

It was at Manatí on April 6 that we received notice of our declaration of war against Germany. We promptly restored our armament to the ship and painted war color over our white and spar-color, with a gray paint obtained from the mill.

Two weeks later, we became part of the newly established Caribbean Patrol Detachment under Rear Admiral E. A. G. Anderson.<sup>8</sup> On one of our trips to Guantánamo and return, we had landed a Marine detachment at Preston to guard the iron mines at Felton. We now established a small Marine detachment at Manatí and radio personnel to man the company's new radio facilities offered to the Navy, and departed with the good ship for our new duty.

Cuba had joined the United States in declaring war on Germany, and the revolution appeared to be on the wane. The U.S. Caribbean Patrol Detachment cooperated with the small Cuban navy in an endeavor to ensure that Cuban waters and the nearby Bahamas should not be clandestinely used as bases of supply for the enemy submarines. In the course of this work, the *Eagle* visited most of the ports on the north coast of Cuba, many of which were isolated and had little rapid communication with the outside. Reliable American citizens and allied nationals were enlisted as information agents and were given codes by which to communicate. Many friendly Cuban fishermen were interviewed and promised their help.

By May, the *Eagle* was seriously in need of an overhaul. Her lone Scotch boiler had been under steam constantly since the preceding fall, and her bottom had become foul, reducing her already low speed. Permission was finally obtained for us to proceed to Key West for four or five days for docking and minor emergency repairs. Taking advantage of this, I got word to my wife (who, with our little daughter, had been sojourning with my parents in Hackensack) to join me there. She came down by the Florida East Coast Railroad, which still ran to Key West, arriving a few hours after the ship did. Meeting her at the station in the early morning, before I had had a chance to report to the commandant, I found the commandant's car also awaiting her, the chauffeur having orders to bring her right to the commandant's quarters. The commandant, Commander Warren J. Terhume<sup>9</sup>, and his wife, both natives of Hackensack and old friends, had been alerted by my mother. They insisted that we stay with them and gave us a little private suite in the same house, which, many years later, was occupied by President Truman as a vacation White House. They were truly good samaritans. What an experience it was to supervise the work on my ship, hauled out on an adjacent marine railway, from a comfortably shaded upstairs porch! But the respite was all too brief. Soon we were back on our regular patrol, during the course of which we were able to revisit the scenes of most of our previous activities. Well do I remember a pleasant Fourth of July dance at Banes, where it was so hot that my white uniform blouse was stained by the cigars carried in my breast pocket.

By mid-July came orders to report to the Military Governor of Santo Domingo, Admiral H. S. Knapp,<sup>10</sup> for such duty as he might desire. Arriving at Santo Domingo