

21 November, 1943.

Being of sound mind? (as sound as usual) I hereby declare this to be my last will and testament. I bequeath the following junk to my shipmates and buddies on the U.S.S. SERPENS.

To Captain M. J. Johnson, for pretending to have faith in me as a navigator, I leave my only tangible asset, my bridge score.

To Mr. Loring, the Executive Officer, I leave my entire stock of spiritous liquors--he has probably consumed them by now anyway.

To Mr. Hurley, the Cargo Officer, I bequeath one of my most prized possessions, my degree from Patawatomy College.

To Mr. Elliott, the Engineering Officer, I leave my little black notebook with the names and addresses of all of my girl friends--both of them.

To Mr. Carber, the Supply Officer, I leave my ability to consume intoxicating liquors--by request of the rest of the officers.

To Mr. Glines, the First Lieutenant, I leave a sworn affidavit attesting to his honesty and veracity concerning anything regarding California.

To Mr. Brown, the assistant Supply Officer, I leave my infectious smile and my charming personality--I never did like him anyway.

To Mr Keese, the assistant Engineer, I leave my aryan profile.

To Mr. DiPalma, the Gunnery Officer, I leave all the native implements of war to further augment his department.

To Mr. Kotkas, the assistant Engineer, I leave all of my coral and shells, also my shorts to go with his Kiwi shoes.

To Mr. Banach, the Communications Officer, I bequeath my room as he has already taken possession of it.

To Mr. Auble, the Navigator, I leave the Ship's copy of the badly misused H.O. 214, plus the Navigators sextant which he has been polishing for the last six days.

To Dr. Schweigert, I leave my undeniable ability with the fairer sex.

To Mr. Palmer, the fifteen year wonder, I leave my entire time of one and one-half years service.

To Mr. Davis, the Machinist, I leave my ability to out talk all of the rest of the officers at once, plus my splendid athletic physique.

To all of the officers as a group I leave my collection of mats, baskets, and native souvenirs to dispose of as they see fit except for one mat to be placed in the officers' head.

To posterity I leave my memoirs which was to be the basis of probable the most stirring book ever written.

Signed and sealed this 21st day of
November, 1943 A.D.

James Duncan Darymple McNaughton
Ellison alias "Stinky".
Lieutenant (j.g.), U.S.C.G.R.

Witnessed before me:

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