

# THE P O I N T E R

SEP/NOV 2010 EDITION



Below the vessel is on its way for restoration. The former name for the vessel was Arthur M Huddell, the present is HELLAS LIBERTY. See more images on page 27.



The people of Greece wanted to honor the Famous Liberty Ships and found one in the USA, came and sailed it back to Greece and restored it. A wonderful job done on the "RUST BUCKET". They will not place guns on her as we have. They are honoring the Liberty Ships only. Good Job!!

# Our New Commemorative Plaque at the U.S. Navy Memorial in Washington, DC



DATE: July 2010

TO: USN Armed Guard WWII Veterans  
Attn: Mr. Charles A. Lloyd, Chairman

FROM: Paul T. Haley  
Coordinator, Commemorative Plaques

Dear Cal:

On behalf of the Board of Directors of the U.S. Navy Memorial Foundation, I would like to thank you for deciding to sponsor the **Armed Guard WWII Veterans Plaque Commemorative Plaque**. The mission has been accomplished; the plaque will be installed early August, 2010 and the design of the plaque is displayed above.

I extend an invitation to all Armed Guard WWII Veterans, their family and friends to stop by to view the plaque and visit me or any of our staff at the:

U.S. Navy Memorial and Naval Heritage Center  
Attn: Mr. Paul T. Haley  
701 Pennsylvania Ave., NW, #123  
Washington, D.C. 20004-2608  
202-380-0760 or 1-800-821-8892, Ext. 760  
E-mail: [PaulHaley@navymemorial.org](mailto:PaulHaley@navymemorial.org)  
[www.navymemorial.org](http://www.navymemorial.org)  
OPEN EVERY DAY

**Note: Should one wish to have an exact replica mounted on a handsome walnut base, please contact me for details.**

*Paul T. Haley*

# THE POINTER



Dear Shipmates and "ALL Y'ALL", 7/26, 2010

Had a few corrections made in a letter to you but I must have deleted the letter in error. NOW, I don't remember what they were. Do you ever have that problem? One was that I was hoping to get some photos of the Liberty Ship S.S. ARTHUR M. HUDDALL that the people of Greece acquired and sailed to Greece and have restored and renamed it the S.S. HELLAS. This has been accomplished and they have done a GREAT job of restoring it into a beautiful ship, one they can be proud of. I had located 11 of the HUDDALL crew and 4 of these are known deceased. I know they are proud to know their "HOME AWAY FROM HOME" in those troubled times has been restored.

I wish all of you could have been at the Bedford, Va D-DAY Memorial on June 6, 2010 and sat among the HEROS of that day of 1944. They were thin in number but they came to honor those who did not make it home. I know it was hard on some of them due to age but I am sure they will be back next year and until they can come no more. God Bless 'em.

Your continued support of the POINTER keeps us going. We are not locating as many as we once did but each one is thankful to get the two packets of POINTERS that is sent to each one from the overprints I had done in the past for them. I am glad I thought ahead. I hope you enjoy this one as much as I do in being physically able to do so. I will take credit for picking out the articles but putting them together should go to Karmen Piland, P.O.Box 26344, Raleigh, N.C. 27611-6344 at the printers. Write and tell him what you think.

Since this is a Sept/Nov. Edition, I would like to say ahead that I hope you have a great Thanksgiving Day. Before then, we will have the Sept. 11 tragedy at the Twin Towers in New York City, The Pentagon in Washington, D.C. and Flight 13 in fields of Pennsylvania by brainwashed people against the hand that feeds them with no feeling for anyone. I do hope our prayers will be answered and they will lay down their arms and return to a civilized free government and Peace will be restored throughout the world so that people can help the famine and poor of this world and use the resources and materials of the world's wisely. (cal)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Cover photo From: Apostolos D. Kaknis  
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## ATTENTION

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

Non-Profit Organization  
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*Remember, I "STILL" can't move  
 as fast as I did when I was in my  
 twenties! When you call, let the  
 phone ring so I can get to it! -CAL*

# LETTERS FROM THE CREW...

## Portland Oregon vets to get special recognition

Nearly 50 Oregon veterans whose wartime service was largely overlooked will receive special congressional recognition today in Portland.

U.S. Rep. David Wu, a Democrat representing Oregon's 1st District, will present the certificates of recognition at a 10 a.m. ceremony at the U.S. Navy Station at Swan Island, 6735 N. Basin Ave. in Portland.

Recipients include members of the U.S. Navy Armed Guard who defended merchant ships during World War II. Although they regularly saw combat and delivered critical supplies, they received little attention because they were not stationed on a military vessel.

In 1999, Congress passed a law recognizing their service, as well as Vietnam veterans who received the Vietnam Service Medal, the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal or the Vietnam Campaign Medal.

The recipients live in Wu's district, which includes five counties along the Columbia River from downtown Portland to the coast.

—Julie Sullivan

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Charlie,  
The 4 ships, S.S. JOSEPH SIMONS, S.S. ELIHU THOMPSON, S.S. HURRICANE and the S.S. W.L.R. Emmett that I sent in that you have listed is correct. When I got my ship list from St. Louis, Mo. National Personal Records and you sent me Gene Johnson, I called right away and he answered the phone and I went to see him in Phoenix, Az. the next day. We spent 3 wonderful days with him. Gene and I sailed on the S.S. HURRICANE with a load of bombs and food stuff. We arrived in Okinawa on April 15, 1945 and we stayed at our gun tubs for 22 days and nights shooting down kamakazi. We had it much better than

the Marines by a long shot on the island for only half had been taken when we arrived. There were 6 ships sunk around us. If they would have hit us, the whole bay of ships would have blown up. The marines lost a lot of men.

Gene Johnson is now deceased. Russell Haggerty and I sailed on the S.S. JOSEPH SIMONS together and I had talked to him many times by phone but he has been gone 3 years. His daughter E-Mails me a lot still so I know he is gone. Another shipmate, Tom Weitzel and I talked a lot on the phone but he has gone, too. I sailed with and talked to Chet Blythe and Carroll J. Hillman but haven't heard from either in 3 years so, Cal, I guess I am the only Armed Guard left from my group. On the tanker EMMETT, we took a load of B-29 airplane fuel to the island of Tinian for planes like the Enola Gay that dropped the atom bomb on two Japanese cities

and ended the war. I will be 89 next Feb. 5 th. I enjoy the POINTERS. Thanks.

Capt. M.H. Ringering  
9608 NW. Rosaria St.,  
Portland, Or. 97231  
US Navy Armed Guard.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Cal  
Many thanks for the "POINTER" to the POINTER WEBSITE - an excellent resource which will hopefully save you at least some trouble with postage etc! It is good to give many more people the opportunity to access the magazine, I am sure it will boost awareness of the vital role played by the USN Armed Guard, and other organizations like it, during the '39-'45 War and will itself become a historical resource for many more people. Congratulations and continued best wishes!  
Regards

Stephen Walton (Archivist)  
Department of Documents,  
Imperial War Museum,  
Duxford-Cambridgeshire CB22 4QR  
Telephone 01223 499346  
fax 01223 837267  
E-Mail swalton@iwm.org.uk

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Cal  
I just read the latest Pointer and am amazed at its stories and memories. You have a great staff and are an amazing man to gather the letters and present them in the magazine. I understand that you did get to visit the American Victory ship in Tampa and I was there in 2007 on Veterans' Day. It was a trip of a lifetime for me, visiting my "old ship" when our kids from Texas, Peter & Micki Lacker came up and flew me to see the ship, not only to visit the ship but it was my first plane ride after 81 years. Here are a couple of pictures, one with me at a signal light and the other where I found my old bunk and borrowed a crew member's cap for the photo. My experiences were not as dangerous as many of those in the Pointer but they were great for me. I served on the Towanda Victory and the Laconia Victory on trips to France, Italy and Russia and came back safely in 1945. Enclosed is a check to help pay the rent, keep up the good work.

Jim Lacker 673 McCoy Rd.  
Gaylord MI 49735  
marjim55@charter.net

The latest Pointer just came in the mail and they get better as time goes by.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear CAL,  
I now have publisher permission to print an excerpt of "Frozen Fury" in the POINTER. Here is the email quote: "From PublishAmerica author support To John Haynes Tue, Jul 13, 2010 at 11:10 AM Thank you again for your

# LETTERS FROM THE CREW...

email. Permission is granted gratis for printing of the attached excerpt in "The Pointer" magazine. Have a great day, Kristen"

SEE PAGE 20 of this POINTER.

Attached is the excerpt in PDF from. I hope this is satisfactory.

John

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hi Mr. Lloyd

Sorry it's taken so long to reply. I've had lots going on this past year. I do appreciate the hat and the Pointer magazines you sent. I am aending some B&W photos my dad took on one of the convoys he was on. I thought you might be able to use them in the magazine. Someone might recognize someone in the photos. If you can I would like to have copies back for my collection. These are the originals and I have no copies. My father was Lt. Guerdon W. Archer in a couple of the photos. He was on a Liberty Ship in the Armed Guard in the Atlantic and the vessel would be the S.S.JOHN CHANDLER, I think. The dates were probably 1943 or 1944. For future reference



# LETTERS FROM THE CREW...



lets use my personal E-Mail bill-yarcher@yahoo.com

My dad passed away 08/1987 but I still have some of the logs of the voyages I will root out for you if you like.

Thanks,

Bill Archer

5622 Third St., P O Box 635

Katy, TX 77493 Tel. (866) 702-0947

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hi Cal,

First an humble apology - I did receive the down load of the latest Pointer, and I sent a thankyou, as a reply to the download. Unfortunately I made a reply to the origin of the download thinking it would go to

you. Unfortunately I received an email from the post master informing me it could not be delivered. I then decided I must send it direct to your own email address, but it seems I must have had a senior moment and some how forgot to get one off, I only discovered this recently upon checking emails I had sent, and could not find one I should have sent to you. A few days afterwards I received a hard copy of Pointer through the post. I was very impressed with your latest efforts of producing the special edition remembering D-Day, and packed with other very interesting stuff. Great job Cal. You must devote a great deal of your time to producing the Pointer, in the interest of the USN Armed Guard veterans past and present.

Researching the Merchant Seaman's War keeps me motivated to getting at the truth and one thing is for sure the more you know the more you don't know, and leads to more questions demanding further searching. There are just no enough hours in the day, as I have to get on with jobs inside and out of home, I keep going all day with one thing and another, seldom go to bed before midnight, and up around 7 in the morning, earlier if I am working on the steam railway. In the summer one has to make the best of the weather so less time is available to be indoors researching unless it is raining. I like to go to London about 3 times a year spending 3 full days at the archives clicking away with a digital camera photographing documents, but the stuff I am looking for now is time consuming looking for pieces of information to fill in gaps where I have not accounted for those I know got away from a ship, but I do not know where they ended up. I keep persevering and sometimes I am rewarded.

All for now but I am really sorry I have not got back to you sooner. This

coming Saturday our local Merchant Navy Association will be at Eden Camp, and ex P.O.W. camp for Italian prisoners where there is a marvelous museum where many reunions take place for military service personnel and veterans. This Saturday we march with the Paratroopers as one of our members was also a "para" and is the secretary of one of their veterans branch. Para's from the North of England come here each year for a remembrance service and get together. The branch secretary, has a daughter who has a black Shetland Pony which is the Mascot of the Para's and is immaculately groomed for Saturday, the Pony has full regimental regalia and the daughter is dressed similarly and looks very smart, as they lead the parade. All the Para's wear the "Red Beret" and a serving Para Officer takes the parade. One year the Officer gave a very impressive speech to group of Para's who were going off to Afghanistan shortly - it was an inspiring speech, and he certainly inspired confidence he knew what he was talking about and stood out as a leader. The Afghanistan War is now longer than the WW2, and the enemy driven by fanatics, who care nothing for life, or, their own. We even have them in our own country. I think in WW2 when the big cities in UK were being bombed, it was safer then, at least we knew who the enemy was and where he lived. Now the bombs do not come down from the sky, but laid on the ground and the planters live in this country. Some religion. May you and all your USN AG vets all continue steaming on, for years to come. David Sibley-United Kingdom

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SEE PAGE 55 of POINTER CA Lloyd: Thanks for your interest in publishing the following in The Pointer. It is NON PROFIT

A new DVD, "A Beautiful Ship", about



Kath clearly recalls the day during WWII when, as a carefree teen (right), she met American sailor Carl Sides (above).

WEEKLY PEOPLE



## A BRIEF ENCOUNTER

### Kath Rollit and the dashing serviceman she met in 1943 never forgot their short time together

One afternoon, 66 years ago, a pretty young woman showed a handsome US serviceman around the city of Christchurch. It was only a brief encounter, but both Kath Rollitt and Carl Sides never forgot those few hours, and now, for the first time since they bid each other farewell, the two have been reunited.

Kath, today a great-grandmother of 83, recalls seeing Carl in a shop on 15 January, 1943. He was trying to explain to the shop staff – in his strong Alabama accent – that he was looking for gramophone records. Kath was 19 and he was 22.

"The staff had real trouble understanding his American accent and they didn't have any records anyway," explains Kath. "So I offered to take him to local secondhand shops to look for some."

After showing Carl around the city of Christchurch, she walked him to the train station and said goodbye.

"It was no romantic love affair," Kath

insists. "He wanted records and I was only too pleased to help him. When he left we just shook hands – there were no kisses. He asked me to write to him and I said, 'Yes', because I knew how much servicemen loved getting letters."

Kath went on with her life and married her husband Keith when he returned home from the war. She and Carl exchanged letters, but later lost touch. Kath tried to find Carl when she travelled to the US in the 1970s, but without success.

Then, just recently, Carl wrote a letter to Christchurch newspaper *The Press* searching for the "very nice-looking girl" who brightened up his day.

"She came with me to this record shop and I told her, 'I don't know when I'll get to see you again – we're leaving tomorrow.'

We exchanged some letters, but I lost her address," Carl wrote.

Kath was shocked when she picked up the newspaper. "I was overwhelmed. I'd only spent half a day with Carl so I was pleased he still remembered me. It was such a short encounter," she says.

The paper has now put the two back in touch and Kath has received a long letter from Carl, who lives in an Alabama retirement village with his wife Myrtle. Kath can't wait to write back – just like in wartime.

"At my age, you don't expect to have someone come looking for you," she laughs, still as shy now as she was in her teens. "It's extremely flattering."

Aroha Awarau



Kath and Carl (right) are now in their eighties

# LETTERS FROM THE CREW...

Charles, you are one "tough old bird"! All these years you have kept the memory alive of the Armed Guard of WWII. I know the number of this "noble band" is decreasing, but the survivors and the children and grand children of those gone owe you a debt of gratitude. The testimonies and stories make us proud to be Americans. While we can never thank those who gave their lives for our peace and freedom we can extend our sincere thanks to you and others who survive. Keep up the good work.

Jack Truax, son of Harold L. Truax, SS Green Bay

## NAMES

NAME : TRAUX (HON) T . JOHN E . WIFE: C ARLOINE .  
 ADDRESS : 226 S ASTELL AVE . CITY: WEST COVINA  
 STATE : CA. ZIP: 91790 . PHONE NUMBER: 626-919-1420  
 RECORD ID: 17561.  
 MISC 1: SER. 892 50 87 DAD WAS HAROLD L. TRAUX DECEASED ABOUT 1994. KOML cal  
 MISC 2: ODs:033 DAD WAS ON SHIP BELOW FOR 2 YEARS.  
 SHIP 1: S.S. GREEN BAY (V)  
 SHIP 2:

the Baltimore Liberty Ship SS John W. Brown, can be ordered from Project Liberty Ship, Inc., P.O. Box 25846, Highlandtown Station, Baltimore, MD 21224-0546.

The 37-minute DVD costs \$15 with an extra \$3 for mailing. All proceeds from sales support the non-profit SS John W. Brown which honors the merchant seamen and U.S. Navy Armed Guard of World War II who operated and guarded the Brown and other Liberty ships in the war.

Ernie Imhoff, of Baltimore, ordinary seaman on the Brown, shot most of the 200 color pictures and wrote the words for the DVD. His wife, Hilda Imhoff, narrated the DVD. The producer is Bernard J. Wulff, a retired architect whose bell tower design was one of six finalists for the World War II Memorial in Washington. Imhoff wrote "Good Shipmates: The Restoration of the Liberty Ship John W, Brown, 1942-2006, Volumes One and Two", 2006, 2007, Glencannon Press, Palo Alto, CA. The books also support the Brown. Most of the DVD pictures are new photographs not in the books. The ship under Capt. Rick Bauman will begin its 2010 sailing season with a six-hour cruise for passengers on the Chesapeake Bay on May 8. The Brown plans to sail to Providence, R.I. September 20, 2010 for a

stay in Providence Sept. 22 to Sept. 27, said Michael J. Schneider, a 24-year U.S. Navy veteran, who is chairman of Project Liberty Ship Inc. The trip completes the Brown's aim to visit all seven East Coast ports where Liberty ships were built. The Walsh-Kaiser Yard built 11 Liberty ships as well as 21 patrol frigates (called PFs) and 32 attack cargo ships (called AKAs). Joseph Carbo, who sailed around the world 14 times as an engineer in the merchant marine, is chief engineer. Again, thanks, C.A.

Ernie Imhoff  
1626 Bolton St. Baltimore, MD 21217  
ernimhoff@aol.com

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

C.A.,  
We got the POINTER in the next mail and I took it in to Ernie. He asked what that was about the PQ15 and I started to read it to him. I read the first two parts and then had to leave. The next day when I came in he was ready for me to read the rest of it to him. He stayed awake and alert as I read the whole story and told each nurse that came in that we were reliving the trip. Thank you so much for your story. That make my day!!! and his too!!!  
Carolyn Cochran (Your helper)

\*\*\*\*\*

*(To all who reads this: At our Minnesota National Reunion, I asked that anyone who would, volunteer to help me in sending out shipmates we find. Ernie and Carolyn stepped forward and has been sending them out every since. I few years back, Ernie had health problem and he asked Carolyn to help me as long as she was able as he knew what his health problem was and it would not get any better. This she has done and visits and attends to needs, too and it's great to know that when she reads the POINTERS to Ernie, he is coherent enough and looks for the POINTER, also. She has been my "RIGHT ARM" in sending out shipmates names. You see, I backup my system several times weekly and she sends them out. It has worked for all these years and as the saying goes, if it ain't broke, don't fix it.) cal*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Two Minnesotans are sitting in the boat fishing. So Ole say, "Sven, why do scuba divers always fall out backwards off zee boat?" Sven says, "If they fell forwards, they'd fall inner zee boat!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A motorcycle cop was rushed to the hospital with an inflamed appendix. The doctors operated and advised him that all was well. However, the patrolman kept feeling something that was

# LETTERS FROM THE CREW...

Dear Friend and Shipmate Lloyd,

Your work and devotion to us Armed Guard veterans is not unnoticed and not unappreciated. Thank you! I read and enjoy the Pointer all the time.

I entered the U.S. Naval Reserve at age 18 in 1943, and was aboard my first Liberty ship age 19, and next birthday am age 85, so we veterans are not getting any younger!

Fred Hatch  
426 Miller Rd. Medina OH 44256

pulling at the hairs on his chest. Worried that it might be a second surgery the doctors hadn't told him about, he finally got enough energy to pull his hospital gown down enough so he could look at what was making him so uncomfortable. Taped firmly across his hairy chest were three wide strips of adhesive tape, the ultra sticky kind that doesn't come off once it is put on. Written in large black letters was the sentence, "Get well soon! Luv, from the nurse you ticketed last week!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hi,  
I am a WW2 Merchant Marine Veteran. The S.S. Larry Doheny took a torpedo and sank just west by east-eleven nautical miles from where I live. Our Port Orford, Oregon. Our fisherman's wives have a memorial set up near the port listing all of the fisherman that have been lost to the sea from Port Orford. I have gotten their permission to put a head stone on a large rock at the memorial listing the ship and the part of the crew that still on board. They were killed when the I-25 sent them to the bottom. I am seeking the names of the four Navy Armed Guard and the two Merchant Seaman. Can you help me find the names? Thank you.  
Monty Ontgomery,  
42549 Port Orford Loop Rd.,

Port Orford OR., 97465  
541-756-7396  
montykat@verizon.Net  
Source. Capt. Art r. Moore book A Careless Word....A needless sinking

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear C.A.. Here's wishing that both you and Hilda are doing well. Since I have taken the helm of the 36th Infantry Division Assn., San Antonio Chapter, I have been busy. The Veteran members are still alive and all are in their mid to upper 90s. Most of them have a Purple Heart medal. We are working on our Sept 9, 2010 ceremony commemorating the 66th Anniversary of the United States First Invasion of Mainland (Nazi) Europe at Salerno, Italy, nine months before the Normandy Landing and to Honor those who fought and died there. The history books, the news media, (TV and newspapers) purports that the Normandy Invasion was the only invasion of MAINLAND EUROPE to crush Nazi Germany. How wrong they are. Long before the landing at Normandy Beach, (in fact, 9 months before) on the morning of Sept. 9, 1943, the Famous 36th Infantry Division of Texas, with the 45th Infantry Division of Oklahoma and the 3rd Infantry, (regular) invaded Mainland Europe at Salerno, Italy with Units of the San Antonio 1st Bn of

the 141st Infantry Regiment in the first wave. This invasion helped enable a successful landing at Normandy drawing away Nazi forces from that area.

The decision to invade Italy was a result of complicated political pressure exerted by the Allied Leaders, Winston Churchill, Joseph Stalin and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Stalin urgently needed a new Western Front to take the pressure off of his armies. The Allied Forces needed to force the deployment of a large portion of the German Army to go to Southern Europe --away from the northern invasion sites to be. An interesting note was while the Normandy Invasion was underway, the 36th Division was already marching through the liberated capital of Italy—ROME. The 36th later invaded Southern France and fought it's way to the Rhine and to Austria.

No, I was not a part of the USN Armed Guard supporting these events at the time, I was the only Navy man aboard an Army Aviation Gasoline Tanker at the end of the Aleutian Islands about that time during the Attu/Kiska operations supporting the forward Army Air Corps.

I am still awaiting for the Texas Reunion Team to provide information on our Wichita Falls Reunion next year. Thanks a million for staying in there and publishing the POINTER and all the other news about our shipmates. Sincerely,  
Dan Mock 8810 Silent Oaks,  
San Antonio, Tx 78250 210-681-2120  
mocksatx@sbcglobal.net

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



# REUNIONS

USN ARMED GUARD MEETINGS AND REUNION 2009-2010

PLEASE NOTICE!! MANY CHANGES OF ADDRESSES, TEL.#, E-MAILS, Etc.  
MANY MAY MAKE CHANGES ON DATE AND PLACES SO IT'S UP TO YOU TO FIN OUT.  
REGIONAL---MINI-REUNIONS ---GET-TOGETHERS-- MEMORIALS, ETC  
SUPPORT THESE LOCAL MEETINGS

NOTICE: Hosts Names, Addresses, Zip Codes, Telephone;., E-Mails may change anytime so it's up to you and them to keep each notified. Any changes will be in the next POINTER. If your group is not included or need corrections, advise NOW for the next POINTER. If your meeting was in the POINTER, Jan/May 2010 it will not be in this one unless it has changed.

Iowa/Mn/Daks meet 2nd Wednesday at 10 A.M. for coffee and gab monthly at the Machine Shed on the West Side of Des Moines, Ia. off Exit 125 on I-80/I-35, the Hickman Rd. They will hold their Annual Reunion Sept. 17-18, 2010 at the Holiday Inn off I-80/I-35 at the Merle Hay Rd. Exit, 131 on the N. side of Des Moines. Contact Arnie Latare, 4400 E.P. True Pkwy #59, W.Des Moines, Ia. 50265 515-225-1084 malata@q.com All AG/MM and family are welcomed.

The TEXAS 2011 reunion will be held April 7-10/2011 in Wichita Falls at the Holiday Inn at the FALLS. Hosts will be Jesse Dwain Holmes, 1510 Rita Ln., Iowa Park, Tx. 76367-1040 Tel. 940-592-5730 and his 2 daughters, Judy H. Gilmore 13403 Ravenwing Dr. Cypress, Tx. 77429 713-386-5758 judygailgilmore@hotmail.com and Diane H. Dill 6013 Settlement Way, McKinney, Tx. 75070 214-578-3206 dianedill@sbcglobal.com I was in error when I said Dan Mock's two daughters. Debbie Wade will still assist.

Victoria Texas Armed Guard Crew meets on the 1st Monday of the month at 9:30 A.M. at Ramsey's Restaurant 1401 N. Navarro, Victoria, Tx.. Contact: Norm Neureuther 361-578-7900 neuther@suddenlink.net

Clint Barr 2340 3rd St., Easton, Pa 18042 610-258-3056 Pa. Chrm, informs me that Hosts Alvin and Thelma Kemble of Harrisburg, Pa. will turn their meetings over to Charles Hastings, 300 Old Orchard Ln., York, Pa. 19403 717-843-6231 and Eugene

Alexander 1147 Galway Ct., Hummelstown, Pa. 17036 717-220-1090 at their December meeting at HOSS'S at Hummelstown at 11 A.M.. Al and Thelma has been the hosts for 18 years of devoted service and devotion. Our THANKS go out to them for a job WELL DONE!! Thanks goes out to the new host for keeping them in that area together.

The SUNCOAST Armed Guard/Merchant Marine Veterans of WW II will meet in Sept. 11, 2010 at Kally K's at 11:30 hours. Contact: Hal Conn, 6625 W. Seven Rivers Dr., Crystal River, Fl. 34429 352-795-6257 halconn@xtalwind.net

The Rudy Kozak Chapter of the U.S. Merchant Marine and Armed Guard Veterans still meet at 1 P.M. on the 2nd Wednesday of each month except July and August at the American Legion Post No. 53 in Sanford, Fla.. Contact: Richard McCamy, 26002 Zinna Lane, Astatula, Fl. 34705 352-742-1394 marymccamy@embarqmail.com. Sure is good to get back into the POINTER. We have a great crew of MM/AG who enjoy swapping our sea stories. We invite you and everyone to come join in while we are able.

Our Joe Colgan, AG on the S.S. JOHN W. BROWN asked me to remind all of you of the ship's cruises and especially to Providence, RI. Sat. Sept. 25th. 2010. Get your tickets now to be sure of the cruise. This may be the last time many of you can get to see another Liberty Ship in your area.

Southern California - San Fernando Valley COCO's California Room. Armed Guard and MM WW II, meet the 3rd Sat. of the month at 11 A.M. for breakfast for laughs and conversation. We have never missed a month in the last 7 years. JOIN IN. AG---MM WW II and ladies WELCOMED.

Rhode Island and Eastern Ma. Chapter Host, Gerry Greaves, 1287 S. Broadway, E. Providence, 02914 401-431-0011 USNAG@aol.com asks his crew to keep in contact him as he has changed their meeting place to the first Thursday in Oct. 2020. It will be held at the Corner of Broad St. and Rhodes Pl. in the Imperial Room at #1 Rhodes Pl. Cranston, RI. 02905. Also, keep in mind that the S.S. JOHN W. BROWN will visit Providence next Sept. 25, 2010. See Flyer in this POINTER.

Il/Wi meetings for 2010 will be: Aug. 17 and Nov. 16. at Sturtevant Driftwood Restaurant. Hosts are Jay and Jane Wildfong 13211 Durand Ave. Sturtevant, Wi. 53117 262-886-2966 WILDFONGJ@cs.com

US Navy Armed Guard & Merchant Marine Veterans of WW II. Meet every third (3rd) Saturday of the month, except June, July and August at Marsh Landing Restaurant at 44 North Broadway, Fellsmere, FL. For information contact C.F. "Korky" Korker 772 571-0230 E-Mail korkykorker@aol.com

The LOGANSPORT, IN. AREA meets at the VFW POST 1024 Erie Ave. on the last Friday of each month at 11:30 except December. Hosts are

# REUNIONS

William and Betty Zwyers, 9239 N State Rd 29, Frankfort, In. 46041 765-258-3353 You're welcomed all to attend.

The Rochester, N.Y. Area AG/MM meet on the 2nd Tuesday 11 A.M. at the JAY'S DINER 2612 W.Henrietta Rd., Rochester, N.Y 585-424-3710. Hosts John Shevlin 585-467-2057; Walter Mace 585-394-7165, Frank Hutter 585-473-8103 & Michael Lucci 585-388-0576 says to come on and join them. It is with sadness to report that Joan Lucci passed away July 2010 and Forest and Marie Lane 14 Hanna Ln., Webster, N.Y. 14580 585-217-9897 coolforest@frontiernet.net E-mailed to say they would assist Shevlin and others to carry on. They have a great crew there as all the others have.

Albany, NY Area Armed Guard/Merchant Marine WW II meet the 4th Thurs. of month at Schyler Inn, 545 Broadway, Menands NY at 11:30 AM. Host are Art and Marion Fazzone 3936 Albany St., Schenectady, NY 12304-4371 (518)374-5377 mamoon3@aol.com and Peter Falasco, 49 Monroe Ave., Latham, NY 12118 (518) 785-7890

Patrol Craft Sailors Assn. Reunion will be held at the Long Beach Hilton Hotel, Long Beach, Ca. Host: Duane Walters, 103 Cross Rd., Camillus, N.Y. 13031 315-487-2623 buckypcsa@twcny.rr.com

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND Armed Guard Veterans of WW II will hold their 2010 FALL Meeting Wednesday Oct. 13th at noon at the RED BLAZER Restaurant in Concord N.H.. RSVP by Oct. 9th to Bob Norling 603-224-4927 E-Mail uppa1924@aol.com

WVA Armed Guard Merchant Marine WW II Veterans will be Sept. 25, 2010 at the "Ranch House" Restaurant in the Conference Room Rt. 55 Craigsville,

WV. 304-742-6117. Hosts are Forrest Flanagan PO Box 119, Craigsville, WV 26205 304-742-3160 OR Robert Wheeler, 203 Hunt Ave. Beckley, WV. 25108 304-255-0897

The American Merchant Marine Veterans Chapter called the SILICON VALLEY MARINE CHAPTER would like for any of you of the Armed Guard WW II in California to join them for lunch in the back room of CARROW'S RESTAURANT at 3180 El Camino Real, Santa Clara, Ca. on the 4th Friday of each month (except Nov/Dec) at 11:30 A.M.. They take in the Santa Clara Veterans Day Memorial Services at the Memorial Park and would like to have many Armed Guard to come join in the Comradary and show their AG Colors. Contact: Perry Adams, 5100 EL CAMINO REAL Apt 303, Los Altos, Ca 94022 650-967-3696. Or, any MM/AG groups who would like to join in to talk ol' salt talk.

MM/AG Susquehanna Mariners Contact Wm. Balabanow, 74 Delp Rd., Lancaster, Pa. 17601 717-569-0391 b.balabanow@verizon.net for their next meeting.

The Merchant Marine WW II will hold their 2011 26th National Reunion in Reno, Nv. Cleveland, Ohio Chapter still hold their meetings at Denny's W 150th Exit off I-71 4331 West 150th St. Cleveland. Contact Bill Joyce 440-937-6487. bjjj@eriecoast.com

Oregon Chapt. MM/AG still hold meetings together according to Armed Guard Zed Merrill. Zed says there will be a Documentary in December about the MMs. Those who would like to attend their meetings, contact: Ruthann Heineken, 7055 SW 184th Ave., Portland, Or. 97007 503-848-7031 amitor21@gmail.com Ruthann is the editor of their SALTY DOG CHAPTER.

IA-MN-DAK's meet monthly at the Machine Shed on the West Side of Des Moines, off exit #125 on I-80/I-35, the Hickman Rd. exit. This is adjacent to the Living History Farm. We meet on the second Wednesday of each month at 10:00 a.m. for coffee and conversation. Most stay for lunch. All Armed Guards and Merchant Marines and or family members are welcome. The IA-MN-DAK's Armed Guards and Merchant Marine will have our annual reunion on Sept. 17-18, 2010, at the Holiday Inn just off I-80/I-35 at the Merle Hay Rd exit, #131 on the north side of Des Moines, IA.

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*Mike and Lena Molinari's crew in Brooklyn has stopped meeting after all these years. So sad. Age is starting to catch up with many of those who entered service early in the war. If others who I had listed in the past are not meeting, please let me know as I send out older POINTERS with them listed and I can notify them that you are discontinuing meetings. (cal)*



**Lone Sailor**

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

# THE S.S. JEAN NICOLET

## Japanese Atrocities The S.S. Jean Nicolet A JAPANESE ATROCITY ON THE HIGH SEAS

The horrible ordeal of the Merchant crew, U.S. Naval Armed Guard, and passengers, on board the SS JEAN NICOLET after being torpedoed July 2, 1944.

This is the true story of one of the most horrible atrocities committed by the Japanese during World War II. Some people are aware of it, most are not. You will never read about this in the public media today.

The SS JEAN NICOLET, a Liberty Ship built in Portland, Oregon, in October 1943, was operated for the War Shipping Administration by the Oliver J. Olson Company of San Francisco and under the command of Captain David Martin Nilsson of Oakland, California. On board was a complement of 100 men consisting of 41 Merchant crew, 28 Naval Armed Guard, and 31 passengers. The passenger list was made up of 6 U.S. Army Officers, 12 U.S. Army enlisted men, eight Navy technicians, four civilians, and one U.S. Army Medical Corpsmen.

On July 2, 1944, the SS JEAN NICOLET was steaming alone in the Indian Ocean loaded with a cargo of war materials for the China/Burma/India Theatre of War. Sailing from San Pedro on May 12th, the ship had stopped at Fremantle, Australia, for bunkers, stores, and to discharge some cargo. Departing from Fremantle on June 21st, she was bound for Colombo, Ceylon, where she was to stop for orders prior to proceeding to Calcutta. The cargo consisted of heavy machinery, trucks, steel plate, landing barges, steel mooring pontoons, and other general wartime cargo.

At 1907 ship's time, on this date, she was

located in position 3-28 South/74-30 West or about 700 miles south of Ceylon. At this time, she was struck by two torpedoes fired from the Japanese submarine I-8. The first hit between #2 and #3 holds on the starboard side and the second at #4 hold on the same side. A few minutes later the Master ordered abandon ship as he feared the ship would capsize due to the heavy starboard list. All hands abandoned ship safely in lifeboats and rafts. Before abandoning his post, Augustus Tilden, the Radio Operator, sent out a radio message that the ship had been torpedoed in the above position. The message was acknowledged by Calcutta and Ceylon. This radio message was responsible for saving the lives of 23 men.

Soon after the ship was abandoned, the I-8 surfaced. As it was dark the I-8 used a powerful searchlight to locate the boats and rafts. The survivors were threatened with machine guns and ordered to come alongside by a Japanese speaking perfect English. Some on one raft slipped over the side into the water to hide but were seen and ordered to get back on the raft. Then they were ordered to swim to the sub. Five others, who were on the side away from the sub, were not discovered. These five were the only ones who did not board the sub. This five consisted of four of the Naval Armed Guard and one Army enlisted man. They were among the 23 survivors.

One of the men forced to swim to the sub was William M. Musser, a 17-year-old Messman from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, making his first trip to sea. Each man who lived to tell this tale has a different story about what happened to him but basically it was this way.

After boarding the sub, he was escorted towards the bow and as he walked forward, one of the Japanese sailors swung him around and slugged him over the head with a piece of steel pipe. As

Musser staggered from the blow the sailor laughed and took out his pistol and shot Musser in the head and then kicked his body over the side as he fell.

Another crew member, Richard L. Kean, a 19-year-old Ordinary Seaman from Kennewick, Washington was also brutally murdered. As he climbed out of a lifeboat to the sub's deck, he was searched, had his life jacket removed, and then his arms were bound behind his back. The Japanese sailor who was leading him forward suddenly turned with a bayonet in his hand and plunged it into Kean's stomach. As Kean doubled over with pain, he was struck in the head with a rifle butt and kicked over the side into the water.

As each of the other survivors boarded the I-8, they were immediately roughed up, searched, had life jackets removed and all their valuables, shoes, and I.D. tags were taken from them. Then they were bound with their arms behind their backs with rope or wire. They were forced to sit on deck with their heads bowed on their knees. Anyone who raised his head or made a noise of any kind was beaten with iron pipes and cut with bayonets. The deck ran red with blood and vomit.

Captain Nilsson, Gus Tilden (Radio Operator), and Francis J. O'Gara were taken to the conning tower and shoved below. Mr. O'Gara was a War Shipping Administration representative en route to the Calcutta office. They were never seen again by the survivors.

While sitting in this painful position, the survivors were forced to listen to a harangue by the I-8's Commander. He hurled insults at them saying, "You are now my prisoners. Let this be a lesson to you that Americans are weak. You must realize that Japan will rule the world. You are stupid for letting your leaders take you to war. Do you know that the entire American fleet is now at the bottom of the Pacific?"

# THE S.S. JEAN NICOLET

While all this was going on, the I-8 cruised around looking for any boats or rafts they might have missed. The sub also commenced shelling the NICOLET which was still afloat. As the I-8 cruised around, a wave came over the deck of the submarine washing three of the men overboard with their hands tied behind them. Two of them, Carl Rosenbaum (F/WT) and George Kenmore Hess (A.B.), survived but Lt. Morrison R. Miller, U.S. Army, was never seen again. Lt. Miller had suffered a broken arm abandoning ship and he had no chance of surviving.

In the meantime, a gauntlet consisting of 10 to 15 crew members of the I-8 was formed on the after deck behind the conning tower. Those held on the fore deck could not see what was happening. They could, however, hear the horrible screams of the men who were forced to go through the gauntlet. Those forming the gauntlet were armed with steel stanchions, bayonets, and rifles. Waiting at the end was a huge Japanese holding a rifle with a fixed bayonet in both hands. If any man survived to the end of the gauntlet, he was impaled on the bayonet of this man and his body heaved overboard like a side of beef. Three men survived this torture by jumping overboard halfway through the gauntlet. Even though their hands were still bound, they decided they would take their chance in the ocean regardless of the sharks. All three of them suffered wounds from bayonets and steel pipes. Two of them were from the merchant crew, Charles E. Pyle (1st Asst. Engr.) and Harold R. Lee (Messman). The third was Robert C. Butler, a U.S. Navy Technician.

While all this torture was going on, those sitting on the fore deck, unaware of what was happening on the after deck, were led one by one to the slaughter until there were about 30 men left alive on deck. At this time, the diving siren sounded and crew members of the I-8 were ordered below. An aircraft had

been reported on the sub's radar heading in the direction of the submarine. Those left on deck with their hands tied behind their backs were left to drown. Seventeen of these men drowned or were killed by sharks. The remaining 13 men survived by swimming all night, some with their hands still tied. Others were able to get free by themselves or were freed by a Navy Armed Guard Seaman who had concealed a knife in his blouse. He cut as many free as he could as the sub went under.

The aircraft reported on radar was in all likelihood searching for the survivors of the NICOLET. This was the result of the radio message sent by Gus Tilden just before he abandoned ship.

Many of the survivors were in the water for 13 to 14 hours without any support. About 0800 the next morning (July 3rd) survivors saw a Liberator approaching the scene. It dropped a small rubber dinghy made to hold four people. Eventually, seven men ended up in this dinghy. An hour or so later, three more planes appeared overhead (PBY's) searching for survivors but flew off without any action.

At daylight on July 4th, another Liberator appeared overhead and a ship was seen approaching. This was HMIS HOXA on her way to rescue the survivors. Seven men were found clinging to the small dinghy, thirteen others were rescued from rafts or dinghies, and three others were found clinging to wreckage. They were taken to Addu Atoll of the Maldiv Islands group landing there on July 5th where they were interrogated by the British Intelligence.

They left Addu Atoll on July 12th aboard HMIS SONNETI arriving in Colombo on July 14th. On July 27th they were flown to Calcutta where the two Army men and the Navy technician were assigned duties in the area. The 10

crew members and the 10 Naval Armed Guard were eventually taken to Bombay by train. At Bombay they boarded the USAT GEN. WILLIAM MITCHELL. They finally got back to the U.S., landing in San Diego on October 6th, more than 3 months after their horrible ordeal.

Of the 100 men aboard the JEAN NICOLET, only 4 survived. A breakdown of the lost is as follows: 31 merchant crew, 18 Naval Armed Guard, and 27 passengers. Francis J. O'Gara was found alive in Ofuna prison camp near Yokohama after the end of hostilities. He had been declared dead by the U.S. Navy. He even had a Liberty Ship named for him, the only living person who was to see his name on a Liberty Ship. The O'GARA was built June 1945 in Panama City, Florida.

Mr. O'Gara had been a Sports writer for the Philadelphia Inquirer prior to Dec. 7, 1941 but early in 1942 he joined the Merchant Marine as a Seaman. After about two years of sea duty he came ashore to work for the WSA.

After the I-8 submerged, O'Gara spent 44 days aboard the sub suffering frequent beatings, denial of food and water most of the time. During this time he got a glimpse of Capt. Nilsson and Gus Tilden, the Radio Operator. The I-8 reached Penang on August 15th where he and Capt. Nilsson were taken ashore. He never saw the Radio Operator again but did get a brief look at Capt. Nilsson through the window of his cell. O'Gara was returned aboard the I-8 on September 15th and eventually ended up in Yokohama on October 9, 1944.

Capt. Nilsson was left behind when O'Gara was taken from Penang to Japan. Nothing is known of his fate. O'Gara was of the opinion that Capt. Nilsson was put aboard a submarine to be transported to Japan and the sub was sunk en route by the U.S. Navy.

# THE S.S. JEAN NICOLET

The Commander of the I-8 was a brutal, sadistic creep named Tetsunosuke Ariizumi. He had been nicknamed "The Butcher" by the British Royal Navy because of several other atrocities he had committed against Allied Merchant crews similar to that of the JEAN NICOLET. One such atrocity was perpetrated against a Dutch Merchant ship, the SS TJISALAK on March 26, 1944. Of 103 men on board only five survived. The men on board this ship suffered the same fate as those on the JEAN NICOLET. The five survivors saved themselves by jumping overboard and swimming underwater despite the fact they were being machine gunned. They eventually reached one of the boats previously abandoned and were picked up by the Liberty Ship SS JAMES A. WALKER on March 30th.

Toward the final days of the war Ariizumi was a Flotilla Commander and was on the I-401, the largest submarine ever built, a boat of some 5000 tons equipped with three catapult planes. Subs of that class were called "under-seas aircraft carriers." At this time Ariizumi proposed using the I-401 and three other subs of that class to destroy the Panama Canal. When this plan was scrapped in favor of attacking Ulithi, Ariizumi was infuriated.

Upon receipt of the Emperor's surrender order the I-401 proceeded back toward Japan and was surrendered to the U.S. Navy submarine USS SEGUNDO. Five of the SEGUNDO's crew were put aboard the I-401 as guards.

The U.S. Navy reported that while the I-401 was entering Tokyo Bay on August 31, 1945, about 0400 hours, Ariizumi committed suicide and his body was thrown overboard.

Mr. O'Gara disputed this report by the Navy and expressed outrage to the Criminal Registration Officer. He agreed with O'Gara and assigned a

Nisei investigator to track down Ariizumi. Mr. O'Gara was convinced that Ariizumi was put ashore before the I-401 was captured by the Americans or he slipped through a hatch and swam ashore after entering Tokyo Bay.

Upon investigation, it had been determined that the I-401 came within sight of land en route to Tokyo Bay around Sendai in northern Honshu where Ariizumi could easily have been put ashore before the submarine surrendered. None of the Navy men on the I-401 ever saw Ariizumi aboard nor did they see a body or a burial at sea.

O'Gara was brought back to Japan in 1948 by the War Crimes Tribunal as a witness against Japanese war criminals that he had experienced while he was a prisoner of war. However, the one he wanted most was Ariizumi. He even took it upon himself to search for him personally. He wanted him that bad and who could blame him!

Some members of the crew of the I-8 were tried and received light sentences but even those sentences were commuted. Ariizumi was never caught. It's very possible that this man and other crew members of the I-8 are still alive and well in Japan today. This infuriates me and all others who care.

O'Gara said the one person who was most helpful, as far as the attack on the JEAN NICOLET, was the one who spoke perfect English from the deck of the sub giving orders to the Americans. He came forward, voluntarily, to the authorities and told all he knew of the sinkings and atrocities and identified all he knew to be responsible. His name was Harold Jiro Nakahara who was born in Hawaii and lived there. At the time of the outbreak of the war he was studying in Japan and unable to return. He had been pressed into service as a Radio Operator and interpreter.

Francis J. O'Gara died September 18, 1981, at the age of 69.

To my knowledge, William R. Flury of White City, Oregon, may be the last living survivor of this most heinous of atrocities. Some may still be alive but Mr. Flury does not know of them. He had been denied Prisoner of War status by the U.S. Coast Guard but he appealed that decision and won. Whether he was a Prisoner of War if he has been captured by the enemy. Remember what the Commander, Ariizumi, said, "You are now my prisoners!"

On October 25, 1993 William B. Flury was awarded the POW medal by the U.S. Coast Guard. Although none of the other nine surviving merchant crew members are still alive, their families are eligible to receive this medal.

I wish to extend my thanks to Robert Carl Rosenbaum, son of Carl R. Rosenbaum for much of the material used in this article. Carl Rosenbaum was one of the 23 survivors of this tragedy.

I am also indebted to William J. Howard, Jr. Capt. USAFR (Ret.) for the information on Francis J. O'Gara. Capt. Howard's daughter is married to the son of Mr. O'Gara, Francis J. O'Gara, Jr.

Also many thanks to Bill Flury for sharing some of his experiences with me regarding his survival of this atrocity.

## SURVIVORS OF THE SS JEAN NICOLET MERCHANT CREW (10)

- Charles E. Pyle 1st Engr. Lodi, Cal.
- John McDougall A.B. Berkley, Cal.
- Paul L. Mitchem Dk. Engr. San Franc, Cal.
- Jack C. Van Ness Carpenter Burlingame, Cal.
- Lloyd B. Ruth Wiper Akron, Ohio
- George K. Hess A.B. Berkley, Cal.
- William B. Flury 2nd Cook
- Chiloguin, Oregon
- Stuart R. Vanderhurst A.B. San Francisco, Cal.

# THE S.S. JEAN NICOLET

- Carl Rosenbaum Fireman  
Crockett, Cal.
- Harold R. Lee Messman  
Dunbar, West Virginia

## NAVAL ARMED GUARD (10)

- Gerald V. Deal Lt. j.g. Pomona, Cal.
- Teofil Wyrozumski GM/3  
Van Nuys, Cal.
- William E. Simons RM/3  
Huntington Park, Cal.
- Collie C. Stone RM/3 Tulsa, Okla.
- Robert Applegate S/I Jackson, Mich.
- Carl L. Bevatori S/I Springfield, Ill.
- Robert L. Nuvill S/I  
Grand Haven, Mich.
- Raymond M. Wheeler S/I  
Orange, N.J.
- Ora E. Lamb S/I Champagne, Ill.
- Archie L. Howard S/I Albany, Cal.

## PASSENGERS (4)

- John J. Gussak Capt. U.S. Army  
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- Harvey Matyas Private U.S. Army  
Milwaukee, Wis.
- Robert C. Butler U.S. Navy Technician  
Camino, Cal.
- Francis J. O'Gara WSA Representative  
Prisoner of War

## U.S. NAVAL ARMED GUARD, AND

## U.S. NAVY, U.S. ARMY, AND CIVIL- IAN PASSENGERS LOST ON THE SS "JEAN NICOLET"

## U.S. NAVAL ARMED GUARD (18)

- ARMONT, Walter D. Slc
- ATCHLEY, Ernest E. Slc
- BAK, Alec F. Slc
- FLOYD, David L. Slc
- GAGNIER, Patrick E. Coxswain
- HARDWICK, Ralph Slc
- HERMAN, A.
- HOLMSTROM, Terry W. Slc
- KONJA, Farry D. Slc
- KOLCZYNSKI, Raymond R. Slc
- KRAJEWSKI, Richard J. Slc
- KUHN, Charles E. Slc
- LASKY, John E. Slc
- LALLATHIN, Frank J. Slc
- LISNER, J.
- PETERSEN, A.J.
- RATEN, Frank R. GM3c
- WILSON, Frank

## U.S. ARMY PERSONNEL

### (Passengers) (17)

- FERGUSON, Donald B. Captain  
CMP
- GUTHRIE, Walter R. Captain  
QMC
- MILLER, Morrison R. 2nd LT. AC
- COTTEN, James P. WO (JG) AC

- COLEMAN, Edward J. T. Sgt. QMC
- LITRELL, Goerge D., Jr. Sgt. AC
- THORPE, Robert O. Sgt. AC
- CHURCH, Charles B., Jr. S. Sgt  
QMC
- CAIN, William R. Tech 4 MC
- McCUTCHEON, Willard L. Pvt.  
AC
- MORRIS, Wilbert O. Pvt. AC
- PIERCE, Newton C. Pvt. AC
- PIERRARD, Marvin E. Pvt. AC
- POE, Robert W. Pvt. AC
- SALINAS, Waldemar Pvt. AC
- SATTERFIELD, Thomas R., Jr. Pvt.  
AC
- SNODGRASS, Ralph Captain MC

## U.S. NAVY PERSONNEL

### (Passengers) (7)

- BOLTON, Robert E.
- CHERNDON, Thomas
- FRANK, John William
- INEDEMAR, George M.
- McCAULEY, George G.
- SHINMAN, Richard
- VIGER, Leon J.

## CIVILIAN PASSENGERS (3)

- MULLIN, Thomas J.
- PARKER, A.T.
- WEBB, Thomas T.

[www.armed-guard.com](http://www.armed-guard.com)

## GRADUATING BATTALION



### Second Row:

LLOYD, Charles A., S2c.

LLOYD, Lonnie D., Jr., S2c.

# BRITISH CEMETERY AT OCRACOKE



British Cemetery at Ocracoke,  
North Carolina

British Cemetery at Ocracoke, North Carolina

Every year on the Thursday and Friday closest to May 11th British and American armed forces meet on British soil in North Carolina. The reason is a memorial service honoring the British seamen buried in a piece of land deeded by the US government to Britain on the island of Ocracoke in the Outer Banks. It's a story of heroism and gratitude that is little known outside of the tiny town.

It begins in May of 1942, shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor. United States has been pulled into World War II. We're fighting the Japanese in the Pacific, and Europe is being pummeled by German Luftwaffe. But the shores of the continental United States are far from safe. In fact, from January to May, 1942, German U-boats shadowed our coastlines and sunk our merchant ships. And the proof was in the debris which washed up nightly on the shores of the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

The German strategy was to batter the British, making it difficult for them to produce manufactured goods, and to destroy our shipping lanes, making it impossible for US manufacturing to

supply our allies overseas with oil, iron, lumber, food stuffs and more.

The United States was not well-prepared to defend against the German attack, especially given the 2,500- odd miles of coastline from Maine to New Orleans. As a result, attacking our merchant ships began to look like shooting fish in a barrel. "In the first months of the war we were losing more than a ship a day" says Joseph Schwarzer, Executive Director of the Graveyard of the Atlantic Museum on Hatteras Island, "that's when the coast of Hatteras became known as the graveyard of the Atlantic and Torpedo Junction." Merchant ships went down in staggering numbers. From January to June, 1942, almost 400 ships were lost. So intense was the pounding taken by our merchant fleet that it was not uncommon to find bodies and remains of wrecks washed up on the beaches in the morning. "Residents would be awakened by a flash of light and the sound of distant explosions. They could actually see the ships on fire out on the water. In the morning they'd find debris washed up on shore," says Schwarzer.

American military response was slow. So, protection, initially, came not from our own armed forces but from our British allies with the loan of deep-sea trawlers, refitted with minesweeping equipment, a device designed to detect submerged objects, like submarines, and depth-charges to be able to attack the German U-boats.

For the crews of the ships HMS Bedfordshire, and the British tanker San Delfino, and unnamed others, the ocean, and the tiny hamlets of Ocracoke and Buxton, on the Outer Banks, North Carolina would be their final resting place.

The Bedfordshire  
The HMT Bedfordshire started life as a commercial fishing vessel, crewed by

men used to the dangerous waters of the North Sea. When England entered the war the Bedfordshire, among others, became part of the British Royal Navy. The trawler became the HMS Bedfordshire and joined a convoy of ships that made its way across the Atlantic to patrol the coastline of the mid-Atlantic states.

In early May the Bedfordshire's mission was to escort a small band of merchant ships to safe anchorage in Hatteras. Events, as they often do in wartime, grow murky after that. What is known is that on the morning of May 14, 1942 the bodies of two crewmen washed up on the shores of Ocracoke Island. They were identified as being from the Bedfordshire by a local, Aycock Brown, who had actually met one of the sailors by chance weeks earlier. Papers found on the body confirmed the identity as that of a crewman from the Bedfordshire.

Shortly thereafter, more bodies were found. Some of the men were identified as being from the Bedfordshire and were ultimately buried in a quiet corner of the cemetery in Ocracoke village.

Although no official group had responsibility for the cemetery the cemetery was initially cared for by the local citizens of Ocracoke. Many had loved ones serving in the armed forces and felt kinship and gratitude to the sailors buried there.

Eventually, a lease for the tiny 2,290-square-foot plot was given to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission for as long as the land remained a cemetery, and the plot officially became a British cemetery.

Today the United States Coast Guard station at Ocracoke maintains the property. A British flag flies at all times over the graves of those British sailors.

# BRITISH CEMETERY AT OCRACOKE



## San Delfino and Buxton

Although less well-known, there's a second British Cemetery located in Buxton on Hatteras Island where two sailors from the British merchant vessel San Delfino are buried. Only one seaman was ever identified. "Both of the graves are marked, but one is for

the unknown seaman," explains Schwarzer who was also instrumental in rediscovering and refurbishing the cemetery. The large plaque gives the story of the San Delfino and her loss.

Today a yearly memorial honors the sailors of both cemeteries. "It's held on the Thursday and Friday closest to May 11th which is when the Bedfordshire is believed to be sunk," says Schwarzer. The local community turns out to honor the men buried in their village, and the British always send a representative. In some years there's been other visitors, including a representative of the German Navy, there to recognizing and honoring the fallen British sailors.

The land is essentially British territory. It has been given in honor the men buried there so that they can rest in "home" soil. A plaque at the Ocracoke cemetery contains part of the poem by

British poet Rupert Brooke:

*If I should die think only this of me  
that there's some corner of a foreign field  
that is forever England  
And so it is.*

For more information on the British Cemetery the best source is *In Some Foreign Field* by L. VanLoan Naisawald. It is published by the Division of Archives and History, North Carolina Department of Cultural Resources in Raleigh, NC.

Note  
A reader comments: There were several Canadian sailors serving on the Bedfordshire and I believe at least two of the bodies interned at Ocracoke remain unidentified. As such, a Canadian officer (as well as a British counterpart) is generally on hand for the ceremony each year. Our thanks to JG of Ontario, Canada for this additional information.

THE NEWS & OBSERVER  
SUNDAY, JULY 4, 2010

## Life

8D

# Wars different, but suffering is the same

Plumber John came to our house to unstop a sink drain. As we lunched on the patio, I learned that his only son had just arrived in Afghanistan.

"I talked to him on the phone last night," he said.

I pondered the marvels of communication that allow a father to speak to his son 8,000 miles away in a war zone!

During "our war," it took weeks for even a letter to arrive in the isolated South Pacific outposts where I served. Telephone

contact was nonexistent.

I recall a particular mail call that brought several letters, including one from an older sister telling me how much she loved and missed me. The next letter I picked up was from my mother telling me my sister had died.

Nobody served "tours" of duty. Mostly draftees, we were in for the duration. At the end of the four years of conflict, some of my buddies went

home to toddlers they'd never seen except in photos.

A recent newspaper article with the headline "War takes heavy toll" noted that a dozen soldiers had been killed during the previous month.

During "our war," fatalities were counted by the thousands.

Almost 7,000 Americans died within one month during the bloody battle for the one-mile square of South Pacific coral called Iwo Jima. An estimated 5,000 died on D-Day alone on the beaches of Normandy.

Four years of war claimed 405,000 American lives. Total American lives lost in the 10-year-old Iraqi-Afghanistan fighting number about 6,000. During World War II, very few households were not represented by someone in uniform. Four of my mother's sons served simultaneously.

### Civilian sacrifice

But one important element denied today's fighting force that my generation's had in abundance was the deep and total commitment of the civilian population.

Today, except for families person-

ally involved, you hardly realize we're at war. It seldom makes the evening news.

One day last summer, as I was checking out at a local supermarket, the cashier said as she handed me my change, "Sir, would you like to send an apple pie to the troops at Fort Bragg?"

Caught by surprise, I stammered, "Well, I've never given much thought to sending apple pies to Fort Bragg," wondering whether the base chefs were on strike or the Army had run out of apples.

I worry that sending apple pies to stateside troops is sadly symbolic of the public's degree of commitment to the troops serving in Afghanistan and Iraq.

During our war, the home folks, without complaint, adjusted to rationing of shoes, gasoline and sugar. They collected foil and tin cans for defense uses, knitted scarves for their men overseas, volunteered at the USO or Red Cross, worked long shifts in defense plants. They purchased bonds to finance the war. Schoolchildren emptied piggy banks to buy war bonds.

In a time before TV, families gathered around the radio at noon and night, eager for war news, marking on maps such strange-sounding battlegrounds as Bastogne, Bataan, St. Lo and others.

### Loss of young lives

All wars are different. But one thing remains the same: the loss of precious young lives.

In a *Newsweek* article, Evan Thomas, author of "The War Lovers," writes that there is among nations and men a lust for war that never goes away. "War," he said, "is fundamental to the male psyche."

In his historic "War is hell!" quote, Gen. Sherman also pointed out, "It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for blood, for vengeance, for desolation."

It matters not how many are killed in a week, a month or a year, the tragedy is equally devastating to the survivors. Losing a son or daughter to war is not only the ultimate sacrifice, it is also the ultimate agony for the parents.

As Plumber Joe, a Marine Corps veteran, and I finished lunch, I said, "At the risk of offending you, I confess that, at times, I question the advisability of this war."

"You're not offending me," he said. "I'm not so gung-ho about it either."

We should never feel guilty about questioning the wisdom of going to war. War's cost is too terrible. It's hard to realize that the country has been at war now for 10 years, the longest conflict in American history. Generals come and go. One strategy gives way to another, with conflicting reports of progress.

Meanwhile in Afghanistan, our troops fight an almost unseen enemy. Much of the Afghan citizenry is divided in its loyalties. Some Afghan soldiers may even be secretly allied with the enemy.

The haunting words of the '60s protest song keep coming to mind: *Where have all the soldiers gone? Gone to graveyards every one When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?*

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# CLARK CEMETERY

## CLARK CEMETERY

CLARK CEMETERY SITE WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1950 AND CONTAINS NON-WORLD WAR II RELATED REMAINS FROM THE BASE AND OTHER U. S. CEMETERIES IN MANILA. IT IS THE LAST ACTIVE USAF CEMETERY OUTSIDE OF THE U.S.. THE GRAVES DATE BACK TO 1900. ALL BRANCHES OF THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES ARE REPRESENTED AS WELL AS PHILIPPINE SCOUTS, PHILIPPINE CONSTABULARY, AND CITIZENS OF OTHER NATIONS. THE CEMETERY CONTAINS 12,000 GRAVE SITES IN AN AREA ENCOMPASSING 20.365 ACRES.

ERECTED BY THIRTEENTH AIR FORCE, 4 JULY 1984

### Brief History of the Clark Cemetery

The Clark Cemetery was formed between 1947 and 1950 by moving the headstones/markers and remains from at least four other U.S. military cemeteries (Fort Stotsenburg 1 & 2, Fort McKinley, and Sangley Point naval cemetery) to the new 20.365 acre, 12,000 plot cemetery located just inside the main gate of Clark Air Base. All WWII dead were moved to the American Cemetery in Manila.

The cemetery contains the remains of U.S. veterans from the USA, USN, USMC, USCG, USAF, Philippine

Scouts (PS) and their dependents. Some, but not all, were veterans of the Spanish/American, Philippine Insurrection, WWI, WWII (died after the war), Korean, Vietnam, and Iraq wars. The largest category interred are civilian, mostly U.S. and Filipino and their dependents, all of whom worked for the U.S. Government. In addition, nationals from France, Spain, Canada, Japan, China, Vietnam and India are buried there.

The earliest recorded burial is Santiago Belona, Pvt, PS, DOD: Jan 13, 1900. There are no records, but it is probable that this individual was moved from

either Fort Stotsenburg 1 or 2. There are 8,614 individuals buried in the cemetery as of December 31, 2009.

Dual flags have flown over the cemetery since March 1984. A special waiver was given to the provisions of the 1979 revised MBA to allow the U.S. flag to be displayed. This revision was secured from the Philippine government at the request of the Commander, 13th Air Force, Major General Burns. From 1979-1984, only one U.S. flag had been allowed to be flown on Clark Air Base the one located immediately in front of 13th Air Force headquarters.

There are two types of monuments in the cemetery. The first is a 6 1/2 ft marble obelisk carved:

Close up of the  
bottom of obelisk  
Erected to the memory  
of unknown dead  
United States Soldiers,  
sailors and marines,  
by the Ladies Memorial  
Association of Manila, P.I. 1908.

The second is a 2 ft high rectangular stone with a marble plate engraved:

Clark cemetery site was established in 1950 and contains non-World War II related remains from the base and other U.S. cemeteries in Manila. It is the last active USAF cemetery outside of the U.S. The graves date back to 1900. All branches of the United States armed forces are represented as well as PHILIPPINE Scouts, Philippine Constabulary, and citizens of other nations. The CEMETERY contains 12,000 grave sites in an area encompassing 20.365 acres.

Erected by thirteenth Air Force, 4 July 1984

The Clark Cemetery was budgeted for and maintained by the U.S. Air Force from 1947 to 1991. When the Air Force departed the Philippines in November

# CLARK CEMETERY



1991, an MOA was signed with the Philippine Air Force where the latter agreed to provide proper care for the cemetery. In less than two years, Clark Development Corporation (CDC) took over control of the cemetery. No care was provided to the cemetery by the Philippine AF/CDC from November 1991 to June 1994.

VFW Post 2485 took over the job of maintaining the cemetery after deciding the cemetery condition dishonored all veterans buried there. A work force of U.S. volunteers (from various veterans' organizations) was organized for the initial cleanup. Limited funds derived from donations were utilized.

In November 1994, VFW Post 2485 signed an MOA with CDC giving the VFW permission to maintain the Clark Cemetery and open it for burials of U.S. veterans, including Philippine Scouts. This MOA was renewed in February 2001 and again in March 2006 with an expiration date of March 2031.

The cemetery work force consists of a cemetery chairman from VFW Post 2485, four full time local nationals, and various other volunteers as needed to do the entire cemetery maintenance.

In February 1996, CDC contracted for grass cutting, approximately 10 days per

month, and a clean-up crew for trash and leaves on a daily basis. This didn't work out, so now VFW Post 2485 takes care of the entire cemetery maintenance.

At one time, support from the U.S. Congress to resolve the cemetery funding problems was led by Representative Montgomery in the Committee for Veteran Affairs. This action apparently died from lack of interest.

The Clark Cemetery receives no U.S. or Philippine government funding. VFW Post 2485 can only budget cemetery maintenance through money donations from various individuals, military organizations, veterans groups, and civic/business organizations.

Clark Cemetery (1900 - 2009)  
U.S. Veterans 2,250 \*

Dependents of U.S. Veterans	676
Civilians (mostly U.S. & RP)	1,085
Dependents of Civilians	2,275
Philippine Constabulary (PC)	2
Unclassified	187
Unknown	2,139 **
<b>Total</b>	<b>8,614</b>

\* Includes at least 642 Philippine Scouts (PS) from pre-WWII era.

\*\* This number includes three unknown Spanish soldiers buried in a common grave and there are at least three other group burial sites. Information and historical records on the cemetery are extremely vague or nonexistent.

Updated: 1 JAN 2010



# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

Excerpts from the book  
“FROZEN FURY”  
*The Murmansk Run*  
*Of Convoy PQ-13*

## WORLD WAR II BEGINS

On December 7, 1941, after Pearl Harbor was bombed by Japan the United States declared war and World War II began. As President Roosevelt said, it was “a day that shall live in infamy.” It was the day of great change for my life and the lives of many other Americans. On December 8th, my cousin Herman McDonald and I, along with several others who worked at Sears, volunteered for Military service. Bill Ready, George Chavous, Herman, and I joined the Navy, while others went into other branches. I tried to sign up for flight training to be a Navy Pilot. The recruiter said I needed two years of college to qualify. I had just graduated from high-school 6 months earlier so that squelched that. He said, however, there was a possibility of getting flight training as an enlisted pilot, Naval Aviation Pilots (NAP), but I would have to join the Regular Navy, that is USN instead of the Reserve, USNR. If there was a chance, I wanted to go for it. I signed up for Regular Navy six-year enlistment.

One week later, on December 15th, we traveled by rail to Macon, Ga., to be sworn in, and thence to the Naval Operating Base at Norfolk, Virginia, for boot camp. Boot Camp was 3 ½ weeks of intensive training that included inspections, drills, signal flags, rifle qualification, swimming, life boat operation and many other things. We had an “Old Salt”, Chief Petty Officer Liptrap, as our commanding officer. He had an arm full of service stripes “Hash Marks” on his sleeve, and was probably recalled to active duty from retirement. He had to be treated as a commissioned officer, saluted, “Sir” and “Yes, Sir” during our training. He was a great CO, strict, considerate, fair and was well liked and respected. During the training we were allowed to indicate a preference of trade schools or

specialties. Having been bitten by the lore of aviation early in life and wanting to qualify for the NAP program, I applied for all the aviation specialties. Wishful thinking, this was not to be.

A large number of us were assigned to the Naval Armed Guard and sent for further training at Little Creek, Virginia. To be selected for the Armed Guard a sailor needed to be physically fit with excellent eye sight, especially good night vision. There were no doctors, corpsmen or other medical facilities on merchant ships.

At Little Creek, there were three tired old gunships used for training—the USS *Paducab*, USS *Dubuque*, and the USS *Eagle*. Live gunnery practice, however, consisted of only one day “at sea,” in Chesapeake observing gunnery drills and luckily getting to fire one round. I was on the USS *Paducab* (Gunboat No 18) which was launched in 1904 and served during World War II, to train Armed Guard gunners in Chesapeake Bay.

Back at Little Creek camp we were given a bit more training on the .50-caliber machine guns mounted on pedestals with bicycle type handle bars and iron sights for aiming the guns. They had canisters that held 50 rounds requiring a second person as loader during operation. There were also WW-1 vintage .30-caliber Lewis machine guns which held its rounds in a pan attached to the top of the gun. The training consisted of safety precautions, disassembling and assembling, cleaning and maintenance. The actual firing of the weapons was done at stationary targets, sleds towed by boats just off shore and at target sleeves towed behind aircraft.

On January 22nd 1942, we were shipped to the Armed Guard Center at Brooklyn, NY. It was a very large building near the harbor that resembled a blimp hangar. Inside was a large chow hall and bunk beds stacked five and six bunks high. I always chose the top bunk. I didn't like guys climbing over me. I had become

friends with one of the crew, Paul Harkey, who bunked just below me. We were here only two days before being assigned to a ship. At this time I had been the Navy less than 6 weeks!

## THE VOYAGE BEGINS

Our Gun Crew was assigned to the SS *Eldena*. She was a 459 foot, 6900 ton, “Flush Deck” freighter that was built in 1919 and was operated by the Robin Lines of Seattle until she was taken over by the U. S. Maritime Commission January 2, 1942. Her armament to be operated by the Armed Guard was: One 4”/50 caliber World War I cannon, stern mounted.

Two .50-caliber machine guns aft the bridge deck port.

Two .50-caliber machine guns forward the poop deck. Two .30-caliber Lewis guns on the wing of the bridge. Two .30-caliber Lewis guns on the boat deck aft.

The .50-caliber Browning guns were pedestal mounted in 4' high, 2” thick steel tubs about 14' in diameter raised 8' above the deck like a mushroom and accessed by a steel ladder. My battle station was as gunner in the starboard tub aft of the bridge.

Armed Guard quarters were provided: For the Officer in Charge a room under the bridge. For the Petty Officers and seamen, 8 bunks starboard side, main deck aft; 4 bunks port side, main deck aft; and 4 bunks under the fo'c's'le forward. Paul Harkey and I, along with two other ACs were in the cabin under the fo'c's'le.

January 24th part of the gun crew reported aboard the *Eldena* consisting of:

Officer in Charge:

FINK, Frederick S., Ensign

Enlisted men: ft.

SHIPLEY, Francis M. Cox

HARKEY, Paul Koenig AS

HAYNES, John Lanier AS

JONES, Cole Junior AS

KELLY, Ben Joseph AS

LATIMER, Robert Sidney AS

# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

McGRATH, Timothy F. AS

MANOR, Ralph AS

February 4th in Boston two more were

added: DUNN, Denis Anthony

Sea 1c NOWLIN, Charles Leo

Sea 2c February 11th two more completes the crew.

CONNEL, Mathew Taylor

RM 2c SARGENT, John Frederick

SM 3c

All of the AS (Apprentice Seaman) were green recruits, fresh out of Boot Camp at Norfolk, all seventeen and eighteen years old.

The Ship's Merchant Crew consisted of: Captain Ole M. Nielsen, Master, plus 36 Officers and men.

January 29th the *Eldena* departed New York, arriving in Boston on the 31st. For the next 10 days tons of war materials were loaded in her holds. Food stuffs, clothing, grain, tires, spare parts for trucks, tanks and aircraft, weapons, munitions, high explosives, drums of high-octane gasoline and more filled the holds. That being done and the hatches battened down, the above deck was loaded with trucks and crated airplanes. The crowded deck left little room for moving from one end of the ship to the other. This was especially troublesome in rough sea and icing conditions.

By February 11th we were underway to Halifax, Nova Scotia where we were to join other ships for the outbound convoy crossing the Atlantic. This was our first real chance to check our guns and test fire them. All guns operated satisfactorily at the time. Even though it was rather cold in these latitudes, we stood watches in our battle station tubs 4 hours on and 4 hours off.

February 16th I had been in the Navy for 2 months now. Convoy SC-70 formed and cleared to get underway. The first ship out at 1021 was the American freighter SS *Eldena*. Our position in the convoy was right in the center, 4th column, 2nd row, i.e. #42.

The distance to Scotland is some 2500 miles and the convoy could go only as fast as the slowest ship, 5.8 knots. One of our poor guys, Tim McGrath, would get sea sick just looking at a ship. He would be sick for days. The merchant crew had lots of fun with him. They would suggest all kinds of remedies, one of which was eating greasy fat pork. He would try this and then head for the rails to feed the fish. Luckily I was never sea sick even in the roughest of seas.

The Merchant Marines on the *Eldena* were generally older experienced seamen. Captain Nielsen was a 56 year old Norwegian-American, the 2nd Mate, Lee was 62, Chief Engineer Bain was Scottish 58 and the Steward, Lucas, was 55. The youngest was the Radio Operator, Phelps, at 19, all the rest somewhere in between.

There were times of friction between the Merchant Marines and the Armed Guard and it took a while for these to settle down. A former merchant seaman turned exceptional author stated that the merchant marine attracted the adventurer, the homeless, the restless, and included the emotionally unstable, alcoholics, or just plain hard cases who loved trouble. Many were tough characters, termed "performers," veterans of bitter union-organizing strife, and more familiar with bars, brothels, and brawls than in cultural pursuit in worldwide ports. They jeered at the "Sea Scouts," who had never been on, or perhaps even seen a ship before. They also resented sharing quarters with new comers who had to be jammed into already cramped space. They laughed at the discipline and low pay of the navy gun crews and the "landlubbers" who commanded them.

On the other hand, a favorite jibe of the AGs was, "There are only three kinds of time aboard ship: sack time, coffee time and overtime." There were also some unkind references to "high-paid draft dodgers." Needling included such things as, "If you're really in the Navy why aren't

you on a Navy ship?" Answers could be unprintable. The merchant crew is constantly, 'riding' the Navy crew; telling them they are suckers for working for such small pay, that they don't have to obey their officer, as he is not a 'real' Navy man, but just another civilian drafted into service.<sup>1</sup>

This example was not prevalent on the *Eldena*. We soon became friends and shipmates, especially after we had our first encounter with the enemy. "Sharing their lives and their deaths were their shipmates, the officers and men of the merchant marine, who proved time and again the heroism and devotion to country, are not restricted to any one body of men. They manned and maneuvered the ships under attack, passed ammunition and fought at the guns alongside often-understrength or incapacitated navy gun crews."<sup>2</sup>

March 6th we arrived in Scotland and anchored in the *Firth of Clyde* near Greenock, some 80 miles west of Glasgow. It was beautiful with its snow covered rolling mountains. The next day we moved a short distance and anchored again in *Loch Long* then on the 8th we were underway again, this time for *Loch Ewe* where we would form Convoy PQ-13 destined for Murmansk. We were not allowed to go ashore at all in Scotland. We felt cheated.

(Fifty-four years later my wife, Juanita, and I visited Scotland celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary. Our bus tour took us from Glasgow along the *Firth of Clyde* and *Loch Long* and north to *Loch Ewe* where the WWII convoys were formed.)

## CONVOY PQ-13

March 10th at 1515 convoy PQ-13 got underway from *Loch Ewe* to Reykjavik, Iceland, 842 miles distance. This leg of the voyage was uneventful and sort of pleasant except for the cold. Remember I was a thin-blooded Georgia boy, who until this voyage had never experienced

# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

cold weather. Where I grew up there was the occasional freeze or freezing rain or even a "P" of snow some years, but seldom enough to build even a small snowman. The cold penetrated to the bone. I would put on as many layers of clothes as I could find in my sea bag.

March 15th we anchored in Reykjavik harbor for three days, but again we were not allowed to go ashore. On this date I had been in the Navy for three months. In addition to the Convoy PQ-13, the Panamanian ship, SS *Bateau* and the British *Scottish American*, both joined us just off Iceland. Also the Panamanian, SS *Ballot* joined up on March 26.

March 18th 0645, Convoy PQ-13 sailed from Reykjavik with the Commodore in *River Afion* and the Vice Commodore in *Induna*. The convoy later returned towards Iceland, having heard the news that the German Battleship, *Tirpitz* had left Norway, but the convoy later turned around towards Murmansk again. Convoy speed: 6.2 knots.

During the next few days we had to be especially alert on watch from our gun tubs. We had entered a huge floating mine field laid out by the enemy U-boat Wolf-Pack. We spotted and maneuvered around these floating killers until clear of the mine fields.

On March 23rd, to avoid dangerous areas, the course was altered to latitude 0.5 west with instructions to keep as far to the Northeast as ice conditions would permit. With the close proximity of the Polar Ice the temperature dropped as low as 40°F below zero. It became a constant battle to clear ice and snow off the deck and superstructure. Mast stays assumed gigantic proportions as ice encased them six to eight inches thick, and they had to be attacked with sledge hammers to free them of ice. The ship itself was grinding through pack ice with a growling, cracking noise.

March 25th, the weather deteriorated rapidly and a ferocious gale blew up from

the Northeast, roaring down from the North Pole. This was no ordinary gale; this was the mother and father of all gales. The deeply laden ships pitched and rolled in the mountainous seas, and would sink into the valleys of enormous waves with just their topmasts visible. Then the tortuous climb to the next wave pinnacle revealed their salt-encrusted, scarified hulls with racing propellers before falling with a shuddering crash into the next trough. Thunderous seas poured over and down the decks finding their way into ventilators and cabins.

To open a door at the wrong moment was to invite a flooded cabin. Regular hot meals were out of the question; we existed on coffee and sandwiches. Even this had to be brought from the galley and was a death-defying act. One waited until the ship gained some sort of equilibrium and then made a mad dash across the deck. With any luck you might make it without getting soaked. The difficult part was returning with a can of coffee and sandwiches in one hand and still keeping a hold on the lifeline.<sup>3</sup>

It was during one of these acrobatic roll and pitches on a particularly high wave that one of our AGs, Tim McGrath, stepped out of the cabin onto the deck to go on watch. The ship had just dived into an oncoming swell and was rising out of it sending a torrent of water cascading down the deck from bow to stern sweeping Tim off his feet. He went careening aft on his back, feet and arms flailing in attempt to grab something. As the ship rose over that one she took on a load of water over the stern sending Tim back toward the bow. It is doubtful that he would have survived had he not been grabbed by a shipmate just as he was going past.

Lifelines had been strung fore and aft on both sides of the ship, but it was extremely dangerous for us to try to get from the galley to our quarters in the fo'c's'le. Gun station watches were suspended during the storm.

Morris Mills writes "The noise of the wind was indescribable; howling and screaming like a banshee. The air laden with flying spume froze as it struck the ship turning it into a white, ghostly, spectra laboring through this hellish frozen world. Watch-keepers and gunners rapidly became ice-sculptured silhouettes, moving lethargically. The warm air they breathed out immediately froze into tiny icicles around the slits of their headgear. Eyelids were constantly brushed to stop them freezing together; hairs in the nostrils became icicles that pierced the nose when rubbed. Only later, after thawing out one felt the pain.

The convoy had scattered during this ferocious gale which lasted more than 48 hours. It was a horrendous experience; we were continually soaked to the skin, frozen to the marrow, half-starved from lack of hot food, physically exhausted from the sheer effort of trying to stay upright. The screaming wind from the North Pole tore the tops of forty to fifty foot waves filling the air with flying spray that hit one like frozen bullets.

It was awesome to see the ship drive into, and under, these gigantic waves then, slowly, agonizingly, shuddering like a trapped animal, struggle to lift her head from under the colossal weight of water. Huge seas cascaded over her fo'c's'le and poured down the length of the ship. At times I really thought we had been overwhelmed and were sinking. We were reaching the limits of physical endurance when the gale moderated."<sup>4</sup>

When it began to subside a bit we found ourselves in heavy ice floe. Huge flat ice chunks 25 to 100 feet in diameter jammed together looking like scales on a gigantic sea monster that appeared to breathe as the swells rose and fell. Pack ice could do severe damage to the ship's hull. The grinding and scraping noise as we ploughed through was nerve-racking.

March 27th we were joined by four ships from the convoy, all of us still in the ice

# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

floe. We were safer here from U-boats, but were vulnerable to air attack since we were now within range of the German aircraft, strung out in many bases along the Norwegian coast. The Germans basically used five types of aircraft to attack shipping: Dorniers (high-level bombing), Heinkels (torpedo bombers), Stukers (dive bombers), Focke-Wulf 200s (bombers and long distance reconnaissance) and Blohm-Voss (bombers).

"It's arrived." No explanation was necessary, we knew that forerunner of evil, a long range reconnaissance plane, was circling the convoy reporting our every movement. They always circled just out of gun range. On one occasion a destroyer signaled the plane, "You're making me dizzy, would you mind going around the other way?" To which the German pilot immediately obliged proving he had a sense of humor.

## JIG HOW

March 28th we were joined by two more merchant ships from the convoy, the destroyer HMS *Eclipse* and two trawlers. We were easing out of the field ice but in intermittent snow showers and fog. The visibility ranged from 200 yards to half mile with breaks in the clouds through which we caught glimpse of the reconnaissance plane. Not long after an unidentifiable bomber was seen through the cloud breaks approaching the convoy. Our signalmen, John Sargent, "Flags", spotted a flag hoist go up on the Commodore's ship.

The signal was unmistakable, a signal he had memorized from the Mersigs Code Bookfit was "Jig How," which meant "*man your guns and prepare for instant action.*" He relayed the message to Captain Nielsen who instantly pressed the General Quarters Alarm. ("Jig How" was the phonetic pronunciation of the alphabet flags J and H.)<sup>5</sup>

We were already at our battle stations when the bomber came within range. I was in the starboard tub aft of the bridge along with my loader, Ralph Manor. I got off

two .50 caliber rounds and my gun jammed. The other three .50s had the same problem to varying degrees, and we were out of action at a critical time. The lubricant on the action had frozen and would not recoil to eject the spent case and load another round. This was our first encounter with the enemy and we were unable to respond. We stripped the guns down and tried to clean the action with solvent in a bucket while on station in the gun tubs, but our hands were freezing and there was ice forming in the bucket.

Our C.O., Ensign Fink, ordered us to bring the guns into the galley area and get warm before trying to clean them again. With the solvent heated and our hands warmed, we thoroughly cleaned and reassembled them without any lubrication whatever. This worked so well that we did not use any lube during the entire voyage.

At 1438, Radioman, Matt Connell, "Sparks", received a distress message from the *Empire Ranger*, being bombed by aircraft. Again at 1818, "*Empire Ranger* sinking, am abandoning ship and heading for the coast". Also at 1438 the *Harpalion* was bombed but was able to continue to Murmansk.

The SS *Raceland* had lost contact with the convoy due to heavy weather and equipment malfunction. That day, the German bombers attacked the ship. The aircraft came right above them, but disappeared again; a few shots were exchanged. The next time the aircraft came from behind. Again the alarm sounded; all men got their lifebelts. The ship was poorly equipped in the way of defense, (there was no Armed Guard aboard) and the aircraft dropped 2 bombs from about 30 meters. They went underneath the ship and destroyed the slabs and plating in the engine room on the port side, so that the ship immediately started to list to starboard at a sharp angle.

At 10:30 that evening *Raceland* went down. A tall column of flames went to the

skies in the tremendous explosion that followed. In the middle of the fire the profile of a raft being flung to the skies could be seen. And then, finally, the lifeboats tried to set a course for Murmansk. All four were tied together, and the 2nd mate, who had a good compass, was the leader. They had about 600 miles to go.

A day later a storm and a freezing cold caused two lifeboats to sink with twelve crewmembers on board. The boats were separated and never saw each other again. This weather lasted for the eleven days they were on the sea. The other two lifeboats reached land, and due to the suffering only 13 crewmembers of the 45 survived.<sup>6</sup>

Unknown to us three German Narvik destroyers, Z24, Z25 and Z26 had steamed from their base in Kirkenes, Norway to attack the convoy. About 2240 they spotted the *Bateau*, torpedoed and sunk her. Back at my battle station in the gun tub, from my high position, I had a clear view of our small convoy rising and falling in a moderate sea. The sky was overcast and there were frequent snow squalls. Efforts to keep warm by flapping arms and stamping feet were arrested by the sound of heavy gunfire. A dull glow occasionally lit up the horizon.

We knew we were sailing into a naval battle but at that young stage of my life I had no concept of fear. Our gallant destroyers, one of which was an old "four-stacker" laid a heavy smoke screen around the convoy and with the on-coming darkness, due to short daylight hours in that latitude, we were spared the surface battle for a few hours.

On March 29th the convoy was joined by the Battle Cruiser HMS *Trinidad* and destroyers HMS *Fury*, HMS *Eclipse* and HMS *Paynter*. Then at 0930, hull down on the horizon on the port side of the convoy were the silhouettes of the three German destroyers as they raced out of a snow squall. There were gun flashes followed

# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

by the rumbling whine of shells as they passed overhead to explode harmlessly in the sea. Two shells hit with splashes astern of the ship ahead in the column on the port side, four splashes just astern of the ship ahead, one dead ahead of the, *Eldena*, about 100 yards. One shell exploded about 75 yards directly off our port beam amidships and three more just astern of the ship in the next column to port. Several shells were heard passing overhead or close by.<sup>7</sup>

The *Trinidad* and the destroyers raced to engage the enemy entering a heavy snow squall. During this time heavy gunfire could be heard going from the port bow of the convoy to the port beam. In a break in the snow squall we could see one German ship had already been badly hit and was on fire astern. Within seconds they vanished into another bank of snow. It was like a dream sequence, we could hardly believe what we had seen. "The reality of the situation became apparent some thirty minutes later when emerging from a snow storm we came upon the cruiser HMS *Trinidad*, lying dead in the water with a huge hole in her side from which smoke and flames poured. There was great consternation as we viewed the stricken ship. How was it possible the smaller German ships had beaten this powerful ship? Only later did we learn that by a million to one chance, she had torpedoed herself. Apparently, one of her own torpedoes had malfunctioned - possibly a frozen gyro - had run wild in a circle striking the *Trinidad*. Slowly we steamed past the stricken cruiser with her attendant destroyers to ward off any U-boats.

We left the *Trinidad* in what appeared to be a sinking condition, heeled over, shrouded in smoke and flames she looked like a doomed ship. In fact, the crew managed to contain the fires and get the engines started and she made Murmansk before we arrived. With the absence of the cruiser and her attendant destroyers we felt naked and undefended, especially as we were approaching the

most dangerous part of the voyage - the Kola Inlet. A line of U-boats lay across our path and German bombers were barely fifty flying miles away. Here was our most vulnerable point."<sup>8</sup> Although appearing badly hit, the *Trinidad* was making way under her own power and did, in fact, reach Murmansk safely where she underwent temporary repairs. The convoy continued with no change of course or speed encountering heavy field ice throughout the night. The approximate position of the attack was 72°07'N, 32°15'E.

March 30th at 0620 we received a radio message from the British ship, *Induna*, with the Vice-Commodore aboard, a straggler from the convoy due to bad weather; she was hit by one of three torpedoes from U-376 and caught fire northeast of the Kola Inlet. The ship was hit aft by a coup de grâce at 0932, but only sank by the bow after being missed by a second coup de grâce at 0940. The U-boat did not question the survivors because a periscope had been sighted. Unknown to them it was U-209 which had chased the same ship after missing it with a spread of two torpedoes at 0552.

On 28 March, the Panamanian steam merchant *Ballot*, a ship of this group, was bombed and damaged by a German aircraft at 72°40N/27°35E. Sixteen men abandoned ship in a lifeboat for unknown reasons. According to the master they had demanded to leave *Ballot*, while the remaining crew stayed to repair the ship and brought her safely to Murmansk on 30 March. The men in the lifeboat were picked up by the escorting armed trawler and later transferred to *Induna* when these two ships got stuck in ice the next day after the group headed north to evade the U-boats reported in the area.

The other ships of the group continued to Murmansk, while the crews worked several hours to free the vessels from the ice and the *Induna* then took HMS *Silja* (FY 301) in tow because she was low on fuel. The next night the tow parted in heavy

seas and they were unable to find the trawler in snow squalls, so *Induna* continued alone until being torpedoed by U-376.

41 survivors abandoned ship in two lifeboats, but when they were picked up by a Russian mine-sweeper on 2 April only 30 were still alive and two of them later died of exposure in a hospital in Murmansk.

The weather had been horrible with temperatures around 20° below zero and freezing winds, the survivors were sprayed by ice cold water and most of them lost limbs. The master, 20 crew members, six gunners and 11 men from *Ballot* were lost. 19 crew members, four gunners and 5 men from *Ballot* survived.<sup>9</sup> *Note: One of the survivors was Engineer Officer, William Short, of Scotland who wrote an article in the May 2005 issue of the POINTER telling of his ordeal and hospital stay in Murmansk. I wrote to him in 2009 but did not receive an answer.*

On March 29th our sister ship, the *Effingham*, lost contact with the convoy PQ-13 in the Barents Sea after an attack by the three German destroyers Z-24, Z-25 and Z-26 and tried to proceed alone about 90 miles behind the convoy.

The ship caught fire and after two hours the fire reached the cargo, causing the ship to explode. The master, the chief mate and fifteen men in the first lifeboat were picked up by the HMS *Harrier*, but six men had died of exposure. 65 hours after the attack, eleven men and three of the armed guards in the other boat were picked up by a Soviet patrol boat, but four men had also died of exposure. In all eleven crewmen and one armed guard died. The survivors were all taken to Murmansk, where they lived on various merchant ships until they were repatriated. Six of them returned to the US on the *Eldena* in convoy QP-11.

0745 on the 30th the Commodore in *River Afton* sent a visual message that a subma-

# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

rine was sighted bearing 063° true but was out of range so we never saw him. 0835 a radio report that *Mana* was torpedoed but gave no position. Two Russian destroyers, the *Gremyasbchi* and *Sokrushitelny*, reinforced us. Fleet Minesweepers *Gossamer*, *Harrier* and *Speedwell*, also joined us and began circling the convoy dropping depth charges to keep down submarines. At 1430 the SS *Mana* joined the convoy from the starboard bow.

At 1500 another sister ship, the SS *Dunboyne* (Ernest Prahter, Master) joined the convoy from the starboard side.

[Note: *The first Armed Guard crew #1E (7 men under a coxswain) of WWII went aboard the Libertyship S.S. Dunboyne on December 2, 1941. Before sailing 4 more were added, including the CO Ensign Rufus Brinn*]. Earlier a storm broke up the convoy and left their ship and five others with only a trawler for escort. A scout bomber attacked on the morning of March 28, but dropped its bombs into the sea after the *Dunboyne* opened fire with all nine of her guns.

Later in the day a bomber dropped five bombs close to the SS *Mana* and five close to the SS *Ballot*. The *Ballot* developed trouble with her steering gear and dropped astern out of sight. They kept together for six days and finally made rendezvous with the balance of the convoy, only to find that the escorting cruiser had been ordered to leave for another more important assignment.

The convoy proceeded to Murmansk by a far northern route, taking advantage of the midwinter all-day darkness of Arctic waters. As they approached their destination, they became stuck in the ice of the Barents Sea, with the temperature 40 below zero. Three of the ships were able to break out; planes destroyed the other two; and a submarine torpedoed one of the remaining three. It was April when the last two fought off ice and the enemy and went into Murmansk.

## MURMANSK

March 30th, we were approaching the

mouth of the Kola Inlet with the convoy in single file. Only nine of the original twenty vessels were present when the entry was made into the port of Murmansk. Already, we could smell Mother Russia, the pungent odor of forests, sawn timber, and that indefinable earthy mustiness. Even the entry into port was contested by the Germans. When the convoy was abeam Kildin Island, about 20 miles north of Murmansk about four bombs were dropped ahead of the *Eldena* and two near the *Mormacmar*. One of the bombs damaged the *Mormacmar* slightly. Enemy submarines were also in the area and were heavily attacked by the escorting vessels. The presence of Russian planes and the effective fire from anti-aircraft guns in the hills around Murmansk were welcome sights to the battle weary men as their ships slipped through Kola Inlet and came to anchor at Murmansk.

The sea was moderate with low patchy cloud. Their tactics were different than previous attacks when they had swept in low over sea level. This time they remained above cloud level diving through the breaks. "Concentrate on the holes in the clouds," Shouted our CO, Ens. Fink. Over on the starboard side I saw the Polish ship *Tobruk* being attacked. She put up a fierce defense, and even claimed a bomber shot down. Shore batteries and destroyers opened fire as well as the merchant ships. Then it was our turn as a Junker JU 88 dived through the cloud straight for us. Every gun on the ship opened up with a roar. The sky was full of tracer bullets and flack from AA guns. It looked like a New Year's Day celebration. Here was my moment of glory; I was eyeball to eyeball with a German bomber. The thing filled my gun sight; I could see its cannons firing along its wings. I saw the bomb leave the plane, wobble then straighten up. I don't know how many, if any, hits I scored but he did not go down. RATS!!! The Nazi Luftwaffe planes were believed to be Heinkel HE111s and Junkers JU88s. Also in the mix were the screaming dive

bombers, Junkers JU87s "Stuka".

At 2130 on March 30, 1942 we received the "All Clear" and anchored in the harbor at Murmansk, Russia. Only nine of the original twenty vessels were present when the entry was made into the port of Murmansk. We felt a sense of relief "We made it." It was Easter Sunday. This euphoria was short lived, however.

Murmansk is an ice free port in the most northern section of Russia and is accessible by road, rail, air and sea. The city and harbor are situated in a bowl surrounded by mountains and only about 35 miles from German airfields in Norway and Finland. Air raids were a constant menace and it was bombed daily in attempt to curb the flow of war materials to the Russian military. They would come swooping over the hills dropping down to water level; sweeping across the large expanse of the Inlet criss-crossing with shells and tracers before dropping their bombs and lifting up and away over the hills.

The town, itself, was in shambles. The wooden structure of so many buildings and almost all the quays rendered large areas of the town only too susceptible to incendiary attack. Owing to the unreliability of cement in Arctic conditions, many larger buildings were in a terrible state; some simply collapsed from the shock of near misses. The Northern end of the town appeared to have been completely demolished. Of the remainder; approximately one-third was unfit for habitation. Not a single building had glass, the windows were boarded up. A heavy pall of smoke continually hung over the town. I was surprised to see a windowless shop with an appetizing display of hams, sausages and fish - all made of wood. Psychologically, I failed to understand how that display helped the starving population's morale! Crude war posters depicting the gallant Red Army soldiers were everywhere, while martial music blared out of a speaker attached to buildings and suspended from poles. The only entertainment for the visiting

# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

sailors was the International Sailors Club; here one could get a meal - of sorts - an occasional film and dance. They were strictly organized by the Russians who provided English speaking hostesses. We were strongly advised the hostesses were probably KGB Agents and to be guarded in our conversation.<sup>10</sup>

April 1st the *Eldena* moved to the dock to off load our deck cargo. Our sister ship, the *Dunboyne*, moored directly ahead of us. No sooner were we tied up than a squad of armed soldiers came aboard and stationed themselves around the ship. We could not fail to notice the two sentries posted on the gangway. "A Soviet officer came aboard and talked with the captain and the AG officer. He gave them a set of orders for the Americans. When posted we and our shipmates wondered if this was a friendly nation. We quickly learned there were only two places Americans could go, everything else was out of bounds. The two were the International Club and the Intourist Hotel. There was to be no contact with women, we were to speak only to hotel employees. The Americans were to be back on their ships by 10:00 pm; anyone on shore after that would be arrested and out of the ship's jurisdiction. No drunkenness was to be tolerated. There was to be no trade with civilians; it was a serious offense and could mean a jail term. If anyone got into trouble ashore, their AG officer could not help them.

As one crewmember put it 'God, what a place this is!' It didn't improve as time went by. At the Intourist Hotel an upstairs room was supposed to be a restaurant for seamen from various ships, but only tea, vodka, and a hunk of black bread were available."<sup>11</sup>

Working conditions on board ship were atrocious. It was winter and the sun never rose above the horizon. There was a brief period of twilight midday, but this was often obscured by snow blizzards. Artificial light was necessary to work the cargo in the holds, but this was kept to a

minimum for fear of constant air raids. Machinery had to be constantly watched and warmed through with steam pipes to prevent it freezing. Gloves could only be removed for short spells so the simplest task such as screwing a shackle bolt into a cargo sling, or passing a wire strop assumed Herculean proportions. We were berthed at a dock which was timber floored with a single rail track on which ran a small crane. Its lifting capacity was totally inadequate for our tanks and the crew had to organize a jury-rig system with our derricks. It was a very antiquated and unsafe method, but they just had to improvise. There was a large warehouse directly opposite the ship that was already full, so our cargo was landed on the dock where it was quickly buried in snow.

Each morning we witnessed the pathetic sight of emaciated prison labor - mostly women - being marched down to unload the ship. They were grossly inefficient and had little idea of cargo work. Unloading continued at a slow and erratic pace, mainly due to constant air raids. There was an air raid shelter on the dock-side and when the sirens sounded shore labor would make a mad dash for it. We, however, manned our guns at every air raid alarm and we had as many as eight to ten raids a day.

April 3rd was a particularly busy day with several air raid alarms in early and mid-morning but no planes were spotted. Again in early afternoon, there were more alarms requiring us to man our guns each time. 1510: Air raid alarm; the Luftwaffe overhead was too high for machine gun action, although shore batteries were actively firing. One bomb dropped off the starboard quarter about 200 yards and one dropped off the port beam about 75 yards.

Again at 2100 at the air raid alarm, shore batteries opened fire. The *Dunboyne* and the *Eldena* opened fire on a plane passing over at about 1000 feet. The plane appeared hit by the fire from both ships

and crashed off the starboard bow. Both the *Dunboyne* gun crew and ours opened fire on a plane which passed through the barrage apparently unhit and escaped.

At the same time our aft guns fired on a plane diving on the Polish ship, *Tobruk*, on our port beam a distance of 200 yards. The plane was hit and the pilot bailed out. A bomb had dropped in the #5 hatch of the *Tobruk*, sinking her to water level by the stern at the dock. A bomb was dropped on a building off our starboard beam 175 yards away killing several people and three bombs fell off our port beam at 150 yards. A Junkers JU-87 Stuka dive bomber attack the *Eldena*, strafing us with machine gun fire but no damage was done except for holes in the mainmast crossrees.

By 2400 when the "All clear" sounded, we had expended 3,000 rounds of .50-caliber ammunition and 800 rounds of .30-caliber. No casualties. So ended our 4th day in the port of Murmansk.<sup>12</sup>

Meanwhile another saga developed at an adjoining dock. Morris Mills writes "At 2100hrs a bomber evading detection dived on the British freighter, *New Westminster City*, and four bombs struck the ship igniting her into a blazing inferno. Over thirty Russians working in the holds were killed, as were several crewmembers and two Army gunners. The bomb that struck the bridge penetrated three decks before going through my cabin and exploding in the hold. The detonation of a five hundred pound bomb within feet of one's self beggars description. A column of flame blasted through the accommodation, followed by a colossal roaring sound as the cabin disintegrated. The opposite bulkhead ripped apart like tissue paper revealing, for a split second, the horrified face of the Radio Officer. I was hurled into a corner and showered with burning debris.

The conflagration of flames, the hideous sounds of metal being torn apart, mixed with the cries and screams of the wounded drove me to a mad desperation.

Continued on page 31

# S.S. HELLAS LIBERTY

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# Protecting Ships At Sea... By Judith Gannon Bircher



Sam Nogaro had planned to meet up with CBS 60 Minutes correspondent, Andy Rooney, in Normandy for the 50th Anniversary of D-Day but he just couldn't make the trip at that time. Andy put together a very nice documentary revisiting Omaha Beach, and talked with some returning veterans and locals. Nogaro, too, had worked for CBS as head carpenter for 14 years and had earned the respect of Rooney and Walter Cronkite. They knew Sam as the go to man if you wanted something done. No matter what the challenge, he excelled at the task. He even has an appreciation letter from Bill Moyers, the legendary journalist who served as White House Press Secretary under President Lyndon Johnson from 1965 to 1967. Not too many people can honestly say they were friends with Captain Kangaroo, but Sam knew him



well. On the 65th Anniversary of D-Day a very proud Sam was sitting only a few feet away from President Obama at Normandy for the ceremony. He revisited Omaha Beach on June 6, 2009 and paused to reflect on the memories from 65 years ago. And yes, the water was red. We talked about the sculpture called Les Braves on Omaha and each came away with another point of view that could be appreciated. Sam didn't favor it as much as I do. His take was that the sculpture reminded him too much of the traps that had been set at water's edge that had killed so many. I saw it as arms and spirits lifting upward. The French people meeting the Americans, arms outreached in welcome and

appreciation; arms of the Americans coming ashore holding their guns above their heads saying I've come a long way, I'm here now, I'll protect you; arms reaching Heavenward, seeking mercy. I understand Sam's interpretation very well.

Seaman 1st Class Samuel Nogaro, 84, of North Fort Myers, lied about his age to get into the Navy just like so many kids did at the outbreak of WWII. His brother, Jim, signed up with the Marines, 2nd Division and was in the Battle of Tarawa. The Brooklyn boy served as an Armed Guard Gunner on several merchant ships throughout the war. Merchant Marines were a branch of the US Navy charged with defending US and Allied merchant ships from attack by enemy aircraft or naval forces. After meeting and talking with Sam I could see how dedicated he was to his job on these ships. He understood how crucial it was to deliver the supplies, no matter the danger. I would want somebody like Sam to have my back. When I think about Sam's service to his

country I'm reminded of movie, "Casablanca", where the general asks Bogey how he would like to see the world if they (Germans, of course) were parts of New York. Bogey replies they were parts of New York and he would advise against invading. Sam is a gentle guy, but he would protect you, just as he did for the crew and the precious cargo

Nogaro remembers a particular piece of cargo that made him very nervous. It transported thousands of white wooden crosses for the American Cemetery in France. I saw that they had been replaced with durable materials. Row after row of crosses reflected.



Gen. Patton's Grave Site...buried Luxembourg



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Liberty ships were detrimental in getting supplies to troops and even transported enemy POW's. These ships would have about 28 gunners on board and would come under attack by kamikazes and the Nazi wolf pack, which was a German submarine tactic where several U Boats would converge on a convoy in the Atlantic and attack as a group, just as wolves do. This, of course, increased the chances of sinking the ships in the convoy to prevent desperately needed supplies

from getting through. Nogaro served on the USS Nathaniel Ingersole, the SS Panaman, and the SS Enoch Train. The men of the Armed Guard served primarily as gunners, signal men and radio operators on

cargo ships, tankers, troop ships and other merchant vessels. Disbanded following the end of the war, the Armed Guard is today little known or remembered by the general public, or even within the Navy. Without the courage and sacrifice of the men of the Armed Guard, victory in World

War II would have been much more difficult and taken much longer. Transportation of supplies was the jugular vein of the war effort. They had the distinction of being attacked by the Germans in the air and the Japanese at sea.

In addition to his D-Day Medal, European and Pacific Theater medals, and the Victory Medal, Nogaro recently became one of fourteen other area residents to receive the French Legion de Honneur Medal from the country of France for his brave participation in

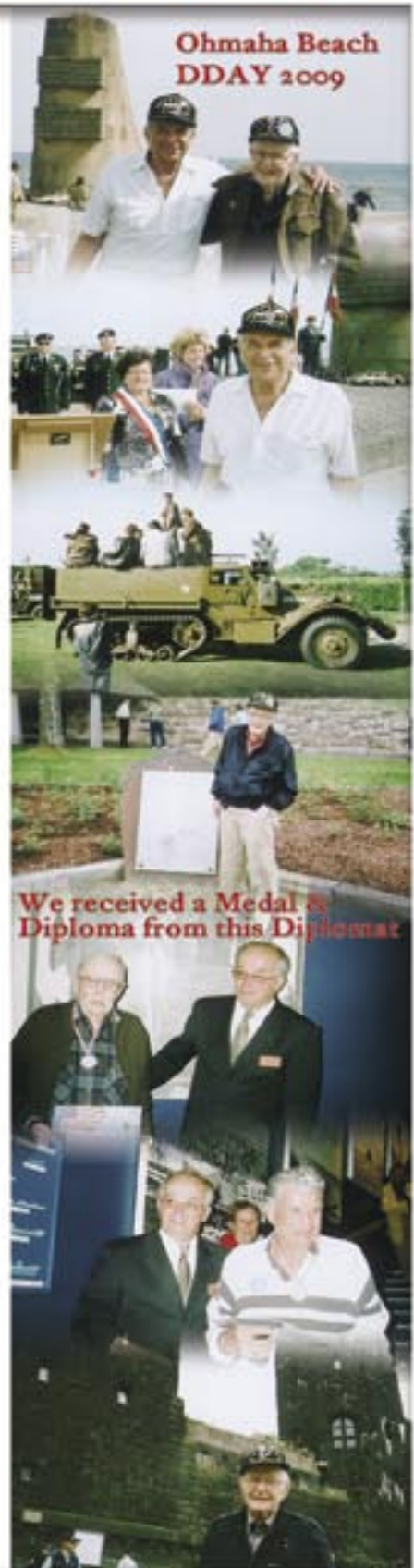
the Invasion of Normandy. Sam was invited to Miami on May 8, 2010 where the French Destroyer ship, Chevalier Paul, was docked to hold a special ceremony honoring American veterans who helped liberate France. Only 100 medals are awarded each year and this is quite a distinction, one that he was very pleased to receive. The award was presented by Anne-Marie Idrrac, French Minister of Foreign Trade

and Pierre Vinmont, French Ambassador to the United States, and Captain Herve Boy, French Navy Captain. Nogaro was especially touched when Captain Boy said to him upon presentation of his medal: "Thank you for our country."

Thank you for your service, Seaman 1st Class Nogaro.



Photos and article sent in by:  
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# ARMED GUARD PLAQUE



# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

Frantically I tore myself free of burning wreckage and hurled myself through a jagged hole where once the door had been. Out on the open deck, I ran blindly for several yards before collapsing in an alleyway. All around me the bridge was a blazing inferno and I could feel my skin scorching. I was quite rational and knew I had to get somewhere safer, so pulled myself upright only to fall down. 'This is bloody stupid.' I thought, what's wrong with me? Then I saw my left foot had been smashed to a bloody pulp and was only connected to my leg by strips of sinew, the white bone protruding at the bottom. Then the waves of agony raged through me in torrents. I may have screamed in my torment, if so it was a silent scream for I heard nothing. I was terrified the foot was going to drop off and sat cradling the bloody object in my hands, the hot blood pumping out through my fingers."<sup>13</sup>

Morris O. Mills was destined to spend many months in the most primitive hospital conditions imaginable in Murmansk and Archangel, having his left foot amputated above the ankle with no morphine or any other painkillers.

William P. Short, the Scottish Engineer Officer, from the torpedoed *Induna*, was another tragic casualty of the attacks. He was one of 17 survivors out of 34 who had spent four days in a lifeboat under extreme cold conditions and suffered frozen feet and legs. Both legs were amputated; one below the knee and one above. Many other survivors from bombed or torpedoed Merchant ships suffered these horrendous conditions. The Russian doctors and nurses did the best they could, considering their facilities had been bombed to near extinction. The Russian war-wounded were treated the same.

Berthed immediately in front of the *New Westminster City* was the British freighter *Empire Starlight*. At about the same time, 2130 April 3rd, a wave of bombers swept in. They gave the impression of a large

black shadow roaring down the quay spitting fire. The cannon shells rippled down the quay in flashing explosions, sending lethal pieces of timber flying through the air. All around, Russians were going down like tenpins as they dived for shelter. The plane at the end of its run bombed the *Empire Starlight*, which immediately burst into flames.

Confusion reigned as the Russians attempted to deal with a multitude of tasks, fighting fires, collecting wounded and removing bodies. The wounded were half-carried and half-dragged into a nearby warehouse. Inside, the light of burning ships piercing the cracks and holes in the decrepit old wooden building broke the darkness. A group of women workers were huddled in a corner crying and wailing. As they were brought in, some of the women went over and tried to comfort the wounded, wiping blood away from their faces, and speaking soothingly as they restrained them in their agony.

April 4thft Several more air raid alarms during the morning and afternoon required us to man our guns but the only planes we saw were friendly Russians patrolling the area. At 2130 air raid alarm revealed 8 bombers overhead ready for attack. Diving on the ships at the docks and in the harbor, they dropped their deadly payload. Three bombs dropped astern of the *Eldena* within 75 to 100 yards, the concussion of which rocked the ship, but there was no damage. The next wave of bombers dropped eight bombs hitting mostly in the channel about 200 yards off the stern and three more hit off the port beam 75 yards distance. Many of the bombs fell on parts of the town ahead about 6000 yards starting fires. Others fell in the warehouse areas about 500 yards off our port beam, starting blazing fires. We had put up a fierce battle defending our ship, expending the remaining 1,000 rounds of .50-caliber ammunition and all but 400 rounds of .30-caliber. By 2400, "All clear".

April 5thft310 Air raid alarm. A single bomber overhead dropped 3 flares to light up the harbor followed by a diving attack on our ship. Ensign Fink, who manned the twin .30 cal. Lewis on the bridge, opened fire expending 200 rounds of the .30 cal. ammo. Three bombs hit the dock alongside on our starboard. The bomber then circled the ship twice before being driven off by machine gun fire. The remaining 200 rounds of .30 cal. ammo were expended. We are now completely out of machine gun ammunition.<sup>14</sup>

*Note: Convoy PQ 13 was the first convoy to feel the full fury of the German attack. Previous convoys PQ 1 through PQ 12 had all completed the Murmansk run with very little to no opposition or loss of ships. Therefore Navy suppliers had not anticipated the fury of the air attacks we would encounter, rendering our meager supply woefully inadequate.*

Ensign Fink was able to receive from Ensign Brinn of the *Dunboyne* 940 rounds of .30 cal. ammo, but no .50 cal. They had been issued the same amount as ours and needed their balance for their own defense.

Mr. Fink appealed to Commander Frankel, the US Naval Attaché in Murmansk for additional ammunition. He would have to request a supply from the Russian military that had received great quantities from the arriving Allied ships. It was not until April 9th that he was able to provide 3,000 rounds of .50-caliber, of which 2,750 rounds were ball and 250 rounds were tracers.

Meanwhile on April 6, 7, and 8, daily air raids continued. Mostly we stayed aboard ship in lieu of opting for the Russian air raid shelters. From our vantage points in the gun tubs we could at least get a good view of action and we could practice "dry firing" on the incoming planes. On the 8th the shore batteries shot down one bomber. Russian planes were observed overhead frequently, patrolling the skies.

# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

## ASHORE & MORE RAIDS

On April 7th, Paul Harkey and I decided to walk into town to try to buy a few souvenirs. We changed into uniform knowing the only thing the Russians respected was a uniform backed up by lots of official passes. These we presented to the gangway sentries who carefully examined them from every angle, nodding in a knowing fashion and said, "Korosho." (Good) and let us pass. We were well aware of the propensity of the Police and military to stop us and demand identity papers.

There was no local or public transportation. There were only the military trucks, tanks or motorcycles. The local populace walked or used horse drawn sleighs or carts. Since the whole area was covered with hard packed snow, the children scurried around on ice skates. Wandering along the rubble-strewn streets we found very few shops open and those had only cheap looking household and kitchen items nothing we wanted to buy. There was evidence of war everywhere; bomb craters, shattered buildings, broken glass, mangled and abandoned vehicles, and pieces of shot down German aircraft. There was one almost whole twin engine plane that appeared to have tried to land after being shot down. Nothing useful was left on the plane and I wondered about the fate of the pilot, if he survived. The whole town was dreary and depressing. The people were suspicious of these "Capitalist" and would hardly look at us. They certainly wouldn't try to talk with us for fear of being seen by the police or KGB and reported.

We decided to check out the Intourist Hotel and maybe get a bite to eat. Entering the lobby we found a whole new world from what we had just walked through. There were nice furnishings, much better dressed people, some higher ranking officers and a bit of English being spoken and understood. To my astonishment and delight in the midst was a drop-dead gorgeous woman dressed in the most beautiful furs with

ermine trim I had ever seen. Even her calf-length boots were of fine fur and she walked with the poise and grace of a princess. I was in love and so was Paul. I did not find out who she was and never saw her again but she made my day. Going to the second floor restaurant was anti-climactic but we were a bit hungry. The lunch of fish, rice, black bread and tea was not too bad all things considered. It was time to walk back to the ship, but before we got very far, the inevitable air raid alarm sounded. The loud high-pitch wailing siren sent chills up the spine. We headed for an air raid shelter nearby. It was already crowded with Russian families, workers and soldiers. We squeezed in and waited about 45 minute before the "All clear" sounded and we could proceed to the ship.

April 10th ftOne of the Armed Guard gun crew survivors from the sunken SS *Effingham*, Charles B. Covington, Jr. Seaman 2c. USN was sent aboard.

April 11th ftThe *Eldena* moved from her present dock over to the ammunition dock at Pier #13 and began unloading our bombs, shells and other high explosives and drums of high-octane aviation gasoline. A direct bomb hit would completely destroy the ship, its cargo and us. Add to that the huge stockpile of munitions on the dock awaiting shipment by train to the battle front. We were all much more nervous about this new location.

Mills writes: "The bombing of Murmansk had now reached a peak of ferocity not experienced by any town in WWII. Eight or ten raids a day were not uncommon. The Germans seemed to have a set bombing pattern, first would come the Stuka dive bombers falling out of the sky with their special screaming device, to terrorize the citizens. Then the JU 88's and Henkel's would over fly dropping 500 bound bombs. The air reverberated with engine noise, exploding bombs, and the roar of anti-aircraft guns, sending one's senses reeling to the brink of madness."<sup>15</sup>

April 12thft0415 Air raid alarmft only Russian planes overhead.. "All clear" at 0445. Then at 0745, another alarm. This time five Stuka dive bombers screamed down toward our ship and dock but swerved off when they met the intense machine gun fire from our guns. Three bombs hit about 200 yards ahead of the ship. We had expended 380 rounds of .50-caliber. All clear at 0845.

April 13th ft0030 Air raid alarmftGerman HEIII bombers overhead. Search lights scanned the skies for the planes. The shore batteries put up a barrage of AA and tracers as the bombers neared the docks. I was asleep in my bunk in the fo's'sle and did not hear the alarm. Bombs were heard to drop in the vicinity of the docks, one of which hit less than 50 yards of the *Eldena's* port bow. The explosion and concussion severely jolted the ship throwing me out of my bunk. Completely startled and disoriented, I groped for my coat and helmet. I had never known such fear beforeft the next one might be a direct hit. With a surge of adrenalin I raced to my battle station in the gun tub only to find the gun already manned. Since I had not responded to the alarm, one of the other gunners had taken over. I could only standby, shaking like a leaf in the wind, and watch the action. I really felt useless and ashamed at missing the alarm

April 14th... Air raid alarms with firing from shore batteries but none of the bombers came within range of our guns. A very bad day was April 15th. In the early afternoon about 50 enemy planes were in the air at one time and late in the afternoon at least 125 more planes became involved in dog fights. Two British ships were hit. Murmansk was taking a terrific pounding, but allied planes were hitting back at the attackers. Ten bombers overhead diving out of the sun dropped bombs at the head of the harbor. At 1830, twenty-five bombers were again diving out of the sun. They released their deadly bombs, eight of which hit the dock area near us and were heard as they passed

# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

overhead. Several planes drew our machine gun fire as they went past. One bomb destroyed a dock side crane, one hit an air raid shelter killing several people and one hit the #2 hatch of the ship across the dock from us. During that afternoons raids we expended 1400 rounds of .50-caliber ammo.

April 16thft Not nearly so many air raid alarms on this day. We had finished unloading at Pier #13, the ammunition dock, and at 1400 we moved out into the harbor and anchored.

April 17th, 18th & 20thft At anchor in the harbor; we were no longer primary targets for the bombers. We could see lots of action over the town and docks and hear the explosions and AA fire from the shore batteries, but we were not threatened.

April 19thft Convoy PQ-14 arrived. It had started out with twenty-seven vessels, thirteen of which were British, ten USA flag, two Russian, one Dutch and one Panamanian. The convoy with Commodore, Captain Rees RNR, on board the British *S.S. Empire Howard*, sailed from Reykjavik on the afternoon of the 8th April. After 30 hours of fog, and 12 hours in heavy Polar ice only eight ships remained in company, the rest having returned to Iceland with ice damage. The convoy entered the port of Murmansk, with its escort increased by two Russian destroyers and with fighter planes overhead. Only two ships had Armed Guards aboard in convoy; the SS *Yaka* and the SS *West Cheswald*. While in port the ships shared in the daily attacks which PQ-13 was receiving. The *West Cheswald* was lucky enough to escape damage from enemy action while at Murmansk. On the morning of April 23rd a bomb fell fifty feet from the *Yaka* that damaged the ship and destroyed a 50 ton crane which had been used in unloading tanks from the ship. The *Yaka* had a long stay in Murmansk because she required repairs to her bow and propeller, and missed sailing with the convoy which left on April 28.<sup>16</sup>

April 21stft The *Eldena* moved to the water dock to take on provisions for the return voyage to Iceland and the United States. Our CO, Ensign Fink, chose this time to visit Naval Attaché, Commander Frankel, to get a resupply of machine gun ammunition. We had almost depleted the 3000 rounds he had gotten for us earlier. Commander Frankel assured Mr. Fink he would do his best. In the meantime on the 22nd *Eldena* moved from the water dock back out to anchor in the harbor. It took several days and Commander Frankel had to beg the Russians for the munitions we needed, reminding them that it was *Eldena* and *Dunboyne* who had put up the best fight of all the ships and shot down six of the bombers. They acknowledged the kills and provided both ships with the needed munitions which now had to be delivered by small boat to the ships at anchor.

April 23rd thru 26th the *Eldena* and other ships having off loaded their cargo lay at anchor in the harbor awaiting the formation of a return convoy. Every day and at all hours German planes bombed and strafed the town and docks. They paid very little attention to the empty ships in the harbor. The shore batteries and the Russian Air Force valiantly defended the area shooting down a number of German planes.

April 27thft A small boat came alongside delivering our much needed munitions. We were very grateful that Commander Frankel had come through for us. Also on the small boat were survivors of the *Effingham* who would sail home with us. Seaman 2c, Charles B. Covington, USN age 17 from Halifax Co. Virginia had already boarded on April 10th. The others were merchant seamen:  
Lewis S. Hathaway,  
25 of Middleboro, Mass.  
Maynard R. Richardson,  
35 of Allston, Mass.  
A. J. Easterling,  
30 of Higdon, Georgia  
Charles A. Hunnefield,  
22 of Boston Mass.

Clifford A. Jensen,  
23 of Chicago, Ill.

## CONVOY QP-II LEAVES MURMANSK

April 28th Convoy QP-II got underway to sea with thirteen merchant ships. Escorts were eight British destroyers, six corvettes and one trawler, also two Russian destroyers and five minesweepers. The convoy Commodore was the captain of *Briarwood*, Vice Commodore the captain of *Dan-Y-Bryn*.

April 29thft The British cruiser HMS *Edinburgh*, which had been in Murmansk loading a large quantity of gold bullion (5 tons), payment by the Russians to U.S. and U.K. for war supplies delivered. She joined the convoy but then moved out taking station ahead of the convoy. Several destroyers and corvettes also moved ahead leaving four destroyers and three corvettes. Its presence was reported by German reconnaissance planes and U-boats.

April 30thft The *Edinburgh*, commanded by Rear-Admiral Sir Stuart Bonham-Carter also had aboard some 30 injured survivors for repatriation to the UK. He had visited with each of them and before leaving made a short speech. "Well, lads, you know we are escorting Convoy QP-II back to England. I don't think our German friends are going to let us pass without a fight, so you must prepare yourselves for action, but never fear, you are in the hands of the Royal Navy and we'll get you back safely." Stirring words.<sup>17</sup>

That afternoon the *Edinburgh* was hit by two torpedoes fired by U-456 while she was zigzagging ahead of the convoy. Her stern was blown off, and she started back towards Murmansk, 250 miles away, at slow speed escorted by two destroyers. The U-boat meanwhile shadowed the lame cruiser, and the weakening of the convoy escort encouraged the enemy to send three destroyers to sea that night.<sup>18</sup>

# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

May 1stft My 19th birthday. I wondered how we would celebrate the momentous occasion!! It didn't take long to find outft At 0445 six Junker JU88 torpedo planes attacked. Four of them came directly at us while two climbed into the clouds. Of the four on attack, two flew across our stern towards the ship aft of us but turned off when both our ships opened fire. Both planes were observed to drop a torpedo but no tracks were seen. The other two bombers flew towards the ship ahead of us but veered off when we opened fire. Both however, were seen to release their torpedoes. None of the torpedoes hit their intended targets. A plane flew around the convoy but was kept at a distance by gunfire from the escort ships. Our approximate position 25°40'E/74°10'N. We had expended about 230 rounds of .50-caliber ammo.

1245 "Flags" gets the visual signal "Jig How" from the escorts of impending surface raider attack by German destroyers. They made no less than five separate attempts to reach the convoy, but were each time foiled by the aggressive tactics of the far weaker British escort, which was most ably led by Commander M. Richmond in the aptly-named *Bulldog*. One of our small force, the *Amazon*, was damaged, and one Russian merchant ship, *Tsiolkovsky*, which had straggled, was sunk by an enemy destroyer's torpedo. Only five of the Russian crew survived to be picked up by the rescue ship.

Throughout the afternoon, from 1400 till nearly 1800, the enemy's repeated lunges at the convoy were successfully driven off. Finally, the Germans abandoned the attempt and went off to find the damaged *Edinburgh*. To Commander Richmond's congratulatory signal to his consorts one of them instantly replied, 'I should hate to play poker with you'; and there is indeed no doubt that he thoroughly outfought the enemy's 'three of a kind'.<sup>19</sup>

1600ft The convoy encountered heavy floe ice and icebergs requiring formation in single column to get through. The ice thinned and began to separate somewhat and after

getting through the ships reformed to the original convoy order.

Meanwhile the HMS *Edinburgh*, unable to steer except with her engines, and also unable to be towed, was making very slow progress eastwards. On the evening of the 1st she was joined by four minesweepers, but early the following morning the German destroyers found her. A series of confused fights followed, and the cruiser herself, for all her disablement and grievous trouble, managed to hit and stop the large destroyer *Hermann Schoemann*.

But the *Forester* was also heavily hit, just at the moment when the enemy had fired torpedoes. By ill luck one of these, almost at the end of its run, hit the *Edinburgh*, which was unable to take any avoiding action, amidships on the opposite side to her earlier damage. The ship was thus almost cut in two. She continued to fight her armament - and one enemy described her gunfire even then as being 'extraordinarily good'-but she was plainly doomed.

Another misfortune followed quickly, when the *Foresight*, the last effective destroyer, was badly hit and brought to a standstill. There were thus three British ships all lying stopped at the same time, and all with much of their armament out of action. The two surviving enemies could have finished them off at leisure, but chose instead to take off the crew of the damaged *Schoemann*. This they successfully accomplished. The *Schoemann* sank and the other German destroyers then withdrew.

The *Forester* and *Foresight* next managed to get under way at slow speed, the minesweepers took off the *Edinburgh's* crew, among whom casualties were remarkably light, and the cruiser was then sunk by one of our own torpedoes. The enemy had undoubtedly scored a success; but he might have annihilated our whole force had he not mistaken the minesweepers for destroyers and, we now know, greatly overestimated the opposition by which he was faced.<sup>20</sup>

*Note: HMS Edinburgh was known to have been carrying gold on her last voyage. The gold was part*

*of Russia's war payments to the U.S. and the U.K. for materials delivered. Most of that gold was recovered. In April 1981, the survey ship Dammtor began searching for the wreck in the Barents Sea. After only ten days, they discovered the ship's final resting place at an approximate position of 72°N 35°W 72°N 35°W, at a depth of 245 meters (800 ft). It was not until 15 September 1981; a diver finally penetrated the bomb room and recovered a bar of gold. On 7 October, bad weather finally forced the suspension of diving operations, but by that time, 431 of 465 ingots had been recovered, now worth in excess of £43,000,000 sterling.<sup>21</sup>*

May 2ndft0815. One unidentified plane, believed to be long range enemy reconnaissance, circled the convoy at a distance no doubt reporting our position and status.

0945ft The east-bound convoy PQ-15 had entered the critical part of its passage. It was powerfully escorted, and covered by Admiral Tovey's full strength. Up to the 2nd of May no losses had been suffered. On this day our west-bound convoy (QP-11) was passed, and a gloomy prognostication of what probably lay ahead was received from its escort.<sup>22</sup>

1015ft Our escorts detected submarine activity in the area and the corvettes and destroyers dropped depth charges on the starboard bow of the convoy. 1400ft Again the escorts were dropping depth charges, this time astern of the convoy. We were also being shadowed by circling enemy reconnaissance planes.

May 3rd ftTwo British cruisers believed to be of the *Southampton* type were observed on the horizon steaming parallel to the convoy. The cruisers sent out two scout planes to circle the convoy for possible enemy activity.

May 4thft Two escort destroyers left the convoy, later returned then left again. Meanwhile floating mines were sighted on two separate occasions.

May 5th & 6th Friendly planes circled the convoy.

# FROZEN FURY—CONVOY PQ-13

May 7th We anchored in the harbor at Reykjavik, Iceland.

## HOMeward BOUND

“These Russian convoys are becoming a regular millstone around our necks, and cause a steady attrition in both cruisers and destroyers.”

Admiral Pound U.K. (First Sea Lord) to Admiral King, U.S. (Chief of Naval Operations), 18th May, 1942<sup>23</sup>

Merchant ships lost in convoys PQ-13, QP-II or in port in Murmansk during the period March 20 to May 7, 42:

American: *SS Ballot, SS Raceland, SS*

*Bateau, SS Effingham, SS Harpalion,*

British: *Empire Cowper, Induna, Empire Starlight, Empire Ranger, New Westminster City*

Polish: *Tobruk*

Russian: *Tsiolkovsky*

May 13th 0500ft Underway to sea bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia. The convoy consisted of thirteen merchant ships, one U.S. Destroyer and one U.S. Coast Guard Cutter

May 25thft1530... We anchored in Bedford Basin, Halifax, Nova Scotia. We had sailed a distance of 2364 miles at an average speed of 7.93 knots.

This last leg of the voyage had been quite pleasant. There had been no real threat from the enemy, the seas were moderate to almost calm, the temperature had been really warm compared to what we had been through and the thought of going home to the U.S.A. kept us elated. I couldn't wait to set foot on American soil and to be able to call my folks back in Georgia.

May 27thft1400.. A convoy of ten merchant ships departed Halifax for New York City. Just outside the harbor we were joined by a convoy of thirty-two ships, also west bound, escorted by two British corvettes and one destroyer.

May 30thftThe SS *Eldena* docked at Pier

#2, Staten Island, New York and Ensign Fink reported to the Port Director. “WE ARE HOME!!!” It was hard to believe we were finally home. We were ecstatic.

All of the enlisted men of the crew reported to the Armed Guard Center in Brooklyn, there to blend in with the thousands living there awaiting further assignment. First we were debriefed by Intelligence Officers who wanted to learn as much as possible about the enemy attacks and the Russian port of Murmansk. I was asked if I had kept a diary. I had kept a small one. He asked to see it and said he'd have to keep it for a while and would return it later. I never saw it again. We also got promoted. I was now a Seaman First Class.

On June 8th, the Center received a call from Admiral Fairfield informing them that Armed Guard crew of the SS *Eldena* had shot down three German bombers in the harbor of Murmansk. The Russian Government had rewarded the entire crew of the vessel with one month's pay.

## “FROZEN FURY”

The Murmansk Run of Convoy PQ-13

By John L. Haynes

The complete small book (about 100 pages) along with photos and illustrations has been published by and is available from PublishAmerica.com or I have a supply and will sell to your readers for \$15.00 + 2.50 S&H.

My email: [jhsoar@gmail.com](mailto:jhsoar@gmail.com)

<sup>1</sup> *Unsung Sailors* by Justin F. Gleichauf, pp. 160, 161

<sup>2</sup> *Unsung Sailors* by Justin F. Gleichauf, pp. 95

<sup>3</sup> “Convoy PQ<sub>13</sub> Unlucky for Some” by Morris O. Mills, pp. 90-91

<sup>4</sup> “Convoy PQ<sub>13</sub> Unlucky for Some” by Morris O. Mills, pp. 91

<sup>5</sup> Excerpts from “Jig How” by Roy W. Brown, pp.60

<sup>6</sup> Excerpts from the survivor report of Norwegian seamen Herman Torgersen

<sup>7</sup> Voyage report by C.O. Ensign Fink May 9, 1942

<sup>8</sup> “Convoy PQ<sub>13</sub> Unlucky for Some” by Morris O. Mills, pp. 95-96

<sup>9</sup> Uboat.net, Ships hit by U-boats

<sup>10</sup> “Convoy PQ<sub>13</sub> Unlucky for Some” by Morris O. Mills, pp.100

<sup>11</sup> *Unsung Sailors* by Justin F. Gleichauf, pp. 220-1

<sup>12</sup> Voyage report by C.O. Ensign Fink May 9, 1942

<sup>13</sup> “Convoy PQ<sub>13</sub> Unlucky for Some” by Morris O. Mills, pp 103

<sup>14</sup> Voyage report by C.O. Ensign Fink May 9, 1942

<sup>15</sup> “Convoy PQ<sub>13</sub> Unlucky for Some” by Morris O. Mills, pp 132

<sup>16</sup> History of the Naval Armed Guard Afloat-WWII OP-414, pp. 24, 25

<sup>17</sup> “Convoy PQ<sub>13</sub> Unlucky for Some” by Morris O. Mills, pp. 118

<sup>18</sup> History of WWII, UK, The War at Sea, Cp IV, Home waters and the Arctic, pp. 128

<sup>19</sup> History of WWII, UK, The War at Sea, Cp IV, Home waters and the Arctic, pp. 129

<sup>20</sup> History of WWII, UK, The War at Sea, Cp IV, Home waters and the Arctic, pp. 129

<sup>21</sup>

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/HMS\\_Edinburgh](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/HMS_Edinburgh)

<sup>22</sup> History of WWII, UK, The War at Sea, Cp IV, Home waters and the Arctic, pp. 129

<sup>23</sup> History of WWII, UK, The War at Sea, Cp IV, Home waters and the Arctic.



# LAST LIBERTY SHIP REACHES GREECE

Maritime Administration's  
Last Liberty Ship  
Reaches Greece  
Maritime Administration  
Press Book Jan 13 2009

Flying the Greek flag, the Hellas Liberty, formerly known as the Arthur M. Huddell, has safely reached the port of Piraeus in Greece after leaving Norfolk, Virginia, on December 6, 2008. Until July 2008, the World War II-era Huddell was the last Liberty ship in the Maritime Administration's National Defense Reserve Fleet, and was moored in the James River Reserve Fleet site at Fort Eustis. The ship was cleaned at a Norfolk shipyard before being towed to Greece.

American shipyards built 2,751 Liberty ships during World War II, in the

largest shipbuilding effort in history. Liberty ships crewed by merchant mariners carried troops and military cargo all over the world. The building and sailing of the Liberty ships, and their successors, the Victory ships, were overseen by the U.S. Maritime Commission and the War Shipping Agency, both predecessor agencies of today's Maritime Administration. After World War II, Greek shipowners purchased many Liberty ships to build up their fleet. The Greek merchant fleet is now the largest in the world. The Hellas Liberty will be refurbished and used as a museum.

Maritime Administrator Sean T. Connaughton said, "We are extremely pleased that the vessel arrived safely in Greece. Once refurbished and opened to the public, the vessel will be a

reminder to future generations of the close relationship between Greece and the United States."

Two other Liberty ships formerly in the Maritime Administration's National Defense Reserve Fleet, the John W. Brown and the Jeremiah O'Brien, are currently operating as museum ships. While other redesigned and repurposed Liberty ships remain in service, none remain in service in the form they had in World War II. Nonetheless, their use was once so common that the term "Liberty-size cargo", meaning 10,000 tons, may still be heard in the shipping business.

Contact:  
Shannon Russell  
202-366-5807

## INFO ON ARMED GUARD FRANK DUMAS

Dear Mr. Lloyd,  
I am looking for information on my great uncle who was an Armed Guard from 1943 to 1946. His name was James Frank Dumas, but he went by Frank. He served on three ships; S.S. Thornstein Veblen from Aug. 1943 to July 1944, S.S. Henry Wynkoop from Aug. 1944 to Mar. 1945, and S.S. Fort Jupiter from Aug. 1945 to Nov. 1945. I found Ray Fitch through your magazine on line and he served on the Wynkoop with my uncle. Unfortunately he did not know my uncle but he did hook me up with Gene Meadows who served on the Wynkoop and knew my uncle. Mr. Fitch also sent me information with your contact information in it.

Family history is that my uncle was on a ship that was bombed or sunk and was in water and it affected his lungs and he died in Aug. 1946 from this. He was discharged from the service in Jan. 1946. I have all his military records including his medical records. I have found some information on the three ships he was on and of course first hand information on the Wynkoop and have found nothing that happened to any of the ships that would have caused my uncle to be in water. His youngest sister is still alive and I get most all my information from her. Of course there are still some of his nieces and nephews still alive who knew Frank and tell the same story. They were, of course, very young when Frank returned from the war. My aunt said Frank was not the type to complain of being sick and would have kept whatever he could to himself. This illness was of such that he would be fine for awhile and then get sick for awhile with it and then get better. Someone has suggested that maybe he got malaria when he was on the

S.S. Fort Jupiter as it went to the Pacific or maybe some other tropical disease. It is very much a mystery and one I am trying to solve. I obtained a copy of his death certificate and it was no help. It said death was due to undetermined causes. My aunt very clearly remembers the week he died. He got sick on Monday and died on Friday afternoon. She said he was coughing something horrible and the stuff he coughed up looked like pieces of his lungs! I am trying to find anyone who was on one of his ships with him and might know anything that happened to him. Especially the S.S. Fort Jupiter. I feel whatever happened must have been on that ship. His military records show that after being detached from the ship on Nov. 21st he was sent home for "rehabilitation" on Nov. 24th for 17 days and then he was discharged on Jan. 23, 1946. My aunt said he did not want the Navy to know he was sick cause he was afraid they might not discharge him.

As I am the family tree researcher in our family I have had relatives asking me if I knew which ship Frank was on that was bombed. That is why I started trying to find out what happened to him. Imagine my surprise to learn none of his ships were bombed. Or so that is what I have found out so far. Maybe I am missing something somewhere.

If you could be of any help to me I would greatly appreciate it. Feel free to put any of this letter into The Pointer. Maybe some of his shipmates might see it and contact me. Please include my email address: lddwatson78@yahoo.com Thank you so much for your time! I really enjoy reading The Pointer!  
Diane Dumas Watson

# HARVEY MATYAS—PURPLE HEART



Harvey Matyas  
Matyas traded the Cubs  
for Army Air Corps  
Modest World War II veteran  
earned Purple Heart,  
Bronze Star

By Meg Jones of the Journal Sentinel

Courtesy of the Matyas family  
Harvey Matyas (right) receives a  
Bronze Star for his service during  
World War II. Matyas grew up in  
Milwaukee and was on the SS Jean  
Nicolet when it was torpedoed by a  
Japanese submarine.

Like many World War II veterans,  
Harvey Matyas kept his medals hidden  
and never talked about what he did and  
saw in the war.

He had given up a shot at the Chicago  
Cubs, who drafted him as a teenager, to  
enlist in the Army Air Corps.

On his way to the warfront he almost  
died - surviving the sinking of the mer-  
chant marine ship carrying him to  
Ceylon (Sri Lanka) and then watching  
Japanese sailors murder many of the  
survivors.

A gentle man who loved to show kids  
the proper way to swing a baseball bat,  
Matyas died Saturday of complications  
of pneumonia at St. Luke's Hospital.  
He was 85.

Matyas earned a Purple Heart and  
Bronze Star. A pilot with the Army Air  
Corps, he was a passenger on the SS Jean  
Nicolet, which was torpedoed by a  
Japanese submarine in the Indian Ocean  
on July 2, 1944.

Though all of the men on board survived  
the nighttime attack on the Jean Nicolet,  
the Japanese used search lights to find the  
survivors and ordered them to abandon  
their life rafts and board the submarine.

Historical accounts portray the atrocities  
committed by the Japanese on the sur-  
vivors who were beaten, bayoneted, shot  
and kicked over the side of the sub to  
drown or die from shark attacks.

Many of the men were still sitting on the  
submarine's deck with their hands tied  
behind their backs when the captain  
ordered the sub to descend below the sur-  
face because of aircraft searching for the  
Jean Nicolet survivors.

Most of those still on deck drowned when  
the sub sank below them.

Matyas survived by jumping in the water  
and hiding behind a wooden life raft and  
not boarding the submarine. He was in  
the water for a few days before being res-  
cued - one of only 23 to survive.

"He never wanted to talk about it because  
he knew a lot of the people who died. That  
really bothered him," said his son Bob  
Matyas.

The Bronze Star citation shows that  
Matyas operated a gun onboard the Jean  
Nicolet after the torpedo attack, helped  
others board lifeboats and refused to  
leave the burning ship until the captain  
ordered him to do so, said his son Al  
Matyas.

Matyas returned to Milwaukee, got mar-  
ried and in the mid-1950s joined the  
Milwaukee Fire Department, serving as a  
firefighter for about three decades.

He rotated among several fire stations but  
didn't want his kids to become firefigh-  
ters because of the danger. Bob Matyas  
remembers his father getting injured at  
the scene of an explosion of a ship in  
Milwaukee's harbor.

He played baseball and football at East  
High School, now called Riverside, and  
met his wife, Olga, at a factory where they  
both worked while they were in high  
school.

Apparently his baseball skills caught the  
attention of the Chicago Cubs. But when  
he returned home after the war, he real-  
ized professional baseball players didn't  
make much money - "back in the old days  
it didn't pay to play pro sports," Al  
Matyas said.

Instead, he found more steady employ-  
ment to support his family.

Matyas played on the Milwaukee Fire  
Department's baseball team and coached  
grade school basketball and baseball  
squads. He often carried a broomstick in  
his trunk along with a piece of cork on a  
string that he used to show proper batting  
techniques.

His children remember most of the  
boyfriends and girlfriends they brought  
home were soon swinging their dad's  
broomstick as he instructed them on their  
stance.

He is survived by his wife, Olga, and sons  
Michael, Harvey, Bob and Al. A daugh-  
ter, Mary Ward, preceded him in death. A  
funeral is scheduled at 10:30 a.m.  
Wednesday at St. Alexander Church,  
1568 W. Holt Ave., with visitation at the  
church from 9:30 a.m. until the funeral.  
Regards,  
Lloyd Raeg  
raeg@earthlink.net

# ESSO FLEET TANKERS OF WWII

## ESSO FLEET TANKERS OF WORLD WAR II

The list is from Ships of the Esso Fleet in World War II, 1946. If you would like photocopies of our information about a ship, please send a donation (Minimum \$25 US payable to T. Horodysky) to support our research and Web Site to: T. Horodysky usmm.org 27 Westbrook Way Eugene, OR 97405

A. C. Bedford	Esso Baytown	Esso Washington	M. F. Elliott
Allan Jackson	Esso Bayway	Esso Williamsburg	Motocarline
Arriaga	Esso Belgium	Esso Wilmington	
	Esso Bolivar		Niobe
Baltic	Esso Boston	F. H. Bedford, Jr.	
Beacon	Esso Buffalo	F. Q. Barstow	Orville Harden
Beaconhill	Esso Camden	F. W. Abrams	
Beaconlight	Esso Charleston	Franklin K. Lane	Paul H. Harwood
Beaconoil	Esso Concord	Franz Klasen	Penelope
Benjamin Brewster	Esso Copenhagen	Fred W. Weller	Persephone
	Esso Dover	Frederic R Kellogg	Peter Hurl
	Esso Gettysburg		Phoebus
C. O. Stillman	Esso Harrisburg	G. Harrison Smith	Prometheus
C. A. Canfield	Esso Hartford	Geo. H. Jones	
C. J. Barkdull	Esso Houston	George G. Henry	R. G. Stewart
Calliope	Esso Little Rock	George W. Barnes	R. P. Resor
Charles G. Black	Esso Manhattan	Glen pool	R. W. Gallagher
Charles Pratt	Esso Memphis		
Chester O. Swain	Esso Mont pelier	H. H. Rogers	S. B. Hunt
Christy Payne	Esso Nashville	H. M. Flagler	Standard
Clio	Esso New Haven	Hanseat	Svithiod
	Esso New Orleans (I)	Harry G. Seidel	
Dartmouth	Esso New Orleans (II)	Heinrich v. Riedemann	T. C. McCobb
Dean Emery	Esso Norfolk		T. J. Williams
	Esso Paterson	I. A. Moffett, Jr.	Thalia
E. G. Seubert	Esso Philadelphia	I. C. White	Thomas H. Wheeler
E. J. Sadler	Esso Pittsburgh		
E. T. Bedford	Esso Portland	J. A. Mowinckel	Vistula
E.M. Clark	Esso Providence	J. H. Senior	
Edward L. Doheny	Esso Raleigh (I)	James McGee	W. C. Teagle
Elisha Walker	Esso Raleigh (II)	John D. Archbold	W. H. Libby
Esso Albany (II)	Esso Richmond (I)	John Worthington	W. L. Steed
Esso Annapolis (I)	Esso Richmond (II)	Joseph Seep	W. S. Farish
Esso Annapolis (II)	Esso Roanoke	Josiah Macy	Wallace E. Pratt
Esso Aruba	Esso Rochester		Walter Jennings
Esso Augusta	Esso Scranton	L. J. Drake	Wm. G. Warden
Esso Balboa	Esso Springfield	Leda	Wm. Rockefeller
Esso Baltimore	Esso Trenton (I)	Livingston Roe	
Esso Baton Rouge	Esso Utica		
Esso Bayonne			

It is against the regulations of this Terminal to remove any of the following items from your ship while berthed at this Terminal. (or to have any of these items on your person within, leaving or entering this Terminal), unless you obtain written permission from the Internal Security Officer. You are subject to physical search before entering or leaving this Terminal, or at any other time while you are in the Terminal.

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CIGARETTE LIGHTERS PHOTOGRAPH RECORDS  
DRUGS OR NARCOTICS CAMERAS-RADIOS  
ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES FILMS - DEVELOPED OR UNDEVELOPED  
FLASHLIGHTS, EXCEPT WHILE IN CUSTODY OF A SHIP'S OFFICER.

\*\*\*\*\*

I have read the above restrictions, acknowledge that I understand them, and certify that I will obey them and all Terminal Regulations.

*T. H. Horodysky*  
SIGNATURE OF EMPLOYEE

ANY ALTERATIONS OR ERASURES AUTOMATICALLY VOID THIS PASS

### SHIPS CREW SHORE PASS

INTERNAL SECURITY OFFICE  
CAVEN POINT TERMINAL

Pass Bearer *Richard Charabut Gunnar*  
employed on a ship docked at *Caban Point* pier.  
Ht. *5'10"* Age *45* Hair *Fair* Eyes *Blue* Comp. *White*  
Pass commences (Date) *May 26th* Hour *1200* (AM) (PM)  
and expires (Date) *May 27th* Hour *2400* (AM) (PM)  
Issued by *Frank G. So.*  
Approved by *T. H. Horodysky*  
Asst. Secy. U.S. Coast Guard

Pass to be returned, on expiration, to Guard at entrance to pier.

The Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission  
80 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

### SHORE LEAVE PERMIT

Original to be retained at gangway and subsequently turned over to the master or chief officer.  
Duplicate to be retained by crew member.

*R. Charabut Gunnar* is hereby granted Shore leave from *8/1/45* A.M. to *8/2/45* P.M.  
Shore leave ends *Salinas street* P.M.  
New York.

NSNY-225 (Revised)-F-50 M sets-544R

Master - Chief Officer

ORIGINAL

# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF VICTORY SHIPS

## Victory Ships built by the U.S. Maritime Commission during World War II Alphabetical List

The Liberty's maximum speed was 11 knots, making her easy prey for submarines, so early in 1942 designs for a 15 knot ship were begun. The first of 534 Victory ships, the SS United Victory, was launched on February 28 1944, and like the Libertys, used production line techniques. The next 34 Victory ships were named for each of the Allied nations; the subsequent 218 were named after American cities, the next 150 were named after educational institutions, and the rest received miscellaneous names. Attack Transports were named after Counties, except one named after President Roosevelt's personal Secretary, Marvin H. McIntyre.

The Victory ship (officially VC2) was 455 feet long and 62 feet wide. Her cross-compound steam turbine with double reduction gears developed 6,000 (AP2 type) or 8,500 (AP3s type) horsepower. One diesel Victory, the Emory Victory (VC2-M-AP4) was built. The VC2-S-AP5 was the designation given to Attack Transports built for the Navy (Haskell class). The three AP7 type were Victories laid as AP3 or AP5 which were cancelled after VJ Day, and completed as combined passenger/cargo ships for the Carribbean trade.

Typically, Victories were armed with: One 5 inch stern gun - One 3 inch bow gun - Eight 20 mm machine guns

Three Victory ships (Logan, Hobbs, and Canada) were sunk during World War II, all by kamikazes during the invasion of Okinawa. These Victories carried a total of 24,000 tons of ammunition (54 million pounds or 24,000 metric tons), including the majority of 81 mm mortar available in the United States. This loss severely restricted combat during the invasion.

The SS Lane Victory in San Pedro, CA is open to the public for tours, occasional cruises, and can often be seen in movies and commercials. This floating museum was named after Isaac Lane who was born into slavery and later founded Lane College in Jackson, Tennessee [Alex Hailey, author of "Roots" is a famous alumnus]. The American Victory is located in Tampa, FL. The Red Oak Victory fredoak.htmlffl is being restored in Richmond, CA as part of the "Rosie the Riveter" Museum.

All Navy ships are designated have an alphanumeric designation such as AP 189 -USAT U.S. Army Transport Service

The numbers before the names are Maritime Commission (MCV) Hull Numbers

- 110 Aberdeen Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AK 257 - AKS 32 Altair
- 760 Adelphi Victory/AG 181 Adelphi, VC2-S-AP2
- 164 Adrian Victory, VC2-S-AP3
- 616 Aiken Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT/AP 188
- 42 Alamo Victory, VC2-S-AP3
- 624 Albion Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 876 Alcoa Cavalier, VC2-S1-AP7
- 877 Alcoa Clipper, VC2-S1-AP7
- 745 Alfred Victory, VC2-S-AP2/AG 180 Antioch
- 81 Alhambra Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT
- 762 Allegheny Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 43 APA 127 Allendale, VC2-S-AP5
- 692 Alma Victory, VC2-S-AP3
- 841 Altoona Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT
- 801 Amarillo Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 792 American Victory, VC2-S-AP2/AG 185 Carthage
- 163 Ames Victory, VC2-S-AP3
- 770 Amherst Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT
- 72 Anadarko Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 574 Anchorage Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 584 Anniston Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 816 Antioch Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT
- 162 Appleton Victory, VC2-S-AP3/USAT - AK 240 Pvt. John R. Towle
- 41 Arcadia Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AF 63 Asterion
- 44 APA 128 Arenac, VC2-S-AP5
- 45 APA 129 Arlington, VC2-S-AP5/Marvin H. McIntyre
- 764 Asbury Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 11 Atchison Victory, VC2-S-AP3
- 855 Atlantic City Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 46 APA 130 Attala, VC2-S-AP5
- 642 Attleboro Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 814 APA 149 Audubon, VC2-S-AP5
- 755 Augustana Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 525 Australia Victory, VC2-S-AP3
  
- 47 APA 131 Bandera, VC2-S-AP5
- 630 Bardstown Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT VC2-S-AP2
- 742 Barnard Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 48 APA 132 Barnwell, VC2-S-AP5
- 844 Barre Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 76 Bartlesville Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 787 Bates Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 846 Baton Rouge Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 716 Battle Creek Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 772 Baylor Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 580 Beatrice Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 774 Beaver Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 49 APA 133 Beckham, VC2-S-AP5
- 540 AK 231 Bedford Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 92 Belgium Victory, VC2-S-AP3
- 701 Bellingham Victory VC2-S-AP3
- 111 Beloit Victory, VC2-S-AP3/USAT
- 734 Berea Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 815 APA 150 Bergen, VC2-S-AP5
- 551 Berkeley Victory, VC2-S-AP2/USAT
- 756 Berry Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 715 Berwyn Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 806 Bessemer Victory, VC2-S-AP2/AG 186 Bessemer

# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF VICTORY SHIPS

- 861 APA 237 - LPA 237 Bexar, VC2-S-AP5  
848 Biddeford Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
873 Billings Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
573 APA 225 Bingham, VC2-S-AP5  
698 Binghampton Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
50 APA 134 Bland, VC2-S-AP5  
805 Bloomington Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
621 Blue Island Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
613 Blue Ridge Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
16 Bluefield Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
874 Boise Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
680 APA 234 Bollinger, VC2-S-AP5  
51 APA 135 Bosque, VC2-S-AP5  
52 APA 136 Botetourt, VC2-S-AP5  
681 APA 235 Bottineau, VC2-S-AP5  
536 AK 227 Boulder Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
588 Bowdoin Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
53 APA 137 Bowie, VC2-S-AP5  
811 Bowling Green Victory, VC2-S-AP2/USAT - AK 252  
    Lt. Robert Craig  
151 Bozeman Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
875 Brainerd Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
650 Brandon Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
54 APA 138 Braxton, VC2-S-AP5  
8 Brazil Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
598 Brigham Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
88 Britain Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
55 APA 139 Broadwater, VC2-S-AP5  
860 APA 236 Bronx, VC2-S-AP5  
56 APA 140 Brookings, VC2-S-AP5  
171 Brown Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
57 APA 141 Buckingham, VC2-S-AP5  
728 Bucknell Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
543 AK 234 Bucyrus Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
721 Burbank Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 834 C. C. N. Y. Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
780 Calvin Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
93 Canada Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
765 Canton Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
183 Capital Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AG 172 Phoenix  
738 Carleton Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
27 Carroll Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
710 Carthage Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
706 Catawba Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
77 Cedar Rapids Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
644 Central Falls Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
736 Central Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
78 Chanute Victory, VC2-S-AP2 /WSAT (1597)/USAT  
615 Chapel Hill Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
697 Chelsea Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
1 China Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
733 Citadel Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
102 Claremont Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
684 Clark Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
888 Clarksburg Victory, VC2-S-AP2 /AG 183 Clarksburg  
80 Clarksdale Victory, VC2-S-AP2 /USAT  
629 Clarksville Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 612 Claymont Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
58 APA 142 Clearfield, VC2-S-AP5  
583 Clearwater Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
59 APA 143 Clermont, VC2-S-AP5  
60 APA 144 Clinton, VC2-S-AP5  
32 Clovis Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
636 Coaldale Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
69 Cody Victory, VC2-S-AP2 /WSAT (1597)/USAT  
189 Coe Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
153 Coeur d'Alene Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
695 Coffeyville Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
61 APA 145 Colbert, VC2-S-AP5  
84 Colby Victory, VC2-S-AP2 /WSAT (1597)/USAT  
170 Colgate Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
62 APA 146 Collingsworth, VC2-S-AP5  
10 Colombia Victory, VC2-S-AP3, /AK 260 Betelgeuse  
575 Colorado Springs Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
783 Cooper Union Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
778 Cornell Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
529 Costa Rica Victory, VC2-S-AP3/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
812 APA 147 Cottle, VC2-S-AP5  
890 Council Bluffs Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
103 Cranston Victory, VC2-S-AP3/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
178 Creighton Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
813 APA 148 Crockett, VC2-S-AP5  
530 Cuba Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
86 Czechoslovakia Victory, VC2-S-AP3/USAT - AKV 3 - AK 274 -  
    AG 170 Lt. James E. Robinson
- 21 Dalton Victory, VC2-S-AP3 /AK 256/AGM 5 Sunnyvale  
862 APA 238 Dane, VC2-S-AP5  
125 APA 159 Darke, VC2-S-AP5  
169 Dartmouth Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
172 Davidson Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
727 De Pauw Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
595 Denison Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
126 APA 160 Deuel, VC2-S-AP5  
550 Devils Lake Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
127 APA 161 Dickens, VC2-S-AP5  
83 Dickinson Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
96 Dominican Victory, VC2-S-AP3/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
700 Dothan Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
74 Douglas Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
757 Drake Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
128 APA 162 Drew, VC2-S-AP5  
691 Drew Victory/AG 173 Provo VC2-S-AP3  
744 Drexel Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
761 Drury Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
731 Duke Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
549 Durango Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
19 Durham Victory, VC2-S-AP3
- 763 Earlham Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
645 East Point Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
129 APA 163 Eastland, VC2-S-AP5  
130 APA 164 Edgecombe, VC2-S-AP5  
131 APA 165 Effingham, VC2-S-AP5  
600 El Reno Victory, VC2-S-AP2

# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF VICTORY SHIPS

- 95 El Salvador Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 577 Elgin Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 Pvt. Charles N. De Glopper  
 548 Elko Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 105 Elmira Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 654 Emory Victory, VC2-M-AP4  
 712 Enid Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 112 Escanaba Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AF 57 Regulus  
 526 Ethiopia Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AK 281 Victoria  
 618 Eufala Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT
- 614 Fairmont Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 648 Fayetteville Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 704 Fenn Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 749 Fisk Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 71 Flagstaff Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 132 APA 166 Fond du Lac, VC2-S-AP5  
 732 Fordham Victory/USAT VC2-S-AP2  
 602 Frederick Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 133 APA 167 Freestone, VC2-S-AP5  
 625 Frontenac Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 622 Frostburg Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 174 Furman Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AK 280 Furman
- 134 APA 168 Gage, VC2-S-AP5  
 22 Gainsville Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 135 APA 169 Gallatin, VC2-S-AP5  
 653 Georgetown Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 863 APA 239 Glynn, VC2-S-AP5  
 688 Gonzaga Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 136 APA 170 Gosper, VC2-S-AP5  
 826 Goucher Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT - AP 191  
 Sgt. Howard E. Woodford  
 33 Grange Victory, VC2-S-AP3 /USAT - AKV 4 - AK 275  
 Pvt. Joseph F. Merrell  
 137 APA 171 Granville, VC2-S-AP5  
 717 Great Falls Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 2 Greece Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 714 Greeley Victory, VC2-S-AP2/AG 187 Milford  
 159 Green Bay Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 18 Greenville Victory, VC2-S-AP3 /AK 237  
 722 Gretna Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 138 APA 172 Grimes, VC2-S-AP5  
 729 Grinnell Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 750 Grove City Victory, VC2-S-AP2/USAT  
 533 Guatemala Victory, VC2-S-AP3/USAT  
 838 Gustavus Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT
- 634 Hagerstown Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 532 Haiti Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AK 238/AGM 3 Longview  
 581 Halaula Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 707 Hamilton Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 839 Hampden-Sydney Victory, VC2-S-AP2 /WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 579 Hannibal Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 864 APA 240 Harnett, Cancelled VC2-S-AP5  
 724 Harvard Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 25 APA 117 Haskell, VC2-S-AP5  
 547 Hastings Victory, VC2-S-AP2 /USAT - AK 254
- Sgt. Truman Kimbro  
 809 Hattiesburg Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 832 Haverford Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 865 APA 241 Hempstead, Cancelled VC2-S-AP5  
 26 APA 118 Hendry, VC2-S-AP5  
 113 Hibbing Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AF 56 Denebola  
 851 High Point Victory, VC2-S-AP2/AG 189 Rollins  
 28 APA 119 Highlands, VC2-S-AP5  
 708 Hillsdale Victory/USAT VC2-S-AP2  
 30 APA 120 Hinsdale, VC2-S-AP5  
 705 Hobart Victory, VC2-S-AP2/AG 190 Webster  
 599 Hobbs Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 34 APA 121 Hocking, VC2-S-AP5  
 531 Honduras Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 828 Hood Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 751 Hope Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 822 Howard Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 754 Hunter Victory,, VC2-S-AP2  
 139 APA 173 Hyde, VC2-S-AP5
- 527 India Victory, VC2-S-AP3/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 94 Iran Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AG 167 - AGTR 167 - AGTR 4 Belmont  
 528 Iraq Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 866 APA 242 Iredell/Alcoa Corsair, VC2-S1-AP7
- 699 Jackson Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 165 Jefferson City Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 67 Jericho Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 140 APA 174 Jerauld, VC2-S-AP5  
 114 Joliet Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AGS 23 Michelson  
 12 Joplin Victory, VC2-S-AP3
- 141 APA 175 Karnes, VC2-S-AP5  
 157 Kelso Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 35 APA 122 Kenton, VC2-S-AP5  
 795 Kenyon Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 142 APA 176 Kershaw, VC2-S-AP5  
 827 Kings Point Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 143 APA 177 Kingsbury, VC2-S-AP5  
 20 Kingsport Victory, VC2-S-AP3 /USAT - AK 239  
 638 Kingston Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 36 APA 123 Kittson, VC2-S-AP5  
 184 Knox Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AGM 7 Huntsville  
 154 Kodiak Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 620 Kokomo Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 68 Koloa Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 623 La Crosse Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 161 La Grande Victory, VC2-S-AP3/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 38 APA 124 La Grange, VC2-S-AP5  
 117 APA 151 La Porte, VC2-S-AP5  
 643 Laconia Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 752 Lafayette Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 601 Lahaina Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 631 Lake Charles Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 718 Lakeland Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 545 AK 236 Lakewood Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 144 APA 178 Lander, VC2-S-AP5

# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF VICTORY SHIPS

- 794 Lane Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 39 APA 125 Lanier, VC2-S-AP5  
 723 Laredo Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 538 AK 229 Las Vegas Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 118 APA 152 Latimer, VC2-S-AP5  
 145 APA 179 Lauderdale, VC2-S-AP5  
 119 APA 153 Laurens, VC2-S-AP5  
 146 APA 180 Lavaca, VC2-S-AP5  
 185 Lawrence Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 535 Legion Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 775 Lehigh Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
     Lt. Bernard J. Ray  
 663 APA 195 Lenawee, VC2-S-AP5  
 148 Lewiston Victory, VC2-S-AP3/WSAT (1597)/USAT, VC2-S-AP3  
 13 Lincoln Victory, VC2-S-AP3 /WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 766 Lindenwood Victory, VC2-S-AP2/AG 184 Clemson  
 689 Linfield Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 664 APA 196 Loban, VC2-S-AP5  
 582 Logan Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 156 Loma Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 147 Longview Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 120 APA 154 Lowndes, VC2-S-AP5  
 739 Loyola Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 665 APA 197 Lubbock, VC2-S-AP5  
 17 Luray Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 90 Luxembourg Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 867 APA 243 Luzerne, Cancelled VC2-S-AP5  
 121 APA 155 Lycoming, VC2-S-AP5  
 853 Lynchburg Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 847 Lynn Victory, VC2-S-AP2/AG 182 Lynn
- 819 M. I. T. Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
     Lt. Alexander R. Nininger  
 188 Macalester Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 702 MacMurray Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 603 Madawaska Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 868 APA 244 Madeia, Cancelled VC2-S-AP5  
 667 APA 199 - LPA 199 Magoffin, VC2-S-AP5  
 637 Mahanoy City Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 607 Malden Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 109 Mandan Victory, VC2-S-AP3/USAT -AKV 5 AK 276 S  
     gt. Jack J. Pendleton  
 539 AK 230 Manderson Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 872 Mankato Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 668 APA 200 Marathon, VC2-S-AP5  
 869 APA 245 Maricopa, Cancelled VC2-S-AP5  
 821 Maritime Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
     Pvt. Frederick C. Murphy  
 753 Marquette Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 823 Marshall Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT - AP 189  
     Lt. Raymond O. Beaudoin  
 106 Marshfield Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AK 282 Marshfield  
 768 Maryville Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 578 Massillon Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 541 AK 232 Mayfield Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 666 APA 198 McCracken, VC2-S-AP5  
 870 APA 246 McLennan, Cancelled, VC2-S-AP5  
 871 APA 247 Mecklenburg, Cancelled, VC2-S-AP5
- 586 Medina Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 669 APA 201 Menard, VC2-S-AP5  
 670 APA 202 Meniffee, VC2-S-AP5  
 591 Mercer Victory, VC2-S-AP2/AG 179 Haverford  
 799 Meredith Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 24 Meridian Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 671 APA 203 Meriwether, VC2-S-AP5  
 886 Mesa Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 7 Mexico Victory, VC2-S-AP3/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 726 Middlebury Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 693 Middlesex Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AG 174 Cheyenne  
 690 Midland Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 555 APA 207 Mifflin, VC2-S-AP5  
 635 Milford Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 122 APA 156 Mellette, VC2-S-AP5  
 741 Mills Victory, VC2-S-AP2/USAT - AK 244 Sgt. Morris E. Crain  
 559 APA 211 Missoula, VC2-S-AP5  
 149 Minot Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 585 Moline Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 79 Monroe Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 610 Montclair Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 560 APA 212 Montrose, VC2-S-AP5  
 632 Morgantown Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 730 Mount Holyoke Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 561 APA 213 Mountrail, VC2-S-AP5  
 837 Muhlenberg Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 576 Muncie Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 820 N. Y. U. Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 107 Nampa Victory, VC2-S-AP3/WSAT (1597)/AK258-AKS 33 Antares  
 123 APA 157 -AK 258 -AKS 33 Napa, VC2-S-AP5  
 843 Nashua Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 562 APA 214 Natrona, VC2-S-AP5  
 15 Navajo Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 563 APA 215 - LPA 215 Navarro, VC2-S-AP5  
 564 APA 216 Neshoba, VC2-S-AP5  
 91 Netherlands Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 639 New Bern Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 565 APA 217 New Kent, VC2-S-AP5  
 850 New Rochelle Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 759 New World Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 6 New Zealand Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 124 APA 158 Newberry, VC2-S-AP5  
 711 Newberry Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 542 AK 233 Newcastle Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 791 Niagara Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 100 Niantic Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AGM 6 Watertown  
 534 Nicaragua Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 566 APA 218 Noble, VC2-S-AP5  
 807 North Platte Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 703 Northeastern Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 173 Northwestern Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 696 Norwalk Victory/AK 279 Norwalk VC2-S-AP3  
 89 Norway Victory, VC2-S-AP3/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 769 Norwich Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 175 Notre Dame Victory, VC2-S-AP3
- 592 Oberlin Victory, VC2-S-AP2

# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF VICTORY SHIPS

- 619 Ocala Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 784 Occidental Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 655 APA 187 Oconto, VC2-S-AP5  
 687 Oglethorpe Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 567 APA 219 Okaloosa, VC2-S-AP5  
 568 APA 220 -LPA 220 Okanogan, VC2-S-AP5  
 656 APA 188 Olmsted, VC2-S-AP5  
 569 APA 221 Oneida, VC2-S-AP5  
 609 Oneida Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 808 Oshkosh Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 788 Ouachita Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 719 Owensboro Victory, VC2-S-AP2/USAT - AK 253  
     Pvt. Joe E. Mann/AGM 4 Richfield  
 657 APA 189 Oxford, VC2-S-AP5
- 606 Pachaug Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 800 Pacific Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 168 Paducah Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 746 Pan American Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 9 Panama Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 748 Park Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 854 Parkersburg Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 856 Pass Christian Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 885 Petersburg Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 5 Philippines Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 758 Phillips Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 570 APA 222 - LPA 222 Pickaway, VC2-S-AP5  
 658 APA 190 Pickens, VC2-S-AP5  
 150 Pierre Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 802 Pine Bluff Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 571 APA 223 Pitt, VC2-S-AP5  
 633 Pittston Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 99 Plymouth Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 87 Poland Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 31 Pomona Victory, VC2-S-AP3 /WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 659 APA 191 Pondera, VC2-S-AP5  
 628 Pontotoc Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 782 Pratt Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 587 Princeton Victory, VC2-S-AP2/AG 188 Radcliffe  
 537 AK 228 Provo Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 740 Purdue Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 789 Queens Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 115 Quinault Victory, VC2-S-AP3
- 743 Radcliffe Victory, VC2-S-AP2/USAT - AK 242 Sgt. Andrew Miller  
 572 APA 224 Randall, VC2-S-AP5  
 672 APA 226 Rawlins, VC2-S-AP5  
 544 AK 235 Red Oak Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 181 Reed Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 767 Rensselaer Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 673 APA 227 Renville, VC2-S-AP5  
 797 Rice Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 777 Rider Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 709 Ripon Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 647 Rock Hill Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 160 Rock Springs Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 674 APA 228 Rockbridge, VC2-S-AP5
- 675 APA 229 Rockingham, VC2-S-AP5  
 676 APA 230 Rockwell, VC2-S-AP5  
 101 Rockland Victory, VC2-S-AP3/USAT/AK 259 Alcor  
 835 Rollins Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 804 Roswell Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 651 Rushville Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 82 Rutgers Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 660 APA 192 Rutland, VC2-S-AP5  
 104 Rutland Victory, VC2-S-AP3
- 152 Saginaw Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 677 APA 231 Saint Croix, VC2-S-AP5  
 40 APA 126 St. Mary,s, VC2-S-AP5  
 546 Salina Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 889 San Angelo Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 713 San Mateo Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 678 APA 232 San Saba, VC2-S-AP5  
 661 APA 193 Sanborn, VC2-S-AP5  
 662 APA 194 LPA 194 Sandoval, VC2-S-AP5  
 773 Santa Clara Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 14 Sapulpa Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 552 APA 204 Sarasota, VC2-S-AP5  
 627 Sedalia Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 23 Selma Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 686 Seton Hall Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AGM 8 Wheeling  
 679 APA 233 Sevier, VC2-S-AP5  
 29 Sharon Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 831 Sheepshead Bay Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 553 APA 205 Sherburne, VC2-S-AP5/AGM 22 Range Sentinel  
 554 APA 206 Sibley, VC2-S-AP5  
 108 Silverbow Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 182 Simmons Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AG 168 - AGTR 168 -  
     AGTR 5 Liberty  
 70 Sioux Falls Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 116 Skagway Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 685 Skidmore Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AG 160/AGM 1 Range Tracker  
 824 Smith Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 97 South Africa Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 694 South Bend Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AGS 21 Bowditch  
 786 Southwestern Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 845 Spartanburg Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 605 St. Albans Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 849 St. Augustine Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 158 St. Cloud Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 596 St. John's Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 735 St. Lawrence Victory, VC2-S-AP2/AK 255 Pvt. Leonard Brostrom  
 641 Stamford Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 830 Stetson Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT -AP 192  
     Sgt. Sylvester Antolak  
 825 Stevens Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT - AP 187  
     Pvt. Joe P. Martinez  
 737 Swarthmore Victory, VC2-S-AP2
- 556 APA 208 -LPA 208 Talladega, VC2-S-AP5  
 73 Taos Victory, VC2-S-AP2 /USAT  
 557 APA 209 Tazewell, VC2-S-AP5  
 558 APA 210 Telfair, VC2-S-AP5  
 179 Temple Victory, VC2-S-AP3

# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF VICTORY SHIPS

166 Terre Haute Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 75 Texarkana Victory, VC2-S-AP2 /WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 611 Towanda Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 810 Trinidad Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 747 Trinity Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 803 Tucson Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 771 Tufts Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 593 Tulane Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 829 Tusculum Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 682 Tuskegee Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AGS 22 Dutton  
 167 Twin Falls Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AGM II - AGS 37 Twin Falls

3 U.S.S.R. Victory, VC2-S-AP3/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 683 Union Victory, VC2-S-AP3/AF 64 Perseus  
 4 United States Victory, VC2-S-AP3 /WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 85 United Victory, VC2-S-AP3

617 Valdosta Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 781 Vanderbilt Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 818 Vassar Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 785 Villanova Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 597 Virginia City Victory, VC2-S-AP2

796 Wabash Victory, VC2-S-AP2/USAT -AK 241  
 Pvt. Francis X. McGraw

37 Waco Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 594 Wake Forest Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 720 Waltham Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 887 Warwick Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 842 Waterbury Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 852 Waterville Victory, VC2-S-AP2/USAT -AK 251  
 Lt. George W. G. Royce  
 840 Waycross Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 793 Wayne Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 833 Webster Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 177 Wellesley Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 589 Wesleyan Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 155 West Lynn Victory, VC2-S-AP3

649 Westbrook Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 608 Westerly Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 186 Western Reserve Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 176 Westminster Victory, VC2-S-AP3/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 776 Wheaton Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 187 Whitman Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 798 Whittier Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 180 Willamette Victory, VC2-S-AP3  
 652 William and Mary Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 817 Williams Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 836 Wilson Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT - AP 190  
 Pvt. Sadao S. Munemori

640 Winchester Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 790 Winthrop Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 646 Woodbridge Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT  
 604 Woodstock Victory, VC2-S-AP2  
 779 Wooster Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT

590 Xavier Victory, VC2-S-AP2/USAT

725 Yale Victory, VC2-S-AP2/USAT - AK 243 Sgt. Archer T. Gammon  
 98 Yugoslavia Victory, VC2-S-AP3

626 Zanesville Victory, VC2-S-AP2/WSAT (1597)/USAT

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# LETTERS FROM THE CREW...

A FEW LIVES IN WWII By: Ken Runyan

It was the time of the invasion of Sicily from Africa & the air was full of aircraft loaded with men & equipment. The boats loaded with similar equipment & men had left long before & were within a few miles of the landing area. Every thing was planned to arrive at around the same time, or as close to it as possible to take full advantage of the timing.

The thirty-five men I am about to tell of were in a CG4 glider, being towed by a DC3 airplane. They were infantry men, with full equipment, but no parachutes as they were to land in the glider, were given a meal in the middle of the night & took off before daylight to be able to make the long flight to cross the Mediterranean Sea during daylight hours. This was in the year 1943 & unless you lived in those times it is not easy to imagine that the airplanes had far less equipment than they do today. Most of the navigation was done by what is known as dead reckoning by the navigator in the lead airplane, or at the most, a lead plane in each group of planes. The rest of the planes must stay in sight if they wanted to arrive in the right place. Of course each plane had its own compass, but what use is that if you have no idea what direction to go. With those distances, unknown wind conditions, no radio help from land & very little communication distance between planes, it was anybody's guess where to go if you lost sight of the planes ahead.

They were only about three hours out over the Mediterranean, when things began to be uncomfortable in the glider. It developed an odd

shuddered & the glider pilot called, by way of the small radio, to the tow plane pilot to slow down as much as he could to help the situation. In the course of the next hour they naturally fell behind to the point where the tow plane pilot was having problems seeing the group ahead, & the glider pilot was requesting that they slow down even more.

The tow pilot had a couple men help him to keep the group ahead in sight as long as possible. He had to make a decision: To slow down more & go at a rate that the glider could tolerate or increase the speed to stay within sight of the lead planes. To miss Sicily to the left gave nothing for another 400 miles but sea & to the right was Italy, mountains held by the Germans.

At the last minute, it seemed, the situation took care of itself. The glider broke loose, or its pilot decided it would be better to make a controlled crash in the sea than go to pieces in the air & cut the tow. The tow pilot saw no sight of ships in the area at the time & nothing has ever been heard of them since.

The tow pilot was a friend of mine & worked for me as an engineer, for a number of years. I had noticed his „quiet times%, often & he later related to me this story & how his heart was broken over how he might have possibly saved those 35 lives if he had turned back or did something else. He was two years older than me, a very intelligent person, I never heard him say an unkind word about anyone, & he died a couple years back. He surely is now an usher in Heaven!

## SS DEATH WEB SITE

To find out whether someone you know is deceased, pull up the Web Site and follow instructions. I did not enter SS # and it still showed. If it don't work for you, PLEASE don't call me. (cal)

## Social Security Death Index

(<http://ssdi.rootsweb.ancestry.com>)



## Moment a short soldier (5ft 6in) frisked a German giant (7ft 6in)

It's the David and Goliath moment when a British soldier disarmed a German giant during the Battle of Normandy.

Corporal Bob Roberts was overseeing the surrender of enemy soldiers when the 7ft 6in German loomed into view.

Bob, two feet below him at 5ft 6in, had the job of breaking the lance corporal for weapons. It was a moment of light relief in the grim duty of war.

### Shot

Out of shot of the photo, which has turned up after 66 years, Bob's comrades and even captured Germans giggle. Moments before, Bob faced a life-or-death duel with another German who pulled out a pistol so he preferred to surrender.

Luckily, Bob raised his gun in the nick of time and shot the enemy dead. The photo was unearthed by an amateur historian who sent it to

By John Chapman

Bob, a retired painter and decorator. "This giant of a guy approached and I was aware everyone was laughing," he said.

"My mates took some pictures of me with him with a camera they had taken from the Germans. Luckily he didn't give me any aggravation."

"I couldn't believe it when I received the photo after all these years. It took me back to a moment of light-heartedness."

Bob was 21 during the D-Day landings in June 1944. After the war he married his wife Vera and now great grandparents, they live in Bournemouth.

The tall German was a giant in a fair before he was conscripted. It was revealed.

A major who served in Bob's company recalled how they were surprised at his good English. The prisoner said he used to live in New York where he worked in a circus.



Cpl Bob Roberts in 1944

Bob's medals yesterday

# THE WOODEN BOWL / LESTER ELLISON

## THE WOODEN BOWL.. YOU WON'T FORGET THIS ONE..

I guarantee you will remember the tale of the Wooden Bowl tomorrow, a week from now, a month from now, a year from now.

A frail old man went to live with his son, daughter-in-law, and four-year old grandson. The old man's hands trembled, his eyesight was blurred, and his step faltered. The family ate together at the table. But the elderly grandfather's shaky hands and failing sight made eating difficult. Peas rolled off his spoon onto the floor. When he grasped the glass, milk spilled on the tablecloth.

The son and daughter-in-law became irritated with the mess. "We must do something about father," said the son. "I've had enough of his spilled milk, noisy eating, and food on the floor." So the husband and wife set a small table in the corner. There, Grandfather ate alone while the rest of the family enjoyed dinner. Since Grandfather had broken a dish or two, his food was served in a wooden bowl! When the family glanced in Grandfather's direction, sometimes he had a tear in his eye as he sat alone. Still, the only words the couple had for him were sharp admonitions when he dropped a fork or spilled food.

The four-year-old watched it all in silence. One evening before supper, the father noticed his son playing with wood scraps on the floor. He asked the child sweetly, "What are you making?" Just as sweetly, the boy responded, "Oh, I am making a little bowl for you and Mama to eat your food in when I grow up." The four-year-old smiled and went back to work. The words so struck the parents so that they were speechless. Then tears started to stream down their cheeks. Though no word was spoken, both knew what must be done.

That evening the husband took Grandfather's hand and gently led him back to the family table. For the remainder of his days he ate every meal with the family. And for some reason, neither husband nor wife seemed to care any longer when a fork was dropped, milk spilled, or the tablecloth soiled. On a positive note, I've learned that, no matter what happens, how bad it seems today, life does go on, and it will be better tomorrow. I've learned that you can tell a lot about a person by the way he/she handles three things: a rainy day, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights.

I've learned that, regardless of your relationship with your parents, you'll miss them when they're gone from your life. I've learned that making a "living" is not the same thing as making a "life." I've learned that life sometimes gives you a second chance. I've learned that you shouldn't go through life with a catcher's mitt on both hands. You need to be able to throw something back. I've learned that if you pursue happiness, it will elude you. But, if you focus on your family, your friends, the needs of others, your work and doing the very best you can, happiness will find you.

I've learned that whenever I decide something with an open heart, I usually make the right decision. I've learned that even when I have pains, I don't have to be one. I've learned that every day, you should reach out and touch someone. People love that human touch -- holding hands, a warm hug, or just a friendly pat on the back. I've learned that I still have a lot to learn!

I did not write this, but, I did save it for you to read.  
(calloyd)

## Lester Ellison, Chevalier Merchant Marine Officer



When Lester Ellison arrived at Omaha Beach at 5 a.m. on June 7, 1944, the day after the D-Day invasion, he was officially classified as a non-combatant. That was not a lot of comfort to the 22-year-old Merchant Marine officer as he helped move

a barge loaded with ammunition to the beach, through waters still filled with unexploded German mines while German artillery tried to shell the supply ships.

Following his graduation from high school in 1942, Ellison went to the US Merchant Marine Academy. In 1943, while still a cadet, he helped sail the Liberty Ship *SS Thomas Sully* on its maiden voyage after it was built in Jacksonville.

Sent to England in February, 1944, Ellison spent four months training to tow and assemble a floating harbor called a Mulberry, one of two that were taken from England to the waters off the Normandy Peninsula following the invasion.

He arrived in French waters as the First Officer of Small Tug 761, a boat on which he would later serve as captain. The boat was commanded by Jim Daniels, who became a good friend, but who initially rubbed him the wrong way, Ellison said. "He was a yachtsman," he said. "He was trying to run a tugboat like a yacht."

Their job was to tow the Mulberry into place and then dock ships that were crossing the English Channel, carrying troops, tanks and every supply needed by an Army struggling to break out from its beachhead into the interior of France.

The worst storm in 40 years struck June 19, briefly wrecking the Mulberry. But the men, working around the clock, reassembled enough of it to keep the supplies flowing. He remained at Omaha Beach until August 28, 1944, a Merchant Marine serving on Army boats under Navy command.

Ellison married his wife Jean right after the war ended and left the Merchant Marine in 1947. He spent most of his career with the engineering firm Ebasco Services, which built power stations including JEA's Northside Generating Station.

Continued on page 47

# ELLISON/LETTERS FROM THE CREW

At the time of his retirement he was managing Ebasco subsidiaries. The Ellisons moved to Fleming Island in 1996 to be near one of their two daughters. They have five grandchildren.

Since he retired in 1990, one of the causes Ellison has pursued is getting recognition for the role played by the Merchant Marine in World War II. He said that is one of the reasons he was moved to be named to the Legion of Honor.

"Merchant Marines didn't get a lot of awards," he said. "It means a lot both to me and to the organization. It's quite an honor."

"A lot of people complain about all the bad breaks they've had in life," Ellison said. "I've had a lifetime of good breaks."

*Mr. Ellison, 88, was decorated Chevalier of the Legion of Honor on February 12, 2010, at Jacksonville's City Hall. He lives in Orange Park, FL.*



## Gracie Allen's Classic Roast Beef Recipe

I'm sending this to people who know who Gracie Allen was and to others who can simply appreciate a good recipe.

### Gracie Allen's Classic Recipe for Roast Beef

1 large Roast of beef  
1 small Roast of beef  
Take the two roasts and put them in the oven. When the little one burns, the big one is done.

## WORLD WAR II----1942 TO 1946

GOING TO WAR---FIRST TRIP---PART TWO Jerry Bleeker----December, 2005

### A NEW LIFE BEGINS

"You made me love you I didn't want to do it  
I didn't want to do it."

The tinny sounding melody came clearly though the earphones clamped to my head. The stars are shining and the engine is thumping, January, 1943, the loneliest I've ever been. The tune sends my life flashing through my very soul. At age 19, it's a very short flash. Every night a navy sailor on duty sings love songs as we head south to the Panama Canal. With these songs all I can think of is my future. "Where and who is the girl I'm going to marry? Is she in grammar or high school? Where does she live, California or somewhere else?" I'm talking about life aboard a merchant ship during World War II. Until now the only relationship I've had with the ocean is body surfing along Southern California beaches.

Four hours on four hours off, over and over, very boring. At the helm watching the compass. In the crows nest or bow watching for torpedoes or periscopes. Learning how to drink coffee and reading books from Karl Marx's "THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO" to Erskine Caldwell's "TOBACCO ROAD" takes some of the boredom away. Ben an old timer takes me under his wing (a Square Head or in today's terms a Scandinavian). He taught me the essentials of living on board, washing cloths etc. The mess hall: The crew's gathering place for poker and story telling. I don't gamble but I listened closely. It's an education that keeps popping into my head. When you're in a bar hoping to make out, learn how to make certain that it's not a man. It took me a long time to learn how to make out. Talks always get around to the quality and quantity of the dives and bars in ports of call through out the world.

"Shanghai Reds," described as one of the most grizzly, uninhibited bars located anywhere, came as a shocking surprise when I discovered it was located in San Pedro. I did go once to "Shanghai Reds" but only in the day time. As a war time sailor age no longer mattered. Many years later, the City of San Pedro lost an excellent tourist attraction when they rearranged Gaffey St. which eliminated "Shanghai Reds."

Weekly life boat and battle stations drills are held. My battle station, starboard 20 mm cannon. My job, to help the Navy Sailor, every fifth tracer shell adds to the barrels heat. The tracers make a beautiful arc as they fly through the blue sky searching for something to hit. With heavy asbestos gloves I can change the red hot barrels. It gets warmer and then hotter as we sail south. With no external lighting allowed and port-holes closed, prickly heat rash is our standard condition.

The city of Panama becomes the focus of the mess hall chatter. Three old timers talk about night clubs, floor shows, girls and the shortage of men. "I'm going to make these guys my buddies." Sightseeing the next day makes me forget my prickly heat rash. French influence was every-where with its two story buildings and colorful balconies. Night comes and nightclubbing makes its appearance.

The four of us have a ring side table watching the floor show. My eyes watches the show called "The Beauty And The Beast." The beauty is a beaut. My ears listened to my buddies talk. All I can hear is the drunken captains and lousy ships they sailed on. Each tried to top the other. I decided that tonight isn't going to be the "BEGININGS OF MY NEW LIFE."

# LIVING MEMORIES



Living memories of  
long ago war's dead  
By John Kelly  
Monday, May 31, 2010

Lee Rogers and one of the maple trees planted in 1920 to honor Washingtonians killed in World War I. Near the tree and below, a concrete marker that previously displayed the name of the deceased. (John Kelly/the Washington Post)

On April 1, 1917, a crewman aboard the German submarine U 46 spied a vessel riding low in the water off the northwestern coast of France. It was the American steamship Aztec, and it carried what the Germans considered a contraband cargo.

The United States had not yet entered the Great War, but the U-boat com-  
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mander considered such freighters a provocation. He gave the order to fire a torpedo. Aboard the Aztec, manning one of the three-inch guns that had been hastily installed as a defensive measure before the ship left New York, was Jonathan Eopolucci, a boatswain's mate with the U.S. naval guard. He was 27 and had been in the Navy eight years. He was from 649 I St. SE in Washington. The torpedo found its target.

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One morning last week, Lee Rogers picked me up in front of The Post. We headed up 15th Street NW in his white Hyundai then cut over to 16th and continued north. We were going back in time.

\*\*\*

On May 30, 1920 -- Memorial Day -- a somber ceremony was held at the inter-

section of 16th Street and Alaska Avenue NW. The Marine Corps Band was there, a Navy chaplain, the Honorable Benedict Crowell, assistant secretary of war, and officials from most of the city's veterans groups, from the American Legion to the United Confederate Veterans.

Memories of the Great War were still painfully fresh. More than 500 District citizens had been killed in that conflict, a startlingly high number when you think of the size of Washington. Those men (and women, at least six of whom died in Europe) had to be remembered.

Upper 16th Street was practically the country then and in that sylvan setting, people gathered to plant a tree, which would soon be followed by others, some 530 in all, one for each Washingtonian killed in the war. The trees -- maples -- were planted about 40 feet apart on both sides of 16th from Alaska Avenue to Varnum Street. Sunk into the ground at the base of each tree was a small concrete plinth to which was affixed a tiny copper name tag.

\*\*\*

Jonathan Eopolucci made it into a lifeboat but drowned when it was swamped by debris from the sinking Aztec. He was the first U.S. sailor to die in World War I -- which the United States officially entered five days later. President Woodrow Wilson waived civil service rules to allow Eopolucci's grieving mother, Annie, to take a job as a seamstress at the Navy Yard.

Family friends worried about Jonathan's younger brother, William. He was due to be drafted, and they contacted officials to see if he might be exempted. "Neither Eopolucci nor his mother have made any effort to save him from draft, lest they be considered selfish and unpatriotic," reported The Post.

# U.S.A.T. J.W. McANDREW - 1945



Pictured above in left half: John Wilds, Cocky, Gillen, Foley, Downey and Lloyd • Pictured above in right half: John Wilds, O'Brien, Nepowski, Gillen(center), Crews, Cocky, Foley and CA Lloyd on board the U.S.A.T J.W. McAndrew (1945)



25

## Ship of Glory

**H**UNDREDS WHO SAILED THE SHIPS in World War II deserve to be called "heroes in dungarees," but no men deserve the accolade more than the crew of the *Henry Bacon*.

Cold seas clawed at this Liberty ship as she labored from Murmansk toward Scotland in February 1945. All hands were tense, waiting, listening. Gunners at the 20-millimeters huddled behind the gun tubs, their shoulders hunched against a bitter wind that lashed the decks with a cold, hard-driven spray.

For Captain Alfred Carini, there had been no sleep for forty-five hours. He sipped black coffee as he paced the bridge. He glanced apprehensively toward the coast of Norway, which lay unseen beyond the white-edged combers and the dull gray overcast.

Carini had reason to be worried.

After leaving the White Sea a week before, the *Henry Bacon's* convoy had been battered by terrific storms. The plodding ships were so badly scattered by a series of gales that the escort spent two days rounding them up and forming them into a fleet again.

As the assembled ships continued southward, the *Henry Bacon* had trouble with her steering engine and was forced to drop out of the convoy on 22 February to make repairs. The fleet was soon lost to sight across a misty horizon serrated by endless tumbling seas. The *Bacon's* men knew the utter loneliness of being helplessly adrift in waters haunted by enemy planes and submarines.<sup>1</sup>

The repairs took several hours. When the pistons were pounding again and the ship resumed her course, a black moonless night shrouded the storm-swept sea. The other ships were nowhere to be seen. The convoy still had not been spotted after a few hours. Carini decided they must have passed it in the dark. None of the ships, of course, were showing any lights.

He decided to turn back over their course for just one hour and attempt a rendezvous. The *Bacon* turned and steamed north. When this produced no results, Carini faced a weighty decision.

Should he continue on alone, hoping to find the convoy? Should he strike out for the coast of Scotland and forget the convoy? Or should he chance a radio message to the convoy and ask its position? If the convoy commodore replied, the *Bacon* could rejoin her companions and enjoy the antiaircraft protection of the shepherding destroyers. On the other hand, a radio message would be dangerous. There was always a chance that it would be picked up by enemy planes, ships, or submarines, or by bases on the coast of Norway.

Carini chose the latter course of action. Perhaps he was swayed in his decision by the presence of nineteen Norwegian refugees on board the *Bacon*. These men, women, and children had fled to Russia during the Nazi invasion and, along with many others, were being sent to England as passengers on returning freighters. Perhaps he also thought the heavy seas and the overcast were in their favor and would discourage an enemy air attack.

Carini gave the radio operator a coded message—a lame duck asking to come back to the flock. It was soon being tapped out on the keys in the wireless shack. Minutes went by. There was

no reply. The captain debated whether to send the message again. An hour went by. Two hours. The convoy commodore, he thought, might have dispatched a destroyer to find them. The bridge watch huddled behind the canvas windbreaks and tried to peer beyond the mist and flying scud, with the hope of spotting a destroyer or a frigate coming their way.

The radio operator tuned his receiver to the frequency on which a message would come in, but he heard no talk from other ships.

The Armed Guard officer, Lt. Sippola, called each of his gun stations on the intercommunications phone.

"Bow gun!"

"On watch, sir."

"Number two gun!"

"Ready here, sir."

Ten guns reported back to the bridge. All were ready for action.

The lookouts straining for some sight of the convoy, swept the horizon with their binoculars. An excited call came over the phones from the man in the crow's nest high above the deck.

"Engines," he said. "Airplanes! Sounds like a lot of them. Over to the east . . . off the port quarter."

Carini hurried over to the wing of the bridge. He took off his woolen watch cap and listened. They were engines, sure enough. Even against the whine of the wind, he could hear them—deep, resonant drumming, like the distant beating of some tribal war dance.

Lookouts searched the sky with their binoculars, but they couldn't see anything beyond the low, gray overcast that hung about them in all directions.

Carini ran into the wheelhouse and pressed the button for the general alarm. The wild clanging of the bells called all hands to battle stations. Men off watch tumbled out of bunks and grabbed helmets, life jackets, and extra clothing for the wintry blasts of the open deck. The steward mustered his cooks and messmen, and they broke out bandages, splints, and anesthetics;

covered the wardroom tables with blankets; and prepared for battle casualties.

Below decks in the engine room, the black gang on watch listened to the alarm bells and wondered what was happening. All they could do was listen and wait.

Gunners jerked the canvas covers off the guns and none too soon. The muted drum of the aircraft engines burst into a roar, and a big, black bomber broke out of the overcast close abeam on the port side. Gunners whirled their Oerlikons to meet it. The crew of the three-inch/50 on the bow slammed a shell into the breech.

There were more planes now—Junker 88s. They broke through the cloudy mist right off the port quarter, no more than thirty feet above the wave tops.

No order from the Armed Guard officer on the bridge was needed. Every gun that could bear went into instant action. Fiery streams of steel, brightened by the red flame of tracer shells, streamed from the Oerlikons. Oblivious of the deafening whomp, whomp, whomp of their Oerlikons, the gunners whirled the guns on the targets. The sky was full of bombers.

After the first run, the planes struck at the ship from both sides. This gave the bow gun a chance to fire, and the boom of the three-inch/50 joined the sharp din of the Oerlikons. The clouds were pocked with shell bursts. No range corrections were needed—it was point-blank fire.

Carini counted twenty-three planes.

Twenty-three bombers against one ship! This would have been heavy odds even for a cruiser or battleship. Mighty aircraft carriers had been sunk by fewer planes than this. There was no one that the *Henry Bacon* could call for help.

A bomber dropped a torpedo not more than five hundred yards away on the port quarter.

"Hard aport," Carini yelled to the man at the wheel. The helmsman spun the wheel hard over, and the torpedo sliced past the stern an arm's length beyond the rudder.

The three-inch/50 boomed out again as another Junker started a torpedo run several hundred yards off the bow. At point-blank range, the shell blew the bomber to bits. It disinte-

grated in a yellow ball of fire and flying fragments. Flaming pieces of wing and fuselage sizzled and steamed when they fell into the sea near the bow.

Another Junker nosed into a wall of 20-millimeter shells. The plane was sliced in two, with the pilot's compartment doing cartwheels over and over until it smashed into the sea. Black smoke rolled up to mark the grave.

But only persistence was needed for so many planes to succeed against one ship. A torpedo hit the *Henry Bacon* in number three hold on the starboard side, forward. The vessel shuddered and a fifty-foot column of water shot up high above the bulwarks. The spray was still falling along the deck when the second torpedo hit.

Carini gave the order to abandon ship. If he waited any longer, a third tin fish might find its target and the ship would plunge to the bottom before the boats could be launched.

"Refugees first," he called to the mate. "Get the passengers on the boat deck as fast as you can. Tell them to bring lots of clothes."

The deep-throated whistle sounded the call of abandon ship in long, mournful blasts. Before the echoes had died out against the lead-colored clouds, the last of the German bombers were winging their way toward Norwegian bases, two hundred miles to the east.

These planes, it was learned later, were ready to return home after a futile hunt for the convoy when they came upon the *Henry Bacon*. The fighting freighter had kept them in action longer than expected. Their gas was getting low, and they could ill afford to circle around and watch this American bulldog settle beneath the seas. As they disappeared into the clouds, the *Bacon's* gunners had the satisfaction of seeing one of the Junkers hugging the wave tops as black smoke poured from an engine.

Carini stood on the freighter's bridge with a speaking trumpet.

"Passengers first," he called out. "Get the women and children away in the first boat. Put some men in that boat who can handle an oar!"

"Load up and lower away."

The *Bacon* carried four lifeboats and four rafts, but men on a raft wouldn't have much chance of surviving in winter seas.

Crewmen filled the second boat, and it was lowered away. This was ticklish work. A boat lowered into the trough of a wave could be caught up on the crest of another comber and sent careening into the vessel's side.

The second boat could not possibly hold them all, but only the boats on the lee side could be lowered. There was no clamor for places, no panic. When the boat was safely overside, Third Mate Joseph Scott counted heads. There was room for a few more.

"I can take six," he shouted to the men above. "Six more—and hurry."

Several merchant crewmen and navy gunners climbed down the scramble nets and jumped into the boat as it rose on the crest of a wave.

The *Henry Bacon* was settling now. The wave tops lapped around the bulwarks.

Bos'n Holcomb Lemmon, survivors said later, was making heroic efforts to help his shipmates over the side into rafts trailing from painters alongside.

One of the men assigned to the third mate's boat was Chief Engineer Donald Haviland. He had taken a seat in the boat when he looked up at Captain Carini and his shipmates who were left on the freighter's deck.

A young navy gunner was staring down at the boat crews pushing away from the sinking hulk. The boy couldn't have been more than seventeen years old.

Haviland looked at the lad for a moment and then stood up at his place in the boat. "Put me alongside the ship," he said to the third mate. "Let that kid take my place. It won't matter so much if I don't get back."

"Hey, you," he shouted to the gunner as the boat bobbed alongside. "Come down here. Make it snappy."

The chief engineer climbed back up the scramble nets to the freighter's deck, while the sailor scurried overside and took the proffered seat in the boat.

# SHIP OF GLORY/McANDREW - 1945



## SHIP OF GLORY

The lifeboats pulled away. The *Henry Bacon* was settling lower and lower, and they didn't want to be sucked under with her when she made her final plunge. A raft with several men on it bobbed amid the seas some distance away. The wind and waves were taking the lifeboats farther away from the ship. No amount of pulling on the oars could have brought them back.

Those in the boats saw Haviland and the bos'n and two or three sailors busy on the foredeck. They were probably making a raft out of dunnage—something to cling to when the ship went under.

From the bridge, Captain Carini waved to the boats drifting off amid the mist and scud.

The last that the survivors saw of their ship was her battle ensign, snapping proudly at the gaff, as the *Henry Bacon* slowly sank beneath the sea. Carini and Haviland went down with her.

When convoy escorts finally arrived to pick up the lifeboats, the gallant ship had gone. There were only a few boards and crates to mark her grave. The *Henry Bacon* had written another glorious chapter in the annals of the Merchant Marine.



Pictured above in left half: "Entertainment" on board J.W. McAndrew presented by troop band • Pictured above in right half: Gambling tables, located near navy quarters (1945)

# LETTER FROM RUSSIA

We are sending our kindest regards to you and all the American Veterans. Please, keep in touch with us. Take care. God bless you.

With best wishes,  
Yekaterina and the pupils.

15 Ivchenko Str.  
Murmansk 183034  
Russia

26 January, 2010.

On name Y. Yekaterina  
On order 15 Ivchenko Str.  
Murmansk  
Russia  
183034



Dear Mr. Lloyd,

Thank you very much for a copy of "The Pointer". We have found new pen-friends due to the publications in the magazine.

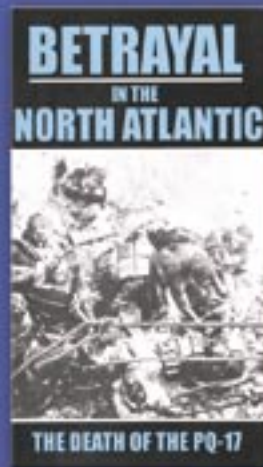
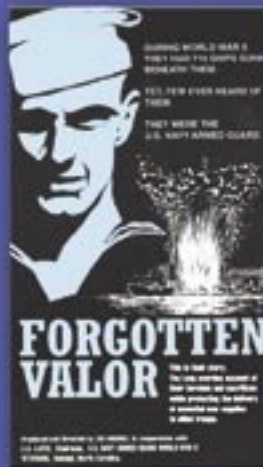
We do hope you enjoyed Christmas time. In our area the weather was very frosty and we had to spend a lot of time indoors.

We continue our museum activities. Demid Rabchevsky presented his research "Convoy Veterans' Letters as a Source of History Studies" at the City scientific conference of schoolchildren and got the first place. He was awarded the diploma for the best presentation of his work in English at the Federal conference.

In May some British Veterans are going to visit Murmansk. We will do our best to make their visit to our school and museum unforgettable.

We are planning to publish a book. It will describe our museum activities and it will contain Convoy Veterans' memories. It will be devoted to the 65th anniversary of Victory.

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**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.

REMEMBER ALSO:  
 THE TWIN TOWERS  
 THE PENTAGON  
 AND FLIGHT 93  
 God Bless Them

This POINTER is in Memory of all Branches of service in WW II; the Navy, Army, Marines, Airmen, Seabees, Merchant Seamen, Wacs, Waves, and especially to the Special Unit of the Navy known as the U.S. NAVY ARMED GUARD which was first used as Gun Crews in WW I on board cargo, tankers and troopships and where needed to protect the ship, cargo and the merchant crews who bravely ran the ships to each port of call until deactivated after WW I. They were established again for the same purpose in September of 1941 and remained active until WW II was over and the need for gunners were not needed. This issue is also in honor to all the people all over the world who built ships, planes, tanks, trucks, jeeps, guns, ammo and all things needed to win a war against the ruthless killers. Thanks to the farmers who fed us all. Thank God for seeing us through.