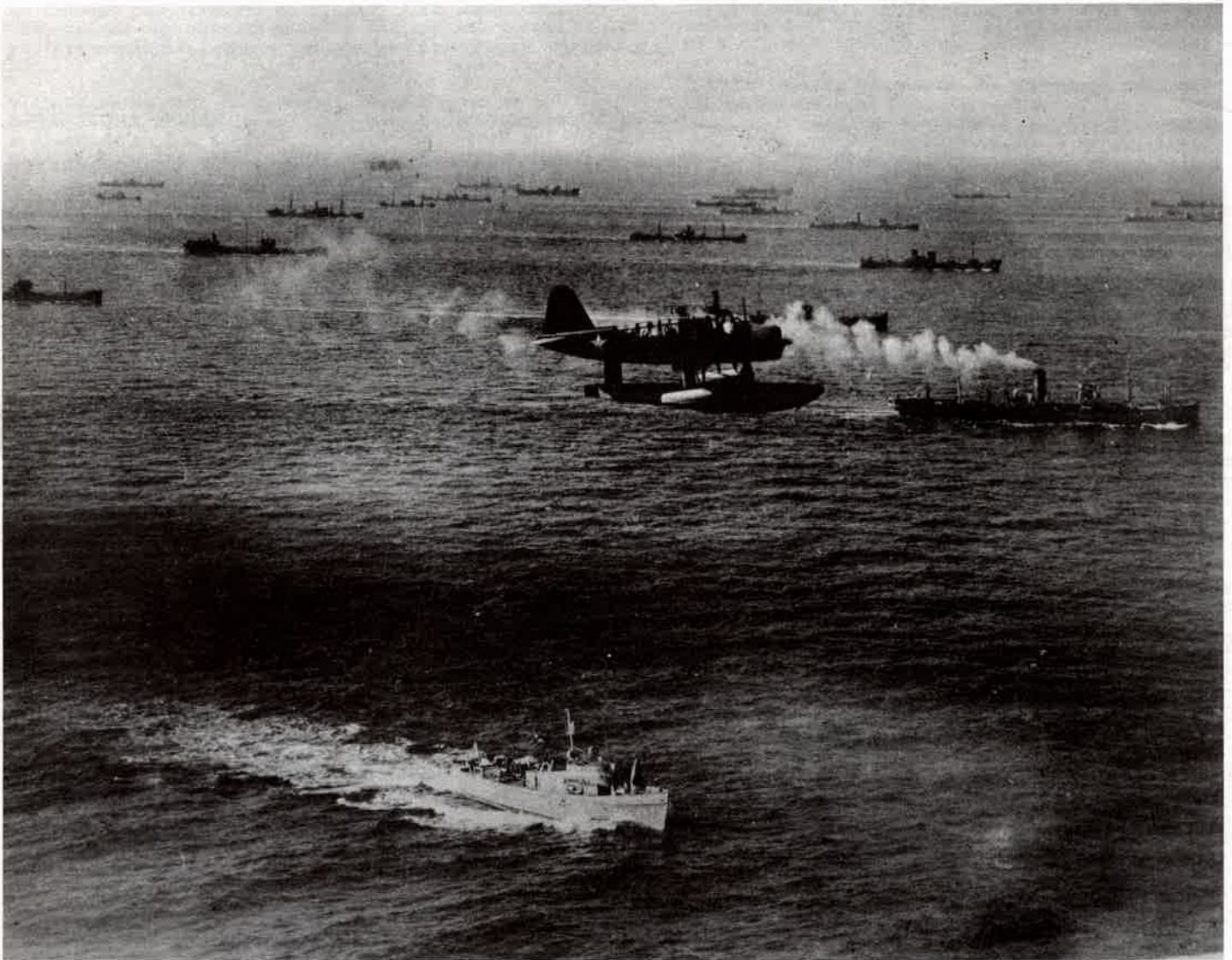


MARCH/APRIL 1993

# THE P INTER

## CONVOY PROTECTION

*On the sea and in the air.*



Men of the U.S. Coast Guard shepherd a convoy of merchant ships carrying vital supplies to America's fighting men on the far-flung battle fronts. Streaking over the convoy the Coast Guard planes scan the shipping lanes for the enemy activity, while the potent Coast Guard "Sub-busters" sweep a path clear of enemy submarines. *(Photo courtesy of the U.S. Coast Guard.)*

# THE POINTER

## Officers for 1992

Charles A. Lloyd, Chairman & Secretary  
5712 Partridge Lane  
Raleigh, N.C. 27609  
1-919-876-5537

Al "Chet" and Wanda Colella  
1993 Reunion Hosts  
149 Eldorado Dr.  
St. Peters, MO 63376  
1-314-279-6872

Lonnie D. Lloyd, Treasurer

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Lyle Kell	.....	WA
Robert Aldrich	.....	NV

## 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  
Tax Exempt No. 74-2316668

**NOTICE:** The Russia Tour described on page 6 of the Jan. Pointer has been CANCELLED. The Battle of the Atlantic celebration however, is still on!

**1994 HOSTS:** Rudolph & Eleanor Kozak  
4950 Dory Drive, Gulfharbor, New Port Richey  
Florida, 34652 Telephone 831-847-4038

**NORTH RUSSIA CLUB:** Contact Secretary  
Pete S. Skinner, Burscott, High Clovelly,  
Bideford, Devon, England EX39 5RR,  
0237-431481

# THE PLANE SHOOTER

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

USN Armed Guard World War II Veterans

"PLAIN SHOOTING FOR PLANE SHOOTERS"

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA!!! HERE WE COME!!! LAST CALL!!!

Hello to all, Y'all:

MARCH-APRIL-1993

Hope all is well at your place and you are getting you house in order, so you can be with the crew in Las Vegas. To you "NEW OL'SALTS" and your ladies that I failed to tell when you came on board, the ladies are invited to the Reunions, also. Many had called, or wrote to ask. So now we all know!!

The May 16, 1993 National Reunion in Las Vegas has started to pick up in number and to those who have not signed on, please make your reservation before the CUT-OFF date of April 14th at the Sahara Hotel which is our "HEADQUARTERS" for the DINNERS, DANCE and where the DISPLAY and HOSPITALITY ROOM will be set up and the FUN BEGINS. We have over many rooms booked and more if needed. "BE-SURE-TO-TELL-THEM!! ARMED GUARD REUNION" when you call. If you called and DID NOT let them know! DO SO BEFORE REUNION!!

For those of you who are handicapped, you'll have to look after yourself the best you can as you now do in everyday life. Our budget is just not where we can afford to pay for "Special Facilities". We will do all we can to see that you can attend any and all functions if possible. Any of us can be in your condition in minutes, and we do care for you.

I am placing the Itinerary again in case you failed to receive it. Every time the "POINTER" is sent out, about ten comes back to me because the LABELS came off. If you did not receive the 11/92, or the Jan.'93 POINTER, notify me before the "OVERPRINT" copies are all gone to the "NEW OL'SALTS".

**SPECIAL NOTICE:!!!** On April 14, 1944, there was a ship in the harbor at "Bombay, India" that caught fire while unloading their cargo. Before the fire could be extinguished, she blew up and killed over 1500 people, including 66 firefighters. Over 4000 more were injured with hundreds missing. Some 20 cargo ships were burned, or badly damaged with 600 buildings, filled with war material of all kinds,

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



were destroyed. Any of you who were there at the time, or; if your ship was there right after then, write me of what you saw, how you were involved, etc. I need the information as soon as possible for I want to run as much as possible in the next "POINTER". All the world should know more.

The ship's name was the "S.S. FORT STIKINE" and of the British Registry. The S.S. General V, Sweiten Registry unknown at this time and the S.S. Jalapadma, a Dutch ship was there. Write down what you saw and what you know.

NOW!! For an update on the "NORMANDY" JUNE 6, 1994 as seen by the S.S. JOHN W. BROWN; S.S. LANE (V) and the S.S. JEREMIAH O'BRIEN. I'll take them one at a time, with the "BROWN" first. She needs about 200,000 new rivets when she goes into drydock. We need donations now to help pay for the costs. She and the LANE (V) needs a new sanitation system. I believe the O'BRIEN needs a "FEW" new rivets, too. The problem is that it will cost nearly, somewhere in the neighborhood of NINE MILLION (\$9,000,000.) DOLLARS to prepare them to and from, plus expenses while they are gone. Do not laugh, as yet!! It was only going to cost a little over \$6,000,000. Just to remodel the STATUTE of LIBERTY from donations. They raised way over 26 million dollars and people still contribute. These are the people we need to contact and find out which neighborhood they live.

Will we raise that much money? Some say it is not worth it. I say it is and lots more. It would be a disgrace to the Nation if it did not. After all, this will be the "FIRST 50th ANNIVERSARY" of the "NORMANDY INVASION". This will be the last "50th" Anniversary to all of those brave men who gave of themselves where a BEACHHEAD could be established. Someone had to do it. They did it because someone had given them the task to do what had to be done. It was the American Way at that time. Millions of people had fallen to the enemy. "WE HAD TO WIN!"

The "CONVOY" is dedicated to all the men and ships that fought "THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC". It will be dedicated to them. It will also honor all men and ships who has sailed the sea to all parts of the world. The plan is to sail all three ships to ENGLAND, to ports to be announced. They will be escorted by two Navy Frigates. I have Faith in the American people to see that the three ships are at Normandy on "D-DAY-JUNE 6th, 1944" with ships and planes from all Nations. This will be a great day and the Historical Event that generations to come will talk about. This is the "U.S. NAVY ARMED GUARD WW II VETERANS" and "THE U.S. MERCHANT SEAMEN WWII VETERANS" time to stand up and be counted for the 1810 Armed Guard; the 6,185 Merchantmen and 529 U.S. Army Transport Service men killed in service during WW II. Let us not forget those who gave up their lives in "World War One" and of their crews.

Are you ready to see that this happens? Be ready! OUR MOTTO WAS: "WE AIM TO DELIVER", AND WE DID!! We have a job to do. We can not do it negatively. We have to be positive and we need to start "NOW". We have less than "18 MONTHS". If you know of any source, or; any idea to raise this money, let the ships know. Their names and addresses are below:

- 1.S.S.JOHN W.BROWN P.O.BOX 25846 HIGHLAND TOWN STA.  
BALTIMORE, MD. 21224 0846 TEL-301-558-0646
- 2.S.S.JEREMIAH O'BRIEN, FORT MASON CENTER, BLDG-A  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94123-1382
- 3.S.S.LANE VICTORY, 839 S.BEACON ST., BERTH 52,  
SAN PEDRO, CA. 90731 TEL-213-519-9545.

For those who have written to say they would sail, first of all, you will have to be in the BEST of health. Your "FRIENDLY" doctor's word is not good enough. You probably will be checked sort of like when you went into service. You probably be given a drug test. You have to take a double supply of prescription drug you are now on. You will need 2 pair of eyeglasses, "IF" you wear them. It may be that you'll have to sail to a certain port and be removed and you'll have get home the best way you

can. You will have to "PULL" your load. You will have to obtain ordinary seaman papers, which will not be a problem. It will not be easy, but!! You will never get a chance to celebrate another 50th Anniversary like this in your lifetime!! Write to the ship of your choice if interested. They will have complete control on who goes. The "BRITISH" tells me they are looking forward to this event. I hope that we do not fail in this endeavor.

No!!! I will not be going as I was away five days going to Florida to find a Hotel large enough, at a fair price, for the "1994" National Reunion. I came back to a WHEEL BARROW full of mail and that is one reason the "POINTER" is late. I will tell you that it was great to meet with 129 people at Rudy Kozak's luncheon at Palm Harbor, Florida and visting with Rudy and Eleanor Kozak, who is to be the host for the event. Y'all, I enjoyed the stay.

Rudy, Eleanor, Hilda and I had an appointment to meet with Vickie Hiatt, Manager of Sales with the Clarion Hotel in Orlando, Florida on Feb. 8, 1993 and we were very successful in finding a hotel at a reasonable price. It's a lovely hotel, nice and clean with ample meeting space for all functions. It will be April 10-14, 1994 so you can mark your calendar now. In fact, come to Las Vegas and we will all talk about it and have brochures!!

I want to give you names and addresses again for different things. The first item of interest is that each year, we have Larry and Eva French who have been our Reunion Photographers since 1985 in Norfolk, Va. They will take your picture, if you would like, so you can have the pictures, along with your name and address entered into the ANNUAL NATIONAL REUNION YEARBOOK for a small sum of \$12.00. Many can not attend the REUNIONS but you can be counted in by sending in a pocketbook size photo with your name and address to them. As of 1993, we will have some pages of History of the Armed Guard in it so your family's future generations to see and read about. The more who takes a part in this, the better the book. This is a book that you can pull out during the year after you have forgotten their names you met at a MINI-Reunion or the National and refresh your MEMORY!!

On Memorial Day 1994, Mike Molinari, Phil Cooper, Al Lowe of Brooklyn, N.Y. and others in the area, along with Alex Lombardi of Montclair, N.J, who is the North East Regional Chairman will place an ARMED GUARD PLAQUE aboard the USS INTREPID CV-11. dedicated to the 144,970 who served and especially to the 1810 who were killed in action.

A "MERCHANT MARINE PLAQUE" will also be placed by M.M. Hosts George Searle, East Brunswick, N.J. and Joe Katusa, Carmichaels, Pa. of the Merchantmen. This Ceremony will be in conjunction with ship's historical service and with their approval. Send me a "self-addressed-stamped-envelope" and I will send you information, as I get it. My address is on the outside of each "POINTER". Your local MINI-Reunion Host will also be informed A.S.A.P.

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Somewhere in all of this I misplaced pictures and other items I was supposed to have returned. Some day, I hope to stop long enough to return them. I hope you will continue to remind me for I may not have your request handy when I do find it. Please understand my plight. I know you want them back.

Here's to a wonderful reunion in Las Vegas, Nev. THANKS to Al and Wanda Colella for being our hosts for the occasion. Wait until you see the replica of the LONE SAILOR, in ice. To those who can not attend for various reasons, we hope to have VIDEO made whereby you may purchase. WE WILL DO OUR OWN THIS YEAR. We don't have too many more to attend. Take care, stay healthy and a safe trip there. cal

Anyone wishing to contact Martin Vallee, please phone 313-235-3530. Do not use the 800 number given earlier.



REGIONAL and MINI REUNIONS, GET-TOGETHERS, ETC.  
PLEASE LET ME KNOW OF ANY ERRORS SO IT CAN BE  
CORRECTED IN NEXT "POINTER".

ALL ARMED GUARD, their Ladies and Guests are "WELCOMED" to attend any of the functions below. Write or call them to get the itinerary. I do not have room for ALL the people's PERSONAL SHIPS that asks me to insert into POINTER. I put in only the OUTFITS such as LST; DESA; ETC. If I did it for one, I'd have to do it all. Some have offered to pay extra for cost of printing and postage. I do hope you understand. That's why there is no advertising. There is enough in your paper! We pay our way! I do appreciate other UNITS for placing the ARMED GUARD NOTICE in their papers, Mags, etc.

PLEASE NOTIFY THE HOSTS, prior to attending a meeting if you can. If you happen to be in the area when traveling, join in. It's no problem. They'll set another plate and thin the "coffee"! If you have a few extra bucks to help them buy postage, I'm sure they'll use it wisely for expenses. Also, let them know you appreciate it.

Wyoming Armed Guard will meet 4/24/93 in Casper, WY. Contact: Bob Gerard 1604 Sheridan, Laramie, WY. 82070 307-745-3532.

The 50th Anniversary of the "BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC" will be held in LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND May, 1993. Dick Squires 28 Westbrook Rd. Gateacre, Liverpool, Eng. L25 2PX 051-487-9567 will be the one to contact. I understand that ships from many nations will be there.

Lansing, Mich. Area holds a: FIRST WEDNESDAY--EVERY 2 MONTHS--!! The next will be 4/7/93 at 8:30 A.M. at GOLDEN GATE RESTAURANT at 6435 S. CEDAR, Lansing, Mich., (Exit 104 from I-96) Contact: Carl Mescher, 508 Wayland, East Lansing, Mich. 48823 517-332-1027; or Martin Vallee, 1412 Brookwood, Flint, Mich. 48503 313-238-3392. AND AL WILBUR 520 WOOD ST. EATON RAPIDS, MI. 48827 517-663-5301

Illinois-Wisconsin Hosts for 1993 are: George and Lorraine Koehl Rt. 1 Box 335 Darien, WI. 53114 Tel-414-724-5504 and the Regional reunion will be held OCTOBER 8-10, 1993 AT THE "DELANVAN HOUSE" in Delavan, WI. Virgil and Isabel Meeks of Milwaukee will assist.

WA-OR-ID-AK "NORTHWEST SPRING REUNION" will be held 4/1-3/93 with Glen and Louise Willischen 13263 So. Highway 211, Molalla, Oregon (503) 829-2059 as hosts in Portland, Or., so write the dates down and plan to attend. CONTACT THEM!!! This is as early as they can hold one due to weather in the mountain passes.

The GALLUP'S ISLAND RADIO ASSOCIATION P.O., Box 28085 Minneapolis Mn. 55428 will hold their 9/16-19/93 National Reunion in New Orleans, La. Contact them for more info.

\*\*\*\*\*  
NOTICE!! You can order an "ARMED GUARD JACKET" by sending direct to: "Richard and Billie Kohse" 2304 Lister Rd. Olympia, Wa. 98505 (206) 456-1946 a \$30.00 Check; or Money Order (Includes Postage) stating: SIZES: SMALL-MED-LARGE--X-LARGE. It has the ARMED GUARD EAGLE on the back. For the "NEW OL' SALTS", the EAGLE was adopted at our 1985 NATIONAL REUNION at NORFOLK, VA. as our INSIGNIA.

American Merchant Marine Veterans will hold their 7th Annual Natl. Convention in Portland, Oregon. June 13-16, 1993, according to the Host Howard Alexander, 6044 N.E. Davis, Portland, Or. 97213-3850.

KS-MO-OK-NE-AR REGIONAL REUNION will be held BELTON, MO. 10/8/10/93 The hosts for this affair will be John and Patricia Schorr, 2208 E. 126th St., Kansas City, Mo. 64146 816-942-1067. PLACE IS THE SAME AS BELOW!! Edward Hollenbeck 8704 Bannister Ter. Kansas City, Mo. 64134 816-761-7448 and Stan DeFoe 4303 Osage, Independence, Mo. 64055 816-373-5890 will assist.

Oklahoma should contact RALPH McNALLY P O Box 423 Skiatook, Okla. (918) 396-2693 on their meetings at Perry's Cafe HWY 169-76th St. N. Owasso, Ok. They have a great time getting together.

UPPER PA, CREW! Next meeting will be held 4/22/93 at the "PLATZ, S RESTAURANT" 101 Harrit Rd. Lehighton Pa. 18235 215-377-1819 and Clint Barr, 2340 Third St., Easton, Pa. 18042 215-258-3056 host. Their 2nd. meeting will be June 29, 1993. SAME PLACE!! Need some one in the Philadelphia area to get the crew together. VOLUNTEERS?

LITTLE FERRY, NJ AREA will begin their 1ST TUESDAY of each MONTH 11:30 A.M. Luncheon at TRACEY'S RESTAURANT #4 Bergen Pike, Little Ferry 07643 201-440-1100. Host will be William Weber, 460 Liberty St. A-101, Little Ferry, NJ 07643 (201) 641-1191. They had a great turnout on their first try and were happy!!

Pittsburgh, Pa. crew meets on the "3rd Sat." for a "NOON LUNCHEON" at the GREENTREE MARIOTT. CONTACT: Hilary Makowski 202 Wedgewood Crt., Carnegie, Pa. 15106 (412)-429-8510. NOTICE!! They will hold a picnic on SUNDAY JULY 18, 1993 at the CLOVER LEAF ESTATES WEST.

CHICOPEE-LUDLOW, Mass. CONTACT Thomas and Priscilla Dufresne, 289 Munasing St. Ludlow, Ma. 01056 (413)-583-8580 hosts a "2ND SUNDAY" 9 AM BREAKFAST at: MOOSE LODGE 1849 244 FULLER RD. CHICOPEE, MA. assisted by Roger Fournier of Springfield, Ma. 413-782-9256; Sam Pittittieri, 413-592-1854 and Louis Carr 413-783-5904.

Albany, N.Y. AREA HOSTS, Henry and Joyce Carrington, announces they will hold a 12 P.M., "3rd" Sat. of each mo. at the Marriott Hotel 189 Wolf Rd. Albany, N.Y. These "YANKERS" will not send us snow!!

Jeff and Mabel Haselden, 120 Richardson Blvd. Lugoff, S.C. 29078 (803) 438-1491

Richmond, Va. Crew meets at 1 P.M. for a "LUNCHEON" at MORRISON'S Cafe 7035 W. Broad St. Richmond, Va. on the "2ND SATURDAY". Hosts Clarence and Helen Durham, 4813 Lowells Rd., Richmond, Va. 23224 804-233-6023. Take I-64 at Broad and Glenside Exit turn left onto Broad-2 Blocks on the left. Their crew is growing in members.

In NORFOLK, Va. Contact: Robert and Margaret Burrill 5320 Brockie St. Virginia Beach, Va. 23464 (804) 479-4608 for a 12:30 PM Luncheon at the C and M Cafeteria Virginia Beach Blvd.

George Milk 449 St. James St. Port Charlotte 33952 813 627-6759 area meets at the Golden Corral--PUNTA GORDA, FL. on the 3rd Tues. at 1:30 P.M. When vacationing, join in with these Florida Crews.

Rudy and Eleanor Kozak 4950 Dory Dr. (Gulfharbor) New Port Richey Fl. 34652 (813)-847-4038 announces that their next 11:30 LUNCHEON will be 2/6/93 at the Brown Derby in Palm Harbor, Fl. on US-19 N. They may hold another meeting in April. CONTACT HIM!! We will try to make the Febuary meeting and look at Hotels in Orlando for '94.

Springhill, Florida area (and others) can contact Wm.T.Young 4206 Parkhurst Lane, Springhill, Fl. 34608 904-683-9333 hosts a breakfast on the 3RD Saturday of each month. Y'ALL have fun!!

PORT ST.LUCIE, Fl. area will start a "LAST FRIDAY IN THE MONTH" at JOHNNY'S CORNER FAMILY RESTAURANT 7180 U.S. #1 PORT ST.LUCIE 34952 407-878-2686 by HOST KEN CLASEN, 552 S.W.Badger Ter. Port St.Lucie Fl. 34953-2909 407-879-7151.

Arizona Crew Host John Noyes 4651 East 17th St. Tucson, Az. 85711 (602) 790-4229 holds a 4th Sat. of each Month, 11 A.M. meeting, at the Mountain View Restuarant 1220 E. Prince Rd. while Carlo Traf-

## PREPARED SPEECH FOR RUSSIAN MEDAL CEREMONY December 8, 1992, Washington, DC

I am Charles A. Lloyd, Ser. # 969 56 89, Chairman of the U.S. NAVY ARMED GUARD ASSOCIATION of World War II, 5712 Partridge Lane, Raleigh, NC 27609-4126, telephone 919-876-5537. It is indeed a pleasure to be here today, December 8, 1992, 51 years afterword to the date, whereby the United States of America declared war upon the Japanese Empire due the barbaric attack at Pearl Harbor, in the Hawaiian Island on December 7, 1941. As our late President Franklin D. Roosevelt states, "A DAY THAT WILL LIVE IN INFAMY."

Mr. Yuri Menshikov, Attache/Public Affairs for the Embassy of the Russian Federation; Staff of the Embassy who have assisted in hosting this wonderful, historic occasion; the brave men who sailed the ships on the famous "MURMANSK, RUSSIA RUN" and fought the battle against the enemy submarines, raiders, planes and mine fields, to and from their destination and also braved the cold and heavy seas, we salute you for a job well done. You are to be commended for your courage.

I would like to remind all of you that this BATTLE did not just start at the NORTH SEA and into Russian Ports, it started at the entrance to the harbors of every seaport in the world from whence a ship sailed. I would like to remind all of you that war materials from the United States, Canada and other countries were also routed up through the Persian Gulf to supply our Russian Allies and with these weapons and food supplies, they were able to turn back the enemy and save their homeland. The Russian casualties were approximately 26,000,000 men, women and children. Countless slaughter of human lives.

The destruction of beautiful buildings and landmarks was a disgrace to humanity. The heartaches of war; the separation of families, never to see each other again; the broken limbs, the loss of eyesight; the horrors of war. Through the services of these men here today and many more who faced the dangers of war, the enemy was beaten.

Let me quickly tell you who the U.S. ARMED GUARD was and their duties. We were the Officers, Gunners, Signalmen and Radiomen whose duty was to man the guns, radios and signals on board cargo ships of all kinds, troop transports, tankers and just about everything else that floated during the war. The ARMED GUARD consisted to 144,970 personnel with 1810 being killed and many injured. There were only 27 taken Prisoner of War and only 14 of these survived.

We were also known during WW II as men who raided the refrigerators as we had the best appetites in the world. We had to be physically fit. Excellent hearing, 20-20 eyesight and with good night vision. You probably will look at us now and say, "Where did you go wrong!!" Age takes its toll.

I would feel bad if I did not recognize the brave Merchant Crews who navigated these ships through these dangerous waters to Ports-of-Call which touched practically every seaport in the world. To the 350,000 or more who served and especially the approximately 8762 who lost their lives, the U.S.N. Armed Guard WW II Veterans salute you.

We of the Armed Guard Veterans have located over 12,000 of our original 144,970 since 1985. If you know of one of our crew, please have them contact me for we are running out of years.

To you of the Russian Federation, who represent your wonderful people, I want to thank you for making this Historical Event possible. To you, and to all of you attending this Ceremony, in behalf of the U.S. Navy Armed Guard Veterans, I would like to wish you a Joyous Holiday Season and a peaceful 1993 year and all the years to follow.

Thank you, and may God go with you always. We love you.

Charles A. Lloyd



icano 108 N.Greenfield Rd. Apt-2117 Mesa, Az. 85205 hosts a "1ST" Sat. of the Month meeting at Mike's Restuarant 1734 E. Main St., 10 A.M. If you are in that area, they'd be glad to count you in.

**LST CREW CONTACT: "LST ASSOCIATION",** Mike and Linda Gunjak, P.O. Box 167438, Oregon, Oh. 43616-7438 1-800-228-5870 for their BIG NATIONAL LST REUNION to be held in ORLANDO, Fla. at the CLARION PLAZA HOTEL SEPT.1-6,1993. They have an excellent LST PAPER with plenty of information as the LSTs were in every invasion, too.

**Destroyer Escort Association (DESA)** has a wonderful paper called "THE DESA NEWS" and is published bi-monthly. CONTACT: DON GLASER, DESA NEWS, P.O.Box 680085 Orlando, FL 32868 (407)-877-7671. They will hold their National Reunion in Nashville, Tenn. 9/6-10/93. I am told they are in the process of bring a DE from Greece to the STATES to restore. THEY WILL ACCEPT DONATIONS!!!

Ralph Taylor, 426 Littlefield Dr. Lone Oak, Tx 75453 is trying to locate all M.M. crews in the area. He has invited all the Armed Guard crew to meet with them for SEA STORIES!!

**S.S.JEREMIAH O'BRIEN ACTIVITIES!** Check with "MARCI HOOPER", Sales Rep., Fort Mason Center, Bldg-A, San Francisco, Ca. 94123 for the O'BRIEN on sailing date tickets or other information.

WE continue to hold our FIRST SATURDAY OF THE MONTH--BREAKFAST at GRIFFIN'S RESTAURANT, 1604 North Market Dr., Raleigh, N.C. off of 4500 Block of OLD WAKE FOREST RD. behind RED LOBSTER in the NORTH MARKET WAY PLAZA. Take 440 BY-PASS NORTH and get off at #10 Exit and head North. If you come into Raleigh to stay overnight, get a room on the North Side and you'll be close by, and then give me a call 876-5537 (A.G.#) or 872-7115-Res. if in town. Y'ALL COME ON!

If I missed any meetings, it is because I never got it, or I just overlooked it. I have an ARMED GUARD telephone, 1-919-876-5537 so you can call them in; or, just write it down and send in. PLEASE keep this list so I don't have to put them in the next POINTER.

Contact: Joe Piccolini 9724 Paseo De ORO, Cypress, Ca. 90630 213-598-8326, or; Charles Savonna, 8777 Coral Springs Court G-9 Huntington Beach, Ca. 92646 714-960-6925 about the Lane (V). They can use you!! You will be surprised how much you know about guns.

Contact: WALT MAGALIS 5010 Leeds Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21227 410-242-4375 about the S.S. JOHN W. BROWN. Walt informs me that cold weather makes her sort of miserable and would be better to visit her in the spring at Pier 1 but you can go look at her.

I have been in the dark as who "maintained the guns" on the S.S. JEREMIAH O'BRIEN at Bldg. A, Ft Mason Center, San Francisco, Ca. 94123-1382 415-441-3101. While talking to Marci Hooper by phone recently, she informed me that Bill Cramer, a REGULAR NAVY FLEET GUNNER had been in charge and looked after these guns. Bill, you are to be commended for doing a great job. You are about to get some help from two "Armed Guard WW II OL'SALTS" who are ready to assist you and they may be able to RECRUIT more from the area. I

hope this is a start of an even better relationship to get a job done that we can do as a team and we can have her guns shining for her trip to "NORMANDY" and let the world know who the ARMED GUARD AND MERCHANT SEAMEN WERE AND WHAT THEY DID!! "IT IS NOW OR NEVER Y'ALL"! We can get more recognition between now and JUNE 6, 1994 than we have had in the past 50 YEARS!! GO HELP THEM!!

The 2 are: Carl Kreidler (wife-Betty) 15852 Via Eduardo St. San Lorenzo, Ca. 94580 510-351-1954 and William McGee (wife Sandra) 878 Oak Leaf Way, Napa, Ca. 94558 707-258-1560. There may be others who would like to be called on if needed. OR!! Have a son who would like to see how "POP" did it the hard way. If any of you are in the area, visit her and someone will show you around. Be a part of her, donate and get others so they will be ready for the open seas when the time comes to "shove off" next year.

If you have items to go into the Museums of these ships, send to the ship of your choice. Let's get all information on these ships while we can. THESE SHIPS BELONG TO EVERYONE. CAL

Bill, I enjoyed the phone call and appreciate anything you can do in the name of the ARMED GUARD crew there. It is not my intent to take away anything from anyone who has been an asset to making the organization so successful. I would be the first to say how much I appreciate the countless hours that Carl Winder, his wife Thelma and their daughter, Chris have done in the past in locating Armed Guard "NEW OL'SALTS" from that area. On the other hand, I do not think he was right in trying to break up what has been accomplished by everyone and see this thing go into bankruptcy. I have been down a few thousand dollars before to keep this ship afloat and was bailed out with 50-50 tickets, sales of items, donations and "CHANCE".

I was supposed to have gone with Al Colella to Las Vegas to pick out the hotel but was unable to go. The ones who have complained from that area were all at the BALTIMORE 1991 NATIONAL REUNION and not one contacted Colella and told him they would help. I think I still have the letter that I wrote to Leo Eerner in this computer and if so, I will print it out for you. I do regret that these men feel as if they were counted out. Al did what he thought was right and I am 100 per cent behind him in his decision. He, nor I, make one cent from any decision and care less which hotel is headquarters as long as it has facilities to accomodate us.

As you said, we could talk for weeks but I have many things to do today such as running labels and California lists for you. I do hope they will understand and attend. If they elect to do otherwise, it is regrettable and would make me think that most all the efforts of all has been a waste of time, in their eyes. I don't have the time to be involved in such childless attitudes. (and you don't have to agree)

Take care and do what you have to do. You owe no one anything and I hope all the area crew will work for the betterment of making the ARMED GUARD on board the S.S. Jeremiah O'Brien a name to remember. I am sending you a box of JAN-FEB "POINTER"s to place on the ship there to give to those interested. The ones I sent to the S.S. Lane Victory was accepted and they were distributed. calloyd 1/10/93

## LETTER TO FRIENDS AND ALLIES ALL OVER THE WORLD - CHRISTMAS 1992

To Our Friends Outside the U.S.A.:

In behalf of the Armed Guard Veterans, I would like to wish each of you the most JOYOUS HOLIDAY SEASON and look forward to a HAPPY and HEALTHY NEW YEAR.

This has been a very rewarding year and much progress has been made in establishing a bond of friendship around the world among our people. We all have gained worldwide recognition for our service to our country during those days in our own special forces that have so long been forgotten. Here in the United States, the Armed Guard and Merchant Seamen of WW II have almost completed the restoration of the S.S. JOHN W. BROWN docked at Baltimore, Maryland; the S.S. JEREMIAH O'BRIEN docked at San Francisco, California and the S.S. LANE VICTORY docked at San Pedro, California. The three ships sail under their own power and each has a museum of both groups on board for the next generation to come to see and will know we were there, doing our part.

To our NORTH RUSSIA CLUB, who hosted the 50th Anniversary of PQ-17, it was an honor to have represented the U.S.N. Armed Guard and U.S. Merchant Seamen as I, and others from the States, marched side by side in Glasgow, Scotland and Portsmouth, England with you, the "HERO SURVIVORS" of that dreadful Convoy. You were the true "UNSUNG HEROES" of your time. You were great hosts and it is my hope that you will be our hosts again in June 1994 on the 50th Anniversary of D-Day as the ships above listed hopefully will make their rendezvous to the ports in many cities that so many of our sailors visited during that period.

And to Galina Collis, Russian born interpreter, and the two Russian members of the club, whose names I don't remember, but whose friendship for a few days I will always cherish, I will always remember you and your happy smiles. What a joy to be

among foreign nationalities and nothing but warmth of friendship. Now, it seems to me that this friendship should spread and be shared with all the rest of the people of the world.

To you, our neighbors in Canada, we promise to fly your flag in the manner in which it should be flown. I am sure it was not done intentionally. To our friends "DOWN UNDER" in Australia, it is great to receive word from you from time to time. I may not answer all of your letters, but I do read them and I hope this friendship continues. Some of you lads may want to write our AUSSIE OI' Salts. They don't have to answer unless they want to. So here goes:

1. Tex McPherson, 2/243 Fitzgerald Ave., Marouba, 2035 N.S.W. Australia.
2. A. R. Rogers, 44 Lockhart Ave., L'Ballymote, Mollymook, N.S.W. Australia
3. Frank Osborn, 3 Suninghil Ave., Buradoo 2576, N.S.W. Australia

And I will have to mention Sverre E. Karlson, Frostvedtveien 30A, Larvik 3250, Norway, who visits Ian Miller, Writer from Greensboro, NC, and who pulled Ian's dad from the cold waters of the North Sea, and always ends up here in Raleigh to be with our Armed Guard Breakfast Club when he visits the "U.S.A." He is a wonderful Norwegian OI' Salt!

As we grow older, we are faced with the Day we will meet our Maker. Would you be so kind as to inform your family to notify me with a postcard giving date, if and when the days comes. You don't pay any dues to stay on the mailing list. Should you care to donate, please send it to the NORTH RUSSIA CLUB. May this Christmas Season be one that we all wished for during WW II: peaceful and the end of all hostilities among nations. May God bless all of you.

Sincerely,  
Charles A. Lloyd

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On a frigid February night in 1943, the U.S. troop ship *Dorchester* surged through rough North Atlantic seas about 150 miles off the coast of Greenland. Down in the old converted cruise ship's stifling hold, four U.S. Army chaplains circulated among the frightened young men, some lying wide-eyed in their bunks, others nervously playing cards or shooting dice. Chatting with the

the magnificent way in which these four chaplains would minister to them.

Father John Washington was from a big Irish Catholic immigrant family in New Jersey. At age 12, near death from a throat infection, he was given last rites. Miraculously he recovered. He told his sister: "God must have something special for me to do."

Alexander Goode came from a long line of rabbis. He remembered

safe return," he told his father before embarking on the *Dorchester*. "Pray that I do my duty."

"Old man" of the four was George Fox, who had received the Silver Star, Purple Heart and France's Croix de Guerre in World War I. On returning home, he entered seminary. Ordained a Methodist minister, he served a circuit of small Vermont churches until December 7, 1941. "I

On February 3 the chaplains were still up at 12:55 A.M. when the torpedo struck. The tremendous explosion threw soldiers from bunks; the lights went out and the stricken ship listed to starboard, sinking fast. Those not trapped below rushed topside. Amid the shriek of escaping steam and frantic blasts of the ship's whistle, dazed men stumbled about the dark, crowded decks. Some gripped the rails, too horror-struck to head toward the lifeboats.

The four chaplains quickly moved among the bewildered men, calming them, directing them to life rafts, urging them to escape the doomed ship. Many had forgotten their life jackets. The chaplains located a supply in a deck locker and passed them out. When the bin was empty, they pulled off their own and made others put them on.

Only two of the 14 lifeboats were successfully used in abandoning ship. Soldiers leaped into the icy sea. They clutched the gunwales of the two overloaded lifeboats, clung to doughnutlike rafts or floated alone.

The four chaplains remained on the ship's slanted aft deck, standing



*This famous painting of the Dorchester's last minutes, completed in 1948 by Dudley Summers, will hang in the Chapel of Four Chaplains at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. It is on permanent loan from the National Conference of Christians and Jews.*

must go," he told his wife. "I know what these boys are facing."

Empathy with the troops came naturally to the four chaplains. They became highly popular, mixing easily with all faiths, counseling, organizing entertainment and praying.

Their heroism has touched countless lives

# THE FOUR CHAPLAINS: 50 YEARS AFTER

by Richard H. Schneider, Guideposts Senior Staff Editor

troops, the chaplains eased tensions, calmed fears and passed out soda crackers to alleviate seasickness.

The troops anxiously looked forward to reaching Greenland the next day. They knew that U-boats prowled their ship's course. They did not know that by morning nearly three fourths of them would be dead, and that the rest would have their lives changed forever. Nor did they know

standing in Arlington National Cemetery at age 10 watching through tear-filled eyes the Unknown Soldier being laid to rest. After Pearl Harbor he left his temple in York, Pennsylvania, requesting overseas duty.

Clark Poling, a minister in the Dutch Reformed Church, had turned down a law career to carry on his family's seven-generation heritage of religious service. "Don't pray for my

## Irven Dalen-U.S.N. ARMED GUARD SAILOR-WW II

At the young age of 18, Irven R. Dalen of RR-2 Box 149, Esterville, Pa. 51344 joined the U.S. Navy in 1942. He was sent to the Great Lakes, Illinois "BOOT CAMP" for his basic training for six weeks. After "boots", Dalen was sent to the Armed Guard Gunnery School in Gulfport, Miss. for eight weeks.

He was then sent over to Savannah, Georgia where he was assigned to a Liberty Ship, the S.S. JAMES OGLETHORPE. It was the first Liberty Ship built by Kaiser Shipping Company in the Navy Yard there. He was there six weeks as they mounted all the guns aboard her and took on her supply of ammunition and cargo.

They sailed to New York, where the ship took on another supply of meat, airplanes and trucks and sailed out of New York in Convoy HX-229 bound for Liverpool, England. The OGLETHORPE carried a merchant crew of 44 men and an Armed Guard Crew of 26 plus 4 regular navy men as their passengers. They were escorted half way across the Atlantic Ocean by the U.S. Navy and British destroyers took over the duty for the other half of the voyage.

On March 16, 1943 2324 GCT a torpedo fired from a German Sub struck the No.1 hold, starting a fire in the cargo which was extinguished in 15 minutes. The engines were not secured as the ship was only damaged up forward, in the bow section. Forty three men were reported to have abandoned the ship while 30 men remained on board. They attempted to sail her to St. John's, Newfoundland but on the 17th 2 more torpedoes hit her midship and stern and she sank carrying the 30 man crew with her.

The 43 survivors were picked up at 0030 GCT by the HMS PENNYWORT (K-111) and docked at Londonderry in Northern Ireland on March 22, 1943. Dalen and 2 of his gun crew

had not abandoned ship as reported, as they were blown overboard by the blast. He still had his earphones on his head. He remembers taking them off while in the water. Dalen said that he was covered with oil and was all alone with his light to his life jacket turned on when he saw other red lights glowing from the other crewmen in the water and he swam over and joined 4 of them.

Dalen was one of few who survived and they clung to one another in a group and the HMS PENNYWORT crew threw a net over them and hoisted all 5 aboard. "The corpsmen from the HMS PENNYWORT checked our pulse, put us on the fantail of the ship and covered us up", said Dalen. "I was told there were eight of us back there as dead. The next morning, they began taking dog tags, wristwatches and billfolds from our bodies when they discovered that there was life. So they said they took all of us below deck to check us out. Two of us were still alive. I was one of them. The rest were buried at sea", he said. The British destroyer was one of 50 fourstackers the United States had given to the British Navy earlier.

Four days later, they made it to LONDONDERRY and Dalen was kept in "sickbay" for six weeks. From there he went on to Glasgow, Scotland and to Liverpool, England where he boarded the HMS Queen Elizabeth to New York and home for a 30 day leave. When he returned from leave, he was taken from the Armed Guard crew and transferred over to the Fleet and was assigned to the USS INTREPID (CV-11). After they had the "SHAKEDOWN CRUISE", they sailed her to the Panama Canal, the ship was damaged going through the locks and Dalen was sent to Newport News, Virginia and put aboard the USS FRANKLIN (CV-13), which had just loaded and ready for their "SHAKEDOWN".

They sailed to the Panama Canal; to Hawaii; to Eniwetok Islands; Guam; Formosa; Saipan; Philippines and Japan. We saw plenty of action", said Dalen. "On March 16, 1944, we had a Jap Kamakazi plane hit us. The Jap plane went right through the flight deck as 3 fellow crewmen and I were working on the planes. Two of them were killed and

together, arms linked, heads bowed in prayer, as the *Dorchester* slipped beneath the waves.

Of the 902 men aboard, 230 were rescued by two Coast Guard cutters. A British report had stated that survival would be impossible after one-half hour in such cold waters, but some men, insulated by the ship's thick fuel-oil which coated them, had floated in life jackets for eight hours.

The heroic Four Chaplains have become legend. Memorials to their "Three Faiths, One God" sprang up around the nation to promote brotherhood, fight bigotry and encourage interfaith and interracial unity. As the 50th anniversary of the sinking approached, we at GUIDEP0STS wondered about the survivors. What has happened to them?

Thanks to Colonel Archie Roberts, chaplain of the Chapel of Four Chaplains in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, I was put in touch with a number of survivors. No one has been able to find any of the four men to whom the chaplains gave their own life jackets. In the mass confusion, those receiving them might not have realized theirs came off a chaplain's back. We do know that when John Mahoney started to rush below for his gloves, Rabbi Goode stopped him and gave him his own. Those gloves helped save Mahoney's life, enabling him to cling to a lifeboat through the night.

It was exciting to talk with the survivors. All say they'll never forget the Four Chaplains. Some saw them going down with the ship. Others learned of their heroic acts after being rescued.

Most are now in their 70s, retired

The U.S.S. *Dorchester*



from active careers. Practically all suffer from numbed limbs and walking difficulties as a result of exposure. They keep in touch with one another through reunions and newsletters.

With high expectations, I asked each survivor: "Has the memory of the Four Chaplains had any effect on your life?"

"Not really," was the usual answer. But as we continued talking, I began to see that this initial response was one of modesty. For as we discussed their lives, evidence emerged that the men had been affected significantly: In one way or another they had been giving of themselves to help others.

Henry Arnett, of Newport, Arkansas, visits local hospital patients every day. Despite bad legs, he often drives the 180-mile round-trip to Little Rock to cheer patients there.

Thanks to Charles Maccli, who now lives in Peekskill, New York, a lot of youngsters in the Bronx, New York, have learned to box in a wholesome gym atmosphere, with some advancing to the Golden Gloves.

In helping keep the Four Chaplains' memory alive, Walter Miller of Bristol, Connecticut, has written widely distributed poems that honor all those lost in our country's wars.

And Anthony Naydyhor of Heller-

town, Pennsylvania, has devoted the past 12 years to caring for his wife, who is on kidney dialysis. When I suggested that he was showing real selflessness, he shrugged it off. "No," he said, "it's a privilege."

Compassion for others seems to be a guiding factor in these men's lives. Edward Dionne of Lake Placid, Florida, volunteers to help blind and needy children. And there's Daniel O'Keeffe of Sebring, Florida, who helped found a local YMCA; he is a March of Dimes chairman, works with disenfranchised youngsters, and speaks on Judeo-Christian ethics.

The survivors' spirituality was deepened in different ways. James Ward of Cincinnati says he had little interest in religion before the sinking, but the memory of the chaplains drew him to the church in which he's active today. The same goes for Robert Blakely of Alpine, California, who is a lecturer for his Catholic church and, as a Eucharistic minister, serves Communion to housebound parishioners.

But probably what all of the survivors remember most is the example of brotherhood demonstrated by the Four Chaplains. Because of this, Benjamin Epstein of Delray Beach, Florida, lectures on building bridges

of understanding between people of all faiths. James McAtamney of Newport News, Virginia, backs him up. "I was raised in a neighborhood where Jews didn't speak to Catholics and neither Catholics nor Jews spoke to Baptists. I was amazed to see that these chaplains had so much in common. To see them enjoying one another's company was a lesson to me in ecumenism long before that word became popular." Today "Mac" gives his time to Civitan International, a worldwide community-service club aimed at helping the mentally retarded. Civitan also sponsors Clergy Appreciation Week, celebrated in February to honor ministers of all faiths.

And several—like Walter Boeckholt of Algona, Iowa, Charles Ciccio of Manalapan, New Jersey, Dr. Roland Phillips of Abington, Massachusetts, and Michael Warish of Taunton, Massachusetts—have written accounts of the sinking, which help keep the memory of the Four Chaplains alive. Other survivors speak publicly about that terrible night. For many, this is difficult. But the men of the *Dorchester* feel it is a privilege to honor their comrades and the Four Chaplains so that others will be inspired by their selfless gift. ◀



■ The Chapel of Four Chaplains serves as a memorial to those lost with the sinking of the *Dorchester* (page 20), and promotes interfaith and interethnic cooperation and understanding. Members of the nonprofit chapel organization raise money through dues and donations to help fund the chapel's programs. These include annual awards honoring individuals who have demonstrated service to others in an exemplary manner, scholarships granted to students pursuing interfaith studies, chaplain training, and aid to *Dorchester* survivors and family members of those who were killed. The original chapel site, in North Philadelphia's Baptist Temple Church, was dedicated by President Harry S. Truman in 1951, but the building was closed in 1990. Ground will be broken this spring in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, for a new chapel complex, where the portrait of the Four Chaplains shown here will hang. For more information write to the Chapel of Four Chaplains, P.O. Box 1943, Valley Forge, PA 19482-1943, or call (215) 933-3599.

I was wounded. The total was 54 killed and 65 more men wounded", said Dalen. They returned to Bremerton, Washington for repairs and a 30 leave and back aboard her.

"After the USS FRANKLIN was repaired, they set sail on to Hawaii and on to the South Pacific to give the JAPS hell", said Dalen. "It did not turn out that way", he said. The ship took 2-500 pound bombs on March 19, 1945 when a Kamakazi came through the ship defenses.

"We had 105 planes aboard with a total of "200,000" lbs of bombs and rockets. We had launched 6 fighters planes so the rest of the planes caught afire with many of the pilot in them on the flight deck. Each airplane had 300 gallons of 100 octane gas which caught fire", he said.

"I worked at night engineering so when they started the launching, I went below the deck. When the bombs enemy went off, I hit the deck. When I got up the compartment was full of smoke and flame and I tried several ways to get up topside but couldn't so I went to the deck below to escape the fumes. I made my way to the fantail where there were some 50 more men and came up the hatch. Then our own 1000 pound bombs started blowing up so everyone started jumping into the Pacific. A buddy and I threw a life preserver over the side and we jumped", Dalen said.

"We were in the water for 4 1/2 hours before a lifeboat came along and rescued us. The FRANKLIN burned for nine hours and drifted within 45 miles of the Jap homeland. We went back to Eniwetok and caught a freighter back to Hawaii until the war was over", he said.

Dalen said when he first came out of service he did not talk much about what happened during his WW II duty. It doesn't bother him much to talk about it or watch it on T.V. programs. "I'm just glad to be here", Dalen said.

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After talking with Dalen by phone, he informed me that he had other men names and addresses of long ago. Our Thanks to Dalen for sharing this part in history. cal

## MERCHANT MARINE THE HEROIC FOURTH ARM OF DEFENSE

THEY WERE America's "fourth arm of defense"—the 250,000 men who volunteered for Merchant Marine service during the war.

Sometimes forgotten, always indispensable, they carried troops, munitions, food and other supplies across the oceans to the front lines of history's most far-flung conflict.

Soon after the government took over all U.S.-flag merchant ships in February 1942, it embarked on a crash campaign of recruiting seamen and building cargo vessels. It settled on a single design called the Liberty ship, which eventually was mass-produced as swiftly as one every 80 hours.

The heavy output was necessary. In May-July 1942, the war's deadliest months on the high seas, one

U.S. merchantman was sunk, on average, every 16 hours.

For American seamen, the Battle of the Atlantic was a cold, lonely, vicious campaign. Survivors of a sinking were sometimes machine-gunned by U-boats. Many others perished of exposure or starvation in their lifeboats.

From Pearl Harbor to V-J Day, 731 U.S. merchant ships were sunk, and 5,638 men of the Merchant Marine died as a result of enemy action.

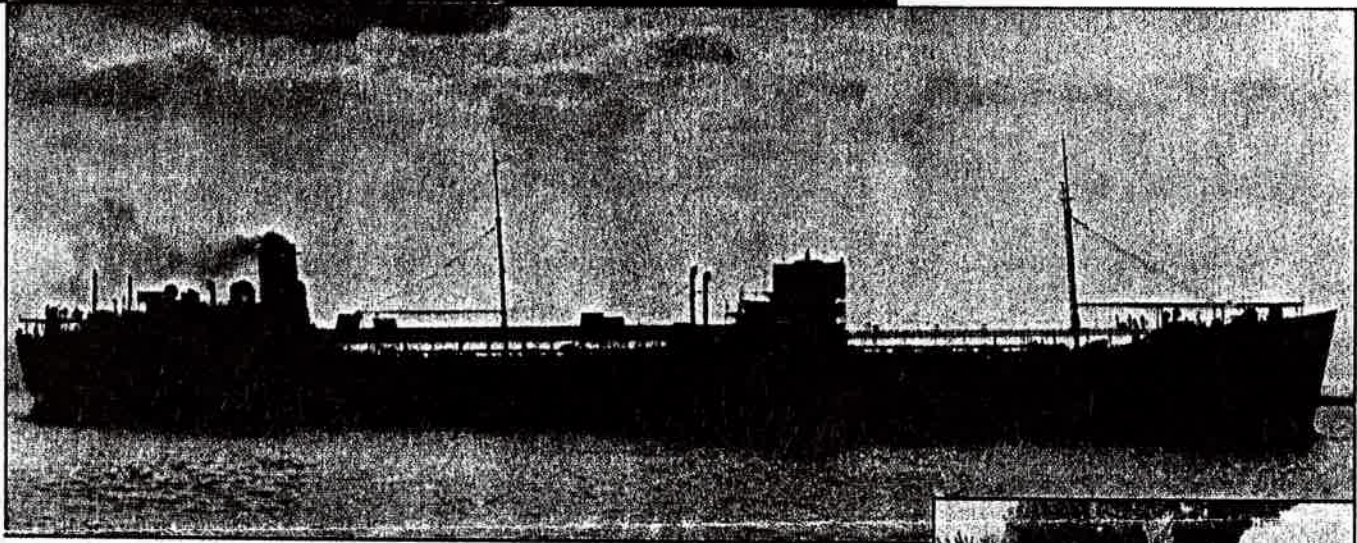
Also killed were 1,710 members of the U.S. Navy Armed Guard whose job aboard the merchant ships was to man the guns. The Guard suffered losses far out of proportion to its size—one out of every 185 men was killed and scores taken prisoner. □



# WRECK FACTS

**NORTH CAROLINA'S  
JOHN D. GILL**

photo/courtesy Mariners Museum



## TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD TRIEBE

**D**uring its early involvement in WW II the United States inadvertently provided the German war machine with a golden opportunity. Shortly after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Admiral Doenitz, chief of the German submarine fleet, sent five U-boats into the Atlantic to patrol the eastern coast of the United States. When the U-boat crews arrived they could hardly believe their good fortune. Over in Europe the safety precautions made necessary by years of war had become routine. But here in America shipping went about its normal peacetime duties. The ships traveled singly, not in convoys; they blatantly used their radios, not practicing any type of radio silence; they were still fully rigged with running lights; and, to top it all off, the coastal cities were under no blackout restrictions. To the hungry, war hardened U-boats the perfectly back-lit ships provided the ultimate shooting gallery.

Although the United States reacted quickly to the U-boat threat, more than 200 vessels were lost by the end of the war, 95 percent of those in the first year and a half. One of those ships was the *John D. Gill*.

The tanker *John D. Gill*, 528 feet long and 11,641 tons, was built in 1941 for the Atlantic Refining Company by the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company of Chester, Pennsylvania. The *Gill*, making only the second voyage of her career, departed Atreco, Texas in March 1942 with a load of fuel oil bound for her home port of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. On March 11 the Coast Guard ordered the tanker into Charleston, South Carolina, because of German submarine activity in the area. The *Gill*'s captain, impatient to

deliver his cargo and perhaps feeling a trifle overconfident because the navy had just installed two five inch deck guns—one at the bow and one at the stern—waited only until shortly after noon on March 12 to get underway again. When the *Gill* weighed anchor and moved out of Charleston Harbor she did so against the Coast Guard's wishes.

Shortly after 10:00 pm, 25 miles east of Cape Fear, the #7 tank of the *Gill*'s starboard side was struck by a torpedo fired by the U-158. The stricken tanker immediately filled the surrounding water with fuel oil and developed a pronounced list. In a few minutes the order to abandon ship was given and the crew made ready to man the lifeboats. One of the crew members tossed a life ring fitted with a self-igniting carbide flare over the side. It ignited the floating oil. Within minutes the ship and the sea around her were a blazing inferno. The fire destroyed the two starboard lifeboats, leaving only the two on the port side and a life raft available for the captain and crew. Fifteen crew members loaded into the #2 boat and safely launched it. The #4 boat was not so lucky. It jammed in the falls and dropped half of its passengers into the water. Unfortunately, the *Gill*'s screw was still turning and a number of the men were sucked into the swirling blades, never to be seen again. The quartermaster was responsible for saving a number of lives when he launched a raft, jumped in and guided a number of men through the burning oil to safety.

The tanker burned out of control until a violent explosion from the powder magazine signaled the end the next day. The ship broke in two at 3:00 am on March 14



photo/Jason Pinder

The 528 foot tanker *John D. Gill* was sunk in 1942 by the U-158. She rests in 90 feet of water 25 miles off Masonboro Inlet, North Carolina. Top: The *John D. Gill* underway. George Nixon poses beside the fuel transport pipe on the wreck of the *Gill*.

and sank in 90 feet of water about 25 miles southeast of Masonboro Inlet, North Carolina. The men in lifeboat #2 were picked up by the tanker *Robert H. Colley* and those in the life raft were recovered by Coast Guard patrol boat #4405. When the survivors were counted it was learned that 19 crewmen and 4 navy gunners had died.

During a Coast Guard investigation, eyewitnesses attributed the cause of the fire to the self-igniting carbide flare. As a result, such flares were prohibited on all American ships.

Sent in by:

Ed Creighton  
5304 Sea Foam Drive  
New Port Richey  
Florida 34652



## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

01. "A CARELESS WORD-A NEEDLESS SINKING" By Capt. Art Moore. Out of print now. Library of Congress # 82-73552. Merchant ships sunk or damaged; where, when and by whom in WW II. Excellent book.
02. (A) "UNSUNG SAILORS-USN ARMED GUARD" By Justin Gleichauf \$30.00 Order from Armed Guard Address. Make Check or M.O. to: U.S.N. ARMED GUARD WW II. Put at Memo or for: BOOK-DONATION. Also: (B) "TWO YEARS BEHIND THE MAST" By Armed Guard Harold McCormick Price: \$16.00. ORDER SAME AS "(A)".
03. "SHIPS of the ESSO Fleet" By Standard Oil Co 1946+
04. "AMERICAN DIARIES of World War II" By Donald Vining-\* #82-60613
05. "THE LIBERTY SHIPS" By L.A. Sawyer Card-#70-124469 and can be purchased through the 3 SHIP'S SLOP CHEST. \$25.
06. "U-505" by Daniel V. Gallery? Library ISBN #0-446-32012-9
07. "THE RUSSIAN CONVOYS" By B.B. Schofield 7/1964 Pan Books (BRITISH) Ballantine Books-New York # U6089 7/1964
08. "MERCHANTMEN?OR SHIP AT WAR"\* By Chas. D. Gibson (Ensign Press P.O.B 638, Camden, Me. 04843. Mostly for M.M.
09. "THE UGLY DUCKLING" By John G. Bunker
10. "GUNNER'S GET GLORY" By Robert Berry and Lloyd Wendt. 1943
11. "THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC" By John Costello ISBN 0 00 216048 10. 1977-Dial Press
12. "A NORTHERN SAGA" By Steve Lawrence ISBN 1 55504 2058.
13. "A CORNER OF HELL" By Robt. Carse. Printed 1945 By Doubleday.
14. "U-BOAT OFF SHORE" By Edwin Hoyt. 1978-Stein and Day
15. "THE MEDITERRANEAN" By A.B. Whipple 1981-Time-Life Books.
16. "BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC" By Barrie Pitt 1980 Time-Life Books.
17. "EASTWARD THE CONVOYS" By Wm. SCHOFIELD
18. "LINDA AND THE GUNNERS MATE" By John Sheridan 1985-Carlton Press.
19. "WAR IN THE SOUTHERN OCEANS" By L.G. Turner-H.R. Gordon-Cummings 1985 Oxford University Press-London.
20. "THE MEN-THE SHIP" By Chester J. SZYMCAK 1976 #76-11392  
SOME BOOKS "MAY BE LOCATED" THROUGH YOUR LOCAL LIBRARY SYSTEM
21. "THE QUACK CORPS" by Arthur W. Wells ISBN 0-9633631-1-5 \$14.95+1.55
22. "THE TENTH FLEET" by L. Farago ISBN 0-931933-37-4 \$9.95 A DRUM BOOK
23. "TROOPSHIPS OF WW II BY ROLAND W. CHARLES (APRIL, 1947) ??
24. "ORDEAL of CONVOY N.Y. 119 by CHAS. DANA GIBSON ISBN 0-9608996-5-0.
25. "AXIS SUBMARINE SUCCESSES by JURGEN ROHWER (NAVAL INSTITUTE PRESS)
26. "CONVOYS TO RUSSIA" by Bob RUEGG and Arnold Hague ISBN 0 905617 66 5 published 1992 by: World Ship Society, 28 Natland Rd., Kendal, Enq-land LA9 7LT. Paper Back. Cost unknown.
27. "BEDPAN COMMANDO" by June Wandrey, WW II Combat Nurse who's tells of the WAY IT WAS and what the women went through on the battlefield. Elmore Publishing 341 Rice St., Elmore, Oh. 43416

### Magazines recommended:

01. "SEA CLASSICS" PO Bx 16149 N. Hollywood, Ca. 91606 1-800-562-9182.  
1 yr=12 issues \$27.95 2 yr=24 issues \$39.95.
02. "WORLD WAR II" PO Bx 375 Mount Morris, Il 61054-7963  
1 yr=6 issues \$16.95 2 yr=12 issues \$31.90.

## FOR YOUR INFORMATION...

★ **S.S. Jeremiah O'Brien** sailing is set for May 22 & 23, 1993.  
\$75/person. Contact Marci Hooper: 415-441-3101.

★ **S.S. Lane (V)** sailing is set for May 15 & 16, 1993.  
\$100/person. Board ship at 7:30 am, return at 4:00 pm. Will also sail July 24 & 25, 1993 and Oct. 2 & 3, 1993. They're looking for crew to help, and trying to find 20mms and 3"50s. Call 310-519-9545

★ **S.S. John W. Brown** sailing dates coming soon. Call for sailing dates 410-558-0646 or 410-276-1311.

★ **Navy Memorial** - Call 1-800-821-8892 for free information to get an application to have your name, picture and service number registered in a great memorial to Navy personnel. It has the "Lone Sailor" statue out front with bronze bas encircling him. If you are in Washington DC, it's on on Pennsylvania Ave. across from the Archives Bldg.

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# U.S. NAVY ARMED GUARD WW II

## by James Gailey

The "IRAQ WAR" has brought back many memories of my experiences during World War II, beginning the first day it started. I have decided to put them on paper, the best I know how for the whole world to absorb as the following few pages tell of my life in the Navy, from December 12, 1941 until December 14, 1945, most of which time was spent in a "SPECIAL FORCE" of the U.S. Navy called the "U.S. NAVAL ARMED GUARD".

On Sunday morning, Dec. 7, 1941, Ray Barbee and I went with Ben Carrick and his mother to Healing Spring, North Carolina to see some of their folks and had visited a couple of them on the way back to Greensboro. It was just a pretty day but kinder cool as we wore a light sweater. When we arrived home, we learned that Pearl Harbor Navy Base, in the Hawaiian Islands had been bombed by the "Japanese Naval Air Force" and that we were in a state of war with them.

I had been trying to join the service prior to this, but my mom and dad would not sign for me, as I was not old enough without their consent. You see, back in the summer, my cousin had come home for a few days leave and was stationed on one of the aircraft carriers out of Pearl Harbor. This is what really set me on fire to join up a second time but they still would not sign. I had not registered for the draft, yet, but all 19 to 30 years of age were now required to do and I was only 18.

I went and signed up on Monday 12/8/41. They gave me papers to carry home to my parents for them to sign and to carry back on the next day. I was told to come back on Friday for further examination, which I did. I was told to come back on Monday, the 15th to be sent to Raleigh, N.C. When I got to the recruiting office I met a bunch of men who were joining to stay out of the Army, as they were older and would be drafted, anyway. We were all examined and sent to Raleigh for further "examinations" and to be sworn in "IF" we passed the physical and would take the oath. I actually entered service on the 16th of December, 1941.

In the meantime, I had been working everyday and listening to the radio at dinner time each day on the car radio, as we ate. The news was always bad as they were running all over us each day in the Pacific and in Europe. On Monday night, I reported to the recruiting office where there were about fifty of us who were "ready to go". Two "boys" were Guy Rayle and Thomas Setzer from my school that I knew who had also joined up. They marched us all to the train station and we headed for Raleigh, N.C. our State Capital. There were others aboard from the Charlotte area who had joined. When we arrived in Raleigh, around 11 P.M., we joined hundreds of others who had come from all over the U.S.A. This was 10 days before Christmas.

They marched us to the U.S. Post Office, located on Fayetteville Street, downtown. We went to the top floor, in the attic, which was "unfurnished and unheated". We had to take off all of our clothes and stayed naked all the time until they finished with everybody's physical examination, both inside and out. About 3 A.M. they finished examining us and let us put our clothes back on. Then they gave anybody that wanted to back out, a chance to do so. A few did, and they swore in the rest of us and told us we were free until 7 o'clock A.M.. We were to be put on a troop train to Norfolk, Virginia for training. I was tired and sleepy so I laid down on that cold, damp, cement floor and tried to go to sleep, as I did not want to get lost, or miss the train. It was too cold to sleep. I should have gone to eat with the other boys. We did not get anything to eat until that evening, but I did not know this then. (lesson one)

The train we caught came in from Florida and it was loaded with guys like us who had enlisted. We had a full train load now and we got to Norfolk around 2 in the evening. They met us at the station with trucks and buses to take us to the Naval Operation Base, which we soon learned to call "NOB". Some of the trucks were the tractor-trailer type which were nick-named CATTLECARS. We arrived at the Navy Station and somebody must have told them we had not eaten so they took us to a chow hall and fed us. It was chipped beef on toast and I'll never forget that as it was my first meal in the Navy. They told us it was called S.O.S..

They took us to a supply house AND they issued us: soap, towel, wash rag and bedding. Everybody with their "skinned heads" that had arrived before us were laughing and yelling to us about our hair, as if they were oldtimers, but they had been their only a few days themselves. They marched us to a barrack that was only temporary until the next day. We had an Air Raid Drill at 11 PM. We had to get up and go outside for about half an hour, in our shorts. The next day, we paraded around in our birthday suit as the doctors really gave us another physical exam, "inside" and "out"!! If you had any modesty, it was soon gone.

After the physical we were taken to a supply store. They measured us and gave out our clothing and bedding, along with 4 suits of whites, 2 suits of blues, 4 skivvies and shorts, 4 pair of white socks, 4 pair of black socks, 4 white hats, 1 dress blue hat, 2 blankets, 1 pillow and pillowcase, 1 mattress and cover, 2 pair of shoes and 2 pair of "leggings". We always had to wear the leggings while we were in boot camp. All of these items had to be rolled or placed a certain way with your name showing. We were issued a big bag called a Sea Bag to put all this gear in, plus a hammock. All this had to be rolled up to carry wherever you were transferred to throughout your Navy career if you survived. At this point I did not know if I would survive or not!

The next day, we got our hair cut, the same "skinned heads cut" as those who were yelling to us when we arrived. Now it was our time to do the yelling to the "NEW RECRUITS". We were assigned to a Platoon and a barrack. The barrack was built in the shape of an "H" and was two stories tall and a Platoon was in each of the wings of the "H" with a hall through the middle. This area was used for the bathroom, showers, wash and dryer room. It was heated and it was nice to sleep in a warm bed and get up in the early morning to a warm room.

A Platoon was about 100 sailors and we did everything together. We would drill all day together and marched everywhere we went. We would march to the chow hall, march to the movies and march to get shots. We drilled every day except Sunday. They would come around on Sunday morning and yelled that all who wanted to go to church, to put on their dress blues and fall out in front of the barracks at a certain time to be marched to the services. I did not go, but they came back and made the rest of us put on our dress blues and stand at "ATTENTION" till the other ones who did go, returned. So the next Sunday, I went to church. Sunday evenings, all of us would try to call home, and you had to wait in a long line to get a phone to tell your folks you were fine.

Every morning, before breakfast, we would have to run for about thirty minutes. We would have on nothing but our bathing suits and snickers. It was cold there in December but it did make our breakfast taste good. Most of the time we had scrambled eggs or pancakes. Some morning, we had baked beans and cornbread. The other meals were pretty good and I stayed hungry all the time.

About all we did was march, drill, get shots and more shots. We received shots many times and it made your arms so sore but you had to do pushups and other exercises every morning, along with the many other things. I shed a few tears at night in boot camp but I was not by myself. While in boot camp, we had to go to a pool and swim from one end and back. If you couldn't swim, they would tell you to jump in or they would push you in anyways. If you were about to drown, they had a long pole that they'd stick out for you to grab and you would have to go to swim classes at night to learn to swim 50 yards before you could graduate from boot camp. We were told this was necessary if our ship was sunk and had to get away from it's suction. I swam the 50 yards the first time so I did not have to go for lessons. They must have stopped requiring you to swim as I was with many afterwards who could not swim a lick.

We went to the firing range and fired our 30 cal. rifles we had drilled with all during boots. Our drill chief was a good, but he was tough and mean oldtimer. He never had a kind word and he never smiled. He would just chew you out for no reason. I guess this was to learn you to take orders which we did. There were a lot of CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) boys in our unit and I guess they had given them the choice of service to join. I was still with the two school mates and it sure helped me alot.

We had a snow the last week we drilled, but it did not stop us. We moved to another barrack and we could go to the "canteen" at night as we could not before. We would buy and sell candy bars to others who could not go, as everyone stayed hungry.

We graduated on January 6, 1942 after three weeks of boot camp. The "BOOTS" training usually was 6 to 8 weeks, but they cut us short. Upon graduating, we were given the chance to go sign up for schooling in different trades, but I signed up for sea duty as did my 2 school mates as the scuttlebutt was that you had to work in mess halls if you waited to get into schools. They went down the alphabet of the men left and they took 16 men, which included me, and said-"you few lucky men are going to be in the NAVY ARMED GUARD". Nobody knew what it was. He told us it was a "SUICIDE SQUAD". Rayle and Setzer got put into the fleet and on an aircraft carrier, I think. That was the last I saw either of them. One of them got killed during the war, I was told.

There were lots of Platoons that graduated the same day we did and they got some extra out of each platoon and put them in the Armed Guard. They sent us to Little Creek, Virginia on Highway 60 which was out in the "Boondocks" with just one building. One barrack was all they had ready and they had to put us all in it. The cement floor was muddy from the construction going on and you just tracked the mud inside. We had been used to having a clean, shiny, waxed floors. The bunks were cots lined up in a row and jammed together, with no room to walk between them. To get into your bed you had to crawl over one end to get to it. I shed a few tears here at night, too. I thought to myself, "What in the world had I gotten myself into."

We were put into gun crew of 8 men to the crew and given a crew number. I was in "GUN CREW No.106" along with some of the men I had trained at NOB with. We started going to class rooms learning to break down small weapons: pistols, rifles, machine guns and put them back together again. We had some "BIG GUNS" out in the back of the barrack that we practiced simulated loading and firing on with dummy shells. After about a week of training, we were taken out to the "USS PADUCAH", an old World War I gunship which had the big 3"50 and 4"50 guns, along with 50 cal.machine guns plus other small arms that each guncrew took their turn on practice firing into the Chesapeake Bay. We stayed out two days training. At night, we strummed our hammocks in a place like a porch on deck. We had a roof overhead but no outside wall. They would drop a canvas down at night with no heating and it was in January. It was very cold and windy. You never got warm in bed and it was hard to sleep in a hammock. You had to sleep in one position;--UNCOMFORTABLE!!

The bathroom had a trough, that water ran through all the time, so you did not have to flush it, as it would send the waste out the other end. Somebody was always wadding up toilet paper and light it and let it float down under those who sat in a "prone" position and stand back and watch them jump up.



We were sent back to Little Creek and did not stay there but a few days. We were sent to Brooklyn, New York Armed Guard Center. We caught a "CRUISE SHIP" in Norfolk in the evening and made it to Baltimore, Maryland overnight, going up the Chesapeake Bay, bypassing Washington, D.C. on the way. We arrived in Baltimore around 7 A.M. and taken to a cafeteria for breakfast. We were put on a train to New York and arrived around noon. We were put aboard trucks and carried to the Brooklyn Armed Guard Center at 1st Ave and 52nd Street which had been a National Guard Armory. It was built as one big room. Everything was done in this room. You ate, slept, drilled and shipped out of here and very seldom went outside unless you had the guard duty or had LIBERTY. The Liberty in NEW YORK is what we liked most of all.

The rear of the building was on the riverfront. The front faced to the street where people drove on, but it was blocked off in front of the building and guard duty was set up to keep people off of it. We would march "back and forth" in the cold weather with a rifle on our shoulder and nearly freeze to death, as it was January. You could not stay out on guard but a few hours at a time. The local people would bring you coffee at night but I was afraid to drink, thinking it may be poisoned but I am sure they felt sorry for us and wanted to do their part and help our morale. It was in a fine residential section at that time.

We stayed in Brooklyn nearly a week going out on the BIG CITY a few times. Our crew number came up to be shipped out. Our ship was in Galveston, Texas. We rode by "PULLMAN" on a train and we arrived in about 6 days in "WARM, SUNNY" Texas. There was snow on the ground almost all the way to the border. Everything was "free" and paid for by the "government". To a young man who had never been away from home, this was great!! I did not know yet what I had gotten into. Most of the people I saw appeared to be Mexicans, or of some other race.

Our ship was in drydock being worked on and wasn't prepared for us so we were put in the Panama Hotel to wait until we could go on board, again all expenses paid. We stayed here about 2 weeks with nothing to do but eat, sleep and go to the movies. We were enjoying this but we tried to get them to let us go home till it was ready, as we hadn't been home since we had joined. They did not let us and nobody had enough money anyway, as we were only paid 21 dollars a month and drew only 14 bucks after insurance was taken out.

After waiting about 2 weeks, we went aboard our first ship on February 10, 1942, a "rust pot" used in World War I owned by the Grace Steamship Company by the name of the S.S. CHIPANA but our quarters were clean with toilet and shower. They had just added them on. Our gunnery officer, Beattie, was an Ensign 1st Class, I think, and was a pretty good person and we called him "Saddie" when he was not around. The crew all slept in one big room but Officer "Saddie" had a room of his own.

The next day we sailed over to Houston where we loaded the ship with wheat and drums of oil and then we set sail to New Orleans, Louisiana that evening. We had been warned there were subs so we were worried about them all the way. We stayed there for about two weeks to finish loading our cargo to be shipped to the West Coast of South America. The S.S. Chipawa had a regular run down there. You did not have to be in the North Atlantic or the South Pacific Oceans to be in danger of being hit by a torpedo.

After the ship was loaded we headed out to sea alone. The water got rough and I got seasick and stayed that way for 2 or 3 days and I could not do anything but stayed in the SACK. We received radio reports that ships were being sunk all around us. We were now in the Caribbean Sea. S.O.S. signals were coming in regularly. If the reports came in clear, we would steer away from them and it was not a day or night we didn't get reports. We did not dare to sleep in our bunks, or take off our clothes, as now you wanted to be out in the open, in case the ship was torpedoed as we were told it would take only 3 minutes to sink. We were not taking any chances of going down with her if hit.

The weather was warm and we had our coats on deck and slept with our clothes and our life jackets on. We would have rain showers and you would just cover up your head and try to sleep. We held our watches, 4 hours on and 4 off. It did not take long to dry out after a cool rain shower and felt good. If you had to eat a meal after watch hours, you lost that sack time. You had your laundry to do and clean the guns in the 4 hour off time so you never got 4 hours sleep at one time. I do not know how we made it to Panama but after about eight days, we pulled into Colou, a town on the East Coast of Panama. We stayed a day and night before going through the canal. The canal was one way only and Westward traveled one day and Eastward the next. It took us all day to get through the different locks, lakes and canal before getting to the area where you had to go through more locks. The trip was pretty as it took you through the scenic lakes, jungle and mountains.

We pulled into Balboa, on the West side of the Canal and stayed for just a few days. We went on LIBERTY to town, a very pretty place but most of the people were black and spoke Spanish which we could not understand. We rode a bus to town and they sat any where they pleased and I was not used to that, coming from the south in North Carolina. We were amazed as they drove vehicles on the left side of the road. The streets were very narrow and crowded. We took on fresh cargo in Balboa and the Panamanians did the dirty work on the ship, such as, chipping and painting. They looked like the Aztec Indians that I had read about.

I forgot to tell you that our merchant crew were older men and mostly "DRUNKEN SOTS". The cooks were from the Philippines and it was hard to eat their cooking. The food was good as we could go into the messhall and order what you wanted from a menu. We would drag fishing lines from the fantail and catch some large fish. The cooks would clean the fish and hang outside and "dry"

cure them. They were really good. As we pulled into the Pacific Ocean side, we had the Jap submarines to look out for, but they were not as plentiful and accurate as the Germans.

Our next stop was Buenaventura, Columbia. It took us a few days and stayed one day so we did not get to go ashore. It was real pretty though and looked like the jungles we had read about. We would have these little rain showers every time a cloud would pass over but it didn't bother us much as it would dry out in a few minutes. It happened all the time we were in that country.

Our next stop was Guayaquil, Ecuador. It was about 90 miles up a river. They did not have a dock there so cargo had to be unloaded in the middle of the river into small, opened boats that would take it to shore. We anchored in the middle of this river which ran both ways. In the mornings, it would run one way, in the evenings, the other. The river was full of water lilies all the time and looked solid in low tide. The natives would take a big raft up the river in the morning and return late that evening with the flow of the tide using long bamboo sticks to guide them for they and the tide for their motors. These boats would be loaded with bananas. We caught a "Boat Taxi" to town. They had an earthquake not long before we were there. It still showed lots of damage. This is where the Panama hats are made. It is a poor looking country and on the streets, vendors were selling fresh fruit, vegetables, hats and trinkets on the streets. We were scared to drink water or anything as it didn't look too clean. Most of the travel on shore at that time was horse and buggy travel as there were few cars with dirt streets.

Our next stop was Tahar, Peru. It took a few days to get here and we had not heard of any subs being in the area. I think the Japs stayed around the West Side of the canal with the few subs they had. The land around Tahar was barren, sandy mountains and this little town was on the side of the mountains, with lots of oil tanks. That is what we had in oil drums for cargo. I did not get off here as the people did not look too friendly. They were in favor of the German way of thinking and anti-American.

Our next stop was Callao, Peru which took us 4 or 5 days to get there. Land was still barren mountains. This town was near Lima so we caught a bus there. It was a larger town and rather nice. Only 4 of our crew could leave the ship at a time. We took our turns. Four of us always went together out and one of our guys who could speak Spanish, so we did pretty well getting around. The children followed us around town calling us "AMERICANO" and begged us all the time. Our shipmate, who spoke Spanish, always headed to a beer joint. I did not drink, but I was afraid to go by myself. I would drink some kind of Cola. He would tell everyone that I was his boy as he was around 35 years old. He drove a Greyhound bus out of Wilmington, North Carolina before he had joined the service. The other 2 guys were from Florida and were in their 20s. The Merchant Crew unloaded rice and wheat here.

Our next stopover was at Arica, Chile and took about 5 days to get there. It was a smaller town with a nice park in town which we sat in. All kids in the schools in the town wore uniforms to school and had dirt streets except on Main Street. The town was at the foot of a barren mountain as all the others we had visited recently. You could walk from one end of town city limits to the other in a few minutes and outside of town was a desert. We tried to walk up the side of the mountain and you would mire up in sand, like snow. There was snow on the top of the mountains as they were so high, but really beautiful. We made a few more ports and came back to Arica to load ore as our cargo which had come from Bolivia. There were 3 masts ships sailing up and down the Coast of South America. They were not pleasure boats. They hauled freight like we did in the holds.

We didn't have to worry much about subs in this area. We were always sailing alone on these trips. American sailors were the ones in the towns and the people treated us like "celebrities" in every town we visited. We visited Antofagasta, Chile for a few days and the town was just like the others. My buddies and I hired a horse and buggy taxi to find some girls but I didn't get one. HONEST!! They picked up the girls and they took us to a beach club. We were sitting out on the beach at tables. They were ordering drinks, for everyone. yes!! Even our taxi driver who was still with us. They drank several more and decided to order lunch. All this time, I was sipping on my cola of some kind and decided to order some kind of a sandwich. I did not have a girl, HONEST, as I was still "GUN SHY". The girls were calling me "CHICKATINA". I didn't know what that meant but the guys started calling me "CHICKEN" from then on.

When we decided to take the girls home and got ready to pay up the bill, as we had not paid anything to that point. And guess what??? We could not come up with enough money between us all to pay the bill so they called the police. The police sent the girls home and locked all of us up. It wasn't a very nice jail and we sent for the American Consulate. He got word to our Lt. (jg) on the ship and he came and bailed us out. We never got reprimanded for this but we had to pay him back. He was a good officer. We stayed there a few more days. I did not go ashore with the boys here again. They went back and looked the girls up again but I was broke and wanted to stay out of trouble.

We left there for one more stop in Valparaiso, Chile. It took about 4 days to get there. The landscape had changed now with trees on the mountains and was a big, nicer town. I was broke and scared from the last town and did not go ashore and guess what?? They got into trouble here, also!! They had picked up some women and went home with them. While they were inside the house, one of the women's husband came home. The guys had to jump out the back window and run. He did not catch our boys but they didn't go back ashore as the husband was a policeman. They emptied the ship's holds and we sailed back to Arica. We loaded up with tin ore, I think. It took several days to load



the ship as the stevedores worked only in the daytime. I went ashore with a "Merchant Marine". He was one of the nicer ones and when the others headed for the beer halls, we took in the sights as this was a place I had never seen.

When they finished loading our cargo, the ship was low in the water so that the least little wave would come over our rails. We had to tie a line from one place to the other to hold on to when we had to go from one part of the ship to the other so a wave would not wash us overboard. I got wet many times trying to get to the "crow's nest" as we had to stand lookout watches up there too. We also stood watches on the bridge and and two men on the stern at all times at sea. We were connected up by phone circuits and could talk to each to stay awake. If he got quite---you knew he was asleep. We left Arica and returned to Guayaquil, Ecuador where we loaded the deck with lumber. Just in case we got sunk, we had something to hold on to, for they were 4 X 4s, but was light as a feather. It was "Balsam wood" like you make model airplanes and life preservers out of. We stayed here a few days loading and sailed for Panama. I sure was glad to have the wood on the deck, as we would sink like a rock if we got hit by a torpedo. We still had the Japanese on the West Side of the Panama Canal with the Germans on the East to worry about. We stopped off again at Balboa, taking on more supplies and waiting for our time in traffic through the Canal. All of the Indians we had picked up on the way down had to get off the ship in Balboa.

We went through the Canal and as we came out into the Caribbean, the Germans were sinking ships left and right now, and we had to travel alone, again. There was not a night or day that reports did not come in of ships being attacked and sunk. We would zig zag and hold our watches, 4 on and 4 off and the Sea was rough and we were scared as our ship was low on the water. I never thought that we would make it. I said my prayers every night and I am sure everyone else did. When you laid down at night, you wondered if you wake up again. You couldn't see the submarines and would not know if he was around, until the ship was hit. They seldom came up to fight until after you were hit by a torpedo. We slept on the decks again with our clothes and life jackets on and kept them with us during the day as we returned to the States.

One night, we thought we saw a sub on the surface and we fired two shots at it but missed and it didn't shoot back. The captain of the ship ordered us to cease firing to keep from giving away our position. You never knew if it was friend or foe as a ship would pass you by in total black out, total radio silence and just hoping they did not shoot. You had to walk around in the dark at all times. We made it to Tampa, Florida where we stopped for some reason or another. We stayed there for a day or two and I went home with another gunner who lived in Tampa and I called home about midnight and told them to write me in Texas City, Texas as that was where we were going next. This was in May I think, and this was the first time they had heard from me in 3 months and the first time I had called them since I had joined the service.

The ships were really getting sunk in the area now and we saw several which had already been sunk but they were not in deep waters. We had still seen no Navy escorts and wondered where they could be. We later found out, all were tied up in the New York area, protecting the Eastern Seaboard and the Convoys to Europe. We made it to Texas City, Texas in 3 days without any trouble but I do not know how. They were so bad that I had no idea of making it through the war. You just wondered when you would get it. The ship was unloaded in about 4 days and we set sail to Houston to start reloading for the same trip previous taken. It was great to be back in the States again.

Our crew went to town with our officer who took us to the Post Office where we got paid. We carried a paycard that they would stamp how much we got. We could get paid at any government office, if any be due. We had been paid a little in Panama once. We could get paid in full once we returned to Treasure Island, New Orleans or Brooklyn Armed Guard Centers as they would have your all our records. We got paid some and we were walking around town and we met an S.P. and a cop. They patrolled together. The S.P. asked us to square our hats and roll our sleeves down, which we did, but one of our crew gave him some lip, so they just called the "paddy wagon" and hauled us all to jail.

They us put in jail next to a bunch of pretty girls. Some did not have on "much" clothes. I do think they were the "GIRLS OF THE NIGHT". Their walls were boarded up, but had cracks, you could see through. We were having a ball talking to them.

After a couple of hours our officer came and got us out again. We did not get into trouble over this and never heard anything else about it. It must not have been put in our navy records. We went to a show and when we got out, two of our guys took a two seated bike of someone's and they rode away. So I thought-"Here we go again!!". but they got back before the owner came.

We stayed there a few more days and sailed to New Orleans. We made it with no trouble but saw ships sunk close to shore. How we got through, I'll never understand. When we returned to New Orleans, they held us up for two more weeks after loading due to so many ships being sunk and they closed all traffic going out. We were glad to get some real rest and sleep. They just overhauled the ship's engine while we waited. We hoped we'd be able to go home, as we would be in port for a long a time, but they wouldn't let us. We had gotten a raise on our last trip up to \$56. per month, instead of the \$21. we'd been receiving. We also got an advance in rating to Seaman 2/C.

We enjoyed our stay in New Orleans but when we finely left, we had to pass by a tanker that had gotten sunk the night before. It was still in the river channel and the people were still on it as it was not deep enough to sink. We had to go out by it and sail by ourselves without Navy escort. We just knew we'd get it this time but we didn't. Somebody's prayers were being answered. We kept getting reports of ships being attacked and we would take off in a different direction and we made it back to and through the Panama Canal again and picked up the "same" Indians at Balboa and went back to the same cities, as before. Only thing different was the colder weather as this was their winter season. We made our usual stops and came back to Panama and back through the Canal and to Texas and on to New Orleans where they took us off and replaced us with another gun crew.

They took us to the Naval Station at NOLA where we were checked over and received all our pay due us. While we were there, they brought in some guys who's ship had been sunk. They had been in a lifeboat for weeks before being found. We were given a S1/c rating now and making \$66. per month. After a few days, we were given a 15 day leave, the first since I had joined up. This was August of 1942 and when we left there, we were a crew "HAPPY, SEASONED OL'SALTS". Most of us rode the same train. I think it took us over 36 hours to get home. I got there in the middle of the night and caught a cab to take me "HOME", to the place I was eager to leave and more eager to return. The door was unlocked and I slipped in and was almost in bed before any one knew I was at home. I had a great time with the folks and friends. The days passed fast and I returned back to "NOLA". I caught the 8 o'clock train out of Greensboro, North Carolina and the train was so crowded that I stood up all the way to Atlanta, Georgia before I got a seat. The isles were full of people standing. You just could not sleep much standing up.

When I got back to NOLA, I had to wait a few days before I was assigned to another ship. During this time, they put us on a cleaning detail around the base and on guard duty. One evening around 4 o'clock, they took me to the shipyard to be a roving guard there. They were to bring a man back a 8 P.M. to relieve me and he never came. At 12:01 A.M. he wasn't there. I did not know how to call them so I waited til 2 A.M. and I was getting sleepy so I went onboard a ship in drydock with nobody but the shipyard worker on it and I found a pile of old mattresses and I crawled in between two and went to sleep.

They didn't come after me til noon the next day. I was afraid to say anything about it since they may have come and couldn't find me. I guess they figured I had been there for four hours. I don't know how I got by on the base roll call as I never did hear anything about it, so I just kept quite.

While there, they were always bringing in crews from the ships ships. Now I know why they called us the SUICIDE SQUAD of the Navy. I was there about a week when I was assigned to the S.S. Gulfpoint. It was a tanker owned the by "Gulf Oil" Company and was in New Orleans. This ship had more guns than my last ship so it took more gunners to man them. This crew was just out of boot camp, all except the coxswain and I. There were 12 of us now and we went onboard to settle down. I was put in charge of the forward gun. It was a 3"50 anti-aircraft gun. There was a 5"51 on the stern and 2-20mms midship. On a freighter, every thing was located midship with the engine room below them, but on the tanker the engine and quarters were at the aft section.

The S.S. GULFPOINT was not as old as the S.S. CHIPANA and was a lot cleaner. We sailed alone and empty to Baytown, Texas to get our cargo of fuel without any trouble. It didn't take the tanker long to be loaded, or unloaded, about 18 hours. When we got the ship loaded, we ran aground in the channel. It took 2 tugs over a half a day to pull us off the sand bar. We stopped off at Key West to catch a convoy headed north. We had protection now for the first time from the escorts and we picked up more ships at Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. We had about 60 ships now with 6 Navy escort vessels around us to depth charge the subs and they would pick up a sub on sonar and drop depth charges on them and one escort would stay back while the rest and the convoy sailed on. After a while, he'd catch up with us.

The convoy was generally: 8 ships deep, 500 yards behind each other and 10 lines about 1000 yards apart. Sometimes, the sub would get in the "middle of the convoy" and sink a ship or two before the escorts could locate it. It was now October and it got cold in the Atlantic with the water real rough. A tanker, being low in the water when it was loaded and my gun was under water most of the time, in rough seas. We could not have used it if we had an aerial attack. The voyage lasted 2 weeks but 2 days before we got to Scotland, our propeller blade broke and vibrated real bad and we had to fall out of convoy as we could not keep up with the others so a Navy ship stayed back with us and escorted us in.

After we unloaded our cargo of fuel, the ship went to drydock for a new propeller and we went into Glasgow several times on Liberty. Glasgow was completely blacked out at night. We would go to a dance hall, watch them dance and we would talk to the girls. Afterwards, our navy crew would go to a Red Cross Hotel and spend the night for "50 cents" and go back aboard ship the next day. We had 24 hours liberty and when we got back to our ship, the other crew would take off like we did.

This crew was all "POLISH", from the Chicago area. As we got ready to leave Scotland, the ship would take on sea water for ballast to make the tanker ride smoother as we had no cargo to bring back. The freighters would take on sand in the holds if there was no cargo to bring back. The trip back was tough with the rough seas and winds so strong that it was tough to stand up against them. This was about November of 1942 but we finely got back to New York. A Merchant Seaman died about 2 weeks out



at sea. They put him in a freezer, after moving all the other things out and they removed him in New York for burial. My gun had been under water so long that they had my gun worked on as it had froze up and it could not be cleaned. It would not even rotate. It was a good thing it was not needed!!

After that, we joined a Convoy going to the Caribbean with the usual submarine warnings and dropping of depth charges. Every time they exploded, it sounded as if they hit the side of the ship with a large hammer, regardless of where you were on the ship. It took us over a week to get there and was real warm. It was pretty place. We celebrated Christmas Day and left for New York after we loaded. Our Convoy back to New York picked up ships along the way and arrived around 10 days. We went to Bayonne, New Jersey to unload and it was cold and snowing. We were relieved by a new gun crew and they came and got us on a truck carried us back to the Brooklyn Armed Guard Center.

After a couple of days and getting checked over, and paid, we received our leave and delayed orders to "New Orleans" with 15 days to get there. Gas was scarce during my stay at home and I caught a train to NOLA where my records were kept. At least, I was still going South and warmer climate. I took the exam for coxswain and passed. I met a guy stationed here from my first ship who told everybody that I was his boy and that we were in jail together. He had made GM2/c by now. He is the only one of my former crew that I ever met.

They were looking for Coxswains to sign up for: "Lighter Than Air" service and was duty on blimps that searched for subs and would be trained at Lakehurst, New Jersey but was turned down due to damaged ear drums from gun blasts, so I could not stand high altitudes. I stayed at New Orleans a couple of weeks as I waited to catch my ship. The weather was nice and we'd go out to LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN where there was an amusement park and we had good duty and got to see all of the sites.

When I was assigned to another ship, we had a crew just out of "BOOTS", except for another coxswain. We had to catch a train to Mobile, Al. and went aboard the S.S. MORMACREY owned by the MORMAC LINES. It was a nice ship with a 3"50 on the bow, 5"38 on the stern and 4-20mm on the bridge. We soon caught a Convoy to New York but we loaded in Hoboken, New Jersey. I met a nice girl here and wrote her until the war ended. We took on more war materials; tanks, trucks, our ammo and food. We caught us a large Convoy and sailed up the coast near Boston where other ships joined us. Others joined us off Newfoundland; Labrador and Greenland and to Belfast, Ireland and Liverpool, England.

It was early spring of 1943 and we encountered heavy fog. You could not see midship from back aft must less the ships in the convoy. We pulled a paravane attached to a long cable in the water trailing astern which caught the water and would shoot a spout high in the air for the men, on watch, on the bow of the ship astern to see. Ships were blowing their fog horn all the times and we slowed to a lower speed. Then, the waters started to get really rough and the ship's propeller would come out of the water and would vibrate the ship terribly. You learned to get your sleep holding onto your bunk railing to keep from being thrown out. We slept in our clothes and to get to the chow hall midships, you would have to go down a deep shaft back aft and walk along the propeller shaft, to the engine room, always afraid of being caught down in that place, in case of an enemy attack. Now you knew how Merchant Seamen must have felt in the engine room and as they kept the shaft oiled and ship going. A heavy line had been strung from the aft quarters to amidships, but the danger of being swept overboard was extremely high so we chanced the shaft. The ships in the Convoy were running a Zig-Zag course every 7 minutes. We were lucky that we did not ram each other. One good thing was that the subs could not see us either so they could attack.

When we ran out of the fog, we ran into an iceberg field. They were so thick, you could almost walk from one to another. The ship could not dodge them all and you could hear them rubbing on the side of the ship and you had to go real slow to keep it from knocking a hole in the side of the ship. We did not have to worry about subs here either for they couldn't run in these either. Soon, we were out of the icebergs and the Wolfpack was waiting and they attacked. One submarine got in among the rows of ships and sunk two ships. This was not near us but escort ships were running up and down the convoy trying to locate the subs. We sailed on as the escorts stayed back, dropping depth charges for a couple of hours and were also searching for and picking up all of the survivors. They would then catch back up with us. Two days before reaching the British Isles, the ships put up their barrage balloons in case of an aerial attack. The balloons were attached to the ship by a very long steel cable in hopes to keep the enemy air craft high enough to miss their target and also give the gun crew a better shot at the planes. (These balloons were soon discontinued from ships, because the planes would shoot down the barrage balloons, fouling up the ship's propeller) Some ships left the convoy and sailed for Iceland while some went to Great Britain. We went to Belfast, Ireland to unload. It had taken over two weeks to get here.

Belfast was a pretty place and everything was so green and the people were very nice and friendly. I only got to go to town one time as we stayed just one day. The horses looked like the Budweiser horses and reminded you of home. Liverpool, England was our next port-of-call which was a larger town and was nice but had a lot of war damage. The British people suffered a lot and had it real tough during this time and I really felt sorry for them. They did not have any luxuries such as cosmetics, no stockings for the ladies, no sweets, little food and many were without decent shelter as many of their homes had been "blown" to bits from the "German" air raids. We went home with some of the girls and they made coffee, but had no sugar or cream. We hated to drink their coffee as we knew they couldn't afford it but they insisted. They were real nice girls. We could not be

in town at night as that was when they would have their aerial raids but there was not one while we were there. It didn't get dark til after 10 PM then we would be back at the ship.

We unloaded and as they did not have cargo to ship back to the States, we took on sand as ballast. We joined our convoy and headed towards Iceland where we picked up more ships. Then we headed back to the ice fields and the fog, for protection, and it took us about two weeks to return to New York. The crew of the S.S. MORMACREY and the ship will be one of my fondest memories, how lucky we had been to survive. We were taken off and replaced by another crew. We wish we could have stayed on for she was loading to go to Brazil.

We went to Brooklyn, N.Y. Naval Base, 1st Ave-52nd St. and was given another leave a few days later and I went home and when I returned a week later, I shipped out on the S.S. LAMBERT CADWALLER, a Liberty Ship owned by the Luckenbach Company. It was a freighter and was heavily armed. The usual guns, but we had a gun crew who (most of them) had never been to sea before.

They loaded the holds with: tanks, trucks and ammunition, with planes in crates on the deck. We also had 50 "Military Police" (MP) who were to guard the enemy PRISONER OF WAR (POW) we were to bring back. The MPs didn't do anything on the way over. We left in a big convoy again, with some joining us, after we got underway. We were going to North Africa and we had an aircraft carrier with us along with our navy escorts. We were well protected as there was a plane in the air all the time during the day. It was a great feeling to see all this protection after the way we had run the North Atlantic and elsewhere at the beginning of the war. It took us 30 days to get there which was the longest time at sea for me at one time and it got boring.

Just before we got to the Rock of Gibraltar we put up our barrage balloon and some ships were beginning to leave the convoy for other ports, unescorted. The Straits of Gibraltar is eight miles wide at the nearest point. You can see Europe and Africa when you go through. The carrier stopped at Oran, North Africa along with some other ships. We slowed to about one half speed once we got into the Mediterranean Sea and formed convoy lines and ships kept falling out for their ports of call. We went to a little town called Bone, Algeria, which is near Bizertie and now called Annaba. It was a pretty place with mostly Arab and French people. It was mountainous and warm in July. We'd go into town and sit in the park. There were sections in the town that we were not allowed into and there were M.P.s to keep you out. This was their RED LIGHT district and soldiers were every where carrying rifles. It had not been but a few days since it had taken it from the Germans. The countryside had some planes in every field big enough to take off from. It was not an airfield but they were using them as such anyway. There were big guns everywhere, too. We were near the frontlines.

They unloaded our tanks, trucks and ammunition onto LSTs. They were for an invasion to come off real soon. They also invaded Sicily while we were there. We would have planes to come over at night and the big guns would shoot at them. They were named "BEDCHECK CHARLIE". We stayed about another week and took some 500 German POWs onboard and bunks were put in the holds where they slept but they could come up on deck during the day. They would sit around singing. The melody was pretty, but we didn't know the words. They were fed twice a day and they were really happy when they learned they were going to the U.S.A. They did not want to go to Russia.

It took a month to get back. We pulled into Norfolk, Virginia. The Armed Guard Crew was put on a train to Brooklyn, New York and I was given a job in the Post Office. They didn't need the rated men now as the submarines were not a menace and the need for our service was greater here. We were to CODE every piece of mail that came in. We had files for everybody from A to Z. Our job was to take one letter, say "J" and you would look up where he was. If he was on leave; onboard ship and which ship; at the base; in the brig; in the hospital; transferred to ship or shore duty; to New Orleans or Treasure Island; or if killed in action and in this case, returned to sender. Mail was properly sent to the correct place. We would work from 1600 hrs to 2400 hrs with a snack break in between. Then, we would dress and go to the big city, stay out all night and sleep all day. We had an indoor pool and we could go swimming anytime. We did this for three months. Then they wanted us to go out and work at the Navy Fleet Post Office for 90 days. You had to move out and find a place to stay and had to eat out all the time. They paid you extra for this and you were on your own. I rented me a room in a house in Brooklyn for 15 dollars a month and rode the subway every day to the Manhattan Post Office. The work was about the same as the other one except these guys you were working with were in the Fleet. This was a great job though.

Howard, my brother, who was in Rhode Island, came to see me a couple of times. One time, we picked up a couple of girls and went to a show and then we messed around until 4 a.m. Howard brought his buddy with him so there were 6 of us. We went home with one of them. She lived in the Bronx. We went to bed when we got there. No!! Not with the girls!! They slept in another room. We slept all day and we went out again at night. I never did see their folks and do not know where they were. One weekend, I went to Rhode Island to see Howard and we partied all night and like to have never found a place to sleep. We finally ended up in someone's basement. I slept a lot of times in the movie. They would be open all night and I'd go there to sleep to keep from going back to the base. If it was warm, I'd go to Coney Island. I got to know how to go any place I wanted to go and every good things comes to an end for my 90 days were soon up and I had to go back to Brooklyn Armed Guard Center.



They transferred 30 of us Coxswains to the Naval Landing Force Base in Norfolk, Va. which was a Landing Craft Repair Shop and we stayed there a month and they did not know what to do with us so they sent us to Camp Allen which was also in Norfolk and went back through training again. We would march and drill all day. Got more shots, gave us a rifle and a "helmet". They were trying to make soldiers out of us. We trained for several months and then moved us to a Portsmouth, Virginia Naval Yard. We were bused each day to the shipyard with a packed lunch, where we worked all day with civilians, just like a job. We did this for about 3 months. This outfit was a ship repair outfit with about 1000 men in it with all rates, carpenters, welders, etc. We had everything to set up base to work on ships. Then, they put us on a troop train for San Francisco, California. It took us about 6 days and we had a great time. Upon arriving, they sent us to a camp at San Bruno, about 30 miles south and they took us to a "Tan Fran Racetrack" which was a for horse racing and we had to sleep in the "horse stables". They must not have had a place to put us for we were there only 3 weeks and they transferred us to Tiboron, a base across the Golden Gate Bridge, 30 miles North of Frisco. It was a base on the Bay, on the side of the mountains. All of us were eaten up with bedbugs. Don't know if we got them at the racetrack or if they were already at the base. They sprayed everything to get rid of them.

We would ride a boat to San Francisco on Liberty and it would pick us up at 11 P.M. and would take an hour to make the trip back. There were two little towns between 'Frisco and the base and I started going with a welder (girl) in the ship yard. She was from Wisconsin and had a brother in the Armed Guard and he was in the Pacific Theatre. She fixed me supper many a time. She was a lovely, pretty Polish girl. We stayed here a couple of months. It seemed that they didn't know what to do with us. Then, they put us on a troopship, headed for Guam. About eight days later, we pulled into Pearl Harbor and they took us off!! We went to a Naval Base called "Aica" which was on a mountain, overlooking the bay with sugar cane fields all around us. I do not know why they took us off but it was nice here and glad I got to see Hawaii. We could go into town every day, but could not be there at night. They had a curfew. You had to stay in groups as some Japanese would jump you if you were by yourself in certain areas.

They had these photo shops all around where you could take a picture with a Hula girl, grass skirt and all for fifty cents. I had one made with her sitting on my lap but she was so dark, I tore it up. I thought that I had better not send that home but I wish now that I would have kept it. I spent Christmas of

1944 in Hawaii. We would go into town, as the beach was right in town. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel was on a beach and the Navy had taken things over and you could go there and hang out. It would come up these little showers as in the tropics. The chow was good and we would catch a ride into town and all over the island in army trucks. We also worked in the Fleet Post Office sometimes.

After a couple of months, we went back onboard the same troop ship. I never knew why we were taken off it. The ship was real crowded and hot down below and of course some got sick. I did not get sick anymore after my first ship and my first episode of seasickness. As we traveled a couple of weeks in this hot, crowded condition, we pulled into "Eniwetok", an Island in the Marshall Islands chain. It was just a small one with nothing there but military. They just stopped a couple of days for us to get off and stretch our legs. You could go swimming too.

Then we boarded the ship again and sailed on across the International Dateline and we had two Sundays in a row. (On the way back, we skipped a day.) A few weeks later, we were in Guam. There was "nothing there". We had to sleep in tents near the water with four to a tent and it rained every hour or so. Each time a cloud would pass over, it would rain and there was mud everywhere; inside the tents; in the chow hall, etc., as long as it was dirt and water mixture, there was mud!! You had to sleep under mosquito nets and they would still get through at night. They fed us spam 3 times a day. Powdered eggs and spam for breakfast. The toilets were "OUTDOOR JOHNS" and our shower was a big tank up in the air. You got in, pulled a chain, cold was wide open, hot was closed. You drank water from a lister bag hanging up in the sun and was hot with chlorine added in. It wasn't good. A tanker truck came by every day to fill them.

We had a movie each night in a field with no seats or roof. If you had a seat, it was the bucket that you washed your clothes in and you carried your poncho to cover yourself up in when it rained, which it always did. They were building barracks but we had to live like this until they were ready.

They soon dropped the Atom Bomb and we were sent home. I have always wondered what happened to the "men and women" I had met during my service days. I am proud to have served my country in a Special Service called the U.S. Navy Armed Guard and it is great to be a member of the U.S.N. Armed Guard WW II Veterans. Now you know of other duties that our crew were required to do to end the conflict started by the Japanese and German people.

## In Memory of Our Departed Shipmates

1-27-93

Dear Mr. Lloyd,

I am happy to tell you I received the Russian Medal on Dec. 17, 1992. It was for my late husband Donald Feehan.

He had been in the Anzio & Africa campaign Aug. 43-May 4; 1943 - Invasion of Normandy and carried troops to southern France in 1944; end of 1944-1945 - Murmansk run; Pacific in April 1945 - Okinawa.

My son had called our local paper about the medal. However, 2 weeks before they had a very nice article on a Merchant Seaman receiving the medal, and as a result said another paragraph was not necessary.

Don also had frost bite on his feet and since it was not documented he was unable to get treatment from the VA.

Sincerely,

Edith Feehan  
34 Inbrook Rd.  
Levittown, PA 19057

LAST	FIRST	M.	CITY	STATE	Wife	DATE
Angele	Gerard		Richmond	Va	Evelyn	11/13/92
Biggs	Rance	V.	Tulsa	Ok	Theresa	12/23/92
Clark (MM)	Walter	L.	Columbus	Oh	Helen	1/5/93
Cresky	Stanley		Hudson	NY	Rose	11/30/92
Freeman	Joe		Port Charlotte	Fl	Dorothy	93
Freeman	Milton		Cheyenne	Wy	?	1/5/93
Garcia	Frank	R.	Rochester	NY	Lena	2/19/93
Gerosky	Milton		Trenton	NJ	Sylvia	2/12/90
Kelso	William	J.	Trenton	NJ	Phyllis	1/10/93
Liptak	John	E.	Campbell	Oh	Stephana	1/19/93
Mattini	Gino		Stratford	Ct		1/6/93
O'neil	Richard	G.	Santa Cruz	Ca	Lydia	2/15/93
Quire	Charles Milton		Louisville	KY	Mildred	2/9/93
Shrum	James		St. Louis	Mo	Marie	1/12/93
Sinclair	Glenn		Camas	Wa	Kathy	1991
Uth	Leon	C.	West Orange	NJ	Mary	??
Volz	John	W.	Pittsburgh	Pa	Elvina	10/12/92
Waits	Floyce	W.	Concord	Wa	Judy	1/6/93

### IN MEMORY OF OUR SHIPMATE'S MATES

				Husband	
Fiederlein	Gladys	Wichita Falls	Tx	Bill	1/26/93
Hendrickson	Frances	Richmond	Va	William	11/18/92
Johnson	Anna	Falconer	NY	****	1/25/93
King	Idella	Angola	NY	Jerry	11/92

\*\*\*\*Mother of Durwood B. Johnson who was KIA on the S.S. Kimball.



# THE JEEP

## Everyone Loved 'Em

Researched by Don Quesinberry, Staff Writer

The two men rode in silence. Side by side they sat in a little car that was painted the olive drab of things military and that nobly wore the Stars and Stripes in bright enamel on its hood. The car moved slowly. There was gravity and dignity about this whole proceeding. It was a moment out of history.

The President of the United States rode in a Jeep to inspect his troops in Morocco. From the smallest and most popular four-wheeled vehicle ever built for military use, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Commander-in-chief of millions of American citizen-soldiers, looked attentively at his men — men from Nebraska and Florida, Oregon and Massachusetts

— and smiled at the amazement they could not conceal at finding their President among them.

The man beside the President was a sergeant, young and proud. With his hands in light gloves on the steering wheel, his eyes squinting into the sun, the driver transmitted his Commander's wish to the mighty midget of metal, rubber, and fabric in which they rode. He stopped the vehicle, and soldiers marched before their Chief. Tanks dwarfing the Jeep in size rumbled past on review; but, at this moment, the Jeep outranked every

other vehicle on earth. And, at this same moment, there were legions of Jeeps in the far corners of the earth, busy in mud and rain and snow in this war of men and machines.

Of all the millions of pieces of military equipment that America, "the arsenal of Democracy", poured forth from her prodigious industries for use in World War II, no other implement of war became so famous or popular.

Unpretentious beside the monster tank, humble and a little apologetic next to the sleek trim body of a P-38, the Jeep was nevertheless accorded more mention in dispatches than any other instrument of

war. Boon companion to the G.I., sidekick of the general, the Jeep made colorful copy for correspondents and journalists all over the world. Actually, the Jeep was mentioned so frequently because it deserved to be, because it played an integral and vital role in the victory over the enemy. The Jeep revolutionized modern warfare by providing the answer to the problems of supply and maximum mobility.

No longer, as in World War I, was the rifleman com-

pelled to carry a huge load of ammunition and supplies with him as he advanced. The supply-loaded four-wheeled fighter was right with him as he moved forward over ditches, through streams, and into the heart of almost impenetrable jungle.

The military 1/4-ton, 4x4 truck ("1/4-ton, 4x4" means a 4-wheeled vehicle designed for application of power to all four wheels, and having a 1/4-ton load rating) is 11 feet long, about 5 feet wide, a little more than 3 feet high, and weighs 2200 pounds. It has been borne aloft by transport planes and the larger-type gliders and, wrapped snugly in a tarpaulin, it has been floated across streams and other small bodies of water. Sixty throbbing horses under its stubby hood tool it along at 60 or more miles per hour.

Designed originally for reconnaissance work, the Jeep became a Jack-of-all-trades in the field. Mounted with a .50 caliber machine gun, it helped protect troop columns from airplane strafing and, on the offensive, raised havoc with enemy troops. It hauled antitank guns into position to smash tank attacks. It crossed temporary bridges too light for other mechanized equipment. It served as a radio patrol car; it laid smoke screens. It was used as a field ambulance and stretcher bearer.

Equipped with the proper units, the Jeep became a field telephone station, a fire fighting vehicle, or a snow-clearing device. At airports all over the world, Jeeps were used to haul planes to safety or to tow wrecked planes.

Jeeps pulled plows to dig furrows for urgently needed telephone lines, and planted crops in England and Africa. In jungles, soldiers ate from the Jeep's flat hood; Army nurses combed their hair before the Jeep's little mirror. Army chaplains in battle zones used the hoods as altars. What other vehicle has ever proved so versatile?

From Alaska to Australia, from Iceland to India from British Isles to New Guinea, from Africa to the Solomons — whenever Yank forces were on hand, training or fighting, the Jeep was with them. That "G.I.s and the Jeep were universally accepted as belonging together can be illustrated by an incident from the Tunisian campaign.

One dark night at a crossroads near the front a native French sentry was walking his post when he heard a group of soldiers approaching on foot. Whipping his submarine gun into position, he called out his challenge. One of the group replied that they were Americans. Without a moment's hesitation, the sentry cut loose and blasted the group to ribbons. Later after the dead men had been identified as German infiltration troopers disguised in American uniforms and the excitement had died down, someone asked the sentry how he knew they were Germans.



Friend of President and private, the Jeep really got around. With Sergeant Oran Lass at the wheel, the late President Roosevelt reviewed American troops at Casablanca. At the extreme left is Lieut. General (later General) Mark Clark. The American flag was painted on the hood for the auspicious occasion.



Inspecting troops in the Casablanca area in 1942 are (left to right) Lieut. General (later General) Jacob L. Devers, Major General Jonathon W. Anderson (driving), and Major General (later General) George S. Patton, Jr., later added to his fame as a tank strategist in masterful leadership of the American forces' 1944 armored drive through France.

He replied triumphantly, "That's easy — Americans, they come in Jeeps!"

It was not only the G.I. and soldiers in other lands who fell in love with the Jeep. King, ambassadors, envoys — all were toted around in this military taxi. General Eisenhower seemed to prefer the Jeep to any other form of transportation, as did General MacArthur.

From every corner of the globe, from every fighting ally-in-arms, the cry went up, "Send us more Jeeps!" "We need more Jeeps!" Americans sent them, and gladly, giving each one an imaginary pat which said, "Get out there fella, and show them how."

The tangible values of the accomplishments of the Jeep can be added up. It is the intangibles which assume ever-increasing importance and which can be estimated only in terms of morale and in-

spiration.

The Jeeps which rolled forth from our factories by the tens of thousands were more than machines. So completely did they capture the imagination of the world that they took on almost human qualities. Drivers in the fighting forces of every United Nation cared for them as they would for their most cherished possessions. They named them after their girls; they were even known to cry over wrecked Jeeps.

A case in Holland was authenticated by an internationally known war correspondent. One morning, after a Nazi night attack, he came across a hardbitten English driver mourning the shattered remains of a Jeep which had received a direct hit. He noticed that the soldier was actually crying. The correspondent tried to cheer the man up by telling him that he soon would have another Jeep.

Unconsoled, the driver sobbed, "It ayn't that so much, sir. This one was my baby!"

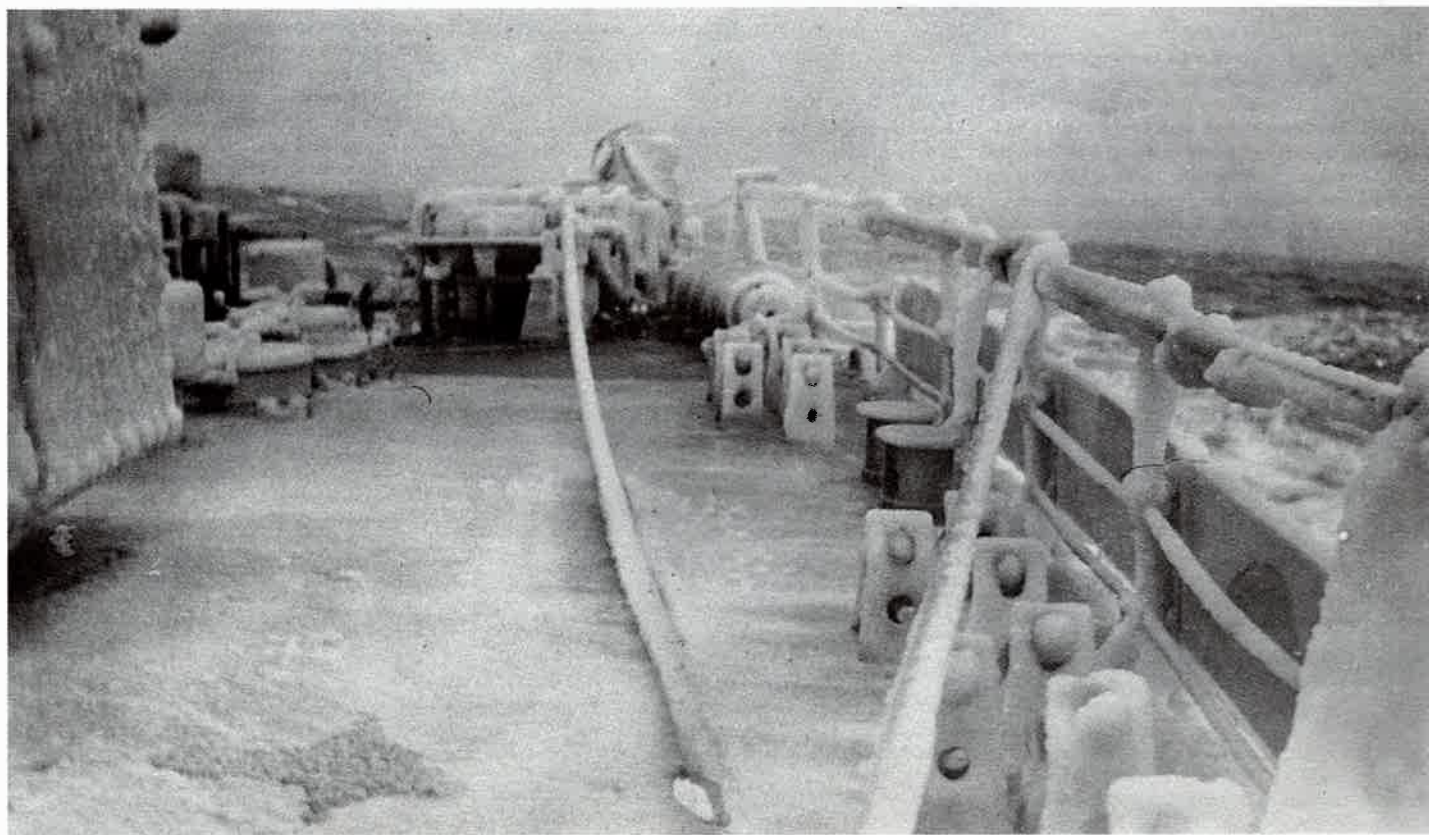
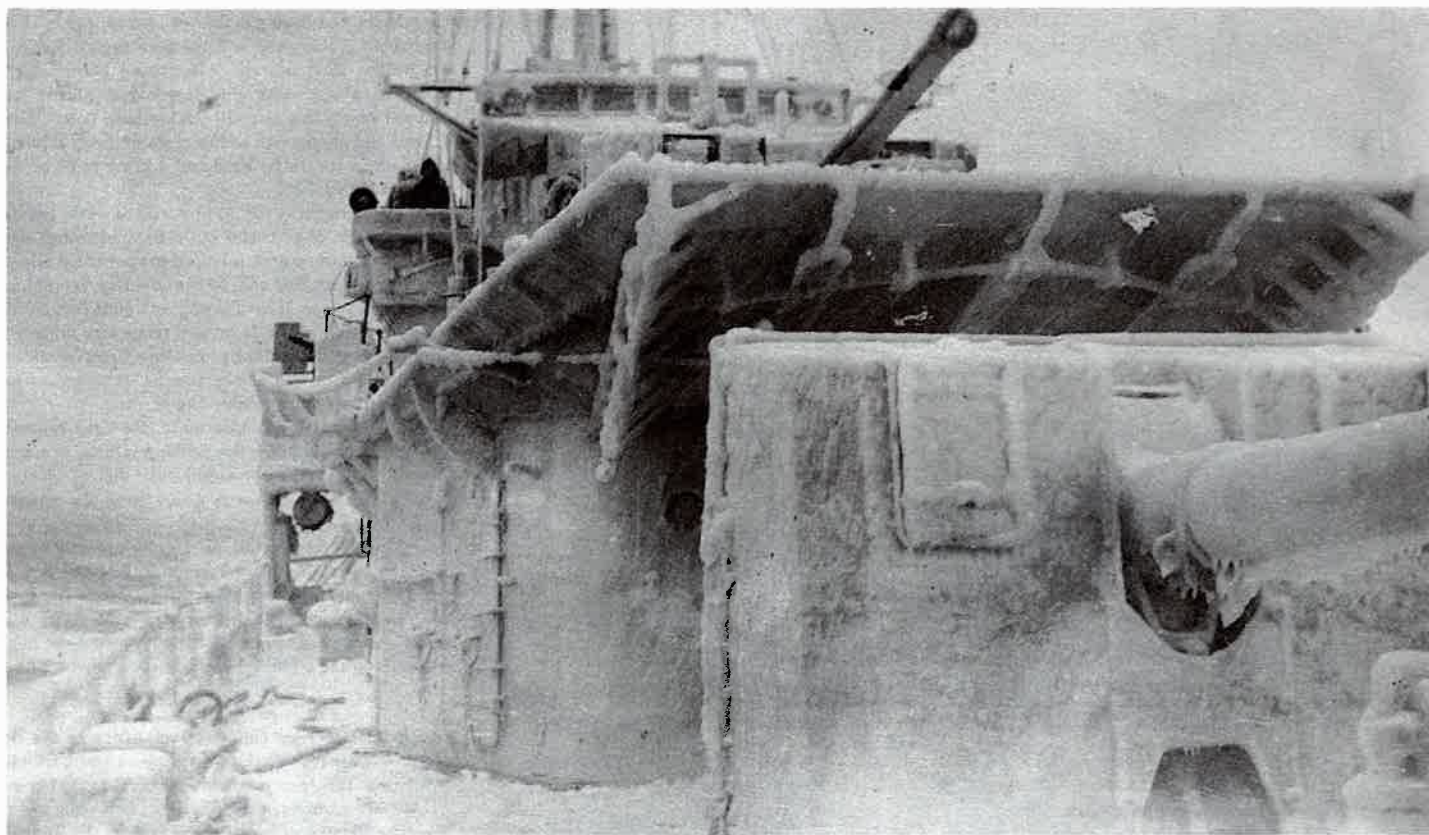
When a veteran of Dunkirk and Dieppe breaks down and weeps over a twisted mass of steel, a whole flock of intangibles have to be evaluated. For every one like this English soldier there are thousands of others over the world for whom the two words "Jeep" and "Victory" mean one and the same thing.

It is not likely that the men who designed and built the Jeep realized that they were creating a "phenomenon". They started out to build a required weapon of war; they succeeded even beyond their fondest expectations. But how could they suspect that they were creating something beyond a material weapon — something which, in its own indefinable way, was destined to bind allies closer together?



## H.M.S. ONSLAUGHT - ARTIC WINTER 1944

*Reprinted from "Convoys to Russian 1941-45"*

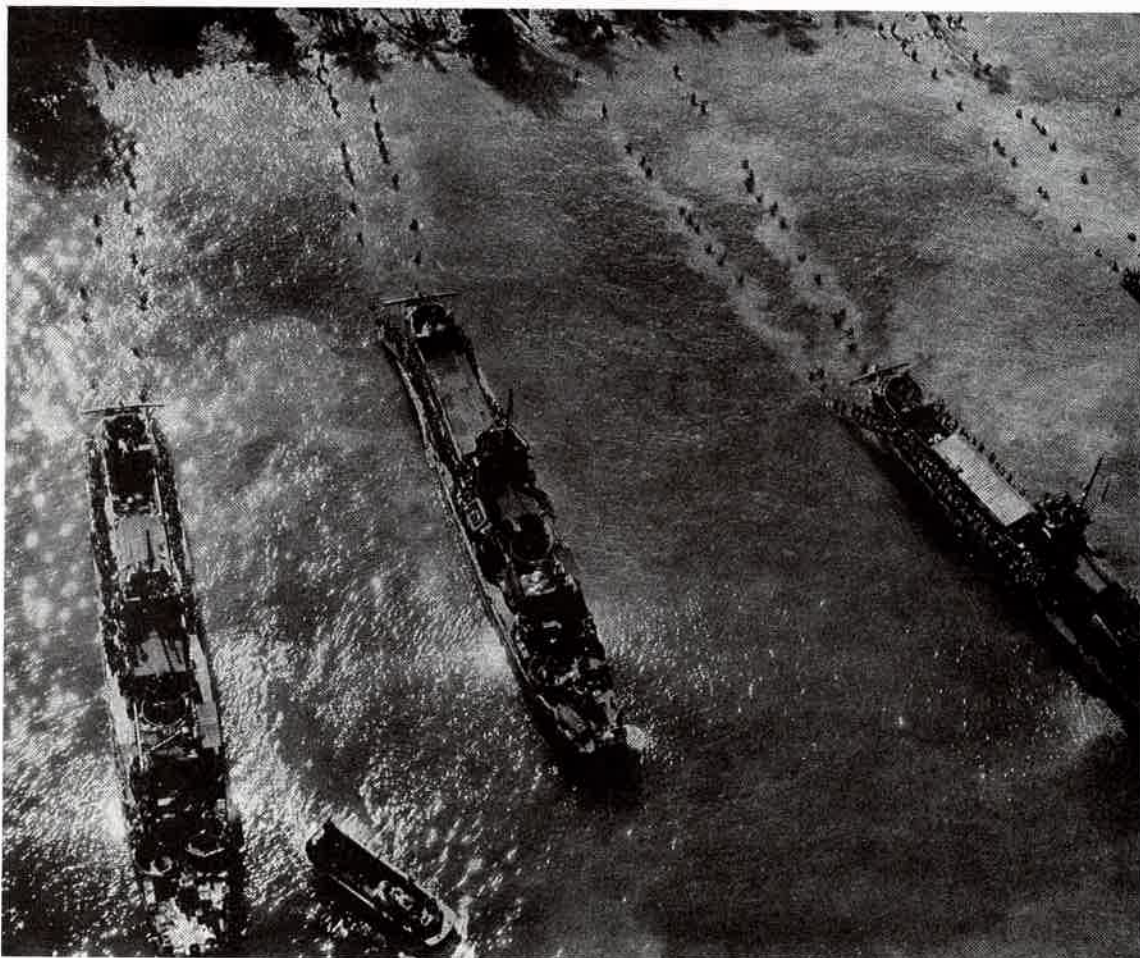






**The Coast Guard Cutter Spencer on Atlantic convoy duty depth charges and destroys a Nazi sub.**

(Reprinted from "US Navy War Photographs - From Pearl Harbor to Tokyo Harbor")

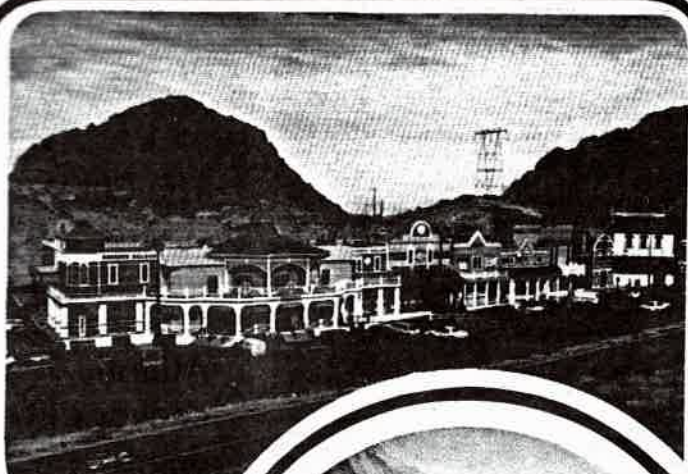


**LCI's unload troops on the Red Beach at Morotai Island — September 1944**

(Reprinted from "US Navy War Photographs - From Pearl Harbor to Tokyo Harbor")



TOURS REQUIRE A MINIMUM NUMBER TO OPERATE. PRICES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE AND TOUR ITINERARIES MAY BE CHANGED BY GRAY LINE.



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PADDLEWHEELER CRUISE  
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**OPERATES DAILY**  
**HOTEL PICK-UP: 10:00 A.M.**  
Return to Hotel  
Approximately 6:00 P.M.

PER PERSON  
**\$30.00**  
Tour 2  
3-16-92

EVERYTHING IS ON A "FIRST SERVE" BASIS  
AND AGAIN WE AIM TO DELIVER - WE DID  
Room prices are good three (3) days before and  
three (3) days after.

Don't forget to have your pictures taken!  
**Remember to include check or  
money order for deposit.**

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NAME (S) \_\_\_\_\_  
Please Print Last First

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

ARRIVE: DATE \_\_\_\_\_ AT \_\_\_\_\_ A.M.  
(3:00 p.m. check-in) P.M.

DEPARTURE DATE \_\_\_\_\_  
(12 Noon check-out)

**USN ARMED GUARD WWII VETERANS**  
May 16-19, 1993  
**SAHARA HOTEL**

Single/Double occupancy...\$61.00  
Plus 8% Clark County room tax.  
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Enclose first night's deposit  
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**SAHARA** Las Vegas

GROUP

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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

For those of you who are interested in the: "NORTH  
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\*\*\*\*

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and not paid for by them. (cal)



NOW HEAR THIS      NOW HEAR THIS      NOW HEAR THIS      NOW HEAR THIS

May 16 - 19, 1993

★ ★ ★ U.S. NAVY ARMED GUARD WWII 12TH NATIONAL REUNION ★ ★ ★

SAHARA HOTEL AND CASINO, 2535 LAS VEGAS BLVD., SO.  
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA 89109 1-800-634-6666 OR; 702-737-2111  
(BE SURE TO ASK FOR ARMED GUARD RESERVATIONS)

\*\*\*\*\*

THE ITINERARY FOR THE REUNION IS AS FOLLOWS

PICK UP YOUR PACKET WITH TICKETS FOR MEALS AND TOUR WHEN REGISTERING

Registration:	Saturday	May 15, 1993	10:00 AM-5:00 PM
	Sunday	May 16, 1993	10:00 AM-5:00 PM
	Monday	May 17, 1993	10:00 AM-5:00 PM
	Tuesday	May 18, 1993	8:00 AM-9:00 PM
			11:00 AM-5:00 PM
	Wednesday	May 19, 1993	7:00 AM-8:00 AM LATE COMERS

\*\*\*\*\*

Business Meeting is Tuesday May 18, 1993 from 9:00 AM--11:00 AM GRAND BALLROOM

\*\*\*\*\*

Hospitality Room:	Saturday	May 16, 1993	10:00 AM-Til ????
	Sunday	May 16, 1993	10:00 AM-5:00 PM
	Monday	May 17, 1993	10:00 AM-Til ????
	Tuesday	May 18, 1993	8:00 AM-9:00 AM
			11:00 AM-5:00 PM
			11:00 PM-Til ????

Wednesday May 19, 1993 Closed for all to go ashore.

\*\*\*\*\*

Banquet and Tour Itinerary: (You do not have to cut out from the "POINTER".  
Just Copy and forward what you desire.)

Sunday	May 16, 1993:	Western Style Buffet-POOL SIDE	(WEATHER PERMITTING)
		6:00 PM-7:00 PM CASH BAR	
		7:00 PM-11:00 PM Buffet Dinner	\$25:00 per person Total-\$_____
Monday	May 17, 1993	OPEN DAY	
		HOOVER DAM TOUR:	
		Board Buses at 10:00 A.M. (Sharp)	\$30:00 per person Total-\$_____
Tuesday	May 18, 1993	Banquet in the	
		Grand Ballroom	\$25:00 per person Total-\$_____
		6:00 PM-7:00 PM CASH BAR*(Take PICS)	
		7:00 PM-11: PM GRAND BANQUET	
Wednesday	May 19, 1993	BREAKFAST BUFFET	
		8:00 AM-11:00 AM	\$15:00 per person Total-\$_____

GRAND TOTAL \$\_\_\_\_\_

\*\*\*\*\*

Make check payable to: "U.S.N.ARMED GUARD WW II REUNION". Send to:  
Chet Colella, 149 Eldorado Dr., St. Peters, Mo. 63376 (Check or MO#\_\_\_\_\_)

Last Name \_\_\_\_\_ FIRST \_\_\_\_\_ M \_\_\_\_\_ SPOUSE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Tel, # (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ HANDICAPPED (\_\_\_\_) YES (\_\_\_\_) NO (\_\_\_\_) SPECIAL DIET

\*\*\*\*\* EVERYTHING IS ON A "FIRST COME BASIS \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* AND AGAIN "WE AIM TO DELIVER"-- WE WILL!! \*\*\*\*\*

DON'T FORGET TO HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN FOR THE YEAR BOOK  
"IF" YOU'RE STAYING AT ANOTHER HOTEL, SEND ME YOUR NAME TO GET ON ROSTER!(cal)  
BRING A SHIPMATE!! OR; MEET HIM AT THE SAHARA IN LAS VEGAS, NEVADA





Lone Sailor

U.S. NAVY MEMORIAL  
Washington, D.C.



## DEDICATION

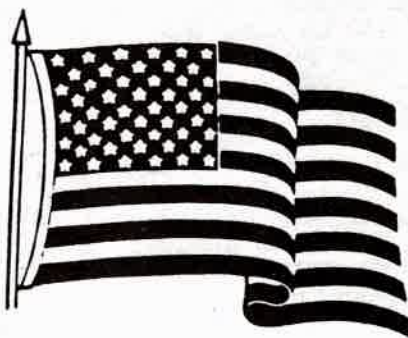
To the Officers and Men who sailed the ships of  
World War II,  
especially to those who lost their lives, and to  
their families.

THE U.S.N. ARMED GUARD WW I AND WW II VETERANS "12th" NATIONAL REUNION WILL BE HELD AT THE SAHARA HOTEL, 2535 LAS VEGAS BLVD. SOUTH, LAS VEGAS, NV 89109 TELEPHONE 1-800-634-6666; OR 702-737-2111; FAX 702-735-5921, ON MAY 16-19, 1993. THE HOSTS ARE: AL "CHET" AND WANDA COLELLA, 149 ELDORADO DR., ST. PETERS, MO, 63376, TELEPHONE 314-279-6872, FAX 314-279-1662. MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS EARLY!! PLEASE TELL THEM YOU'RE "U.S.N. ARMED GUARD."



USN Armed Guard WW II Veterans  
5712 Partridge Lane  
Raleigh, N.C. 27609-4126  
1-(919)-876-5537

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**Remember Pearl Harbor!**  
**December 7, 1941**



Support The USN Armed Guard  
WW II Veterans Reunions  
MARCH/APRIL 1993