asked by a friend in Black Creek to list several veterans from there. The URL is under my photo below.



My final USN photo. It is posted at:
<http://www.wwiimemorial.com/registry/search/plaq.asp?HonoreeID=1804912&print=y>

STANDARD STATEMENT OF SERVICE

NAVPERS-566 (NEW 3-47)

1. SHIP OR STATION POST DEMOB. ACT., BOX 18 NAS JACKSONVILLE, FLA.		2. PLACE OF DISCHARGE POST DEMOB. ACT., BOX 18 NAS JACKSONVILLE, FLA.		3. DATE OF DISCHARGE 8-16-47
4. SERVICE No. 264 20 74	5. SURNAME SWAIN, Rufus Sylvester		6. CSC No. NONE	
7. RATING SM2	8. JOB CODE No. 04122	9. DESIGNATOR * * * *	10. LIMITED DUTY SYMBOL ** ** *	11. BRANCH AND CLASS OF SERVICE USN
13. DATE OF BIRTH 8-22-26	14. PLACE OF BIRTH SMITHFIELD, NC.	15. PLACE OF ENLISTMENT RALEIGH, N.C.		16. RECOMMENDED FOR REENLISTMENT? <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO
17. CITIZENSHIP US	18. LEGAL RESIDENCE 214 Halifax St., Raleigh, N.C.			

SERVICE SUMMARY	19. ENLISTED IN RATING OF		20. ENLISTED FOR (Years)		(A) DATE(S)	(b) YEARS	(c) MONTHS	(d) DAYS
		AS		MINORITY		6-21-44/8-21-47	05	10
21. EXTENDED ENLISTMENT								
22. OTHER SERVICE (Act. 6-16-42)								
23. If enlistment NOT extended, or extended only 1 year, net time served in enlistment and extension, if any					8-16-47	05	09	26
24. If enlistment extended 2 or more years, net time served in extension only								
25. SKMC								
26. PERMISSION TO MAKE UP TIME LOST (Check one)	<input type="checkbox"/> WAS GRANTED		<input type="checkbox"/> WAS NOT GRANTED		27. AOL			
					28. AWOL			
					29. NPDI			
UPON DATE OF DISCHARGE	30. NET SERVICE COMPLETED IN ENLISTMENT JUST ENDED AND EXTENSION, IF ANY				8-16-47	05	09	26
	31. TOTAL NET NAVAL SERVICE COMPLETED (including block 30)				8-16-47	05	09	26
	32. TOTAL NET SERVICE COMPLETED FOR PAY PURPOSES (block 31 plus block 22)				8-16-47	05	09	26

33. DEPENDENCY STATUS SINGLE	34. CHARACTER OF DISCHARGE HONORABLE	35. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR DISCHARGE COG: BuPers Man. Art. D9104 (4)
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36. TRAINING COURSES COMPLETED AND MARKS ASSIGNED
SIGNAL SCHOOL, 82.4

37. SERVICE SCHOOLS COMPLETED AND MARKS ASSIGNED
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38. MEDALS AWARDED AND/OR RIBBONS AUTHORIZED
AMERICAN THEATER, ASIATIC PACIFIC, VICTORY MEDAL

CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD OF SERVICE

39. CHANGE ABBR.	SHIP OR STATION	DATE	42. RATING	43. NAVY JOB CODE NO.	44. No. OF MONTHS DUTY COMPLETED		46. Proficiency in rating	47. CONDUCT	48. DAYS' LEAVE
					SEA	SHORE			
EN	NRS RALEIGH, N.C.	6-21-44	AS	*	*	*	*	*	*
T	NRS RALEIGH, N.C.	7-1-44	AS	*	*	*	*	*	0
R	RTC & USNTADC, WIM, VA.	7-2-44	AS	*	*	*	*	*	*
CR	RTC & USNTADC, WIM, VA.	10-13-44	S2	*	*	*	*	*	10
T	RTC & USNTADC, WIM, VA.	11-1-44	S2	*	*	*	*	*	10
R	NTC BAINBRIDGE, MD.	11-1-44	S2	*	*	*	*	*	*
CR	NTC BAINBRIDGE, MD.	3-3-45	S1	*	*	*	*	*	*
T	NTC BAINBRIDGE, MD.	3-9-45	S1	*	*	*	*	4.0	0

49. FINGERPRINT (Continue on reverse, if necessary, over signature of officer authorized to sign)



RIGHT INDEX (If possible, otherwise state finger)

Rufus Sylvester Swain
50. (Signature of individual)

CERTIFIED TO BE CORRECT: 51. DATE **10 July 1947**

R.M. HOOD, Lt.(jg), USN By direction OinC.
52. (Signature, rank, and title of officer authorized to sign)

NOTICE: Retain this form. It provides a record of your Naval service and will serve many purposes in your behalf. Upon reenlistment it will establish an official record for payment of enlistment allowance, crediting longevity pay, etc. 16-51952-1

CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD OF SERVICE (Cont.)

39. CHANGE ABBR.	40. SHIP OR STATION	41. DATE	42. RATING	43. NAVY JOB CODE No.	44. No. OF MONTHS DUTY COMPLETED		45. Proficiency in rating	46. CON- DUCT	47. DAYS LEAVE
					44. SEA	45. SHORE			
R	TADCEN, SHOEMAKER, CALIF.	3-9-45	S2*	*	*	*	*	*	*
T	TADCEN, SHOEMAKER, CALIF.	3-23-45	S2	*	*	*	*	*	0
R	ARMED GUARD CENTER (PAC)	4-27-43	S2	*	*	*	*	*	*
CR	ARMED GUARD CENTER (PAC)	11-3-45	SM3	*	*	*	*	*	*
T	ARMED GUARD CENTER (PAC)	11-21-45	SM3	*	*	*	*	*	0
R	RS NOB NORFOLK, VA.	12-26-45	SM3	*	*	*	*	*	*
T	RS NOB NORFOLK, VA.	1-31-46	SM3	*	*	*	*	*	0
R	USS J.E. CAMPBELL	1-31-46	SM3	*	*	*	*	*	*
CR	USS J.E. CAMPBELL	11-1-46	SM2	*	*	*	*	*	10
T	USS J.E. CAMPBELL	11-15-46	SM2	*	*	*	3.6	4.0	10
R	USS LST 291	11-15-46	SM2	*	*	*	*	*	*
T	USS LST 291	6-18-47	SM2	*	*	*	3.6	4.0	8
R	COMSUBGROUPOUR, FlaGrpLantResFlt	6-19-47	SM2	*	*	*	*	*	*
T	COMSUBGROUPOUR, FlaGrpLantResFlt	7-7-47	SM2	*	*	*	*	4.0	0
R	FDA, NAS, JAX., FLA.	7-7-47	SM2	*	*	*	*	*	*
DISCH	FDA, NAS, JAX., FLA.	8-16-47	SM2	*	*	*	*	*	37

CERTIFIED TO BE CORRECT:

R. M. HOOD, Lt. (jg), USN By direction OinC.

(Signature, rank, and title of officer authorized to sign)