

MARCH 1989

THE INTER

ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENSE

OF MERCHANT SHIPS

RESTRICTED

U. S. NAVAL TRAINING SCHOOL
ARMED GUARD GUNNERY
SOUTH FERRY, TAMMART, BOSTON
NEW YORK, N. Y.

FOURTH
EDITION

THE POINTER

Officers for 1989

Charles A. Lloyd, Chairman & Secretary
5712 Partridge Lane
Raleigh, N.C. 27609
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Madelyn Rigg, Co-Chairwoman
1989 Reunion Hostess
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ATTENTION

You know where you are.
You know where we are.
We know where we are.
But we don't always know where you are.
Please notify us when you move.

Non-Profit Organization
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AND

THE

PLANE SHOOTER

Our Motto: "We aim To Deliver" and "We-Did"

USN Armed Guard World War II Veterans

"PLAIN SHOOTING FOR PLANE SHOOTERS"

Dear Shipmates, Families and Friends:

March 21, 1989

It is with great pleasure to send to you another "POINTER" so soon. I could not wait to get the "OTHER PART OF THE STORY" of Joseph Lafferty on WW I. I think you will agree from a historical viewpoint, of it's value. I hope that he, Jed Jedel and Harold Coon (368 N.W. 47th, Seattle, Washington 98107) can be with us at the Seattle Reunion. YES!! Billie Kohse and Madelyn Rigg found another WW I OL'SALT and Harold will be there, he's already there!!

I want to thank Vincent W. Alones, 217 McKee St., Floral Park, N.Y. 11001 for sending many "POINTER"s for the Archives. Leonard Mersky of Centerville, Ma. was the Art Editor for "THE POINTER" at the Armed Guard Center and had sent a hardback covered book of Volume I from August 1943 through July 1944 and it is exciting to thumb through past history of pictures of the Armed Guard Dance at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, August 13, 1943. Some of you may have attended. Bet they wouldn't let you enter now less than 200 Bucks!! Then another picture as a crew comes back to A.G.C., Brooklyn with those "SEABAGS" on their shoulders. And over a little farther in the book is a B-25 bomber named Armed Guard Center from funds raised by the Westminster Unit of the AMVS at the tunes played by the Armed Guard Orchestra. They raised over \$3,000,000. by October 1, 1943 in that edition of THE POINTER. The Upper Montclair, N.J. Women's Club raised over \$900,000. and the Masonic Temple at Forest Hills, L.I. raised another \$103,000. And on Page 3, March 3, 1944, is a young man name of Thomas C. Beaty, 40 Teach Road, Lake Park, Fla. 33410 who received the Silver Star and Purple Heart. In the same article it tells of Francis G. Buzzanell, originally from Carnegie, Pa. and now resides at 1820 Landrake Rd., Towson, Maryland 21204 who was presented the GOLD STAR in lieu of a SECOND PURPLE HEART. (See Writeup) And another page, it shows the Armed Guard on the Bridge awaiting call to ships. And near the back is a picture and story of the S.S. Richard Hovey sinking. (See article) I will continue to share these Armed Guard articles from the past as donations are available. We have over 6000 on the mailing list now and the cost of each "POINTER" now is \$3000. per mailing. That's \$.50 each per person. If you do not think that it's worth it, please let me know if you'd like to be removed from the mailing list. I am not speaking of the ones who can not afford but wishes to remain. Maybe, we need to get the UPPER MONTCLAIR women to raise some money for the Armed Guard now!! Alex Lombardi is trying to contact someone who gave. Many have donated more than their fair share because they want all Armed Guard to receive a copy. You know who you are. THANKS! It's being used for A.G.!!

I am grateful to report that Ed Novak's name of Pittsburgh, Pa. should be taken from the deceased list as in the Feb.8, 1989 Pointer. We're both happy to say

continued to Page 2

Officers - Gunners - Signalmen - Radiomen - Medics - Waves - Boatswains - Coxswains - Ship's Company - Radarmen

it was in error. Also, Pittsburgh has a LUNCHEON, 12 NOON, the third Saturday of each month instead of breakfast. Contact Hilary Makowski, 412-481-6608

And a combination letter from Andy and Madelyn Knapp on the S.S. John W. Brown Liberty Ship: (Madelyn's first)

HI C.A.s Here's the biggest news of all. I went below to the Engine Room and BOY!! Is it ever fascinating!!! All the guys down there was tickled to see how "BRAVE" I was, going down there by myself. I MADE IT!! Then, I found out that there was a huge "room" off the Engine Room towards the "BOUGH" of the ship but they will have to shovel the "DIRT" out of there. SHEE!! Now, I will have to get some coveralls and—Engine room—Here I come!! I'll learn all about "MY" ship before long!! It's like an adventure and the ship gets bigger every time I go over there, but I love it!! This crew up here in Baltimore are working and have lots of fun doing it. Can't wait until the engines turn over!! JUST LIKE A KID WITH A TOY!! If I venture into another "ROOM", I'll let you know and what I find. I can't spell the terminology for "ROOM" on the ship, SO DON'T GET SMART! Say Hello to Hilda and all Y'ALL. Madelyn Knapp

From Andy: C.A., I Attended the meeting of P.L.S. this past Saturday About 30 people attended. They held the meeting on fundraising in Hold #1 and I had to go up to the Officer's Quarters to get warm. It was too cold for me down there. Phil Bradley called just before the meeting and talked to Brian Hope. He was going to fly up but couldn't make it due to the weather. A.G.s that were there: Malt Magalis, Jack Rhodes, James Capley, George Strake, Melvin and Marie Klass, Madelyn and I, plus a "NEW OL' SALT" William Appel. Received the early "POINTER"—GREAT JOB!! You know, I'm for having the Merchant Marines in on this too!! Enclosed is Appel's Address. Take Care. Andy Knapp, Glen Burnie, Md.

Madelyn, I promise not to get "SMART" as long as you learn to cook some "GRITS" in the "KITCHEN" when we come up, have the "FLOOR" sopped, the "BATHROOM" clean and that "LADDER" on the pier so we can all come aboard to have a grand time. I would like to advise you to be on the lookout for a "MAILBOY" in case you see one at the flea market. You let the men get the eggs out of the "CROW'S NEST" and carry their own 5' 30 "BARREL WRENCH", it's too heavy for you.

That reminds me of Arlie Bow from Greenville, Michigan. Since men were always called by their last name, could you picture the Lieutenant as he looked at the Muster list and had to say, "Bow, you're on the bow watch" or; "Bow, go relieve Bome on the bow watch". I'm not about to get smart what she calls "UP FORWARD".

It is great to know that the wives are taking an interest in the Armed Guard activities like the S.S. John W. Brown Project. I believe those Armed Guard and Merchant Seamen and their wives are beginning to get the same feeling that all of West Coast Crew did in saving the S.S. Jeremiah O'Brien which has been fully restored and in sailing condition. I was happy to have the opportunity to sail with the Armed Guard and their ladies during our 1988 Reunion which was hosted by Carl and Thelma Winder and the California Crew. Let us not forget the Crew of Merchant Seamen who cast off the lines, ran the ship, served the meals and made our stay so enjoyable and it was they, that steered a true course which enabled the S.S. Jeremiah O'Brien to be tied back up to the dock from whence they came and has had the responsibility to keep her for others to enjoy. Many of our Armed Guard and Merchant Crew has visited her since that time through the combined efforts of all in publicizing the Armed Guard of World I and II since we attended OUR FIRST Armed Guard Reunion, as we know it today, which was held in Winchester, Kentucky in June, 1982 and hosted by Armed Guard George Carpenter of that city. And for those just joining us, here's how it happened:

There were approximately 52 Armed Guard plus their ladies there for that wonderful five day "BULLSESSION". Many friends have been made and shipmates found since then. Wilmington, N.C. was the Reunion Site in 1983, followed by Austin, Texas; Norfolk, Virginia; San Francisco, California; Kansas City, Missouri and Toledo, Ohio. It was agreed upon at the Winchester, Kentucky in a very informal "GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT" that National Reunions would not be held in the same State twice. It was agreed upon at the Norfolk, Va. Reunion that starting there as East Coast Site, Reunions would be held as follows: East Coast, West Coast, and Central U.S.A. We go back to Seattle, Washington with Madelyn Rigg as the Host in cooperation of the Billie and Dick Kohse, Don and Pearl Werner and the Washington Crew. They have a grand schedule for us and are hoping to have the best Reunion of all. If you can get there and can not afford some or any of the things on the itinerary, come anyway!! Some may not be able to attend any of the functions due to health problems. There will be others there will keep you company. You fired the same guns and sailed the same ships. If your luck was not be as prosperous as others, don't let that keep you at home. You earned a well deserved Reunion which is dedicated to all Armed Guard Personnel and their families. This gives us all a chance to rekindle our memories, to meet with and see shipmates you had thought about for the last 42 or more years. To all you ladies, be patient with him and listen as he talks of his experiences. You will never know how much he wanted to talk about this part of his life and nobody ever seemed to care. Be thankful you never crossed an ocean on a load of AMMO.

The Small Craft's signaller during WW II sent his sweetheart a lapel pin with several flags on it and told her that it stood for—"I LOVE YOU". She had been

showing it off to all her family and friends until her brother came home from service on leave, who was also an Armed Guard Signaller. He told her that it said—"WANT TO LAY ALONGSIDE AND SEARCH YOUR CARGO". (THAT IS ALL) cal

I would like to remind those who hosts Mini-Reunions to ARTICLE IV of the BY-LAWS that we all agreed to in 1984 which states:

Article IV. LOCAL-REUNIONS

1. Local, State and Regional Reunions are encouraged
2. Local, State or Regional Reunions are not to be held to conflict with ANNUAL REUNION DATES.
3. All Reunion notices are to be published, if possible, in bulletins and letters sent out, if sent in 30 days prior to the mailout.

These National Reunion Hosts are selected 2 years in advance and the Site has to be picked with facilities large enough to handle the occasion. It's not fair for these people to make these plans and someone take away from it by planning one back to back in their States. It has been called to my attention by others besides this years hosts of this situation so in 1990, any State Reunions or other events except local gatherings will not be recognized in the "POINTER" if held between January to August 1 of each year so pick your dates otherwise. I hope all of you will honor this request. I do not think it was the intent of the Texas Crew to interfere for Carlin Montgomery and Herb Norch is there.

I would like to inform the crew that I am trying to coordinate Reunions after 1990 in the best interest to the organization. If you step forward to be a "HOST FOR A YEAR" in the next five years, be sure to have a 600 Room Hotel and backups plus seating capacity of at least 1500 people or more if necessary and not in States where they have been previously held. You will be given a chance to bring this to the floor at the National Reunion 2 years prior to that year. A "COURTESY NOTICE" would be appreciated ahead of time. I do not think anyone should use a Hotel to receive "COMPLIMENTARY ROOMS" knowing the HOTELS does not have a chance to compete for a National Reunion.

San Antonio, Texas Breakfast Club will meet: March 4, June 3, Sept. 23 and Dec. 2 1989, TIME: 8:30 A.M. at MYATT'S CAFETERIA, Loop 410 N.E. and Tesoro Dr., San Antonio, Tx. Hosts are Carlin and Ruth Montgomery, 7718 Westfield Dr., San Antonio, Texas 78227 512-674-8058. Carlin asks you not to forget the May 4-7, '89 Mini-reunion in El Paso at the Rodeway Inn. "Cactus Juice and GRITS!!" This is to get you COMMANDOS interested in going to the National Reunion!!

Mich-Ind-Ohio Tri-State Mini-Reunion with Bob and Dorothy Ober, 7115 Dunn Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230 513-231-3181 as hosts and assisted by all of the three States. Dates are Sept. 15-17, 1989 at Westin Hotel, 5th and Vines St. Bob and the Crew would like to invite "Y'ALL" over. Please NOTICE: Date CORRECTION!!

The S.S. JOHN W. BROWN will be towed to the Dundalk Marine Terminal for their yearly "OPEN HOUSE" meeting April 27-30, 1989 and thousands of visitors are expected to be on hand. This will be a great opportunity to show off the "BROWN" to the public. Then, on May 19th, the BROWN will be towed from PIER 1 to Fell's Point Recreation Pier for the NAUTIME DAY MAY 22nd, according to Brian Hope in "THE GULLY DUCKLING" paper published by the PROJECT LIBERTY SHIP. Brian also states that space in the Street Level Lobby of the World Trade Center at Inner Harbor Downtown has been booked for that Exhibit July 30th-August 26th, 1989. Then during the first weekend in September, the American Legion will be holding their National Reunion in Baltimore and plans are to have an exhibit again. If any of you are in the area, look Brian Hope and Malt Magalis up. Get on their mailing list by making a contribution to help restore the last of the LIBERTY SHIPS that is restorable. Send contributions to: PROJECT LIBERTY SHIP, P.O. BOX 8 Long Green, Maryland 21092. Then you can keep up on the progress.

Carl Winder 1734 Pilgrim Ave., Mt. View, Ca. 94040 reports that the Port Chicago Memorial will be erected at the Naval Weapons Station, Concord, Ca. and will be dedicated July 16th, 1989. Contact Carl for further details.

The Destroyers Escort Sailors Assc. P.O. Box 680085 Orlando, FL. 32868-0085 Tel: 1-407-290-5594 will hold their Reunion 9/11-15/89 at Charleston-Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina. They can notify you of all DE Reunions by sending S.A.S.E.

"NOTICE TIME CHANGE AT PITTSBURGH!!"

Pittsburgh, Pa. LUNCHEON 12 O'CLOCK NOON meetings are held the 3rd Saturday of each month at the Greentree Marriott, 101 Marriott Dr., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15205 412-922-8400 or 800-228-9290. The Hosts are Hilary and Dorothy Makowski, 416 Arabelle Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15210 412-481-6608 and John and Sally Cross, 119 Lyncow Dr., Corapolis, Pa. 15108 412-264-8058. Guests invited!!! I regret the incorrect time in the 2/8/89 "POINTER". Please take notice!!

Richmond, Virginia Luncheon 1 P.M., 2nd Saturday of each month. Contact Linwood Taylor 7212 Alyria Ave., Richmond, Va. 23228 804-266-2303 for meeting place. He and Phil Bradley are working together to organize for social "GIT-TO-GETHERS".

Farragut, Idaho Boot Camp Reunion will be held in Reno, Nevada at the Cowstock Hotel with Host-Doug Dugger, 1332 South 1st W., Missoula, Mt. 59801 406-721 4107 If you took boots at Farragut and like to attend, contact him

Mesa, Arizona Meeting-Carlos M. Traficano-Host-1339 So. Almond Ave., Mesa, Az. 85204 Contact Carlos for more info.

Wish I had room in the "POINTER" to put in all you info but that's impossible. If I left out your good story, I'm so sorry for there are great ones. (DALP)

To Mike Molinari, Al Lowe, Lou Ritter and Alex Lombardi, I wish to apologize for leaving out the wording that was chosen for the 1st Ave, 52nd Street Armed Guard Center, Brooklyn, N.Y Plaque which is as follows:

DEDICATED
TO
U.S.N. ARMED GUARD OF WORLD WAR II

THE ARMED GUARD OF WW II CAME INTO EXISTANCE ON APRIL 15, 1941 AS USN NAVAL RESERVES BEGAN SPECIAL GUNNERY TRAINING. ON SEPTEMBER 25, 1941, ORDERS WERE GIVEN TO TRAIN 200 OFFICERS AND 1000 MEN.

ARMED GUARD CREWS CONSISTED OF OFFICERS, GUNNERS, SIGNALMEN, RADIOMEN, MEDICS, WAVES AND SHIP'S COMPANY. WITH A TOTAL OF 144,970 PERSONNEL SERVING ON 5236 SHIPS, OF THESE SHIPS, 710 WERE SUNK AND HEAVY DAMAGED, WITH 1810 KILLED IN ACTION AND UNKNOWN INJURIES. ARMED GUARD P.O.W. TOTAL WAS 27 WITH 14 SURVIVORS.

TO THE 1810 ARMED GUARD WHO GAVE OF THEIR LIVES, TO THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS, THE ARMY AND MERCHANT CREW THAT ASSISTED US SO WELL, THIS MEMORIAL IS DEDICATED BY THEIR SURVIVING SHIPMATES.

OUR MOTTO "WE AIM-TO DELIVER" AND WE DID

EAGLE INSIGNA

Ceremony Dedication date has been set for . Send a self addressed-stamped-envelope to Mike and Lena Molinari, 1422 East 54th St. Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234 1-718-444-8449 if interested. It will be at the Sanitation Department Building at the 1st Ave 52nd Site.

I'll close again with a previous saying:

Somebody said that it couldn't be done-But he, with a chuckle replied- "That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one, wouldn't say so til he tried". So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin-on his face-if he worried, he hid it

He started to sing as he tackled the thing, that couldn't be done and did it!
CALLOYD 3/21/89



Know your 1989 Hosts!!

Madelyn Richard Billie
Rigg Kohse Kohse

Dear Charles:

2/28/89

About six weeks ago, while looking through my old Navy album, I came across an Australian Air Force gentleman that stood watch with me in the aft 3"50 gun tub on the way back from Melbourne in July of 1942. We brought quite a few of them to San Francisco, California, enroute to Canada for advance training. I corresponded with him for awhile but finally lost track of him and I thought that his chances of making it through the war were pretty slim as a navigator/gunner on bombers. Recently, I got the idea that some of his relatives would like to have the pictures so I sent them with a letter to the Postmaster of Goulbourn, N.S.W. and asked him to forward them to the local paper to see if they may be able to track down the relatives.

The Postmaster did better than that!! He sent the letter and pictures to the local Veterans Affairs Association. They, in turn, forwarded them to the G.I.C. of RAAF records Department of Defense at Canberra. They checked to see if he was in receipt of a veteran's pension and the computer "spit out" his address. He had beat the odds and made it through all the bombing runs over Germany!! He flew on twin engine Corsairs, 4 engine Halifaxs and on a night bomber known as the Lancaster, a newer bomber similar to the B-17. He said that in one squadron, they carried a German speaking wireless operator that radioed false information to the German fighters to confuse them and try to get them to return to their base.

He was then transferred to a Pathfinder Force. They flew on every night raids and two or three aircraft would arrive at the target about three minutes before the actual raid and drop marker flares as close to the target as possible. The "leader" would drop down and circle the target and radio instructions back to the bombers as to the correct drop area. He said that they took a lot more flak doing this. He flew his last combat mission on Nov.16, 1944. Later, he was transferred to Transport Command and took up navigational training and sent to the "GOLD COAST" of Africa when Germany quit. His plane was a Dakota (DC-3) and they flew all over Africa for six months before returning to the U.K..

He arranged passage for his bride-to-be on a Norwegian ship to Australia. Upon returning to Australia, they were married in June of 1946 and have three children and nine grandchildren now. He is retired now and live on the Southern Coast of N.S.W. and thought you might want to make him an Honorary ARMED GUARD since he stood gun watch with me for 3 weeks. The address is: Mr. and Mrs. A.R. Rogers, "LITTLE BALLYNOTE" 44 Lockhart Ave, Mollywook, N.S.W. Australia. See you in Seattle at the Armed Guard National Reunion-June 21-25, 1989, THANKS-N.A. "Stretch" Brown E.18915 Marietta, Otis Orchards, Washington 99027 USA.

"STRETCH", "POINTER"s and information sent plus HONORARY CARD as requested. cal

Hi Charles:

February 14, 1989

Hope these few lines find you in good health and doing fine. Here is something that may be of interest to you in the enclosed newspaper clipping enclosed. The Township of SHELL HARBOUR is about 65 miles South of Sydney, Australia. The people of SHELL HARBOUR hold this service every year on the Sunday nearest to May 16th, which will be May 14th this year and anyone from the Legion is made most welcomed, as are others.

I understand that the people handling the services have been able to locate two or three former crew members of the ship, the "S.S. Cities Service Boston" but do not know if any of the Armed Guard have been located. I thought you might circulate this information in the "POINTER", hoping to locate some of the crew of the Armed Guard.

If you would like to have more on this, please contact our Post Commander David L. Raymond, 60 Gurney Rd., Villawood 2163 N.S.W., Australia. David has been our Post Commander for some years now and does a great job. Here's hoping you have good results in locating someone from the Armed Guard Crew who served on this ship which was a tanker. All the Best,

Tex McPherson, 4243 Fitzgerald Ave., Maroubra, 2035 N.S.W. Australia

Cdr. Raymond was sent "POINTER"s and will get better pictures if possible, and Tex, you will read this in the "POINTER" for you are on the mailing list. When you attend this ceremony to those who gave their all to help their comrades in distress, please extend to the families of these brave men our condolences. And to those friends who contributed and erected a Memorial to these men, and still remember and pay their respect, you are to be commended. On May 16 of each year from now on, I will ask all our our Armed Guard Crew to stop for a moment in silence as a tribute to these men.

In token of brotherly love and friendship, the Armed Guard Veterans of WW I and WW II, have sent funds for a wreath to our four fallen comrades, Sgt W.Allen, Pte M. Pitt, Pte B. Shell and Pte B. Simmonds. We honor you.

Charles A. Lloyd- Armed Guard WW II Chairman

The following was taken from "A CARELESS WORD-A NEEDLESS STINKING" by Capt. Art Moore, RFD #1, Hallowell, Maine 04347 USA with his permission.

5
CSM CLAUDE J BACKES
US ARMY RETIRED
822 TETON COURT
LIVERMORE, CA 94550

11-05-88

CHARLES A LLOYD
5712 PARTRIDGE LANE
RALEIGH, N.C. 27609

DEAR MR. LLOYD:

I HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTING TO CONTACT FORMER ARMY SAILORS OF WORLD WAR TWO IN AN ATTEMPT TO ORGANIZE A REUNION FOR 1990. IN RESPONSE TO MY NOTICES IN VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS, I RECENTLY RECEIVED A LETTER FROM BG NEAL M. GERTZ (RET), AND HE INFORMED ME THAT YOU MAY HAVE THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF SOME FORMER ARMY ARMED GUARD MEMBERS THAT YOU COULD FURNISH ME.

ANY HELP THAT YOU COULD FURNISH ME WOULD BE GREATLY APPRECIATED.

I AM ATTACHING A SHORT STATEMENT OF MY SERVICE DURING THE WAR WHICH CAN BE USED IN CORRECTING AND UPDATING PREVIOUS INFORMATION WHICH I HAD SENT THROUGH RAYMOND DIDUR OF MICHIGAN, ALSO ENCLOSED IS MY CHECK FOR FIFTY DOLLARS TO BE USED AS YOUR BOARD OF OFFICERS DEEM APPROPRIATE.

THANKING YOU IN ADVANCE, I AM, RESPECTFULLY YOURS.



CLAUDE J BACKES

The Original Armed Guard.



Dear Mr. Lloyd

11/20/88

Just a note to thank you for the U.S.N. Armed Guard "Newsletters", Decals and bumper stickers. Dudley put them on the car right away & hopefully somebody in California will notice and contact you folks. We both enjoyed the stories and pictures. READ EVERY WORD!! I find this very interesting as I help build some LIBERTYS, VICTORYS and TANKERS at "Marinship" in Sausalito, California during the war years as a welder. I also worked at Mare Island Navy Yard doing repair work on ships.

Also, received your SHIPMATE LIST of Dudley's and the funny story of the Lady Skier as we used to ski. I had a funny experience while welding at Mare Island during the war years-I was working in the drydock, welding in the bilge keel and as it was an "un-usually" warm day, I unsnapped my leather jacket a button or two which was a "NO-NO" as I was soon to find out. Some hot metal dropped down inside my jacket and into my shirt, on into my bra....

I checked out the "first aid" shack and noticed that the attending sailors were about my age of 18 and I said to myself-"NO WAY". So I found the Naval Hospital nearby and was hoping to get a doctor who was older. When he came into my room to attend me, He said to me "I understand that you have been burned and may I ask where?" I replied-"Under the bilge keel", not wanting to utter the word-BREAST!! He then said with a big smile-"Where on you dear is your BILGE KEEL?" As I was about to leave his tender bandaging, I asked if the burns would leave scars that would show and he replied-"THAT, MY DEAR, DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON YOU".

My husband, Dudley, sailed on the S.S. Henry H. Blood, 10/43-5/44; the S.S. George Crile, 5/44-12/44 and the S.S. Cecil Sellers 3/45-12/45. Dudley wishes he could attend the Seattle National Reunion but he's in no shape to travel due to his health. It sounds like GREAT FUN!! He and I will be with you in Spirit tho. He would be happy to correspond with any of his Armed Guard shipmates. Sincerely,
Joyce Roberson, 240 West Duarte Road, Monrovia, California 91016

U.S.N. ARMED GUARD POINTER NOTES:

I urge you to continue to support the U.S.N. Armed Guard with your all out efforts in finding another of the crew. There is more hunger for love and affection in this world than the hunger for bread. Take pride in the support of the "PROJECT LIBERTY SHIP" S.S. JOHN M. BROWN and when in Baltimore, Md., go by to visit her. She, too, will be lonely for footsteps to come up her "GANGPLANK". May the ripple of the water forever keep her afloat.

Charles A. Lloyd

NEW ADDRESS:
PROJECT LIBERTY SHIP
P.O. BOX 8
LONG GREEN, MD 21092

THE LIFE LINE

The Armed Guard on Merchant Ships are the bravest men we've ever met;
In convoys packs that move like snails, o'er strange and hazardous trails;
Where the dreaded U-Boat waits in the dark, for a chance to fire and
blow them apart.
On the Murmansk run with the icy cold, the U-Boats wait for these sailors bold;
Scanning the sea for sight of the foe, day after day they onward go;
a long and dangerous journey done, when land appears in the morning sun;
All glances turn up to the skies, for enemy planes that might arise;
For they're never safe though close to land, all danger lurks in every hand;
It may be an enemy mine they fear, or a German Bomber hiding near;
Waiting for them are fighting men, willing to fight to the end;
These Merchant Ships deliver supplies, under cover of greedy and avaricious
eyes;
There's food, clothing, guns and tanks, letters from home for which are many
thanks;
Cigarettes, candy, and chewing gum, cookies from friends and games for fun;
For joys and relief to make fighting hearts glad, is payment enough for the
dangers we had;
When ships are empty they leave again, maybe with wounded fighting men;
With just the clothes they're standing in, but glad to be safe on the deck
again;
These are the boys that man the guns, on ships that take food to your brother
and son;
They also guard the letter from you, and give their life to get it through.

Ralph E. Stevenson, Coxswain, U.S.N. Armed Guard-Author

Any similarity to "THE LIFE LINE" is purely coincidental. We will not be held responsible to anything as such. If, in your first reading of this remarkably written poem, you are not justified, merely drop it off the fantail. We hereby set our hand and seal to this masterpiece.

Seal—
Seal—

Witness thereof:

SEE IT QUICK -

AND REPORT IT!

Every time one of your gun crew stands watch, he is directly responsible for the lives of all men aboard, for the cargo, and for the ship. Stress this to your men. It is not likely that ever before in their lives have they had so great a responsibility. Scores of men and millions of dollars worth of war-valuable cargo can be lost by careless watch standing. See to it your men stand alert watches.

IN MEMORY

LAST	FIRST & INITIAL	CITY	STATE	WIFE	DATE
Bray	Earl K.	Salinas	Ks		7/88
Cahill	William C.	Las Vegas	Nv	Helen	3/89
Cooper	Charles M.	Arlington	Tx	?	11/88
Decker	Carl	Shadyside	Oh		11/87
Deutsch	William	Willoughby	Oh	Hilda	88
Farris	Harry	Russellville	Mo	?	89
Kvc	Chester	East Hartford	Ct	Helen	2/89
Lewis	J.R.	Minut	Mi	Dieterie	1/89
McDonald	Hugh	Hawthorne	NJ	?	89
Nosal	John	Chicago	Il	Catherine	89
Novitsky	John	Coaldale	Pa		6/78
Rovall	John B.	Morehead City	NC	?	2/89
Schulteis	Stanley R.	Baltimore	Md	Gloria	1/89
Warren	Clifford	Wichita	Ks	?	1/88

Deceased as of 3/18/89 whose names were sent in by different sources. I hope to not error as was Ed Novak of Pittsburgh, Pa., please drop a card to me in case.

Special Notices

Anyone knowing Leo Joseph Schopmeyer who served on the S.S. Dona Aurora, sunk on 12/25/42 in the Atlantic and was in a liferaft for 30 days with Arthur Dodrill, Ridgely, WA and Earl Ward, Lakefield, Mn., contact National. Ical

Dear C.A.: HI! Y'ALL!!

March 6, 1989

After what happened last night, I feel I must drop you a few lines to you and "THANK YOU AGAIN" for doing such a great job. Well! Sir!! What happened was on March 2, 1989 about 19:30 hours, the phone rang, then after answering a few of the questions, the man on the other end told me he was Bruce Cox from Charlotte north Carolina. The last time I talked to him was in July of 1944. He was also on the S.S. E.A. Bryan and on Liberty ashore in the town of Martinez, California when the S.S. E.A. Bryan and the S.S. Guinault Victory blew up.

He had gotten hold of a copy of the last "POINTER" and saw my story and picture so he called you immediately and you gave him my phone number, etc and he turned around and called me. Now, you talk about two "OL' HENS SCRATCHING GRITS OVER OLD STRAW", you should have heard us!! What a time we had!! It was really great to hear from him.

Now that I have "NEW" knees and can walk again, I am looking forward to coming down to Raleigh, North Carolina to one of the "last Saturday" of the month breakfast for the Armed Guard and get Bruce to come over. Thank you again for having my phone number for Bruce and also, printing the Journal Story and the picture. If all goes as planned, we will be in California for the Plaque Dedication Ceremony on July 16, 1989. Sincerely, George Diller, Newfield, N.Y.

George served on the IRONIN '44, ESSO MEMPHIS '45 & S.S. Santa Fe '45-46 also. I received my pay again with that phone call from Bruce Cox and this letter. cal





THE ATTACK'S ON!

Everything up to here has been "preparing for the attack". Now, the attack's on. You no longer have time to prepare - only time to fight for your ship and cargo, for your shipmates and for yourself. Keep your head and fight efficiently. That way you'll have the best chance of beating off the enemy attack and getting your ship and cargo through. Be confident!

SENT IN BY:
George B. Hermanson
4649 Highpoint Dr. #25
Rockford, Il. 61111

S.S. Charles A. Warfield 6/43-4/44
S.S. Adoniram Judson 6/44-4/45
S.S. Southwestern (V) 5/45-9/45
USS Alderamin (AK-116) 10/45-11/45
USS ABSO-5 11/45-12/45
USS Edgcombe APA-164 12/45-1/46

JUL 2 1945

In reply address not the signer of this
letter, but Bureau of Naval Personnel,
Navy Department, Washington 25, D.C.

Refer to No. Pers-68-vlf
M/851 62 24

NAVY DEPARTMENT
BUREAU OF NAVAL PERSONNEL
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.



From: Chief of Naval Personnel.
To: HERMANSON, George Berndt, Seaman First Class, United
States Naval Reserve.

Via: Commanding Officer, Armed Guard Center, Treasure
Island, San Francisco, California.

Subj: Commendation.

1. The Chief of Naval Personnel takes pleasure in commending you for your outstanding performance of duty as a member of the Armed Guard Crew aboard the SS ADONIRAM JUDSON during action against enemy Japanese aircraft at Leyte, Philippine Islands, October 22-30, 1944.
2. A report of the experience reveals that the ADONIRAM JUDSON was the first ship to dock at Tacloban, captured only the previous day by our invading forces. Left with inadequate air and fire support because of the fleet battle raging outside Leyte Gulf, the guns of your vessel constituted the major defense of the ship and harbor areas. The entire gun crew was at general quarters almost without interruption for seven days, sleeping and eating at their posts of duty and withstanding a total of fifty bombing and strafing runs. Despite the long strain of battle, the Armed Guard defended their ship with great vigor and determination, shooting down or contributing to the destruction of eight enemy planes.
3. Your extraordinary courage and skill on this occasion was in keeping with the best traditions of the United States Naval Service.
4. A copy of this letter of commendation has been made a part of your official record in the Bureau.

Remond J. Jacobs

End. 1 13 July 1945 ARMED GUARD CENTER(PAC) San Francisco, Calif.

1. Forwarded with congratulations.

E. D. Flaherty
E. D. FLAHERTY,
Commander, USNR,
Commanding.

CSM CLAUDE J. BACKES
U. S. Army Retired
822 Teton Court
Livermore, CA 94550

10-8-88

UNFORTUNATELY I MAINTAINED NO DIARY OR JOURNAL OF MY MILITARY SERVICE DURING WORLD WAR TWO, AND I HAVE VERY FEW PICTURES BECAUSE I DID NOT OWN A CAMERA. TIME AND AGE HAS TENDED TO DIM MY RECOLLECTIONS ESPECIALLY AS TO NAMES AND SPECIFIC DATES, HOWEVER FOLLOWING IS A CHRONOLOGICAL SEQUENCE OF EVENTS AS I RECALL THEM.

FOLLOWING THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR MY UNIT BATTERY B, 127TH FIELD ARTILLERY REGIMENT, 35TH INFANTRY DIVISION WAS TRANSFERRED FROM CAMP ROBINSON ARKANSAS TO FORT ORD CALIFORNIA WHERE WE ARRIVED ON CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1941. AFTER A SHORT STAY AT FORT ORD MY UNIT WAS MOVED TO CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO AROUND THE TWENTIETH OF JANUARY 1942. SOMETIME DURING THE EARLY PART OF FEBRUARY A LEVY WAS PLACED ON THE 35TH DIVISION TO FURNISH PERSONNEL TO FORM OR EXPAND THE 301ST COAST ARTILLERY TRANSPORT GUARD DETACHMENT. I WAS ONE OF THREE ENLISTED MEN LEVIED FROM B BATTERY, 127TH FIELD ARTILLERY, THE OTHER TWO WERE PFC BENJAMIN C. BUCKLES, AND PRIVATE NORRIS O. "WHIZZER" WHITE. AROUND THE MIDDLE OF THE MONTH WE WERE TRANSFERRED TO FORT MCDOWELL ON ANGEL ISLAND IN THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY, AND SAILED FOR THE PACIFIC AROUND THE MIDDLE OF MARCH 1942.

I AM NOT POSITIVE OF THE NAME OF THE SHIP THAT WE SAILED ON BUT I BELIEVE THAT IT WAS THE PRESIDENT COOLIDGE. MOST OF US HAD NO IDEA WHERE WE WERE GOING, MANY THOUGHT THAT WE WERE HEADED FOR THE PHILLIPINES, BUT AFTER SEVERAL DAYS AT SEA IT BECAME OBVIOUS THAT THIS WAS NOT THE CASE, AND AROUND THE FIRST WEEK IN APRIL WE FOUND OURSELVES IN MELBOURNE AUSTRALIA. UPON ARRIVAL WE WERE OFF LOADED AND SENT TO WHAT I BELIEVE WAS CAMP PELL.

AFTER A COUPLE OF WEEKS IN MELBOURNE I WAS GIVEN MY FIRST GUN CREW ASSIGNMENT ABOARD THE DUTCH TROOP SHIP KLIPFONTEIN. WE SAILED ABOUT THE 22ND OF APRIL AND PULLED INTO THE SYDNEY HARBOUR ON ANZAC DAY, 25 APRIL, 1942. HERE WE TOOK ON SUPPLIES AND A LARGE GROUP OF AUSTRALIAN AIRMEN HEADED FOR THE US AND CANADA FOR SPECIAL TRAINING. (ONE OF THESE AIRMEN WAS AN RAAF FLIGHT SERGEANT THAT WAS DESTINED TO BE SHOT DOWN AND CAPTURED DURING THE BOMBING OF THE RUHR DAM, HE WAS ALSO TO BECOME MY FUTURE UNCLE-IN-LAW). WE DEPARTED SYDNEY ON THE 28TH OF APRIL AND ARRIVED IN SAN FRANCISCO AROUND THE 24TH OF MAY. UPON ARRIVAL THE ARMY GUN CREW WAS REMOVED FROM THE SHIP AND SENT BACK TO AUSTRALIA. I DO NOT REMEMBER WHAT SHIP WE WENT BACK ON BUT I BELIEVE THAT IT WAS ONE OF THE PRESIDENT LINERS. IT IS MY UNDERSTANDING THAT AFTER WE LEFT THE KLIPFONTEIN IT WAS THEN TURNED OVER TO THE NAVY AND THE WEAPONS WERE MANNED BY NAVY ARMED GUARD.

WE DEPARTED SAN FRANCISCO AROUND THE 26TH OF MAY AND ARRIVED IN SYDNEY ON THE 18TH OF JUNE. AFTER SPENDING A FEW WEEKS AT OUR HEADQUARTERS AND POOL ON ELIZABETH BAY ROAD (JUST DOWN FROM KINGS CROSS) I WAS GIVEN MY SECOND GUN CREW ASSIGNMENT, THIS TIME ON THE DUTCH MOTOR SHIP JANSSENS. I REMAINED ON THE

10

THE MAIN DESTINATION IN NEW GUINEA BEING PORT MORESBY, MILNE BAY, AND ORO BAY (BUNA/GONA AREA), WE ALSO MADE TRIPS TO NOUMEA NEW CALEDONIA AND TO WELLINGTON NEW ZELAND. AROUND MARCH OR APRIL OF 1943 I LEFT THE JANSSENS AND WENT ON VACATION IN SYDNEY.

AFTER MY LEAVE WAS UP I WAS ASSIGNED AS A ROVING REPLACEMENT TO REPLACE OTHER PERSONNEL GOING ON VACATION. I SPENT ABOUT FOUR OR FIVE MONTHS ON THE DUTCH SHIP "BOTH", ABOUT FOUR MONTHS ON THE USAT CEFALU, A COUPLE OF MONTHS ON A VERY SMALL COASTAL CARGO VESSEL THE VAQUERO, A FEW WEEKS ON A TUG OPERATING OUT OF FINSCHHAFEN, AND A FEW WEEKS ON A STATIONARY LAKER TYPE SHIP THE CITY OF DALLAS ANCHORED IN THE BAY AT HOLLANDIA. IN EARLY JULY OF 1944 I WAS RELIEVED OF DUTY AND WAS SENT BACK TO THE STATES FOR A MONTH OF REST. I DO'NT REMEMBER WHAT SHIP I RETURNED TO THE STATES ON, BUT WHEN I RETURNED TO THE PACIFIC IT WAS ON THE DUTCH TRANSPORT BOSCHFONTEIN.

UPON RETURNING TO BRISBANE AND SPENDING A WEEK OR TWO AT OUR POOL THERE I WAS SENT TO BIAK ISLAND WHERE I WAS ASSIGNED TO THE SAILING SHIP GEOANNA WHICH WAS EQUIPPED WITH UP TO DATE COMMUNICATION EQUIPMENT. FROM BIAK WE WENT TO MOROTAI AND FROM MOROTAI WE WENT TO LEYTE AND FINALLY TO LUZON.

IN THE MIDDLE OF MAY 1945 I WENT TO SYDNEY ON A SHORT LEAVE WHERE I WAS MARRIED ON THE 17TH. (THIS MARRIAGE WAS TO LAST FOR THIRTY NINE YEARS AND WAS TO PRODUCE FOUR WONDERFUL CHILDREN, TWO GIRLS AND TWO BOYS. I LOST MY WIFE TO COLON CANCER ON THE 15TH OF FEBRUARY 1984.) AFTER MY LEAVE WAS UP I WAS SENT TO OUR POOL IN MANILA FOR REASSIGNMENT, BUT BEFORE I COULD BE ASSIGNED A SHIP I WAS SENT BACK TO THE STATES FOR RELEASE FROM ACTIVE DUTY. I WAS SENT TO CAMP CHAFFIE ARKANSAS AND WAS DISCHARGED ON THE 14TH OF AUGUST 1945, AND SO ENDED MY SERVICE IN WORLD WAR2.



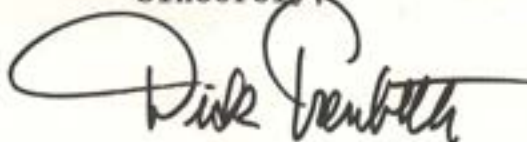
RICHARD P. TRENBETH
275 Beach Pines Drive
Aptos, CA 95003

Dear C. A. Lloyd:

Many thanks for sending me the name and address of one of your own Armed Guard guys who spent a month on the LST 828. Either you are extraordinarily sharp, or you have a great computer system to spot him--I suspect you're sharp because you connected with my reproduced letter in the U.S. LST Association newsletter, I suspect.

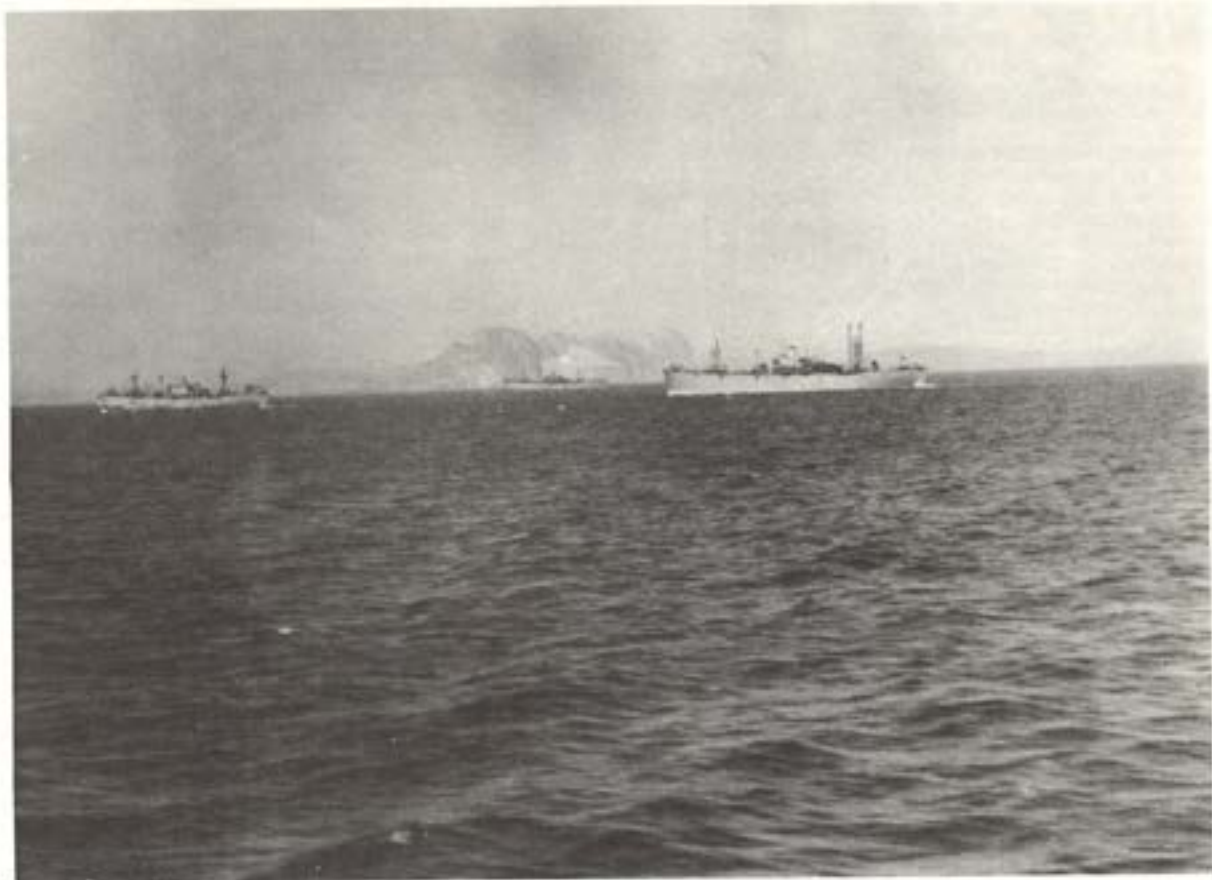
Several of my friends served in the Armed Guard, and at least one was lost at sea. Many from the early days of the Guard went through CVE training with me early in 1943, and I heard many tales of the Murmansk run, etc. You guys did a great job.

Sincerely,



Sent in by:

Russell Krenciprock
1652 James B Drive
McDonald, Oh 44437



Cargo ships going home through the Straits of Gibraltar *44.



Russell Krenciprock son enjoys Christmas while he is in Scotland
on his way to Murmansk, Russia 12/25/1943

Silver Star, Purple Heart To Beaty

The Silver Star and Purple Heart Medals for conspicuous gallantry during an attack by enemy planes was the reward of Thomas C. Beaty, GM2c, of West Palm Beach, Fla., at Captain's Inspection last Saturday, Feb. 26.

Awards at the inspection also included the unusual presentation of a Gold Star in lieu of a second Purple Heart to Francis G. Buzzanell, GM3c, Carnegie, Pa. A Purple Heart Medal was presented to Jack M. O'Rear, GM3c, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Knocked to the deck of the merchant ship on which he was a member of the gun crew by the explosion of a jammed 20mm shell that he attempted to tap out of an abandoned gun during the fierce air attack, Beaty managed to conceal from his mates the pain he suffered from three shrapnel wounds in his back. Struggling back to man another gun, he encouraged his mates throughout the two-hour long engagement with the foe.

Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, commander of the 7th Army, officiated at ceremonies in Palermo, Sicily, when Buzzanell received the Purple Heart for injuries sustained during an air raid there last August. Gen. Patton was making a special tour of the hospital in which Buzzanell was convalescing. Buzzanell became probably the first AG to receive a second Purple Heart award when a ship on which he was later assigned was torpedoed at Salerno and he suffered injuries to his right leg.

Letters of Commendation from the Secretary of the Navy were presented at the Inspection to Lt. (jg) Edward A. Pumphrey, Orange, N.J., and Lt. (jg) Brendan J. Byrne, Richmond Hill, N.Y. Letters of commendation from the Chief of Naval Personnel went to Claude J. Adams Jr., GM3c, Gilson, N.C.; Dora J. Boulais Jr., GM3c, Providence, R.I.; Var Buren Taylor, Cox, Parkersburg, W.Va., and Albert J. Widener, GM2c, Augusta, Ga.



Thomas C. Beaty

BAND CANDIDATES INVITED

Armed Guard's orchestra, for many months a source of entertainment to AGs and others of the armed services on and off the station, has temporarily disbanded, owing to the increased number of departures for sea duty by its members.

Plans already are underway for the formation of a new unit and an invitation has been extended by Lt. (jg) James S. Peace to musicians on the station to try out for the forthcoming band. Lieut. Peace will interview candidates in the Welfare and Recreation Office.

WILLIAM C. WEEKS
1620 S. OAKLAND ST.
ARLINGTON, VA. 22204

January 16, 1989

Dear Mr. Lloyd,

Thanks to you and your wife for keeping the Armed Guard alive.

Sincerely,

W.C. Weeks s.

Dear Charles:

2/28/89

About six weeks ago, while looking through my old Navy album, I came across an Australian Air Force gentleman that stood watch with me in the aft 3"50 gun tub on the way back from Melbourne in July of 1942. We brought quite a few of them to San Francisco, California, enroute to Canada for advance training. I corresponded with him for awhile but finally lost track of him and I thought that his chances of making it through the war at that time were pretty slim as a navigator/gunner on bombers. Recently, I got the idea that maybe some of his relatives would like to have the pictures so I sent them, with a letter to the Postmaster of Souborn, N.S.W. and asked him to forward them to a local paper to see if they may be able to track down the relatives.

The Postmaster did better than that!! He sent the letter and pictures to the local Veterans Affairs Association. They, in turn, forwarded them to the O.I.C. of RAAF records Department of Defense at Canberra. They checked to see if he was in receipt of a Veteran's Pension and the computer "spit out" his address. He had beaten the odds and made it through all the bombing runs over Germany!! He flew on twin engine Oscars, 4 engine Hellcats and on a night bomber known as the Lancaster, a newer bomber similar to the B-17. He said that in one squadron, they carried a German speaking wireless operator that radioed false information to the German fighters to confuse them and try to get them to return to their base.

He was then transferred to a Pathfinder Force. They flew on every night raids and two or three aircraft would arrive at the target about three minutes before the actual raid and drop marker flares as close to the target as possible. The "leader" would drop down and circle the target and radio instructions back to the bombers as to the correct drop area. He said that they took a lot more flak doing this. He flew his last combat mission on Nov. 16, 1944. Later, he was transferred to Transport Command and took up navigational training and sent to the "GOLD COAST" of Africa when Germany quit. His plane was a Dakota (DC-3) and they flew all over Africa for six months before returning to the U.K..

He arranged passage for his bride-to-be on a Norwegian ship to Australia. Upon returning to Australia, they were married in June of 1946 and have three lovely children and nine grandchildren now. He is retired now and lives on the Southern Coast of N.S.W. and thought you might want to make him an HONORARY ARMED GUARD since he stood gun watch with me for 2 weeks. The address is: Mr. and Mrs. A.R. Rogers, "LITTLE BALLYMORE" 44 Lockhart Ave, Molliebrook, N.S.W. Australia. See you in Seattle at the Armed Guard National Reunion June 21-25, 1989, THAMES-N.A. "Stretch" Brown E. 10815 Marietta, Ohio Orchards, Washington 99027 USA.

"STRETCH", "POINTER" and information sent plus HONORARY CARD as requested. cal

SS Charles Henderson

Company: Mississippi Shipping Co. New Orleans, LA
Master: Not known
Gross Tons: 7176

The Liberty Ship, SS CHARLES HENDERSON, exploded and sank while discharging high explosives at Bari, Italy on April 9, 1945. Her complement was 42 crew members and 13 Naval

The ship was completely destroyed. 267 Italians were killed and over 1600 wounded. An undetermined number of Allied Service personnel were killed also. The port installations near the ship were destroyed plus two berths. In addition,

Home Port: New Orleans, LA

Built: May 1943 @ New Orleans, LA
Dimensions: 441' x 57' x 37'

Armed Guard. The Chief Engineer, who was ashore at the time of the explosion, was the only survivor.

tion, 5 ships in the harbor were damaged.

The ship had sailed from Norfolk, Virginia on March 9, in Convoy UGS-80 arriving Bari on April 5th.

U.S.N. Armed Guard Statue of Liberty Memorial Speech
Delivered by Ted Heumann, Sr.

Ladies, Mates and Friends of the U.S. Navy Armed Guard III:

In recent years, we have gotten to know one another, and yes, make new and dear friends. We were able to do this through our National and Local Reunions. Let's take a close look at our Comradery. It's different, much different and here are some of the reasons.

If you were looking at any of the albums in the hospitality room, you saw young men in uniform. These young men were a special breed for they volunteered for detached service in the Naval Armed Guard. It was their decision to go aboard the Hog Islanders, Intercoastal Freighters, Liberties and Tankers to man the guns. They defended our shipmates of the Merchant Marines by living up to OUR MOTTO: "WE AIM TO DELIVER" and WE DID.

As I look back to "Lady Liberty" and up the river to Hoboken, New Jersey, where I was born, I remember my first voyage. It started from the "Marrows" in front of us. I looked aft from my 5 inch gun tub and asked myself if I'd see these things again. It is true that thoughts ran through all God fearing men, but a job had to be done.

Let's not forget the fact that our "FRONT LINE" started once our ship had cleared the the Ambrose Lightship or the other Lightships along the East Coast. This was proven by the sinking of the S.S. Black Point on May 5, 1945 within sight of Port Judith, Rhode Island. It was there that L. Whitson Lloyd became the last Armed Guardsman to lose his life in the Atlantic. He died only a few days before V.E. Day, along with 11 Merchant Seamen.

Ours was not only a shooting war with the enemy, but also a three thousand mile war of nerves for you never knew where or when your ship would be the "FLASH and SMOKE" that announced the sinking of another Merchant Ship.

These are but a few reasons our bonds of comradery are so strong. Here today we are remembering our fallen shipmates of the Armed Guard and the Merchant Marines. Let us now remember those faces of young men who will never be seen again here on Earth, except perhaps, by a loved one who treasures a fading photo of happier days. So now let us say a prayer that these young men are resting in Peace, out there, in the Deep.

T.H., Sr.

Delivered October 29, 1988 on the grounds of the Statue of Liberty during a tour by the Armed Guard Crew and their ladies attending the New Jersey-North East Chapter Reunion hosted by Alex and Edith Lombardi of Montclair, New Jersey

A Placing of the Wreath followed the Ceremony.

RESCUE HEROES SAVED A CREW

More than 100 people gathered at Shellharbour yesterday to remember four Dapto No 6 Machine Gun Battalion (AIF) members who gave their lives to save the crew of the American tanker Cities Service Boston which

sank off Bass Point on May 16, 1943.

Two ceremonies were held yesterday, the first at Caroline Chisholm Park and later a service and wreath laying ceremony at Bass Point.

Four members of No 6 Machine Gun Battalion, Sgt W Allen, Pte W Pitt, Pte B Snell and Pte B Simmons, drowned after being washed off rocks by a huge wave during the cyclonic conditions which sank the ship.

The four men were able to save the 62-member American crew before perishing.

Yesterday was the 45th anniversary of the tragedy.

During the Bass Point ceremony a wreath was thrown into the sea.

● PICTURE: Royal NSW Regiment Fourth Battalion B Company Pte Ken Newman (left) and Pte Dallas Tetley form a guard of honor at Bass Point yesterday as Ms Jeanette Cleary and Mr Fred Wood lay wreaths commemorating the 1943 shipwreck.



C. A. Lloyd, Alex Lombardi, Ted Heumann



Part of those attending the Statue of Liberty Memorial.



THE ARMED GUARD EXPERIENCE BY A SIGNALMAN-WM II- 1942-1945
By James R. Guest SM/C

Life aboard the first assigned ship, the "S.S. JOHN LAURENCE" was pleasant in some ways for a signalman as the ship had lost the CONVOY enroute from Galveston, Texas to New Orleans, Louisiana. The only person that could read "Blinker" was the Merchant Marine "sparks" who preferred to stay in the radio shack. The Skipper was great Chief Mate but had never traveled in company with other ships before. I made an early agreement with the Skipper, Captain Erwin, and Gunnery Officer, Ensign Partlow, that I would stand a "sunrise to a sunset" watch and I would sleep on a mattress in the wheelhouse if I was permitted "FREE HANDWAY" when we hit port. This was granted. So I went ashore as the "MONKEYFIST" landed and returned just before pulling up the "GANGPLANK". I attended all Convoy Conferences with the "BRASS."

Our first convoy destined for Puerto Rico was delayed one week due to the ship being unable to get off the bottom at Pilot Town. We had to wait another week before we could get underway. We carried construction material for the Dry Dock being built in San Juan. We traveled around the Island, picking up sugar for delivery to New York. I stood a 14 hour signal watch on the flying bridge from the breakup of convoy to dockside. It was the day after Christmas, 1942 and the Temperature was zero and we did not have any extra foul weather gear. I believe I had everything in my "Sea Bag" on my back!!

At Convoy Conference, prior to leaving New York for the British Isles, the Commodore, a retired British Admiral, stated that he would not use emergency turns in the event of submarine action as it was his experience that more ships were lost and damaged due to maneuvers than enemy actions. We lost 3 ships the Mid-Atlantic and 3 the following night. We maintained the same convoy course and speed. We were destined to go originally to Loch Ewe, Scotland and then on to Murmansk, Russia. We experienced considerable damage due to the Atlantic storms so we were detailed to Glasgow, Scotland instead for repairs. Eventually, we went to Loch Ewe and orders came out one very dark night asking us Commodore of a three ship convoy with two British destroyers and we were to catch a convoy that was already underway for Murmansk. Two days out, we lost 1 of the PT boats we were carrying as deck cargo. The following day, high seas, rain, sleet and snow made visibility impossible. When the weather cleared the following day, sights revealed that we were 100 miles off Trondheim, Norway. The Merchant "SPARKS" received several messages of distress from the main convoy due to the storm. We proceeded to Loch Ewe and then to Manchester, England to unload our cargo. I heard somewhere that the convoy we were trying to catch was so-called "The Lost Convoy". The Commodore of the convoy, I believe, was aboard the S.S. Patrick Henry. I would appreciate any info on this convoy from anyone.

From Manchester, we went to Belfast, Ireland to form a convoy for the United States. All "RIGHT ARM RATES" were landed as Shore Patrol to work with shore based Army M.P. Units. I was attached to headquarters where an Army Lieutenant told me about the lousy behavior of the Navy and Merchant Marine when they hit the beach. I, of course, countered with the difference between sailors cooped up aboard ships while shore based Army Military was not so confined. Also, that many of the Merchant Crews was in this war long before the Navy and Army and had survived several torpedoing and sinkings. Our first call was to their Red Cross Station where drinking sailors and Merchant Seamen who were bothering the gals. This dangerous "Law-breaker" turned out to be "RED", a messboy aboard our ship. He had really been into the booze. I conned him into the MP Wagon, pretending to be drunk myself and that I was out of uniform myself without legging on and being "run in" by the Army M.P.s. He went into the guard house thinking I was in the cell next to him. I then informed the Lieutenant that this sailor had been torpedoed in the Gulf of Mexico twice. Later, Captain Erwin thanked me for RED got the lightest fine of those hauled in.

We unloaded cargo in Ferryville, North Africa this time. The merchant crew were granted liberty but the gun crew was confined to quarters. One evening during unloading, we were playing cards in the guncrew messhall. The Chief Cook and an older Philippine man was present. We looked up in time to see the third cook, a huge Puerto Rican coming through the hallway after the cook with a large galley knife. The Chief, apparently a master at judo, took the knife away from the larger man and really went to town on him. The 3rd engineer, Mr. Overman, a giant man himself, rescued the 3rd cook from the onslaught. The next day, the Captain Erwin informed me that the 3rd cook died from loss of blood. A Coast Guard Court of Inquiry convened when we arrived back at the States.

Just prior to being released from the S.S. JOHN LAURENCE, a Merchant Wiper in the "Blackgang" got into a fight with the dishwasher who was actually "legally blind" but doing his part for the war effort. Smitty, GRC/c attempted to break up the fight but his efforts were aware by the Wiper pulling the knife on him and chasing Smitty around the deck house several times until GRC/c Spivey told Seaman Gunner Green on guard duty to command the wiper to stop. Green did so and then opened fire. He missed but the Merchant Sailor froze long enough for the ship's carpenter to disarm him. More Coast Guard hearing!!

Convoy on the S.S. HARVEY C. MILLER to Great Britain was uneventful except for the escorts sinking of three subs enroute to Liverpool. This illustrates the

build up of protection of convoys in one years time. The previous year, we had lost six ships. Also, we were successfully turned away from enemy action by the emergency turns originated by the Convoy Commodore. On our return trip from England, Captain Gorsch was experiencing pains in his right side. We lost the convoy escort and drifted several days alone until a Dutch freighter joined us. She had a high frequency transmitter and was able to get word to the convoy escort. The escort and I exchanged recognition signals one dark night by infra-red blinker. The next day Captain Gorsch was taken off the MILLER in a coastwise state and rushed to St. John's, Newfoundland on the Canadian Corvette, SUMNER. I later learned that the Captain had a perforated ulcer. He recovered okay but did not rejoin the S.S. HARVEY C. MILLER.

Our next trip took us to North Africa with Hugh Smith of Boston, Mass. for our Skipper. We hit ports of Oran, Algiers, Bizerte and finally unloaded in Tunis. The ship's boatswain was in his 60s and had shipped on sailing vessels and they had to turn the winches by hand; looked like Wally Berry. He and the deck engineer got high on local VINO and started taking pot shots at the Arab stevedores in Tunis. Skipper put them in IRONS, reduced their rations and had them splicing cable. A miscalculation on part of the Pilot caused extensive damage to the our ship's screw. We were ordered to port near Oran at a place called Mustagnan, a real hell hole; dirty, hot, stenchy, etc. Routine consisted of playing softball during the day and drinking VINO at night. Arab kids used to wait for us to return to the ship and pelt us with rocks.

I was successful in talking the Gunnery Officer, Ensign Gregg into allowing us, SM/C Stratton and I to draw duty on the Signal Station in Oran. This was interesting duty as we handled the visual communications from the U.S. Navy Task Force that had just come down from D-Day Normandy Invasion. The USS Nevada and the French Cruiser Jean d'Arc were in this group. They used MEX; and or MERS El Khebas their base of operation. They made several dry runs to South of France. While on the station duty, a request came out for signalmen for the Scouts and Raiders to go to occupied Crete. Stratton and I volunteered, however, Lt. Ross, Chief Communications Officer said "NO WAR!!!" as they were stretching a point in allowing us duty on the signal station.

By the time I got to the Pacific, things had quieted down somewhat and duty for most part was boring. One exciting moment stands out and that was on the tanker S.S. Lyons Creek at the approach to Leyte Gulf. The signalman striker Stagliano was handling visual communication by himself, I, not feeling too good that day. He came down from the bridge complaining that the skipper was fouling him up on trying to read blinker off the guard boat. By the time I hit the bridge, the stationary guard boat was flying "BAKER" and we were within seascope distant. The message was: "YOU'RE STARTING INTO A MINE FIELD ENTRANCE. TO HARBOR- IS TWO MILES TO STARBOARD". I hollered down to the wheelhouse-"STOP THE ENGINES!! FULL SPEED ASTERN!" Skipper Captain Ellison wanted to know who was giving orders. It didn't take long for orders to be executed when I gave him the message.

JAMES R. GUEST and wife, JEAN, now make their home at 95-310 Kaloapau St. #112, Mililani Town, HI. 96789. We must have liked the Pacific more than the Atlantic. James, hope all is well in your part of the "STATES". Last American out, bring the flag!!! That's what we tell them in Miami, Florida also. Besides, "SPARKS" need a little publicity. Just located another good book if interested on the U-BOATS and it is historically great. It's \$29.95 and can be purchased from: The Fathom Press, P.O. Box 179, Eastport, N.Y. 11941 by Henry Carroll Keats and Geo. Farr. It's got a full chapter on the U-853 sinking of the S.S. Black Point, the Coal Collier that brother Whitson was killed by. They are going to do a volume of these types of hard back books on different subjects which should be a nice collector's volumes.

DIARY OF H.E. WHITE, JR.,
WM II SIGNALMAN
S.S. HEFFRON, APRIL 7, 1942

April 2-6, 1942- Was spent aboard the S.S. Omaha.

- April 7, 1942- Joined Steamship S.S. Heffron at Pier 84 in Philadelphia, Pa.
April 8- Acquainted myself with facilities aboard.
April 9- Sailed- Spent time in radio room. Mounted machine gun and loaded ammunition.
April 10- Spent four hours in radio room, practiced semaphore, time on the bridge, fire and boat drill.
April 11- Spent 5 hours in radio room, practiced semaphore, time on bridge, decoded messages.
April 12- 7 hours in R.R. (radio room), practiced semaphore. 5 on bridge.
April 13- 5 hours R.R., 2 on bridge, practiced semaphore, fire and boat drill- smooth sailing.
April 14- 5 hrs. in R.R., 1 hr. at wheel, practiced semaphore, 9 on bridge
April 15- 3 hrs. in R.R., On bridge in port, Halifax, Nova Scotia.
April 16- Went ashore to signal school and M/T classes.
April 17- Went to signal and M/T classes
April 18- Saturday- "LIBERTY"!! NO CLASSES!
April 19- Sunday- no classes
April 20- Went to signal school and M/T classes.
April 21- Went to signal and M/T classes
April 22- Went to M/T-Conference in the afternoon.
April 23- Got underway- time on bridge- spent 3 hours in R.R.
April 24- 8 hrs on bridge- practiced semaphore 1 hr. in R.R. Smooth sailing.
April 25- 4 hrs. in R.R., 3 on bridge, practiced semaphore, 1 hr. at wheel, Fire and Boat Drill- Smooth sailing.
April 26- 4 hrs. in R.R., 3 on bridge, 1 hr at wheel- windy and rough.
April 27- 4 hrs. in R.R., 3 hrs. on bridge, 1 at wheel, windy and rough.
April 28- 4 hrs in R.R., 3 hrs. on bridge, 1 hr. at wheel. windy and rough. Practiced manning machine guns- 32 seconds.
April 29- 4 hours in R.R., 3 hrs. on bridge, 1 hr. at wheel- still rough.
April 30- Spent 6 hrs. in R.R., read CAPPS 1, Still rough- practiced semaphore- G.S. (UP)
May 1- 3 hrs. R.R., 3 hrs. on bridge, 1 hr at wheel, practiced semaphore- still rough.
May 2- Spent 4 hrs. in R.R., 3 hrs. on bridge, 1 hr. at wheel, decoded GBMS message. (semaphore)
May 3- Spent 3 hrs. in Radio Room, 4 hrs. on bridge, 1 hr. at wheel, practiced semaphore, dismounted port machine gun to oil.
May 4- 3 hrs. in R.R., 4 1/2 hrs. on bridge, 1 hr. at wheel, practiced semaphore- smooth sailing.
May 5- In radio room 3 hrs., 4 hrs. on bridge, 1 hr. at wheel, hour semaphore. Mounted port machine gun, fire and boat drill.
May 6- Three hrs. R.R., 4 hr. bridge, 1 hr. wheel, 1 semaphore. (FAIR)
May 7- 3 hrs. R.R., 4 hrs. on bridge, 1 hr. wheel, 1 semaphore, decoded some messages, G.B.M.S.- Had machine gun and AA Practice- smooth sailing.
May 8- Two hrs. in R.R., four hrs on bridge. Arrived in Scotland.
May 9- In port, laid around all day- practiced semaphore. Nice weather.
May 10- In port- laid around all day- Nice weather- hell of a place!!!!
May 11- In port, completely disassembled both machine guns and cleaned & reassembled. Foggy. A boat load of Russians passed by, they had the only girl I've seen here.
May 12- Spent a couple hrs. in radio shack- studied B.J.M. Rained all day in port. Washed clothes.
May 13- In port. 4 hrs. in radio shack. Copied some press and coded messages from NSA. Practiced Semaphore. Rainy as ----.
May 14- Loaded ammunition, copied press in the morning, practiced semaphore and blinker in P.M. Nice weather but too much daytime. No darkness. It's now past midnight and it's still light. Sun was skimming the horizon at 11 P.M. at night. Can't get much sleep. Wish we could get away from here soon- it's too peaceful. The Skipper made the blinker work swell.
May 15- Took inventory of life rafts and fire exits and typed them out for the 3rd rate. In Port. It gets tiresome laying around all day. Swell weather.
May 16- In port. Practised semaphore. Laid around rest of the day. Nice weather, a little choppy along towards night. Played blackjack with Trask and won three dollars.
May 17- In port. Got up at 10 A.M., dressed up ship's for- "I AM AN AMERICAN DAY"!! Took them down at dusk. Saw a wonderful sight today. Played cards with 3rd Officer and Sparks. Nice weather, all day. Coupla hrs. in the Radio Shack this morning. There sure is some pretty scenery around here. Took on water this morning.
May 18- In port. Got up at 10 A.M., painted our room, laid around the rest of the day. Play cards with 3rd Officer and Sparks.
May 19- In port- went over to the Navy Supply Ship and saw about my teeth. Also got candy. Played cards with 3rd rate and Sparks. We are suppose to sail tomorrow. weather is rainy as hell.
May 20- Under way- up on the bridge the rest of the day. Rain and fog!!

- May 21- Up on bridge all day. Signalaan doesn't feel good. Nice weather. In radio room. Passed the Arctic Circle at 2224 hrs.
May 22- Spent 1 hour in the R.R., 1 hr. at the wheel, the rest of the day on the bridge. Left bridge at 1700 and was called back at 2000, secured at 2145. Rain and fog wind- fairly rough. Our cat, we have on board, had three kittens this morning in the 12-4 gunner's bed. I am cold through my body.
May 23- In R.R. 3 hrs., at wheel 1 hr., on the bridge the rest of the day. Swell weather. Fire and boat drill today. It is now 11:30 at night and the sun is still up.
May 24- Sparks and myself stood radio watch from 2000 May 23 to 1500 hrs May 24 and the fog was so thick you couldn't see your hands in front of you, rest of the day, on the bridge. Passed five floating mines in the P.M. Went to bed at 0100 May 25. It is midnight and still light. Lost some of the convoy in the fog but they came back during the afternoon. It is now very cold. It is pretty smooth sailing but thick fog. I think it's coming in on us again, day and night.
May 25- Spent 5 hrs. in R.R. and about 9 A.M. in the morning, we sighted a bomber in front of the convoy. He patrolled back and forth, out of range of the Naval escorts guns all day. About 6 P.M. in the evening, the Chief and I spotted 7 planes and notified the Captain. Commodore hoisted aircraft signal and the destroyers began laying a barrage. They dove and bombed many times the 2nd time, one dropped a torpedo. The Chief saw it and gave a hard-right at the wheel and everybody braced themselves for the hit and it didn't come, so we looked up and it missed us by about 10 feet. They are gone now but expect them back anytime. The plane is still in front of us. Trask and I are staying on the bridge. Ice ahead. We had another attack at 1:10 and all clear was given at 2:00. The bomber stayed in front all night. We had a midnight sun. We slept with our clothes on.
May 26- The Massmar has her flag at half mast. I don't know whether any body got hit or not. I sure hope not. Sparks stood radio watch during the raid. We have had two raids today. None did any damage, on bridge all day, still the 4 motor Wolfe bomber. There were also some submarines around this afternoon. The destroyers dropped about 25 depth charges. I slept with my clothes on for two days. The Steward and another fellow got hit with a piece of shrapnel but it didn't hurt them much for it was small. They did not get any ships. The bombers were Wolf make. They were fast. The second time they got up over us very high and went into a dive. A couple of the planes had torpedoes in the racks and came in with the sun and laid them. Nobody got hit. We came close and I give credit to the Skipper and Chief for evading them.
May 27- It is now 3:30 May 27th and we have had two more air raids. Am sleeping with clothes on, expecting another raid anytime. We had raids all day today. Torpedo carrying planes and dive bombers. It sure was terrible. We also had submarine attacks but the destroyers took care of them. This was the worse day yet. We were picked out for a target. Bombs missed us by about 10 ft, sprung a leak in the bilges.
May 28- We have had attacks all day. It seems like they never end. The whole crew is on edge. Dodged two torpedoes, just missed by about 15 feet. Day and night.
May 29- Attacks all day. Bombers and torpedo planes all day and all the night. Submarines attack also, day and night.
May 30- Attacks all day and nights by Stuka dive bombers and also Junker and Wolfe.
May 31- Attacks all day. Bombers, torpedo planes and submarines. Got into Murawski, Russia about 8:00 at night and anchored. They are bombing all the time. We are about 30 miles from the front lines of the Russian and Germans. Bombing ships right at the docks. It sure is HELL. We got strafed. Thank God we got this far.
June 1- In Murawski, started unloading cargo. Helped take the machine gun down and clean. Laid around the rest of the day.
June 2- In port- still unloading cargo. Laid around all day. Midnight sun
June 3- In port. This place is terrible. The people work long hours., 24 hours a day and eat just bread. They work in all kinds of weather and the women work like the men. They are both on equal basis. Today, I went to town and while I was there, I saw women mixed up to their ankles, cleaning the streets and moving big boulders with their crowbars. There is nothing in the town. You cannot buy anything. Money is absolutely no good for anything. You can throw it in a waste can for all the good it is. The only thing that is any good is cigarettes and chocolates. You can sell a package of cigarettes or a candy bar for 30 rubles, which, in American money is \$5.00. The people get their food in what is known as "soup kitchens". They have women in the trenches, just like the men. No difference between the sexes. All the places which used to be buildings are blasted away by bombs. We have raids all the time, morning and night. It is only 30 miles to the German-Russian front. In the surrounding hills, they are

full of dead Germans where they were killed and left there last winter. The tanks and other cargo are taken off the ships and taken right to the front lines. Today I also saw a German plane, a Junkers 88, that the Russians shot down. It is light all the time. The survivors, that their ships were sunk coming over in convoys are in one big camp. They eat barley and raw fish. It is all they have to eat and they don't get a bonus from the Russian Government because they didn't bring their cargo in. We heard from some of the ships that went down. One went down in 45 secs. It got crippled by one of the planes and while they were abandoning ship, another plane dropped 4 bombs and got 4 direct hits, ships got hit on all sides of us. God was with us. Two men who were blown overboard in the explosion were in the water 20 minutes and a lifeboat an hour and when they got in, he had to have an operation—one got all his fingers and the other got both arms and legs amputated. Another guy on a ship committed suicide because he couldn't stand it any longer. Our ship and crew went through it pretty well. The only leak we got was when we turned out of the convoy to pick up some survivors from a ship that had been torpedoed by planes and a bomber made a target out of us. He tried twice but we spoiled his aim with machinegun fire although he just missed us by a few feet. We got a small leak but got it plugged up without further damage. We caught up with the convoy and took our position. All I can say was it was a living Hell!!

June 4,5,6,7 In port. Unloading cargo, laid around.

June 8 In port. It sure is cold here. It is snowing to beat hell now and is 1/2 inch deep. Haven't done anything today. Hope to move upstream in a couple days. Today, I got a piece of a wing of a Nazi airplane-Junkers-88 bomber.

June 9 In port—went into town to get some souvenirs. Got some stamps, a cartridge belt and some money. Went to the museum, Arctic Hotel and took a walk around.

June 10 In port. Went to see Mustard on the S.S. Richard Henry Lee, Eaton on the S.S. American Express, Tippet on the S.S. Michigan and Key on the S.S. Omaha.

June 11 We had two air raid alarms today but no raid. Fighters were in the air. Stayed aboard ship all day.

June 12 In port—Help load ammunition all day. Loaded J and I. Finally got our tracers. We stocked, 3 holds for 2 tracers. Had 2 alarms today but no raids.

June 13 In port. Got up around 9:00 a.m. We got our alarm about 9:30 but no planes and we got another around 10:30. Eight German bombers came over in squadrons of 4-Focke-Wulf type. They got astern of us and started to dive. They were dropping 1,100 pound bombs. A plane dropped one on our starboard quarter and the rest dropped theirs in town. I believe they were trying to hit the railroads and cargo coming from our ships. After they had gone, we all came out and I came off the bridge. Glass window were broken all over the ship. Shrapnel was all over the deck and aft, was a big hole about 8 inches in diameter in the bulkhead where shrapnel went through. Beds were knocked down, tables and everything was overturned, glass everywhere and a lot of other things torn down in town. They got a direct hit on several buildings. One believed to be a hospital and several houses and office building and the Arctic Hotel was caved in. It left dead people all over it's streets. Big craters everywhere. People with stomachs torn out and arms and legs torn off and many other horrible sights. We got six more alarms before the fighters intercepted them before they got back to the city.

June 14 We have gotten a few alarms in the morning. Our cargo is now all discharged and ballast on. About 10:00 o'clock, we got an alarm and a squadron of German bombers and a squadron of fighters came over and started bombing. They split up into two groups of 4. One group came down on the docks and railroad cars filled with cargo. They let go with both incendiary and explosives bombs and made a direct hit, starting fires in the cargo and railroads but missed us and the other ships. The shore batteries opened fire and so did all the ships. With all the barrage thrown up, we knocked down four German bombers and the Jerrys left. All the Russians "turned to" on the fires to save as much as possible. There are anti-aircraft guns everywhere, even in the box cars. They saved a good bit but a lot was destroyed. A lot of gasoline drums blew up. Boy!! What a fire!! They finally got it under control. In about 3 hours, we got a pilot and started out into the stream. We had just got out in the stream when 8 Heines came over, dropped their loads and got direct hits on some building and other houses and things but they missed the railroads.

June 15 We are now in the stream, anchored by Kola Inlet. We have seen many raids on Murmansk from here. It is about 3 miles to Murmansk. They pass right over our ship. We are anchored by a plane base. Messed around rest of the day. The planes overhead all the time make a lot of noise. Well, I'm going to try to get some sleep.

June 16 At anchorage!! Had some air raid alarms. They came over us but went on to the city. We drug anchor and almost went on the rocks but they had to change anchorage. Got our short wave coils back from the skipper. Anchored across from the S.S. Hygera, the sister ship to this one. They have been here since the 6th of last month. Got 18 drums of ammunition from the Hygera.

June 17 Talked to Key on the City of Omaha with blinkers. We had an air raid and saw a Russian bail out and was picked up. Some more alarms but no more raids—boats spread out more now. Hope to leave by the end of this week, or the first of next. Also, hope to get leave when I get home.

June 18 In stream. Had raid in Murmansk this morning, started fires and also had one this afternoon and started fires. Cleaned machine guns and drums and oiled ammunition. Two or three more alarms but no raids. Hope to leave by the 25th. Don't know when we will get survivors—Convoy sent us some blinker and we answered.

June 19 Anchored. We have had two attacks and about five alarms today. I helped Festerston stencil the ammunition. Saw Russians testing planes. It looks like we are going to get rain.

June 20 Anchored—Had several attacks today. On the bridge during all of the attacks at guns. Nice weather—cloudy. Saw J on first attack.

June 21 Anchored. It rained all day. Two alarms today. Heines must be slipping. Ship in the harbor blew up this afternoon, aft of mid-ship housing. It must have hit a mine but don't know yet. Hope we get started soon. Copied some German press today.

June 22 Rained most of the day and cleared up at noon, pretty as can be, at 5:00 in the afternoon. Two alarms in the morning—no sign of Heines. Probably fritzed! About 8:00 P.M. we had an alarm, still no sign. About 15 Russians in the air. AK-AK fire over Murmansk and got our halyards up today. Were shot down coming over. The S.S. Lee, Michigan, American Robin and the Atlantic came up today and anchored. Took some semaphore from the S.S. Yaka. Helped Andy take soundings.

June 23 Anchored. Had four attacks in the morning and four in the afternoon. Saw 2 German planes fall. AK-AK fire brought them down although there were about 30 fighters in the air. Crew painting ship, practiced semaphore, talked to Yaka by blinker.

June 24 Anchored. Beautiful day. Four attacks came in the morning and one attack was 5 dive bombers-JU-88s. They hit a trawler and a heavy toll of life taken. I don't know whether or not Trask and I hit one. The ship that got sunk in the harbor was the S.S. Alcoa Cadet. The Germans have been dropping leaflets over Murmansk saying they are going to wipe her off of the map before the end of the month. In one attack this afternoon, there were 13 bombers. The Captain went ashore. Very little life was taken on the S.S. Alcoa Cadet. Workers still painting ship. Russian woman came on board this evening. Expect them tomorrow. Broke out our "whites".

June 25 Anchored. Well, this morning, we had one attack by dive bombers and several alarms all the day. This afternoon, there were two Russian flying boats that crashed. Russians saved the crew and salvaged one plane. Tonight, we had 23 survivors come aboard. The 3rd Officer from the S.S. Steel Worker has the extra bed in our room. I think we are leaving sometime tomorrow. We have a good position. We sure are happy to leave this place.

June 26 Anchored. Bad weather. No attacks all day. Washed a jumper in the morning and copied little press. Expect to sail tomorrow. We have good position. Ship finished painting. Changed back to blue. Think we will all go, hope so. Hope bad weather keeps up. English ship came up alongside today. Think floating mine sunk Alcoa Cadet and also Steel Worker. Russians unloading cargo from Steel Worker at the time.

June 27 Anchored. We are supposed to leave this afternoon. We are # 42. Good position. Fire and boat drill this morning. Tried to get DHI but he was not on. We left the anchorage about 4:30, got forced up about 10:00 P.M. Sleeping with clothes on. Saw Key. Bad weather.

June 28 At Sea. Foggy and rainy—Submarine? Escort dropped about 13 depth charges about 1:00. We met convoy from Archangel about 2:00. AK AK with us again. Got alarm again today but nothing showed up. 7 depth charges dropped just as I came off of watch. Trask and I standing 6 on 6 off. Sleeping with clothes on. Making good speed. Expect evening subs in this vicinity. We still have subs with us and expect to be in Iceland about Wednesday week.

June 29 At Sea. Fair day. A little submarine activity. Signed watch, no sign of aircraft.

June 30 At Sea. Stood watch. A little submarine activity about 3 P.M. The piap was spotted and the black aircraft flag was hoisted by the AK AK ship. Going on watch. Nothing showed up yet. Bad fog setting in. Passed large iceberg about 11 O'clock. Submarine went ahead earlier in the evening. Can't see piap, making good speed.

July 1 At Sea. Fog all day, in and out of it. Good weather for us. Standing our watches. No ship lost yet. Keeping closed up. We will

turn clocks back again tonight and puts us on GMT now. Be out of Jerry planes range soon. Don't worry about subs. Our sub hasn't come back yet. Sleeping most of my time off.

- July 2—At Sea. Went on at six. Submarines have been very active today. Destroyers dumping plenty of depth charges. Subs very close to convoy according to charges dropped. Two Blohm and Voss were spotted today, followed us for awhile. Lost them in fog. Bad weather for planes. Thick weather for us. Don't think we'll get an attack today.
- July 3—At Sea. Fog most of the day. Little activity. Ships going to Scotland, changed position in convoy. Still standing watches. Expect to be in Iceland about Monday Noon.
- July 4—At Sea. Parted from British part of convoy about noon. We have about 7 escorts vessels left, fairly rough seas. American ships taking up convoy. Expect to see land tomorrow. Put up new Ensign this morning. Standing watch.
- July 5—At Sea. Very rough day. Stood our watches. about 50 miles off of the coast of Iceland. About 9:00, the convoy started to scatter, "fan wise" and somebody let go with their 4 inch gun. We did not scatter and "walked" right into the firing. I was in the wheelhouse and mates and captain on the wing of the bridge. Our first hit was on the focle head. The blast threw me to the floor, I got up and looked around. They were abandoning ship right after the 1st hit. We got another one on No.2 hatch. We were on the boat deck waiting for orders to quit ship and the Captain's Boat and Steward's boats were already gone. We got in and lowered away. The 1st mate, ship's 3rd mate Regan and Sailey were standing by on the boat deck to lower away and another blast came and another hit deep in No.4. We got in the water and the boat was smashing against the ship, so we let go. Couldn't wait for the fellows on the boat deck, except one who was blown overboard. We saved him. His arm was hurt and 1st Asst. Engineer was suppose to be in command but didn't even pick up an oar, or say a thing. We were in the life boats about an hour and a half, had about given up hope when we sighted the S.S. Nemaha and they finally picked us up. Sighted other part of convoy next morning and proceeded to port.

Diary of H.E. White RM 3/C S.S. Helfron April 7, 1942 til July 5, 1942. White now makes his home at 171 S. Joliet Circle Apt-201, Aurora, Co. 80012 (303) 341-5905 Our thanks goes out to him for sharing this bit of history and just maybe many of you were there and would like to add your story too; or to call him and talk a little freed Guard. He came home on the Nemaha. He also served on the USAT Yarmouth, 9/42-1/43; S.S. George Ross-1/43-10/43; S.S. Fort Matanzas in 1944 and on the S.S. Nathaniel Ingersoll- 44/45. Copied by permission-C.A. Lloyd

This was a Liberty Ship



(Official U.S. Navy Photo)

There's a big difference between the two pictures above. An alert, well trained gun crew might have saved the ship in the first picture. An alert, well trained gun crew did save the ship in the second.

CORRECTION

The price for caps given in the last issue was incorrect. The correct price is \$4.85 per cap plus shipping.



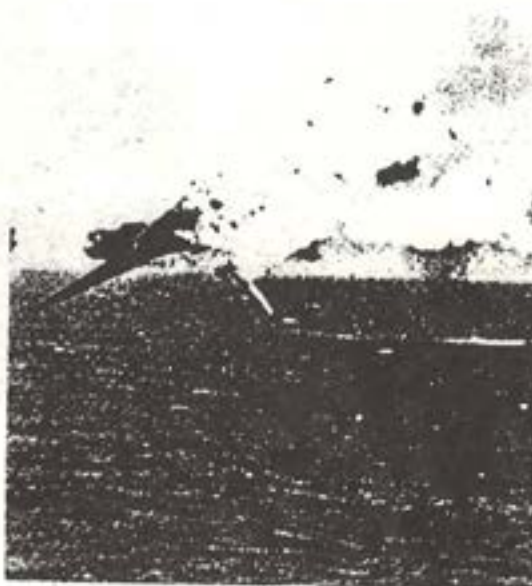
(Acme Photo)

ALERT GUNNERS WON THIS BATTLE

This Nazi pilot got back to the beach, but no farther. Accurate fire made a mess of his dive bomber.

Your gun sight is your greatest help in obtaining accurate fire that will produce results like this. Learn to use it properly.

This was an Enemy Torpedo Plane



(Official U.S. Navy Photo from Acme)

NAVAL MEMORIES AT THE END OF WORLD WAR ONE



BAY RIDGE BARRACKS
LONG ISLAND, N.Y.



PRISON GUARD CREW
OF BAY RIDGE BARRACKS

Dear Thyod
I just got a letter from David Riley
and thought you might like to read
the rest of the story R. Joe

MEMORIES OF THE NAVY AFTER W. W. I ENDED

Yes now the war had come to an end at last leaving as much confusion as when it began, for now thousands of Navy men were being put ashore from all the merchant ships with little or no preparation made to take care of them.

So the Naval department built a large temporary Naval base with all the facilities to take care of them out on Long Island at a place called Bay Ridge. They built a large number of barracks for housing, administration and other purposes and also one to be used as an armory just inside of the main gate as all the small arms from the ships were stored there. The whole place had a ten foot wire link fence around it with barbed wire around the top and one might have thought it was a prisoner of war camp as there were armed guards at all the gates. At one time there were 13,000 men housed there.

Yes the war had ended for many but for those with broken bodies or shattered nerves in the hospitals it would go on and on as they fought for their health and strength or piece of mind as it has been in all wars since time began. It was here you found many of the real heroes as you do even today.

But coming to the beginning of the end, now the old Armed Guard barracks was filled and running over with men whose enlistments had ended and they were doing all they could to make out their discharge papers but the backlog of paper work was staggering and so it was nearly six months until the barracks were empty and turned over to the city for a park again.

But between November 11, 1918 and January 1, 1919 most of them were let off to go home for the holidays for thirty days and I as one of them. But the Yeoman that made out the leave papers who lived in my barracks and was a friend of mine did not record it on my record. When I returned from leave I still had charge of the barracks; however, by March most of the men were gone and I was assigned to the U.S.S. Wheeling, an old gunboat that was leaving for duty in China for two years, and everyone was given thirty days leave which I question I would have gotten had the last one been on my record. Now I did not say anything until I got back, then put in for a transfer on the grounds that the ship was leaving for two years and I only had nine months to do thus causing an expense to the government to send me home when my time was up, and I was transferred to the new Bay Ridge barracks where nearly everyone was a rated man having gotten promotions during the war and all waiting for discharge. Talk about a mad house, that was it! They tried many ways to keep them busy but men were standing around in each others way, were everywhere you looked, and there was boredom in the real sense of the word.

In the meantime, President Wilson made a proclamation that there would be amnesty for all those that deserted during the war and that they would be treated as in peace time, which in most cases would be a dishonorable discharge. Well, they came in by the hundreds and were all sent to the Bay Ridge barracks.

Many of them had gotten in trouble with the law on the outside after deserting and when caught knew they would get by easier as a deserter than for their crime outside so just said they belonged in the Navy and so were turned over to the Naval authorities.

Their crimes were many and varied. I remember a couple that had run away in France and with several others from the Army pretended they were officers and for two years lived off the land by stealing and bluffing their way around until they

were finally caught. Another one was a second story burglar who had a lot of paper clippings telling of his activities; and there was one who had lost both hands in some kind of railroad accident, probably riding the rails as they call it. Anyway, after some time in the hospital he gave himself up and came in with the rest. Such were some of those reporting in to the barracks I was assigned to, the prison detail that took care of and guarded these men.

There were ten of us with a Chief Petty Officer over us and it was our job also to escort them to Deer Island in Boston Harbor where they were sent for processing. When there was a group of about forty we would go by truck to the pier of the Fall River Steamship Line which took us to Providence, Rhode Island overnight. There we would board a train for Boston and then get a boat for Deer Island and deliver our prisoners and then return to the barracks the same way. This was very nice duty to say the least.

Now Deer Island had been a civilian prison before the war and the state wanted it back and finally they got it and that ended that. Then they tried to send a group to May's Landing, New Jersey but for some reason the day after we got back we had to go back and get them, something about crossing the state line without a permit or something. I never did hear the real reason nor were they sent after that as our detail was dismantled. While on it we all had a special pass so we could come and go as we pleased and they were never taken up - at least mine wasn't and things were getting monotonous with nothing to do. The barracks where I slept was quite a ways from the brig where I was still supposed to be on detail, and the Chief of each place just took it for granted that I was reporting to the other and never said anything. As there was little to do most of the time I went out to an early matinee show as some of the theaters were still giving free passes to the servicemen.

So it came about that I had more free time than I had money to enjoy it. As I knew several others were making extra money working outside, I went down to the employment office and got a job as night watchman on the docks. But it so happened that the first night I was talking to the foremen of the stevedores and he told me I was wasting my time and that if I would go down to their union hall and get a worker's permit he would put me to work and I would make four times what I was as a watchman; so I did.

Now I never knew why, whether he had someone in the service or what, but he favored me and I got quite a few easy jobs such as being sent out on the tug at the beginning of the shift to pick up a barge loaded with cargo for the ship. Now the Captain of the tug boat would generally pull up along side of some empty pier and tie up for a couple of hours and we all took a short nap after which we would pick up the barge and bring it to the ship. I never did figure out why I as one of the stevedores had to go with the tug boat but I took a list and had to be sure it was the right numbered one and I never asked questions. This was, of course, all night work.

Now I never had it so good, work three or four nights a week, sleep at the Naval Y.M.C.A. during the day and enjoy myself the rest of the time, going into the barracks about once a week.

But like all good things, this too had to come to an end and it might have gone on for a long time if I had done like I found others were doing - that is pay a bribe to the Chief to let me get by with it. But I did not know about that.

Anyway, one Friday morning they had general muster when everyone had to be accounted for and I could not be found and the two Chiefs got together and found out what was going on with neither getting a cut. So when I came in Monday to see if I had any mail I was told I was in deep trouble and was sent to the detention barracks and told I better think up a damn good excuse or I might lose my rating.

The next morning I was taken up before Captain Stone who it was rumored was just as hard as his name as it was said at one time because of some family affair where he had been crossed by an enlisted man and never got over it. Be that as it may, I had thought up a good excuse and just as he was about to pronounce sentence his aide handed my record before him and he read the presentation from the Secretary of the Navy, Daniels for my part in the submarine affair. He read it and said, "Best recommendation the Navy knows. Warning." I almost dropped right there as I felt sure I would at least lose one rating.

Now I lost my special pass and had to wait like the others until four-thirty to go ashore, but a habit is hard to break and I missed my early shows as there was no television in those days to take their place. So I finally figured out a way to get out early. As I said the armory was just inside of the front main gate and outside just across the street was a snack bar so I would get dressed up, go up to the Army and visit with the Chief Petty Officer, who was a good friend of mine as we had been shipmates on the Pennsylvania, then ask him if he wanted a sandwich. Of course, he always did so I would tell him to tell the guard to let me out the gate to get it, which he did. Then I would wait for the first one coming in and there was always someone, so I would ask him to take it in to the Chief and I would be on my way to an early show. I suppose you might call it a bribe to get out but that was the way things were done in those days.

To make a long story short I was kind of growing tired of the place and put in for sea duty again, so was assigned to the U.S.S. New Orleans, another one of Admiral Dewey's old ships only much smaller with only a crew of 34 including the officers and 14 of the enlisted men were not even Seamen. They had put out a sign at the pier where they were tied up saying "Join the Navy and see the world without going through the training station." Fourteen of, as we called them, wharf rats, teenagers that hung around the docks all the time to see what they could get away with, thinking it was a good opportunity to get away, signed up.

It seemed that we were being sent down to the coast of Mexico to check on some lighthouses or something. At any rate we never got there. We got as far as Key West and had been having trouble with the new men most of the time as they were not used to discipline and a couple were next to impossible to do anything with. For instance, I don't think one of them ever took a bath and he was told to several times without doing it. So one day the deck crew took it upon themselves to give him one with the hose and a scrub brush, scrubbing him until his skin was red. Needless to say, he never had to be told to take a bath again. Another one ate like a pig with his fingers most of the time and other things that made it disgusting to eat with him, so the Chief Boatswain's Mate told me to make a little trough like you feed pigs in and at the next meal instead of a plate put that in front of him saying if you want to act like a pig, eat like one and warn him that if he did not improve he could expect worse. Needless to say, he improved his ways.

While we were tied up at the dock at Key West on September 1, 1919 a hurricane started blowing and the Captain took the ship in open water thinking it would be

safer to ride it out and put out both anchors and then had our engines going full speed ahead and yet we were being driven backwards which will give you some idea of the force of the hurricane.

The only thing that stopped us from being driven ashore was that a big passenger ship by the name of Carmel and owned by the Morgan Steamship Company was torn from the dock by the force of the wind and went aground across our anchor chains. However, now we were worse off as we were now swinging from side to side like a toy boat against the side of the ship at least three times our size. We had a whale boat hanging over the side and when the two ships came together it smashed up like a tooth pick, motor and all, and it was only after we got aboard the other ship at the risk of our lives and got some big cork fenders to put over the side that we were able to lighten the force of the two boats coming together and saved us from far greater damage. The hurricane continued to blow for thirty-six hours in which time most of us did not get much sleep. After it was over I was dead on my feet and was told to get some sleep somewhere so went down in the sail locker and slept around the clock.

The next day a tug boat came out and we cut our anchor chain and were towed into dock and tried to clean up some of the damage and while there two of the new men deserted. Then they took us up the Mississippi River to New Orleans. I forgot to state that while at Key West I had had a real good dinner at a restaurant located in a big two-story building. Well, when we got back to the dock some time later I went ashore expecting to enjoy myself at the same restaurant again but lo and behold when I got there there was not a stick to show where the building had been which will give you some idea of the force of the hurricane.

It was decided that the ship was so badly damaged that they would put her out of commission and in the meantime eight more of the new men were over the side leaving the Navy with four out of the fourteen that had signed up. The others no doubt had enough of sea life.

So here I was back in New Orleans where I had enjoyed myself so much before, only now I was assigned to the station. After we all left the New Orleans, I visited some of the families that had been so kind to us the first time. Some of the girls had gotten married and there just wasn't that warmth of friendship that they showed the first time. The war was over and they wanted to forget.

I started to go to navigation school in the evenings and helped to take everything moveable off the New Orleans during the day including all food and other ships stores as it was all being put in a warehouse to be auctioned off at a later date. No one seemed to pay any attention where some of it went. Enough to say we got our share of canned fruit, new clothing, etc.

I only wish I had gotten in on the silver set that was given to the ward room when the ship was put in commission by the city of New Orleans, which was the custom of the day. Whenever a ship was named after a city that city presented the ship with a silver set. I think some of the officers got rid of most of it as I was told to nail the lid on a wooden box full of trash and on top of the lid it said 'silver set' which seemed to tell something about it.

I had started out and helped to put in commission the biggest and newest ship in the fleet which was the U.S.S. Pennsylvania when I first enlisted and here I was ending up on one of the oldest and smallest ones and helping to put her out of commission; quite a coincidence and something not many could say.

The couple of months I had left I put in doing guard duty now and then and going to school in the evenings, and a week before I was to be discharged I was ready to take my examination for Third Mate in the Merchant Marine which I felt held a better future than the Navy as the Boatswain's Mate was only getting \$48.00 per month but as a Third Mate I would start at \$135.00. Now I wanted to say I got my license before I got out of the Navy so asked for three days leave to take it as I was just sitting around doing nothing but they would not let me have the time off, I guess figuring that if I did not have the license they might talk me into re-enlisting.

Well, the day my time was up the Captain called me up all smiles and said, "Lafferty, your time is up." and offered me some inducements such as the next higher rating which I felt I had coming anyway as they would not offer it if they thought I could not handle it and only held it back to get me to sign over. Then they offered to send me anywhere I wanted to go even throwing in three months pay as a bonus if I would sign on the dotted line.

Well, I told the Captain how I felt and why and said, "With all due respects to you and the service, if ever I sign my name on a dotted line again that stops me from doing what I want to I want to be kicked where it hurts." Now I have met a lot of men before and since but I never saw anyone change as he did. His face got all red and all he could say was, "Sit down there or you may not get your papers today." A little while later I had my honorable discharge and my career in the Navy was ended on my twenty-first birthday, not much better or worse than most, but as I remember it.

Three days later I had my license and went into the Y.M.C.A. to see if I had any mail and who should I see but the Chief Master of Arms who had been over us on our first trip in the Armed Guard Service, just as overbearing as ever as he said, "I suppose you are going to ship over as you won't make it on the outside?" Well, I shoved my Third Mates license in front of him and told him I felt sorry for anyone who did not have any more ambition than to stay in the Navy. I won't put down what he said but somehow I thought it was an act of fate that caused me to meet him again at the end.

All I can say is it all was an education you would not get in any school.

Joseph Lafferty
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Lone Sailor

U.S. NAVY MEMORIAL
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