

THE POINT

APRIL/JULY 2012 EDITION

A dark red sign with white text and a white border. The sign is mounted on two white posts. The text on the sign reads "British Cemetery" in a large, stylized font, and "CARED FOR BY THE CREW OF COAST GUARD STATION OCRACOCKE" in a smaller font below it. The sign is surrounded by a bed of mulch and various colorful flowers, including pink, purple, and white blooms.

British Cemetery

CARED FOR BY THE CREW OF
COAST GUARD STATION OCRACOCKE

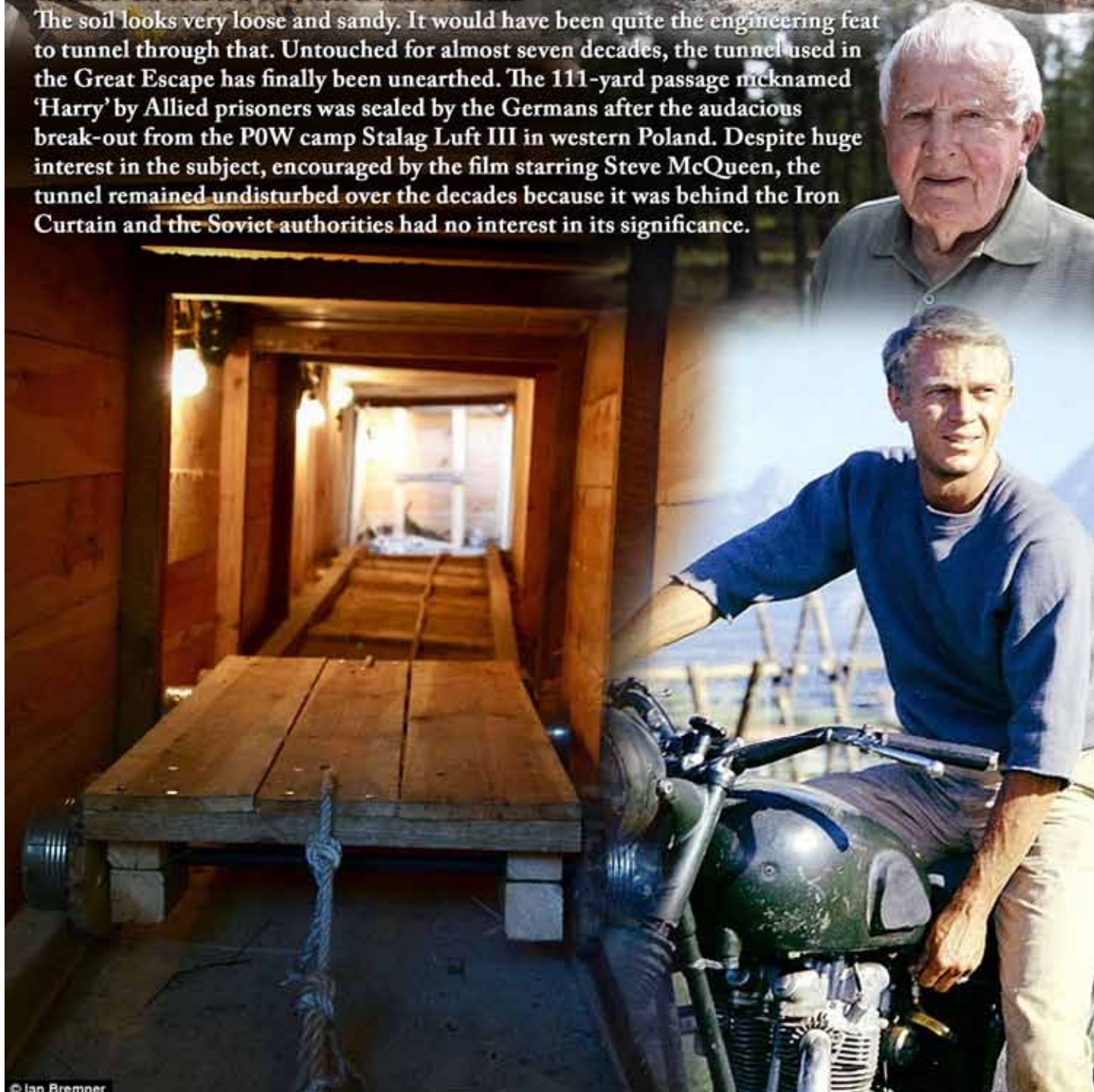
This page is specially dedicated to the British Sailors. It is also dedicated to the men, including the enemy, who died and were buried in a foreign land or in the depth of the waters and never returned to their family and loved ones. Our prayers go out to the families and loved ones who lost a son, daughter or loved one and may they meet with them and their Maker again as they sail into Eternity. -See page 21

GREAT ESCAPE TUNNEL



GREAT ESCAPE TUNNEL DISCOVERED

The soil looks very loose and sandy. It would have been quite the engineering feat to tunnel through that. Untouched for almost seven decades, the tunnel used in the Great Escape has finally been unearthed. The 111-yard passage nicknamed 'Harry' by Allied prisoners was sealed by the Germans after the audacious break-out from the POW camp Stalag Luft III in western Poland. Despite huge interest in the subject, encouraged by the film starring Steve McQueen, the tunnel remained undisturbed over the decades because it was behind the Iron Curtain and the Soviet authorities had no interest in its significance.



THE POINTER



Dear Shipmates, and all who get to read this POINTER,

June 6, 2012

I seem to be getting slower each day, but each day looks better and am thankful for each of them. I also seem to loose things I lay down, and I guess that goes with the territory. But I find most of them---- I think!!! I don't guess you have ever had that problem.

I picked the cover for this POINTER as a tribute to "all" whose lives were cut short by war in all wars, especially WW II. These men shown here came to help us protect our shores and ended up on our shore to spend Eternity. Many came from countries whose forefathers brave the waters of the Atlantic in small ships and their children built the finest country known to mankind with the greatest set of By-Laws to govern it's population. It's the Constitution of the good old U.S.A. and don't change it.

Approximately 450 have donated since the last Edition and a lot of those were ones wanting caps and jackets and they have been sent. If you ordered and did not get yours, advise giving check number and date so I can verify. Thanks for taking part. We have lost some shipmates and he had requested the family that donations could be made to the USN Armed Guard WW II instead of flowers. These checks have been endorsed and placed in the Armed Guard account and I would like to tell all that the donor's names have been sent to the family. I hope I have not left out any.

We have had two of our Armed Guard, and there may have been more, who have returned back to a scene of a tragedy where they lost their ship and shipmates a long time ago and they survived all these years. I hope I have covered their story well from the newspapers shown. I am so glad their health was good enough to return and I hope they can return some day for a Memorial dedication if one is erected as planned.

I had to re-order Jackets(\$50.) and caps(\$15) and now I need to move these out. I will continue to fill the orders as long as they come in and my health permits. Hilda has told me what I should do, but, I will carry it on as long as possible and funds are available. Thanks again for keeping us afloat. And, THANK YOU for your encouragement on the Russian "TEARDROP MEMORIAL" erected in Bayonne, New Jersey. Most had never heard of it. I had told you about at the Battery Park Memorial with many Armed Guard names on it. I have had the opportunity to rub the name of my brother, Lonnie Whitson Lloyd, whose name is engraved there. I had the privilege to sail out with the North East crew on the Block Island Ferry to the sight where his ship was sunk and the scuba divers place plaques and wreaths. Lew Tew arranged the Ferry--Gratis. There is a lot I have been able to do over the last 30 years, but what really stick to my mind are the men who were sunk and I got to hear their stories and shake their hands and the other wonderful people we have met. We had 144,970 Armed Guard who served and we have located over 22,000 of them and I wish we could have located them all and shook all their hands. (cal)

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

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Charles A. Lloyd, Chairman

& Sec. Treas. 1985-2013

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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.

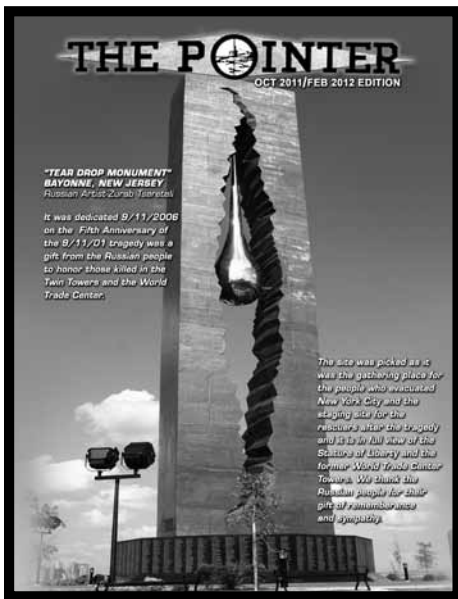
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Remember, I "STILL" can't move as fast as I did when I was in my twenties! When you call, let the phone ring so I can get to it!

-CAL

LETTERS FROM THE CREW



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear C.A. and Hilda, March 12/2012
 Hope this finds you two well and doing great. The cover picture on the Oct. 2011/Feb. 2012 POINTER , "TEAR DROP MONUMENT" at Bayonne, New Jersey was very lovely and very meaningful; a wonderful story. We had not heard about it before and was able to share with our family and friends.

Mary and I really miss our National Reunion GET-TO-GETHERS but we still have many memories of them and the people we met. Thanks for all you have done and still do for the Armed Guard Veteran's Organization to keep the memory and accomplishments alive. The POINTER is filled with many true experiences and we read it from cover to cover.

We are getting ready to celebrate St. Patrick's Day here in San Francisco. Our son, John, is "GRAND MARSHAL OF ST.PADDY'S PARADE" this year. He has been attending them every since he was a child. Of course, we are proud of him. Keep the POINTERS coming and a HAPPY ST. PATRICK'S DAY.
 Frank O'Rourke,
 592 29th St.,
 San Francisco, CA 94131

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Perry,
 I was talking to Jeffery Fulgham, overseer for D-DAY MEMORIAL, Bedford, Va. on seeing if a Plaque to the Tugboat and their crew could be placed there. What do you think. He was coming to Raleigh this past weekend and it dawned on me if there was one there or not and he said there wasn't and he didn't know of any Tugs being there as it had never dawned on him. Your story convinced me so I forwarded it on to him. He is delighted and wants all the history possible and I have E-Mailed Gerald Reminick for contacts at MORAN and McCallister Tug Boat Companies and I will try to touch them for the funds if I can play our cards right. I think it has to be done this year. I got one there for the Armed Guard/Merchant Marine. What are your comments and input. I can put a: "WILL YOU HELP THE TUG BOATS OF WW II GET A PLAQUE AT BEDFORD D-DAY MUSEUM?" in the POINTER, also plus more. (cal)

★ ★ ★

Hello Charles:
 I think a it would be great if there was some kind of plaque could be added to the D-Day Memorial. I would be happy to do anything I can to help. Just let me know. Further, a good many years ago you sent me a list of your membership and I went through it looking for the names of any Navy Armed Guard on the tugs and I could not find any. If I remember correctly the computer printout showed the names of ships they served on. I still have that list, but unfortunately it is filed away in some file boxes in the basement.

One thing further, I have a distant British cousin who now lives in Lee-on-the-Solent. This is the town in southern England where all the tugs were stationed before and after the Normandy Invasion. I don't think there is any mention of that fact over there. I will send him an email and ask him to check it out. For your information, this little naval base was for the 10 WSA tugs, 2 US Navy tugs, 2 Brit and 2 Dutch tugs. The base was under the command of a US Navy Commander. I have his name somewhere and I will

look it up. Over him was Rear Admiral Thomas Moran, USNR who was the son of the founder of Moran Towing. It was a regular little Navy base with dozens of white hats manning the offices ashore and the tugs, when in port, tied up at the dock outside. About five miles away was where the concrete blocks were anchored waiting to be towed to Normandy. The Isle of White (spelling) was off shore which gave us at Lee-on-the-Solent and the anchorage for the blocks protection from the open seas. Further along to the west of us was the main ports of Portsmouth and Southampton. From April to June all our tugs were kept busy going to the various Brit shipyards to pick up and tow back to the assembly anchorage spot all the Concrete blocks. There must have been 150 of them. Also there was the floating docks that looked like a table turned upside down with the four legs pointing up in the air. By the way, those floating docks were towed by us over to the UK from NY. They had been railway barges that were used to move railcars and perhaps engines too all over the inside waterways around NY and NJ. The decks had railway rails on them and I guess connect to some rails when they reached a dock area.

The concrete blocks were Winston Churchill's idea and the entire Normandy invasion including the man made harbors were developed by a distant cousin of mine, General Sir Frederick Morgan who later after the War headed the Brits Atomic Energy Comm.

There should be quite a few merchant seamen who served on the V4s, but I only know of three. I will contact them too about the Memorial. Now the author, Gerry Reminick has the addresses of some others. I have loaned out my copy of the book to a friend who is away on vacation in Hawaii so I can't look up their names. I could go on for pages on this, but I won't bore you with details.

Perry

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LETTERS FROM THE CREW

Dear Charles,

This issue of Feb. 2012 had articles about the S.S. PAUL HAMILTON. It also asked for more information on it. I was an Able Body Seaman and on the S.S. E.KIRBY SMITH, a Liberty Ship. We were on the starboard side of the HAMILTON. I had been pressed to duty as POINTER on the 4"50 on the stern. We were short of enough Armed Guard and MM were used also on the 20mm and 3"50 guns.

On the morning of April 20, 1944, we saw a German observation plane and knew there would be an attack later that day. They shifted our ship and several others so we were on the starboard side and two lanes over to try to better shield the HAMILTON. It didn't work. That evening, German planes came in just above the water so nobody could hit them. The lead plane put one torpedo into the HAMILTON and it exploded with all hands aboard. There were 504 enlisted Army Air Force plus 46 of the Merchant Crew and 29 Armed Guard. Our 3"50 got the plane as it pulled up but too late. Some of the debris rained down on us. All of this information had been hidden in the Archives for 55 years but I was there and saw it.

You would have thought they would not let this happen again. WRONG! When we loaded Army Soldiers out of Italy and went to St. Trapez, France, some German planes were over us and one of the seasoned soldiers asked, "Hey Mac, where do you dig a hole in the deck to get away from these guys?" I answered him with, " Don't worry soldier, we are loaded with 500 pound bombs in #5 hatch and if it hits there, it will dig a hole for us." We had to act like we were not scared or worried, but we were. But, they got on shore with no problem.

We survived all of that and then came back to the States in November. We then shipped out to the Pacific for an-

The S.S. PAUL HAMILTON

April 20, 1944

The Ammunition Laden 441 feet- 6 inches long; 56' 10 3/4" width; 37' 4" Depth, Liberty Ship S.S. PAUL HAMILTON was struck by an German aerial bomb launched from Junkers JU 88A just North of Algiers and it's destruction was caught on film. Loss in human lives: 504 Army troops; 29 U.S. Navy Armed Guard; 39 U.S. Merchant Seaman Crew and 9 officers. During the engagement, 5 ships were torpedoed, 3 being sunk. Sunk were the destroyer, USS LANSDALE (DD-426); The S.S. PAUL HAMILTON and the S.S. ROYAL STAR. The S.S. SAMITE and the S.S. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN were torpedoed but managed to reach Algiers. (USCG photo)Photo taken by PhoM 1/C Arthur Green, USCGR, aboard the USS MENGES (DE-320)

other 8 months. Took the 37 th from New Guinea for the Lingayan Gulf Invasion. We stayed in the Pacific until the war ended.

Hope all is well with you down there. Betty and I don't travel much anymore so we may not see you again but it was a nice visit with you and Hilda several years ago. William H. McCrosby
3757 Temple Dr.
Lexington, KY 40517-1538.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Charles, As a former Navy Armed Guardsman, I enjoy the POINTER. It has a lot o most interesting stories. I spent my service days as a signalman aboard the S.S. MORGAN ROBERTSON and the S.S. PRESIDENT GRANT in the South Pacific. When we left San Francisco on the MORGAN ROBERTSON in August of 1944, the holds were loaded with bombs and ammunition and the deck was loaded with tanks. We trav-

eled alone and it took us about 30 days to get to the Solomon Islands. We spent 10 months traveling amongst the Islands. Approximately three months were spent in Leyte Bay in the Phillipines. Enclosed is a check to help with the POINTER. Thanks again for the POINTERS.
Dexter Lien, 4219 W 21st. Ave.
Kennewick, WA 99338

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Charles Lloyd, I would like to tell you how much my husband and I enjoy reading the POINTER and especially, including the letters written by the veterans. There aren't many more left. We wish you many more years of printing news for the living veterans and the survivors of the WW II Armed Guard. Enclosed is our donation and God Bless.

Edith Roberts Bateman,
7341 La Bolsa Drive
972-233-2020 batemanew@att.net

P.S.. Keep cheering for Josh Hamilton. Everyone here adores him. Maybe this will be the Ranger's year to win. (Edith)

★ ★ ★

Dear Edith, Thanks for your kind letter of appreciation and donation. And good to know you are pulling for our local Raleigh, N.C. Texas Ranger Baseball player who has helped "ME" put North Carolina on the map. Baseball was my sport. And yes, there are some more of us Armed Guard left around to read the POINTER.

To those of you readers who did not know, Edith lost a brother, Ronald Roberts in the sinking of the Liberty Ship, the S.S. HENRY B. PLANT on February 6, 1945 and I will insert below the writeup taken from Capt. Art Moore's book, "A CARELESS WORD-A NEEDLESS SINKING". After reading Art's writeup, I noticed they were carrying portable air-strips for cargo. Would you believe, about a month later, that our ship, the Greek lendlease Liberty Ship S.S. MIAOULIS loaded one hold of the ship with airplane portable metal landing strips at Liverpool and took them to Ghent, Belgium.

LETTERS FROM THE CREW

The Liberty Ship, S.S. HENRY PLANT, was torpedoed on her maiden voyage at 0545 GCT on Feb. 6, 1945 about 17 miles East of Ramsgate, England while enroute in Convoy TAM-71 from Nar-gate Roads to Antwerp, Belgium with a cargo of mechanized equipment, sewer pipe, acids, oils and portable airstrips. The ship left New York on January 5 in Con-voxy HX-331 and arrived in Liverpool on January 22. She had a complement of 41 MM and 27 AG. Of this number, 9 MM and 7 AG were lost. The survivors were picked up by the HMS HAZARD (a minesweeper) and a trawler and taken to an English port. Ronald Robert was bur-ied in the Cambridge, England American Veterans Cemetery.

Edith, hope this is OK to put into the next POINTER. Do you have a photo of his marker or gravesite? Advise if OK and make any changes necessary. What was his date of birth and do you have a photo of him to E-Mail? calloyd

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hello C.A.,
2/23/12

Here is an overdue donation to help support the Armed Guard and keep the POINTER coming. My six years Navy and 7 months manning a 20mm on the bridge of the S.S. ISAAC DEL-GADO out of New Orleans 1944-45, carrying a load of bombs to the Army Air Corp in Mindoro, Phillipines after stops at Finchafen, Hollandia, New Guinea, Biak, and Leyte.

Our C.O. was a New Orleans Lawyer, G. Henry Pierson, and for many years I visited with him and several others of our crew as I crossed the USA during my Navy and my 14 years USAF pi-lot duties for 21 years. Today, I believe I am the only survivor and will be 87 in March. After my military time, and numerous civilian jobs, including giv-ing a lot of flight instructions, I retired in 1987 after 15 years of civil service with the F.A.A. (Federal Aviation Ad-

ministration) , mostly as Accident Pre-vention Specialist. It has all been great, and the Armed Guard days among the best. Thanks to you Charles for keeping the memories going.

Capt. Paul E. Stebeleton, USAF (Ret)
47755 Rawhide Rd.
Aguanga, CA 92536-9534
Tel. 951-767-0668
STEBBY@EARTHLINK.NET

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hi Cal,
After all this time, the POINTER is still with us with stories of WW II. It is a pleasure to read about all the memo-ries of the past of different ones. I am still having thoughts of our ship, the S.S. WILLIAM CLARK'S sinking on the "Murmansk Run" on November 4, 1942

In the Arctic Circle off Bear Island. It is tough to see the numbers getting smaller. Keep up the good work with the POINTER.

Sincerely,
Anthony Spinnazzola,
96 Lane Rd.
Raymond, NH 03077
603-895-3333

★ ★ ★

After reading his letter, I thought to myself how lucky I was to not be in a lifeboat for 3 days so I went to Capt. Art Moore's book, "A CARELESS WORD-A NEEDLESS SINKING" to see his write-up on page 305 to save me time for other things. Read below and put yourself in the place of those survivors.

Tony sailed on the following ships: S.S. JAMES GUNN '42; S.S. VALLEY FORGE, '42; S.S. WILLIAM CLARK 11/2/42 (Sk) S.S. JUDAH P. BENJA-MIN 10/43; S.S. LANGDON CHEVES '43/44, S.S. PAN RHODE ISLAND and the USS POLARIS (AF-11). (A hero indeed-cal) (See what happened to the submarine crew and where sunk.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



This is a picture of Russell Ross, one of the few survivors off the S.S. William H Welch, which ran aground just outside the mouth of Loch Ewe in 1944. Rus-sell from Ohio was one of the very few American servicemen who survived the wreck – he is seen here revisiting the site in 2005, with one of our community, Mr John Murdo Mackenzie whose aunt was one of the rescuers on that night.

We are in contact with Russell and his family, as we are organizing a com-memoration walk this May 7th as part of our WWII week and have asked him to write a few words to be read out at the site of the wreck.

Any help you can give us in publicizing this event would be greatly appreciated.
Jacky

Jacky Brookes-Vice-Chairman,
Russian Arctic Convoy Museum Proj-ect, Wester Ross, Scotland
Tel: 07970 053883
Don't miss our next exciting event :
'WORLD WAR II AND THE
ARCTIC CONVOYS WEEK' 7-12

May 2012
Your once in a lifetime chance to expe-rience Hands On a real Enigma Ma-chine
For more info click here:
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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LETTERS FROM THE CREW



The above "Pickles" is dedicated to all my senior friends. You have to be over 50 to truly understand it...and to those that aren't there yet, this is a warning!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Mr. Lloyd,
Thank you for your being so kind and thoughtful. We received 2 copies of The Pointer. We are happy having read Mr. Haynes's article about his visit to Russia.

My pupils and I took part in the celebration Dervish-2011 in Archangel. I'm going to send you some photos (see page 30).

We're sending our kindest regards to you and the American Veterans.
Take care.
Best wishes,
Kate • katya.ermolina@yandex.ru

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mr. Lloyd,
Sorry to take so long in responding to you. That color photo of the cemetery came to us via Wikipedia. We had used it before, and the photographer had indicated that we and anyone else were free to use it.

You'll find the photo here: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Ocracoke_Part_2_030.JPG

You'll note at the bottom this sentence: "This work has been released into the public domain by its author, Sedna10387 at the wikipedia project. This applies worldwide."

I will forward your email message to Tom Cunningham to let him know you are trying to get in touch with him.
Richard Stradling (See page 21)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

That's my dad in Mobridge, Mr. Optimism. He probably told you to put him on hold cause he might not be around much longer. He's been telling me for the last 15 years or so that he might not be there next time I visit. So far, so good. I'll talk to him in June and see what's up.

Mark Radabaugh
5455 17th Ave SW
Seattle Washington 98106-1539

★ ★ ★

See page 32, he's in here now (Cal)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Charles and Hilda,
Received your wonderful package of "THE POINTER" publications. I am slowly reading them with great interest. I am especially interested the name list of Tucson you sent of your members. At the very first glance, I recognized Low-

LETTERS FROM THE CREW

ell Lowe and Harry Wineinger. Harry was the American Legion District #2 Chaplain and I was District Adjutant. I am sorry to say, Harry is now "On duty at another Station with our Supreme Commander Issuing the orders". He was a great guy, well admired and respected. I will slowly check out each one on the list for you. I know "THE OLDE TIME CAFÉ" where they meet and will check on them one meeting day. It is not far from where I live. I appreciate your friendship and look forward of getting you more info on these members.

I don't know if I sent you any of my poems so I would like to share one of my military/ patriotic ones with you. If you are interested and want to share it with others, do so. It is my way of saying "THANKS" to all veterans. On Monday, as Memorial Day is observed, I will be reciting my Memorial Day Tribute poem at our Evergreen Cemetery sponsored by our American Legion and then on Memorial Day, May 30th, 2012, at our V.A. Memorial Day Program, I will be giving out cards I have made which will include one of my poems, "A VETERAN I AM PROUD TO SALUTE". Also, our flag with a small flag pin for them to wear at both events.

For your info, I was Helen Theresa Anderson, USN Armed Guard Wave-AMM3/C 3/8/45-7/14/45 and I took my basic training at Hunter College, N.Y.. Again, thanks.

Helen T.Anderson Rickard Glass, 4781 N. Gerhart Rd., Tuscon, Az. 87745
is great to know you have been involved with military matters since your Navy Days. I hope you will contact the other Waves I sent you who served in the Armed Guard and I hope this reaches more of you out there. The

Waves, like the Nurses, Merchant Seamen, Armed Guard, Tug Boaters and others, never received recognition they deserved. God Bless them all. (cal)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SEE STORY PAGE 18.

Dad recently heard from his Lt.'s son who told him about his dad passing at 100 years of age. Due and through the POINTER, my dad and his Lt (jg), Francis Modlin, had contacted each other and wrote letters for the past several years. Both were so excited!!!! This, plus getting and receiving the POINTER has brought much pleasure to my dad and myself. My father and I constantly find stories that he connects with their service in the Armed Guard in many ways.

Thank you. This is so important to so many elderly people and their families. In behalf of the Ford family, we thank you. Pam O'Connell--his daughter.
Okey H. Ford
5735 State Route 152
Richmond, Oh. 15102

★ ★ ★

Pam, What a fine tribute to your dad and his Lt.(jg) and to the POINTER. It made my day to know that two of one crew kept in touch over the years and it meant so much to them. I saw the need in 1982 and does me good to know the joy it has brought to so many over the years. I am sure they plan to sail again some day in that house, not built with hands. (cal)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Hi Charles,
Below you mention THAYER. Where you on a ship named THAYER?

In the article about mock training ships, USS Thayer BST-21 at Great Lakes was named after James Sheldon Thayer, a chief quartermaster who was the Company Commander of the first company of recruits at GL in July, 1911. He later retired as a lieutenant commander.

On my ship, USS Norfolk DL-1, we called those shields "rat guards." Attached is a copy of a slide I made in 1960 of USS Norfolk which clearly shows the rat guard in the lower right corner while docked at Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

Would you mind if I submitted your memory written below to the editor of the US Naval Training Center Bainbridge Association (USNTCBA) for inclusion in the newsletter? She is always looking for memories like that of recruits at Bainbridge.

Note that I am the Publicity Coordinator and on the reunion committee for USNTCBA. -Walter Alexander

★ ★ ★

On the THAYER lines to the dock are shields to keep the rats from climbing the lines. In Liverpool England, they would shake the lines if some big ones tried to jump over them. They looked like Opossums but lots faster.

I went to Bainbridge Sept. 14, 1944. We did not go down to the Susqueanna River until early Dec. and ice was out about 3 feet around the edge and I had everything in my seabag on I think and liked to have froze. We were under the shelter with the wind whipping off the river and an instructor was telling us how to fetter the paddles and he had on a T-Shirt with NAVY on the front. Then, we went out and rowed around awhile and the wind got up so bad, they brought us in. Never saw any wind but was glad it was there!!!!!!!!!!!! -Ca (See page 35 • Mock Training Ships By Walter Alexander, 1957 Company 137, NTC Bainbridge)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

REUNIONS

USN ARMED GUARD MEETINGS AND REUNION 2012

NOTICE: Hosts Names, Address, Zip Code, Tel., E-Mail and meeting places may change anytime so it's up to you and the hosts to keep each other notified. Any changes hopefully will be in the next POINTER. If your group or area is not included or needs corrected, advise NOW for the next POINTER.

Richmond, Va. Chapter of the Armed Guard was disbanded as of Dec.10, 2011 due to health problems and proper attendance. Our best to all AG Crew. Al Ligon 3900 Lyndale Pl., Richmond, Va. 23235

The Lansing, Mich. AG/MM last meeting of the year will be held June 20, 2012 at the FIREMOUNT GRILL 73- Elmwood, Lansing, Mi. This is on the West Side of Lansing off Saginaw St. and is Buffet and all including the widows are welcomed. Carl Mescher, 508 Wayland, E.Lansing, Mi. 517-332-1027 carum83@sbcglobal.net.

ARIZONA: Pat and Fred Gustin, 1221 E.Clearwind Pl., Oro Valley, Az. 85755 520-825-7531 continue to meet at 1ise when 0:30 AM to 12:00 in their area at the OLD TIME KAFE 1425 W. Prince Rd., Tucson, Az. 85742 on the 2nd Thurs. of each month, Sept. through May and welcome more to attend. Contact them for further info.

The Long Island AG Chapter meet at the Farmingdale, N.Y. Library, 4th Wed. at 11 AM. Contact: Dot and James Pellegrino, 527 Livingston St., Westbury, N.Y. 11590 516-997-5585

Buckley, Wa AREA contact is still Hank and Sandy Harrison, 27014 Lower Burnett Rd. E., Buckley, Wa 98321-360-897-9381 bng75@aol.com and they still meet at Elmer's 7427 Hosmer, Tacoma, Wa. 98408 253-473-0855.

Cleveland, Oh. Ag/MM Crew meet 1st. Sat of each Mo. at Denny's, 4431 W.150th St., Cleveland. (I-71) Contact: A.H. Borgman 25534 Chatworth Dr., Euclid, Oh. 44117 216-481-1142 Delaware Valley AG/MM meet at 11:30 AM at the "OLD COUNTRY RESTAURANT" Oxford Center, Fairless Hills, Pa. John Harman, Host, 9 Tree Ave, Levittown, Pa., 19054 215-295-3114.

The SOUTH New Jersey Pinelands Armed Guard Unit meets the 4th Thurs. of the mo. at 12:30 PM at THE CAPTAINS INN. 304 E Lacey Rd., Forked River, NJ 609-693-3351. The hosts are: Mike Chengeri 908-486-6577, Al Messina 732-350-1304 and William Wilkie 609-597-2946. They ask all NJ Armed Guard members to come join in with them. Wives & Widows of the members are welcomed to attend a great "sit down" luncheon and view the Forked River. Come on down and join us. Those outside of NJ are welcomed, too. (Mike Chengeri)

*NORTHERN N.J. CREW is now meeting at STASHES RESTAURANT, Wood Ave. (Off Rt.1 North) Linden. N.J. on the 1st Tuesday (Monthly) at 12 noon. Hosts: Ernest Stoukas, 65 Webb Dr., Fords, N.J. 08863 732-225-2054.

Iowa/Mn/Daks still meet the 2nd Wednesday monthly 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. Contact Arnie Latare, 4400 E.P. True Pkwy #59, W.Des Moines, Ia. 50265 515-225-1084 malata@q.com . All the AG/MM and family are welcomed.

The TEXAS 2013 USN Armed Guard Reunion host will be Cathy Willis 512-565-6117. More later on this.

The Texas AG Crew meet on the 1st Monday at 9 AM at Ramsey's Restaurant 1401 N. Navarro, Victoria, Tx. with Hosts Norm Neureuther, 361-578-7900 neureuther@suddenlink.net Destroyer Escort Association address has been changed to DESA P.O. Box 488, Henderson Harbor, N.Y. 13651. 315-938-7000 Please contact Dori Glaser (800) 603-3332 for their Reunions and meetings. Their 37th Annual Convention will be held Sept. 23-27, 2012 in Norfolk, Va.

_____Pa. NEW MEETING NOTICE: Their old meeting place was demolished in the Sept. 2011 Flood_____ The Harrisburg. Pa. Area new hosts Charles Hastings, 300 Old Orchard Ln., York, Pa. 19403 717-843-6231 and Eugene Alexander 1147 Galway Ct., Hummelstown, Pa. 17036 717-220-1090 meet at 11 A.M. 1st Thurs of mo. except Jan., Feb., Mar. at: THE OLD COUNTRY BUFFET 5083 Jonestown Rd. (Rt-22), Harrisburg, Pa..

The Suncoast Ag/MM WW II Veterans meet again at Kally's K,s RESTAURANT ON; Sept. 8; Oct. 13; Nov. 10; Dec 8 @ 11:30 A.M.. Contact Hal Conn, 6625 W. Seven Rivers Dr., Crystal River, Fl. 34429 352-795-6257 halconn@embarqmail.com

THE SARASOTA MANATEE CHAPTER of the AMMV along with the Armed Guard in the area have moved their meetings to DUFF'S, 6010 14th St., Bradenton, Fl. and meet the last Wed. of the mo. (excluding-July/Aug) at 12:30 P.M. but most go at 11:30 to enjoy the buffet lunch and hold their SEA STORY Session. Ed Cleary (AG) attends and wants more AG to join in. New Host, Richard J. Arcand, 5674 Bay Pines Lakes Blvd., St. Petersburg, Fl. 33708 727-392-5648

NOTICE!!

The Rudy Kozak Chapter has folded. Richard McCamy, the host has passed away and no one to take over. McCamy was a Merchant Marine during WW II and had kept the chapter going there for years. So sad.

The SOUTHERN Calif. Region of Armed Guard meet every 2 mos. alternating starting with the WEST BUFFET in Carlsbad, Ca. at 11:30 AM and San Diego FAMILY Restaurant, Chula Vista. Contact Howard Wooten, 2438 E. Vista Way, Spc-23, Vista, Ca. 92084 760-724-4724 ankerclanker0135@gmail.com

REUNIONS

The Rhode Island/Eastern Ma. Chapter will meet on the 1st Thursday in April and again in October @ Noon at RHODES PLACE, Cranston, RI. Host Gerry Greaves 1287 S. Broadway, E. Providence, RI., 02914 401-431-0011 USNAGV@aol.com

Wisc/Illinois meet at the Sturtevant Driftwood Restaurant at Noon. Hosts are Jay and Jane Wildfong, 13211 Durand Ave., Sturtevant, WI. 53117 262-886-2966 WILDFONGJ@cs.com Everyone welcomed.

US Navy Armed Guard & Merchant Marine Veterans of WW II. Meet every third (3rd) Sat. of the month, except June, July and August at Marsh Landing Restaurant at 44 North Broadway, Fellsmere, FL. For info 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 William and Betty Zwyers, 9239 N State Rd 29, Frankfort, In. 46041 765-258-3353

The Armed Guard/Merchant Marine meet the 2nd Friday of the Month at the American Legion Post #470, 9091 E. 126th St., Fishers, In. 46038 at NOON Armed Guard John Haynes is Secretary and would like to have all the Armed Guard to join in.

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, Forest Lane 14 Hanna Ln., Webster, N.Y. 14580 585-217-9897 coolforest@frontiernet.net Albany, NY Area Armed Guard/Merchant Marine WW II meet the 4th Thurs. of month at Schuyler 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 12110 (518) 785-7890 (CHANGES UNDERLINED)

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Patrol Craft Sailors Assn. 2013 Reunion will be in Norfolk, Va. CONTACT: Duane "Bucky" Walters, 103 Cross Rd., Camillus, N.Y. 13031 315-487-2623 buckypcsa@tcwny.rr.com for time and place.

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND members of the USN Armed Guard Veterans of WW II will hold their FALL meeting Oct. 10 at 1 PM at the RED BLAZER 1 PM Restaurant in Concord, NH. RSVP by Oct. 6 to: Bob Norling, 6 Tow Path Lane., Concord, N.H. 03301 Ph. 603-224-4927 E-Mail uppa1924@aol.com

Bainbridge, Md. USNTC meeting, contact Walter Alexander, 2311 Idavere Rd. SW, Roanoke, Va. 24015-3903 540-353-5826 DE585@cox.net

WVA Armed Guard Merchant Marine WW II Veterans meet at the "Ranch House" Restaurant in the Conference Room Rt. 55 Craigsville, WV. 304-742-6117. Hosts are Forrester 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 Silicon Valley Veterans Chapter meet 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.

MM/AG Susquehanna Mariners hold their meetings at the Brethen Village at 3001 Lititz Pike, Rt. 501, Lancaster, Pa. Contact Wm. Balabanow, P.O. BOX 5093, Lancaster, Pa. 17601 717-569-0391 b.balabanow@comcast.net

The Merchant Marine "NEW" National President is Morris Harvey call Jack Grothe, 314-631-7492 jackgrothe@att.net. Armed Guard are welcome.

The S.S. JEREMIAH O'Brien the sailing dates for 2012, Contact: Eliz Anderson-Office Mangr. 415-544-0100 1275 Columbus Ave. Suite 300, San Francisco, Ca. 94133 liberty@ssjeremiahobrien.org The O'Brien has just come out of expensive drydock costs and needs donation. She will accept donations.

Oregon MM/AG Chapter host Ruthann Heineken, 7055 SW 184th Ave., Portland, Or. 97007 503-848-7031 asks all in the area to come and be with them. They meet at the Home Town Buffet, 13500 Pacific Hiway.

For the yearly July meeting Memorial Service at the PORT CHICAGO TRAGEDY, Contact: National Park Service, 4202 Albhambra Ave., Martinez, Ca. 94553 925-228-8860 The following ID is required: Name/Gender, Date of Birth, Address, Phone Number, E-Mail if you have one, Govt. ID or Driver's license. Mail two days ahead.

LST 27th Annual Reunion will be held Sept. 26-Oct. 1, 2012 at the Stone Castle Hotel and Conference Center, Branson, Mo.. Contact Linda Gunjak-LST, P.O. Box 167438, Oregon, Oh. 43616 1-800-228-5870 uslsl@uslst.org.

USN Cruiser Sailors Assoc. 20th Annual Reunion: May 15-20, 2012, El Tropicano River Walk Hotel, San Antonio, Tx.. Contact: David Blomstrom, 7324 SW FrWay, #208 Houston, Tx. 77074 713-541-91911 davidblomstrom@aol.com

Ohio Memorial Park is located at 8005 Cleveland/Massillon Rd, P.O. Box 3, Clinton, Oh. 330-773-2385 www.ovmp.org

Lincoln, Ne. Memorial Gardens, 2740 A St., Lincoln, Ne. 68502 402-441-7847 parks@lincoln.ne.gov



THE VOYAGES OF DANTE NIERI

THE VOYAGES of DANTE NIERI S1/C USNR USN ARMED GUARD WW II

November 1942–April 1943 - I was just out of high school in June of '42, and in November of that year I volunteered for the U.S. Navy. Because I was under twenty-one, it was required that my parents sign my papers.

I was sworn in on December 12th, a few days after I turned twenty. I received my orders later that month and left on December 31st for the Great Lakes Naval Training Center, and spent New Years Day 1943 on the train to Chicago from New York. My first night at Boot Camp was spent on a cot and my first Navy breakfast was Navy beans. I recall there being a lot of snow that January at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center north of Chicago. Our instructor asked what we wanted to do in the Navy and my first choice was to be an aircraft mechanic. He asked if we wanted to sign up for the Navy Armed Guard, though no one knew what that was. We were told to put a mark on the top of our application and the next thing I know, I had volunteered for the Armed Guard. You needed to be at least 150 lbs. and a minimum of 5'8", so I guess I met the requirement. Having made the decision to join the Armed Guard, Boot Camp training was cut short by 1 week. We were sent to Main Side for gunnery training on 20 mm and twin 40 mm mounts, and a British gun designated as a "1.1". Then we were sent home on leave with orders to report to Gunnery School in Gulfport, Mississippi at the end of my leave. We trained on the operation of deck guns such as the 3"/50 cal., 4"/50 cal., and on 20 mm guns, but without firing a round. The only live round weapon training that we had at Gunnery School was firing a .22 caliber rifle at a target with 15 rounds. Those with the best target scores were designated as "Trainers" and "Pointers". The Pointer directed the gun in elevation moving it up and down to the target.

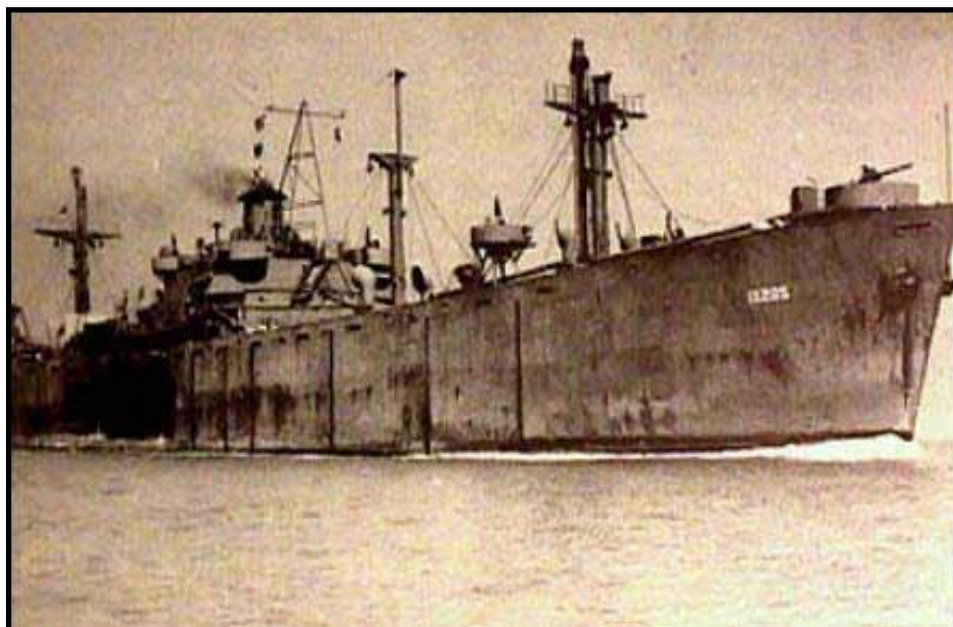
He also controlled the gun's trigger. The Trainer swung the gun in the horizontal plane to track the target. I was assigned as a Trainer, but we practiced in all the gun crew positions so that we understood the other tasks required in firing a deck gun. At the end of gunnery training in Gulfport we were assigned to a gunboat in the Gulf of Mexico. In firing the gun on that gunboat, I went deaf for a week because I did not put the cotton balls that we were given into my ears properly. We were never advised on ear protection practices at Gunnery School, and weren't prepared for the noise of the large caliber guns because we had not fired them up to that point.

After completing Gunnery School at Gulfport MS, I reported to the New Orleans Armed Guard Center. I joined my first ship in Houston or Galveston, Texas, which we commissioned into the Navy as the USS WAYNE. I was assigned as "Trainer" on the bow 3"/50 caliber gun. The Trainer's job was to manually crank the gun to target in the horizontal plane. The WAYNE was launched in December of 1942 as the C-2 freighter AFOUNDRIA and transferred to the Navy in April 1943 to be converted into an Attack Transport. We took on ammunition, and we sailed the ship through a degaussing range,

then sailed into the Gulf of Mexico. The WAYNE steamed around Florida and up the East Coast of the U.S. to Chesapeake Bay, proceeding up to Baltimore, Md. Enroute to Baltimore we found that the deck gun could not be trained on target, but if the Trainer (me) held pressure on the handwheel, the vibration of the ship would move the gun one tooth at a time. At Baltimore the ship was decommissioned for conversion work, the ammunition removed, and the Armed Guard crew was discharged and ordered to proceed to the Brooklyn Armed Guard Center in New York.

The gun crew that had manned the USS WAYNE was assigned to the Liberty Ship S.S. JOHN M. CLAYTON in New York. The CLAYTON had a 20mm gun mount as a bow gun and a 3"/50 at the stern with a complement of .50 caliber machine guns around the deck house. After loading cargo we joined a convoy and sailed for England. About a day's sail out of New York we hit fog and remained in fog virtually the entire trip across the North Atlantic.

Liberty Ship JOHN M. CLAYTON as the Navy Ship USS HARCOURT II later in the War



THE VOYAGES OF DANTE NIERI

Somewhere in the North Atlantic Ocean, while standing the 04-08 watch at the stern in heavy fog, I heard a swishing sound alongside. I could not see any bow wakes or ships near us, but looking over the side I saw a large chunk of ice rubbing along the ship's side. I reported by battle phone to the bridge and suddenly saw a towering iceberg taller than the ship's bridge on the port side that had not been seen by the bow lookout. We continued across the Atlantic calling at Liverpool, England, and passed through the Manchester Ship Canal to Manchester, where we completed offloading the cargo. Then the CLAYTON returned to the States at New York. I went home on leave to Long Island for a few days and returned to the ship. On the second trip, the JOHN M. CLAYTON took on cargo and sailed South towards the Chesapeake Bay, then sailed straight across the Atlantic for Gibraltar and the Mediterranean Sea. The signalman in our A.G. crew knew we were heading to the Persian Gulf and told us it would be a long trip. We agreed to cut each other's hair though I had never cut hair before. Using a comb and a large pair of shears that we had for cutting canvas, I attempted to taper his hair from the neckline up. It didn't turn out too badly. But he butchered my hair. I then became in demand to cut some of the other guys' hair in the gun crew, and did a pretty good job of it. Word apparently got around and one evening while we were at General Quarters, I was called up to the bridge and sent to the Captain's quarters. He wanted a haircut. I told him I was not a barber, but he had seen some of the haircuts I had given to the other sailors and he wanted one as well.

Well, I cut the Captain's hair using the same big 10-inch canvas shears but I pinched his ear a bit – not with the blade tips, but with the handles. It didn't bleed too much. I feared the worst but he actually wanted to pay me for the haircut, which I refused. I reiterated that I wasn't a barber and I



My sketches of native, lateen-rigged boats leaving Port Said, Egypt as we entered the port

didn't charge my shipmates as we were all on the same boat together. I heard later that one of the merchant seamen charged \$2 to cut hair. I continued to give haircuts to the gun crew without charging.

I actually got pretty good at giving haircuts and later on another ship I charged 50¢ for a haircut. In later years I cut my three sons' hair while they were growing up and even some of the neighbors would send their sons to me for haircuts occasionally. The kids may not have like the haircuts but they were good ones. It was mid-summer after passing Gibraltar and we zig-zagged through the Mediterranean. One day while we were steaming between Italy and North Africa I counted more than one hundred Allied planes enroute from North Africa to bomb Italy. We could actually hear the explosions from the bombing raid. We continued on our zig-zag course in the Med, sailing alone all the way to the Suez Canal. The deep blue of the Mediterranean Sea turned greenish as we approached land. We first arrived in Egypt at Alexandria, where we anchored. The CLAYTON



had to wait for a slot in the southbound Suez Canal convoy so we were given liberty ashore. We next sailed for Port Said, the northern terminus of the Canal and anchored again until we got orders to proceed through the Canal. Upon entering Port Said, we passed numerous native lateen-rigged boats going out into the Med. We were given liberty again while at Port Said. I visited a former British

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World War I submarine, now owned by Palestine, on the east side of the canal entrance, that was loading torpedoes. I got a tour of the boat, which was very small and cramped. We also went horseback riding along the beach and I later traded the horse for a white donkey that our native guide had been riding. I found there's quite a difference in the gait between the donkey and the horse.

We returned to the ship and when our turn came, the CLAYTON proceeded through the Suez Canal to Port Suez, the Red Sea entrance to the Canal. The British, who were protecting the Canal, had mounted wooden cannons painted black along the Canal to give some semblance that it was defended. On passing through to the southern end of the Suez Canal we anchored in Port Suez, and our Captain went ashore for whatever captains do when they go ashore. While we were anchored at Port Suez, a motor launch came alongside crewed by Italian sailors. One of the JOHN M. CLAYTON's merchant seamen, who hailed from Brooklyn NY and spoke Italian, was summoned but he could not understand them. I understood a bit of what they said and could make myself understood, so I acted as interpreter and spoke to the sailors. They were inquiring whether we would like to go aboard their ship for a visit. I went and spoke to our Gunnery Officer who approved the visit, saying that we must do so in a "military fashion".

Italy had surrendered to the Allies this past September. The Italian cruiser

EUGENIO DI SAVOIA, its officers and crew were left intact by the Royal Navy, to whom they had surrendered at Malta. The British merely put three of their signalmen on board to coordinate communications with the British command. The ship was now being used by the British to help them patrol the Red Sea for the Allies. However, the Italian crew were not permitted to go ashore in Port Suez. It would be interesting to know what their status was – Prisoners Of War doesn't seem to describe this situation. If the Italian crew were P.O.W.s, then their ship was their prison.



*Italian Navy Light Cruiser
EUGENIO DI SAVOIA*

We did visit the ship, and in military fashion per our Gunnery Officer. Our A.G. signalman signaled the cruiser EUGENIO DI SAVOIA and requested permission for our Navy gun crew to visit the ship. Permission was granted and our Gunnery Officer went to the cruiser in the motor launch and returned in a large whaleboat with a dozen Italian sailors aboard. Our 15 to 20 Armed Guard crewmen mustered in a uniform of white trousers, white t-shirts and white hats and black shoes. The Italian sailors came aboard the CLAYTON, and we replaced them in the whaleboat and rowed, with our Gunnery Officer, back to the EUGENIO DI SAVOIA.

When we boarded the cruiser, we fell in at attention. The Italian Captain, or whoever has command of a cruiser, made a little speech welcoming us on board.

The officer asked if there were any Italian-Americans in our gun crew. I spoke up that I was and he asked what part of Italy I was from. When I told him, he said they had a few men in the crew who came from the same region of Italy, and he sent for them. We were divided into two groups, each with a couple of Italian sailors as guides. One group would tour the ship from bow to stern and the other would start aft and work forward to the bow. I was in the latter group.

My group was led into one of the 6" gun turrets where the Italian gun crew demonstrated how the loading mechanism

worked to load the guns. On the way out of the turret, two Italian sailors took me aside and I spoke with them in Italian. We separated from the group and they gave me a personal "cooks tour" of their ship. They asked what I did on my ship and I told them I was a gunner, so they took me to the gunners' mess hall and gave me something to eat. Then they took me to the ship's barber and I was able to get a real haircut. I had quite a mop by that time because, although I had been cutting the hair of some of the other A.G. crew on the ship, there was no one who could cut mine. While I and my Italian sailor guides were touring the bowels of the cruiser, an officer requested that I make an announcement in English over the ship's public address system. The announcement was to request that any British sailor on board should report immediately to the officer in charge. It seems that of the three British signalman who had reported aboard the Italian cruiser this morning, only two had re-

THE VOYAGES OF DANTE NIERI



turned ashore. The third was presumably lost somewhere on the ship. As far as I know, he's still lost.

Before leaving the **EUGENIO DI SAVOIA**, the Italian Navy broke out some vino, their band gave us a little concert on the cruiser's fantail, and my Italian hosts gave me a few souvenirs of my visit. These included two small calendars, both with the ship's emblem on them, an anchor pin, and a small bronze medallion with the Sailors Prayer (in Italian) cast on the back. You would need a magnifying glass to read the prayer on the reverse side of the medallion. When we returned to our ship, we carried numerous letters from the Italian sailors to be mailed to their relatives living in the United States.

While we were touring the **EUGENIO DI SAVOIA**, the Italian sailors who were touring our ship were more interested in grubbing whatever they could get from our crew.

The next day we sailed from Port Suez, transited the Red Sea, and steamed out into the Indian Ocean. The Indian Ocean was patrolled by Japanese submarines but we sailed the distance from the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf, about 1100 miles, without incident. It was like

a pleasant mid-summer night's cruise. We stood watches on a relaxed 4 hours on 8 hours off rotation. We were carrying cargo bound for Russia, and since Russia and Japan were not at war it was believed the Japs would not attack our ship, or so they said. We entered the Persian Gulf and steamed up the Euphrates River to the port of Khorramshahr, Persia (now Iran). There was a depot of 5 square miles at the port for cargoes bound for Russia. This place was a very hot place in the Fall of 1943 – daytime temperatures reached 140 F. The native longshoremen wore loincloths when they worked cargo on our ship. One day I won an arm wrestling contest with one of the local longshoremen – I was a big shot to them from then on.

We were not permitted to leave the ship between 0900 and 1700 hours. Though we did get liberty, there was not much to see at Khorramshahr. The business district looked like a dozen garages in a row. The natives did not like our paper money, preferring coin only. Seems like all the Persians were silversmiths and all they made there was cheap jewelry: bracelets, rings, and earrings. The **CLAYTON** was unloaded and trucks moved the supplies northward to Russia. Our ship departed after discharging its cargo,

sailed back down the Euphrates River to the Persian Gulf and stopped overnight at Aden before making the trip across the Indian Ocean and back to the Red Sea. We bartered with the bumboats in the harbor at Aden, trading cigarettes, sheets, etc. for anything they had. I threw a plank over the side and got a goat for it. I had no idea what to do with the goat, and was told that you could not take cloven hooved animals back to the States so I traded the goat for a bushel of shrimp. I had never tasted shrimp in my life and did not know what they were. Our cook boiled them up for the Armed Guard and the Merchant Seamen. I heard that the officers bartered for some chickens.

Leaving Aden the next morning we immediately commenced zig-zagging and standing 4 hours on / 4 hours off watches as we were now considered vulnerable to attack by the Japanese, even though the ship was empty. The **JOHN M. CLAYTON** returned to New York the way she had come, through the Med and across the Atlantic. On the return trip through the Strait of Gibraltar, we were ordered to fly our U.S. flag, which we never flew while underway, because a seaman had died on one of the other ships passing through the

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Strait, and he was being buried at sea. We were given leave to go home for a week or two after returning to New York. On returning from leave my gun crew was ordered to the New Orleans Armed Guard Center, and from there we were sent to a rest camp in Deland, Florida for 2 weeks. After the rest camp it was back to New Orleans. Our Armed Guard gun crew had now been together for about nine months since leaving Gunnery School, but in New Orleans our gun crew were dispersed to different ships and I never saw any of those fellows again. I was assigned to a new gun crew and we received orders to proceed back to Florida to join another ship. We joined the S.S. ANDREW TURNBULL in Jacksonville, Florida, to relieve the gun crew on board. The TURNBULL sailed to Houston, TX and loaded sulphur and cotton. We sailed from the Gulf around Florida and up the East Coast and joined a convoy headed for Great Britain.

We encountered very rough weather in the North Atlantic on the voyage over. When the ship took water over the bow the vertical shaft to the forward magazine was flooded. Because I happened to own a pair of half-length boots, I was sent to the bottom of the ladder to start the bucket brigade up to the main deck to bail out the shaft so that water would not find its way into the magazine. We passed full buckets of water up the ladder to the main deck where they were poured out. In passing the buckets back down the shaft, one guy let go an empty bucket before the next guy had grasped the handle. With a cry of "Look out below!" the bucket came down. I ducked but could not get out of the way and the galvanized steel bucket caught me on the head and gave me a good gash. I felt the blood oozing out of my scalp and was lucky not to have been knocked out by the blow. I climbed out of the shaft and sought medical attention. We carried no medical officer aboard but the ship's Purser cut away some of the hair and put some sulphur powder on the wound.

With hands shaking and the shipping rolling badly, the Purser stitched up my scalp. That night I slept by myself in a cabin designated as the sickbay.

The next morning our Gunnery Officer paid me a visit, primarily to let me know that we were short-handed for watchstanding. A few minutes later our Navy escort started dropping depth-charges, so I jammed my watch cap on my head and ran to my General Quarters station. That was the end of my recuperation in sickbay. When the shipped docked in England, I checked into a hospital to have my head examined. Everything checked out okay. That head wound, and a stubbed toe on another ship, were the only two wounds I would receive during my service. Arriving in Liverpool, England we transited to Manchester again along the Ship Canal. Some of the larger ships lining the canal had gas-filled anti-aircraft "barrage balloons" flying above them tethered to cables. I was on liberty in Manchester, crossing the street in town and someone hailed me "Hey, Dant'". It was another Armed Guard crewman that I knew from my hometown Glen Cove. We had met previously in Jacksonville, Florida when both of our ships happened to be in port at the same time.

We finished discharging our cargo and sailed back across the Atlantic to the United States. On the next trip from New York the TURNBULL again joined a convoy for Britain. As a deckload on this voyage we carried artillery pieces and according to scuttlebutt, we were to support an artillery company on the invasion of France. However a change of orders had us diverting to Scotland where we lay at anchor in a bay while the Normandy Invasion was underway. A week and a half later we sailed for Swansea, Wales, where we offloaded the artillery pieces to a barge. After returning to New York, the gun crew was discharged from the TURNBULL and given leave to go home.

After returning from leave I again reported to the Brooklyn Armed Guard Center. My next Armed Guard assignment was the freighter S.S. ORPHEUS for one trip to England and back. The first night out from New York we lost the convoy, but found it again the next day. That night we lost the convoy again, and never rejoined it. It was always said that the convoy was just over the horizon but we made the rest of the crossing alone, most of the time in heavy fog. As we approached the coast of Britain, the fog suddenly lifted to reveal a Canadian Corvette coming right at our ship on a collision course. I was standing watch in the forward 3"/50 gun tub, watching this develop. The Corvette sounded a blast on their whistle, turning quickly to starboard, and the sailors were running out on deck putting their lifejackets on. We continued on our course but they missed our port bow by only 20-30 feet. The ORPHEUS discharged its cargo somewhere in England and returned to New York, where the Armed Guard gun crew left the ship and we all went our separate ways. I took off for home for a couple of days leave and then reported back to the Brooklyn Armed Guard Center.

From the Brooklyn Armed Guard Center, I was ordered to another ship, the S.S. MEMNON for another relatively uneventful trip to Europe and back. I, along with another Armed Guard crewman replaced two guys who were taken off the ship. One of these guys had apparently taken a pot shot at a black stevedore in a passageway while the ship was loading ammo in New Jersey. The Navy shipped him off to the Federal Prison at Leavenworth, Kansas. This fellow returned to the ship before we sailed from New York. He was a heavy man and he was constantly complaining of pain in his calves. It seems that while he was sojourning at Leavenworth they made him do everything "on the double", even when washing and shaving in the morning. I had a little spat with him one day myself after he returned. He referred to me as a "dago bastard" and I called him "gobles". He

THE VOYAGES OF DANTE NIERI

came at me, and I shoved him away, and that was the end of that. On this trip we managed to stay with the convoy all the way to England, though we sailed in the usual thick foggy conditions in the North Atlantic. I stood my sea watches with Marvin "Spike" Carver in the 3"/50 gun tub at the bow of the MEMNON. We became good friends. One day a floating mine was spotted that passed down the starboard side 50 to 75 feet away from the hull. Someone aboard our ship fired a rifle at it to try and detonate the mine, but failed to set it off. The MEMNON's destination was Swansea, Wales in the UK. From Swansea we sailed for Le Havre, France where we arrived at the mouth of the Seine River two days later. Le Havre had been leveled by bombing raids on the German submarine pens there, and the only things left standing were an occasional smokestack here and there. There was rubble everywhere. It was unbelievable devastation. A portion of our cargo was discharged at Le Havre before our ship proceeded up the River Seine to Rouen, where we would unload the remainder of our cargo.

The MEMNON anchored in the Seine part way to Rouen. We were told that the River Seine has a very strong flow of current that can actually hold back the tide for some hours. Eventually the tide overcomes the river current and comes upstream like a small tidal wave or as it's called, a tidal "bore". We could actually hear the approach of the bore and we shone battle lanterns on shore and saw its effect. We had been anchored with the bow upstream but the tidal bore turned the ship on its anchor so that we were headed downstream after it passed. The next day we weighed anchor and proceeded to Rouen to unload our remaining cargo. Rouen is famous as the city in which Joan d'Arc was burned at the stake. While in Rouen, two members of our Armed Guard contingent were ordered off the ship to replace casualties from the invasion. Spike and I pulled S.P. (Shore Patrol) duty for a full day ashore in Rouen. Spike used to talk about a

Mike Shannon from Tarrytown, NY, who was one of the Armed Guard men we had replaced when we joined the ship. Spike and Mike used to date two sisters from Brooklyn (more about Mike later). Spike had asked me if I would double-date with him and his girlfriend and her sister the next time we were in New York and I agreed. After the discharge of the MEMNON's cargo was completed, the ship returned to the United States, arriving at New York. When the MEMNON docked in Brooklyn, Spike Carver arranged for the two of us to double-date with his girlfriend and her sister, but Spike backed out on the date at the last minute for some reason and I met the two girls and went out with them. I never saw Spike again. As it turned out, Spike returned to his home out West somewhere and got married. I found out about this from a letter I received from him. I also received a letter from Spike's Brooklyn girlfriend because she had not heard from him, so I sent her the letter that Spike had sent me. Sometime after returning to New York aboard the MEMNON the war in Europe ended, and I was sent to Gunnery School in Pebble Beach, Virginia. Following Gunnery School, I was ordered to the U.S. West Coast to participate in the war in the Pacific.

I traveled by train and bus to San Francisco and reported to the Armed Guard Center on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. From the San Francisco Armed Guard Center, I was assigned to the Liberty Ship S.S. JANE A. DELANO which loaded cargo at Redwood City, California for a voyage to Okinawa. One day while at sea in the Pacific I found my way up to the bridge. The merchant seaman on watch who I knew as Frank, asked me if I wanted to steer the ship. I agreed, never having steered a ship before. I took the wheel and turned it slightly to port and starboard to get the feel of it. At this point the entire war effort was suspended as the compass card started turning and no matter how much I turned the wheel, I could not catch up to the compass and get back on course. The

ship was now making a great turn and the Captain entered the bridge wondering what in hell was going on? The merchant seaman responded "it's just Nieri steering the ship." The Captain replied "Oh" and turned and went back to his cabin, after which I turned the wheel over to the merchant seaman, who brought the ship back on its original course, and the war effort resumed its course.

The DELANO passed through a Pacific typhoon enroute to Okinawa, but the worst we experienced was being blown off our course for several days. The ship stopped at Eniwetok and Ulithi islands. We picked up mail at one of these islands and I received a letter from Spike Carver's former girlfriend Anne, in Brooklyn. In the letter she invited me to her sister's boyfriend's "coming home party". Since we were still at war with Japan I had no idea when I would be returning to the States, let alone to New York. I wrote to Anne that I did not think I would make it to the party, but this was not the end of the story, and it led to an interesting episode on my next and last voyage.

On arrival at Okinawa we lay at anchor for some time in Buckner Bay. At night we were routinely attacked by a Japanese bomber, whom we dubbed "10 O'Clock Charlie". The Navy would fill the bay with smoke from smoke pots and the shore batteries would open up, while we just remained at General Quarters and watched. We were not permitted to fire our guns. On one evening I was standing watch in the stern gun tub when the entire sky was lit up with tracers. The shore batteries were firing and the guns from the ships at anchor soon joined in the barrage. I called in the alarm and we went to General Quarters. It turned out that the news had come in that Japan surrendered and the War was over!!

Although the war was over, it didn't appear that I was going back to the States any time soon. The Navy had a point system to determine whether you could be discharged and I did not have enough points to get out. But the Navy is full

THE VOYAGES OF DANTE NIERI

of surprises. A week later they changed the point system and I now had enough points to be discharged. I separated from the DELANO at Okinawa and went ashore, and was ordered to a troop ship, the S.S. FAIRISLE which was returning to the United States at Seattle, Washington. There was an interesting occurrence on the trip home aboard the FAIRISLE. I had my photo album open on the bunk one evening and a sailor spies a photograph and says, "Let me see that gal". He left and then returned with another sailor who, somewhat angrily said, "Where did you get that picture?" This guy was ready for a fight. The photo they were looking at was a picture of Spike's Brooklyn girlfriend's sister, and she was

a real doll. I said, "Hey, back off! You wouldn't be Spike's friend Mike Shannon would you?" Then the whole story came out and I said, "You know, I've been invited to your homecoming party". Mike Shannon and I then became good friends on that voyage home. I have a photo of Mike in my album. I often wonder what became of Marvin "Spike" Carver and Mike Shannon. After leaving the FAIRISLE in Seattle I took a train back to New York across the northern states and was discharged from the Navy at the Personnel Separation Center in Lido Beach on Long Island. The ships I served on were the:

• 4/27/43-5/13/43 USS WAYNE, (ex-AFOUNDRIA) C2 Cargo Ship

(converted to Naval Attack Transport APA-64)

• 5/16/43-12/28/43 SS JOHN M. CLAYTON, Liberty Ship

(later, Navy

ship HARCOURT)

• 2/14/44-7/8/44 SS AN-DREW TURNBULL, Liberty Ship

• 9/9/44-10/28/44 SS OR-PHEUS, C2 Cargo Ship

• 11/7/44-3/13/45 SS MEM-NON, C2 Cargo Ship

• 6/2/45-11/13/45 SS JANE A. DELANO, Liberty Ship

• 11/14/45-12/4/45 SS FAIRISLE, C2 Converted to Troop Transport Dante Nieri 15 Cleveland Pl., Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542



I Served On A Japanese Submarine

I Served On A Japanese Submarine During WWII

Joe Ellen chose the submarine service to get out of school. Little did he know that the only submarine that he would serve aboard during WWII would be a Japanese one.

Joe Ellen grew up in rural eastern North Carolina. He graduated from high school with an interest in mathematics and science and joined the Navy. When explaining his reason for choosing the navy, Ellen stated "I knew that as long as the ship floated, I had 3 meals a day and a good clean bunk to sleep in and I thought that would beat foxholes."

After basic training in Jacksonville, Florida, Ellen qualified for aviation electrician training and was sent to electrician's school. He had worked with an electrical contractor before entering boot camp. As part of the top 10% of electrical school, he was sent for further electrical instrument training and would be assigned as an Instrument Technician aboard a ship. But fate had another journey in store for Ellen.

In 1944, he was sent to Camp Perry to open and become an instructor at a new electrical school. Ellen was not happy with the possibility to stay in the States. He "wanted some of those ribbons that made the girls squeal." Not only did he feel like he had been in school all of his life, he never really liked school and the only thing that had a higher priority than being an instructor was submarines. As he put it, "I volunteered for submarines to get out of school."

Ellen was sent to New London for submarine training and was again spending most of his time in the classroom learning about all aspects of the submarine. He was told that he would be assigned to a submarine tender as an Instrument Technician. By the time he had completed his training and was shipped to the west coast, the war was almost over.

After spending time at the submarine base at Pearl Harbor, Ellen was shipped to Guam aboard the submarine tender USS Fulton (AS-11). In Guam, which had been secured for a while, he waited for his assigned ship, the USS Proteus (AS-19). After the Proteus arrived in port, Ellen was chosen for another mission. Ellen explained how he became part of an his-

toric crew. "They came to us and said You, You, You and You come on and get in this crew." The crew was taken aboard the destroyer escort USS Bangust (DE 739), and no one on the crew knew what they were going to do.

The I-14

The I-14 was an AM (A Modified) submarine built in May of 1943 for the Japanese Navy at Kawasaki Shipbuilding. AM type submarines were designed for the Japanese Imperial Navy to carry seaplanes for various military actions. The I-14 carried two Aichi M6A1 Serian seaplanes in specially designed cylinder-shaped hangers on deck. The seaplanes would be launched using a catapult launch ramp at the front of the ship. AM class submarines were well armed, with six forward torpedo tubes, one 50 caliber deck gun and ten 25 mm anti-aircraft guns.

The Japanese Navy had planned to use the I-14 as part of a secret strike force to attack and destroy the Panama Canal. The plan was to use the specially designed submarines and seaplanes to attack the canal from the eastern Caribbean route. The seaplanes would use their bombs and torpedoes to destroy the canal and there-

I Served On A Japanese Submarine

fore close that critical route to allied naval forces. With American and allied forces quickly making headway towards the Japanese mainland, naval authorities changes the orders for the I-14 and the Panama strike force. The new orders included finding US and allied targets for kamikaze style attacks using the seaplanes.

After the surrender of Japan on August 1945, the I-14 was ordered to return to Japan by surface. The submarine left Truk on August 18th after delivering two Nakajima C6N1 Saiun Myrt reconnaissance aircraft and proceeded towards Hong Kong flying the black flag of surrender.

The I-14 is spotted nine days later by aircraft of US Task Force 38. Later that day, the USS Murray (DD-576) and USS Dashiell (DD-659) accepted the surrender of the submarine. The aircraft hangers were empty at the time of surrender.

Surrender

While at sea aboard the USS Bangust, Ellen and the other crew members still did not know what their mission was going to be. It was not until they reached the I-14 that they learned that they would be the crew aboard the submarine. They also learned that this was not just any Japanese submarine but one of the special submarines with the airplane hanger.

The USS Bangust meets the I-14 at sea and Ellen as part of the "prize crew" goes aboard the submarine. The Japanese crew stays with the submarine until they reach Tokyo Bay.

The I-14 joins with the previously surrendered Japanese submarine I-400 and the USS Proteus (AS-19) and proceeds to Tokyo Bay. When they reached port, the Japanese crew was instructed to clean the sub. Ellen explains that the sub was "a filthy thing that would make one of ours look like an operating room." He added, "Everybody got off of that thing and we fumigated it. There were enough dead rats that we carried them out in baskets

the size of a bushel basket with two men having to carry the basket."

Japanese laborers were assisting in cleaning out the sub. The Americans wanted the aircraft hanger cleaned out but the Japanese refused to clean it. It was later found that the hanger was full of urns containing the ashes of dead Japanese soldiers who had died fighting on one of the distant islands. The workers did not want these urns to be taken with the other items to the trash dump. The Americans were able to procure another truck for the urns and Ellen states that they were then "handled with dignity."

The three submarines remain moored in the bay and were present at the formal surrender of Japanese forces on September 2, 1945. Ellen and another electrical engineer were working on a gyrocompass repeater in the coning tower. Three Japanese officers were in the tower looking through the periscope. The Japanese gave the two American sailors the opportunity to look through the periscope and they were able to see the USS Missouri and the surrender ceremony. "You could see the US military officials lined up on the upper deck but that was all" Ellen stated. After the ceremony ended, the three Japanese officers turned and bowed to the sailors. Ellen said that the bow "kind of shocked us. We had never had anything like that happen and we didn't know anything to do so we saluted back at them."

Sasebo

After witnessing the surrender ceremony, the I-14 is ordered to proceed to the Japanese port of Sasebo.

As the ship made its way towards Sasebo, it passed offshore of the remains of Nagasaki. As they passed, the captain let the crew members look through the periscope just for a few seconds towards the destruction. Ellen stated that he saw "just nothing. Everything was just all to pieces." The ship was several miles away at sea.

Ellen explained that Sasebo was the Japanese equivalent to the US's New London. There they found all of the parts and equipment they needed to maintain the submarine for the voyage to Pearl Harbor. The Japanese officers aboard the I-14 helped the crew decide what spare parts were needed. At that time, the understanding was that the submarine would be taken back to the US mainland.

At Sasebo, the crew took the I-14 out for a short cruise with the Japanese crews instructing them on how to operate the ship's controls. The navy would not let the submarine submerge for fear of booby traps or sabotaged valves. The Japanese crew members were dismissed after the US Navy officers felt the crew had command of the workings of the submarine.

Ellen had an extra mission while the submarine was in port at Sasebo. In the port were several of the Japanese two-man submarines. He worked with another electrician to crawl aboard the small subs and snip the wires to the explosive heads. Ellen was also sent into a cave to retrieve spare parts for the I-14. This particular cave was stacked with ammunition. "It looked like five or six inch shells stacked to the ceiling and leaning together. We didn't stay in there long enough to get a good look. It that thing would have gone up it would have blown up that side of the mountain and us too."

While at Sasebo, Ellen was able to go ashore on liberty. "The Japanese treated us very courteously and acted like they were fearful of us."

The I-14 had proceeded to Sasebo under the command of Cdr. John S. McCain, Jr., the son of Vice Admiral John McCain and father of US presidential candidate John S. McCain III. Cdr. McCain is replaced by Cdr. Hiram Cassedy at Sasebo for the remainder of the voyage to Pearl Harbor.

I Served On A Japanese Submarine

Guam

The I-14 left Sasebo along with the Japanese submarines I-400 and I-401. The ships were escorted by submarine rescue vessel USS Greenlet (ASR-10).

The convoy ran into a severe storm that lasted for several days. The AM type submarines were extremely top heavy due to the addition of the aircraft hangers on the top deck. Normally a submarine could submerge to avoid the severe conditions of a storm. The three submarines in the convoy were not allowed to submerge and bore the brunt of the storm on the surface. Ellen stated that the I-14 was tossed from side to side in the rough seas for several days. "The submarine sitting up high in the storm was like a cork in a waterfall."

The I-14 was a very basic vessel in its construction and furnishings. Ellen explained that "We had absolutely no comfortable conveniences at all on that thing. It was just the inside of a cold hunk of pig iron." While at port in Guam, the crews of all three submarines tried to procure some

items to make the remainder of the voyage more comfortable. "There was a lot of brass stationed on Guam. The guards of the administration building were really interested in the Japanese submarines. We found out that by keeping them entertained, we could go in and get us some easy chairs, things of comfort and even a water cooler and carry them back down for a more comfortable ride to Pearl Harbor." As the ships were readying to pull out the next morning, several officers, including an admiral, showed up to speak with Cdr. Cassidy. It was relayed to the crews that the Guam staff "strongly suspected" that the items that were found missing in their headquarters were aboard the ships. The crew was given a chance to unload and carry the items or face charges. Ellen stated that he found that "some items are a lot easier to go down into a sub than to take out." It took several hours of work to return the "procured" items before they could set sail for Pearl Harbor.

Pearl Harbor

The remainder of the voyage to Pearl Harbor from Guam was more routine. The ship did celebrate the 1946 New Year's -

twice. The celebration was accomplished by crossing the International Dateline.

The I-14 arrived at Pearl Harbor on January 6th 1946. Ellen could not remember any special event that went with the submarine's arrival at Pearl. According to several internet sites, the submarines and crews were met by a Navy band and many local citizens.

After a short time at Pearl Harbor, Joe Ellen had built up enough service points to be sent home. He said goodbye to the I-14 and headed home to start his civilian life.

It was proposed that the I-14 tour both coasts of the United States as part of a post-war bonds drive but the idea was scuttled. The US Navy did not want the submarine's technology to be taken by the Russians so the submarine was sunk on May 28, 1946 off of Barbers Point, Oahu by the USS Bugara. The Bugara was testing new Mark 10-3 torpedo. The I-14 was discovered on the sea floor in November 2009. The "prize crew" of the historic I-14 voyage has never had a reunion.



MORE FROM THE CREW

Charles: Thank you for your kind words. I am always happy to help. When I was a little kid in the 50's, "Victory at Sea" was on TV. It was the largest leverage that Mom and Dad had..."Michael, your room needs to be cleaned-up or no 'Victory at Sea' tonight." I especially liked the episodes about the war at sea." So, from an early age, you and your comrades-in-arms, the US Merchant Marine, were my heroes. My Dad was also one of my heroes (I was a soldier every Halloween). Dad was in the 10th Cavalry at the start of the war...yes, horse cavalry! He made it to North Africa as cavalry, but he transferred to the Infantry when he was advised that the 10th Cav would not see action....Dad saw action with the 36th (Texas) Infantry Division,-- a lot of it. I am very proud of my father. He made the landing in France as a 2nd

Lt (his Regiment received the Presidential Unit Citation for neutralizing one the most hotly contested beach of the invasion) - received two battlefield promotions, the Silver Star, 2 bronze stars, 2 Purple Hearts and the French Croix d'Guerre. He was surrounded and cut off twice, once during the "Lost Battalion" episode in the Voges Mtns and later in Alsace - at which time his battalion faced un-assisted, the counter-attack of an entire regiment of SS - they held-out for three days until ammunition ran out... He was captured and sent to be interrogated by Hienrich Himmler, who sent Dad to OFLAG 64 in Scheubin, Poland, during Dec '44. When the Soviets advanced into Poland, he was moved to STALAG-3A, in Luckenwalde, Germany, from which he escaped on 22 April '45. In 1950, Hollywood made a

film "Go For Broke" starring Van Johnson, about Dad's unit, the "Lost Battalion" and the Japanese-Americans of the 442 / 100 Regimental Combat Teams.

What you, Dad and your generation accomplished during the war was an amazing display of uncommon valor. So, as a small way of saying thanks, I am always happy to help. As I mentioned, I had the opportunity to identify five Unknown Merchant Mariners who were killed when their ship was torpedoed by U-123, on 8 April 1942, 10 miles off the coast of St. Simons, Georgia. After some administrative detective work, I learned their identities. Armed with that information, I tracked down their respective families and we had a proper graveside service - the one that the families never had 58 years earlier. We had the Marine

MORE FROM THE CREW

Corps Color Guard and Honor Guard from Kings Bay Submarine Base present each family with a US flag and each of the men's medals - that they also never received. It was astonishing to me that there were still families from WWII waiting to learn about their loved ones. I was stunned that this was not resolved immediately after the war when ship movements were no longer an issue of national security! So, as a result of that experience, I had some sort of a handle on what emotions Sadie Zipperer and her family were contending with. Once again, thank so much for your help in this endeavor!

Michael Higgins

★ ★ ★

Mike,

I sat down and sent Sadie an episode of how my Mom and Dad learned of a son getting killed in the service of his country. I also wrote her some family circumstances that a family who sent 5 sons to battle was treated and then how they dependant parent was treated by their own government. I think that when the office of the Government stooped so low to take away a small token that they needed in their older years to survive, hurt them a lot. Now-a-days, a good lawyer would get millions in a lawsuit. I will forward it to you. Thanks for what you have done to help Sadie and the family. I know their feelings. I have been there and done that. We never knew where or how Whitson got killed except some of his gun crew went over and visited my sister in Brooklyn, New York when they came back in at the Armed Guard Shipping and Receiving Station at 1st Ave 52nd Street in Brooklyn and where he went or what he went through going to Murmansk, Russia until Mr. Sandy Smith sent me the ships logs and Officer's report. cal

★ ★ ★

Charles: I will pass info along to the Navy League for suggestions. We have a meeting on Monday. I have a contact at the Washington Navy Yard - Navy Museum ...lets see what he can suggest also.
Michael

★ ★ ★

Thanks. I had passed it on to the gentleman interested already. I probably will hear from them tomorrow. I will E-mail Sadie Zipperer her brothers Service number, too. I will ask you one more question and I am serious on this. Do you know any Government Agency that would and could take this over from me should I quit stepping on daisies and start pushing them up? I do this by myself and NO HELP! I could probably hire some help but I am not financially able and whoever I could get would have to have a decent wage. Of course, I want to stay around a long time. Otherwords, I have a TIGER by the TAIL and when I go, so goes the Armed Guard. Thanks calloyd

★ ★ ★

Charles: The only person that comes readily to mind is Toni Horodyski who operates the USMM website. I have copied her in on this email. Perhaps she can assist you. Please let me know how it goes -Michael

★ ★ ★

WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL! IT WORKED! Can you assist another gentleman who is in search for anyone who knows anything about the Bari, Italy survivors exposed to the poisonous and their claims and lawsuit by them? I have & gt;furnished him names we have of the crew on the ships that were hit those in the area. calloyd

To: The Honorable Kay Bailey-Hutchinson, U.S. Senate Attn: Ms. Bernadette Garcia Bernadette:

Hello!...Good News! Herewith please find the service number for Seaman 1/c Griffin M. Haynes. C.A. Lloyd, Chairman of the Association for US Navy Armed Guard Veterans of WWII, put me in contact with Sandy Smith of the National Archives. Today, as per the direction of Mr. Smith, I received from Barry Zerbey of the Modern Military Records, National Archives and Records Adm. staff, Seaman First Class Griffin M. Haynes service number. Service Number: 551 52 02 It is my hope that you can now proceed with the search for Seaman Haynes' service records and his

medals and decorations. This will bring the Haynes family some sense of closure after the past 62 years of uncertainty. You mentioned during our last telephone conversation that this could be expedited. I look forward to your reply. With kindest personal regards, I remain, Sincerely,
Michael P. Higgins Chairman,
Committee on Merchant Marine Affairs Navy League of the United States, Golden Isles Council

Mr. Higgins, To be very honest, it will be extremely difficult. I will try and obtain as much information as possible...if any. Thank you for contacting me with the response from Ms. Zipperer. Bernadette

To: The Honorable Kay Bailey Hutchinson - United States Senate Attn: Ms. Bernadette Garcia, Senate office, San Antonio, TX Bernadette: Hello Just a short note... Ms Zipperer said she cannot locate or no longer has her brother's SSN or Service number. She mentioned that he worked for the U.S. Govt in the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) prior to the war. Is it still possible for you to locate the information about Seaman 1/c Griffin M. Haynes without his SSN or Service number? Please advise. Once again, thank you for both your and the Senator's time and consideration in this endeavor. I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Michael Higgins Chairman
Merchant Marine Affairs Committee
The Navy League of the United States,
Golden Isles Council

Mr. Higgins, I have begun working on the case regarding Ms. Sadie Zipperer and her deceased brother, Griffin M. Haynes. I cannot continue on with the request until I receive Mr. Haynes Service number and Social Security number. Thank you,
Bernadette Garcia
Office of U.S. Senator
Kay Bailey Hutchison

HMS BEDFORDSHIRE



Sub-Lt. Thomas Cunningham, photographed on the bridge of the HMS Bedfordshire, probably taken a few days before he died.

HMS Bedfordshire

Tom Cunningham considers it a great act of generosity that the people on the small island of Ocracoke would set aside a plot of land to bury his father and three other British sailors 70 years ago. Sub-Lt. Thomas Cunningham was one of 37 crewmen aboard the HMS Bedfordshire when it was torpedoed by a German submarine off the coast of North Carolina on the night of May 11, 1942.

The Bedfordshire, a fishing trawler outfitted with guns and loaded with depth charges, was one of two dozen ships of its kind that the British navy loaned the United States in the early months of 1942, in an attempt to ward off the U-boats preying on tankers and freighters along the East Coast.

None of the Bedfordshire crew survived the sinking. Three days later, two bodies washed up on Ocracoke, followed by two more a week later. They were buried in that small plot now known as the British Cemetery.

On Friday, as they do every year, the U.S. Coast Guard, the British and Canadian governments and the people of the Outer Banks will hold a ceremony at the cemetery to commemorate those four sailors and the others who were never found. And for just the second time, Sub-Lt. Cunningham's son will be there.

"For 70 years, give or take, the American people have been putting themselves through a great deal of trouble to commemorate those British seamen who died during the war," Cunningham said by phone from his home near Liverpool. "It's their way of saying thank you to us, and [coming to Ocracoke] is my way of acknowledging their thanks."

The Bedfordshire was one of dozens of ships sunk off the Carolinas in the months after the December 1941 attacks on Pearl Harbor drew the U.S. into the war. With the American navy ill-equipped to stave off their attacks, German U-boats feasted on merchant ships, many carrying fuel and supplies bound for Great Britain.

One of those ships was the British tanker San Delfino, carrying fuel from Houston when it was torpedoed and sunk near Nags Head in April 1942. The body of one of the ship's officers, Michael Cairns, washed up on Hatteras Island a month later and was buried along with another unidentified British sailor on what is now National Park Service land near the Cape Hatteras lighthouse. There will be a graveside service to remember them on Thursday.

The seaman's code

It was not unusual for men from such merchant and war ships to arrive on the Outer Banks, dead or alive. And it's not surprising that the people of the island would treat them well, giving the men of the Bedfordshire a formal burial, said Earl O'Neal, an Ocracoke resident who traces his roots on the island to the early 1700s.

Many islanders made a living at sea, on schooners or dredges in the big ports along the East Coast. They instinctively knew what to do with a body that had washed ashore.

"Seamen had an unwritten code," O'Neal said. "They were more compassionate with each other."

Cunningham was buried with a telegraph operator, Stanley Craig, and two unknown sailors presumed to have come from the Bedfordshire. Their caskets were wrapped in Union Jack flags that only a short time before Cunningham had given to Aycock Brown, an Ocracoke resident working for the U.S. Office of Naval Intelligence. Brown had visited the Bedfordshire when it was docked in Morehead City, looking for flags to bury with four members of the San Delfino crew. Cunningham had given him a couple extra.

Amasa Fulcher, a lay leader of the local Methodist church, presided over the burial. Fulcher's daughter, Fannie Pearl,

HMS BEDFORDSHIRE

wrote to Thomas Cunningham's widow, Barbara, and their correspondence lasted several years, including a visit from Fulcher in the 1950s. O'Neal says Fannie Fulcher set up a pen-pal relationship between Tom Cunningham and a boy on Ocracoke, Lindsey Howard, when they were both about 15 years old.

"One of the things they exchanged was pictures of the new automobiles as they came out," O'Neal said. "They will be getting together here when Tom gets in."

Though often invited, Barbara Cunningham never came to Ocracoke. O'Neal says she did not want to open old wounds. She died about seven years ago, just after Tom Cunningham made his first trip.

Tom Cunningham, who himself had a 30-year career in the British naval reserve, never knew his father; he was born after the Bedfordshire was sunk.

He says his father attended Liverpool University, where he met Barbara, and was teaching economics when the war broke out. He was 27 when he died.

On Tom Cunningham's first visit to Ocracoke, in 2005, he brought a painting of the Bedfordshire to present to the Graveyard of the Atlantic Museum in Hatteras. This year, he's bringing a painting from a photograph of his father sitting on the bridge of the Bedfordshire, pipe in hand, apparently taken in Morehead City a few days before he died.

The U.S. Coast Guard will preside over Friday's ceremony, but much of the organizing is done by the Friends of the Graveyard of the Atlantic Museum, which also helps care for the cemetery. Joseph Schwarzer, the museum's executive director, said that for only the second time this year's ceremony will include a representative from the German government.

'They gave up everything'

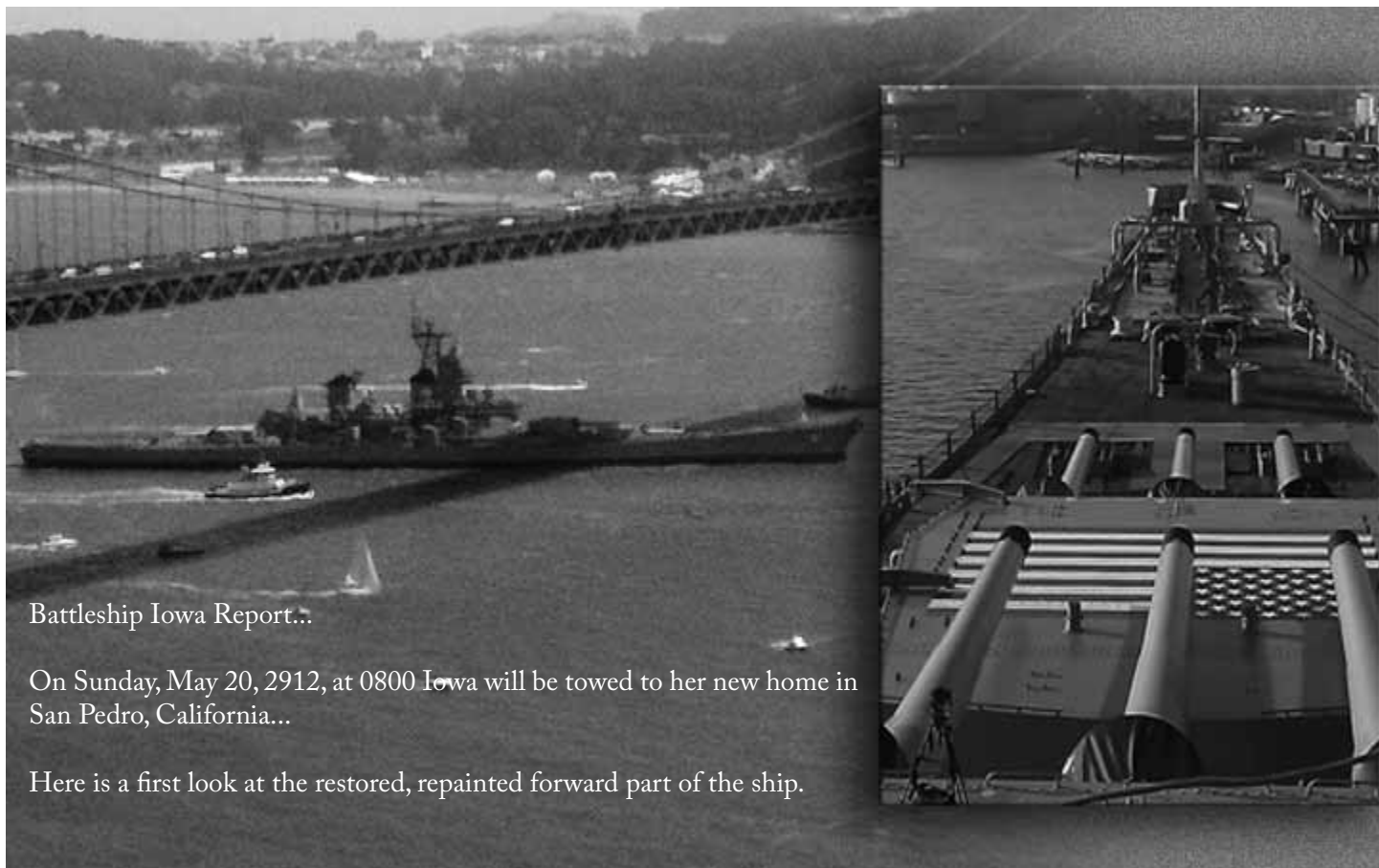
The ceremony will include speeches, a laying of wreaths and a 21-gun salute. But perhaps the most poignant moment, Schwarzer said, is the reading of the 37 names of the Bedfordshire crew, when even high-school students who attend grow silent.

"As you read the names and the ages, all of a sudden they get quiet," he said. "It's that realization that these were young men who lost their lives. They gave up everything, their futures, everything."

"It's not right to forget that kind of sacrifice."

By Richard Stradling
The News and Observer

(P.S. There were some Canadians on board who were killed in the sinking, also. Names unknown.) cal



Battleship Iowa Report...

On Sunday, May 20, 2912, at 0800 Iowa will be towed to her new home in San Pedro, California...

Here is a first look at the restored, repainted forward part of the ship.

AMBUSHED UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

“Ambushed under the Southern Cross. The Making of an American Merchant Marine Officer and His Ensuing Saga of Courage and Survival.”

Rarely have I read a story so engrossing as Capt. George Duffy’s “Ambushed under the Southern Cross,” the account of his capture at sea and subsequent years of imprisonment, first on two ships of the German Navy, then in Japanese concentration camps during World War II.

When I started reading “Ambushed,” I was still in the process of reading “Moby Dick,” and I couldn’t avoid the parallels between Nantucket-based commercial whalers of the 1850s and the American merchant seamen who plowed the Seven Seas 90 years later. Both were tough as nails, hard working at sea, hard-playing in port, and conditioned to teamship. They—these seamen separated by nearly a century—are a special breed, and Duffy’s book makes that fact clear.

A remarkable parallel is that Ahab, the relentless leader of the whaling ship “Pequod” whose obsession with capturing Moby Dick—the whale that had torn off his leg—eventually led to the demise of ship and crew; and Kapitän Hellmuth von Ruckteschell, the ruthless German Navy captain who blew up Duffy’s merchant ship and numerous other Allied vessels—so many that von Ruckteschell was tried as a war criminal and sentenced to a lengthy term of imprisonment, dying before his term ended.

The big difference is that Duffy’s book is all true. Based on years of his painstakingly kept daily logs plus rigorous research, the story takes the reader from Duffy’s graduation from the Massachusetts Nautical School in September 1941 through his sea training on the three-masted barque (named “Nantucket”) to his year in the merchant ship “American Leader” (now at the bottom of the “Atlantic”) and through

over three years as a POW on two German war ships and in 10 Japanese labor camps in Java, Singapore, and Sumatra in southeast Asia.

Duffy’s logs while a POW aboard the “Michel,” the German ship that sank the “American Leader,” portray a German captain who, in his dealings with the Americans aboard his ship, is respectful and humane, even sentimental at times as when he delivered a eulogy at a burial service for a crew member of a British ship he had demolished.

The eulogy began, “Seamen, before us lies a comrade who, with 22 missing shipmates, became the victim of our bullets. The art of medicine was not able to save him. Now we stand, friend and enemy, in front of his bier, like children who have destroyed a toy—and are sorry.”

Duffy, a native of Newburyport, Mass., who now lives in Brentwood, Describes Christmas at sea during which officers and crew of the German ship did their best to help their prisoners celebrate the holiday by presenting them with presents and a paper Christmas tree. When the prisoners were delivered into the Japanese, however, the environment was considerably less harmonious.

Many years later, Duffy describes a reunion with some of the officers of the “Michel.” He includes a proclamation from the ship’s Flying Officer, Konrad Hoppe, in 1985 expressing “deep regret for the distress and torture inflicted by the “Michel” to the crews of the sunken merchantmen and in great delight that the fateful enmity has changed into sincere friendship.”

Duffy was one of the few Americans in the Japanese prison camps on Sumatra, among military men from other nations. In order to communicate with them, he learned their languages. Duffy’s immediate adversaries were not the Japanese but British Army officers who did not recognize his officer status and consequently tried to treat him like an enlisted man.

Duffy fought for their respect. “Someone says that in a place like this, one loses his pride, Duffy wrote in his diary. “Baloney! This is where you should keep your pride, your self esteem! Fly it in the breeze; let your own men know you are still an officer. Let everyone know you are still an American. And when I get out of here, I am going to be the better man because of the place.”

The war ended and Duffy and the others remained in the prison camp. Nobody came to rescue them. It was, he noted, as if nobody knew they were there. “By the time I return, over three and a half years will have elapsed. How everything must have changed. I’ll be a foreigner, an alien. I’ll have to learn how to live all over again...”

Nobody ever came for him, so Duffy and another American took matters into their own hands and hitchhiked a ride on an Australian military aircraft out of Sumatra to Singapore where they found a small U. S. Army Air Force detachment whose senior officer arranged passage on a flight to Calcutta, where on October 2, 1945 he was officially classified as freed.

Years later, a psychiatrist said Duffy had survived because he refused to see himself as a victim. Duffy has earned recognition from his country and other Allies as the recipient of numerous decorations. Plaudits include this from a former pilot for Gen. Claire Lee Chennault: “This book is more than an exciting memoir, it is a scholarly piece of American history.”

☆☆☆

AFTER SUBMITTING THE ABOVE REVIEW TO C. A. LLOYD, HE ASKED IF I COULD SEND HIM A FEW PAGES FROM THE BOOK. HEREWITH ARE THE MANUSCRIPT PAGES COVERING THE SINKING OF THE S.S. AMERICAN LEADER AND THE CAPTURE OF ITS CREW. GEORGE W. DUFFY.

☆☆☆

AMBUSHED UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Up on the bridge, Walter Lee had just plotted the ship's position, which he had determined from the results of his star sights at twilight. While he was involved in that, Hickey had taken over the bridge. Captain Pedersen was in the meanwhile standing by in the chartroom, as was Joe Cohen, the radio operator, in his "shack." The Captain had completed his regular evening walk on the boat deck and still wore his leather jacket. Lee finished his work and went into the wheelhouse, joining Hickey. The time was approximately 1930. At Capetown, Captain Pedersen had received instructions regarding the transmitting of position reports during this passage. This evening the first was to be sent, so he took off his cap, put on his eyeglasses, and busied himself with the codebook. Perhaps five or ten minutes later, Lee was standing on the starboard bridge, peering into the darkness. There was no moon, and the stars twinkled through an increasing cloud cover. Visibility, therefore, was poor, as little as a mile in the gloom. This was the type of night we liked. We couldn't see anything, and no one should be able to see us.

Suddenly, practically dead ahead, just a few degrees on the starboard bow, the black shape of an oncoming ship materialized. Lee reacted quickly, calling out "Hard left," to the helmsman. The ship answered to its rudder and began to swing. The lookout on the bow jumped back, grabbed the lanyard on the bell mounted on the foremast, and clanged one quick clap, indicating that he had seen something to starboard.

Unbelievably, the oncoming vessel was the non-descript, smoke-trailing "steamer" that had come up from the south that morning and headed away to the northeast. She was, in fact, the Germany navy's Hilfskreuzer Michel! Schiff 28! What we most feared – a German raider – had us in his gun sights! Seconds after Walter Lee shouted "Hard left," the Michel opened fire and came down our starboard side, pounding us point-blank (perhaps 800 yards) with her main batteries, and

smaller caliber rapid fire guns. There was no need for range finding nor central control. The gunners aimed and shot at will. We continued on a wide circle to the left as the raider swung under our stern and came up on the port side, continuing its fire. This maneuver had been practiced time and time again with the Esau as the mock target. Thus the two vessels were in concentric circles, with the attacker on the victim's port quarter, very much in control of the situation.

As the KTB covering the American Leader incident has never been found, one must rely on accounts of other Michel successes to determine how many 360 degree circles were made before the target stopped and sank. In the case of the Eugenia Livanos, she made three, the Empire March, one. The American Leader probably made one complete circle before coming to a halt.

The Leader, as pointed out previously, was a motorship. In the event of an engine problem, and the main Diesel propulsion engines did have a propensity to stall on occasion, there was mounted on the very top deck, abaft the stack, an emergency generator, powered by a small Diesel engine supplied with 350 gallons of fuel. The tank containing this oil was hit immediately, and burst into flames. The burning oil spread across the deck and cascaded down the ladder to the deck below. Meanwhile, the starboard lifeboat had been destroyed, the deckhouse had taken numerous hits, the ship's compressed air whistle wailed an incessant death dirge, and some of the crew broke out a hose in a futile try to subdue the oil flames. Someone in the engine room, probably Assistant Engineer Marshall Soper, had started the salt water fire pump.

Meanwhile, the Michel, after firing a hundred-odd shells at its prey, remained off the American Leader's port side, her guns momentarily quiet while a torpedo was launched. This penetrated number four hold, aft of the deckhouse, blowing

off the steel pontoon-type hatch covers, and causing the vessel to settle by the stern. The raider's main batteries did not go into action again, but the secondary, rapid-fire weapons sporadically swept the Leader's decks, attempting to prevent anyone who could possibly man the four-inch gun or the machine guns from so doing. Although it was obvious from the raider her victim was mortally wounded and was slowly sinking the gunfire increased in intensity. Flames and sparks billowed skyward creating a beacon visible for miles. Thus, fifteen or twenty minutes after the first torpedo hit, it was necessary to fire a second torpedo to hasten the end. This exploded in the engine room on the port side, away from the scrambling crew who were abandoning ship from the starboard fore deck.

As recounted earlier, I had routinely turned in at 1930 in order to obtain about four hours sleep before being called for my midnight to 0400 bridge watch. Then, as always, I soon fell into a deep slumber. My room was on the starboard side of the deck house, so when the raider opened fire, there was not much between them and me, just three-eighths of an inch of steel plating. Also, my porthole was probably cracked open to provide some ventilation while I slept. Thus, the first salvos literally blasted me back to consciousness. My initial reaction was that our gunners were shooting at something, but quickly changed as I felt the explosions around me and saw flashes of light. I put on my trousers and a sweater, and my uniform suit coat. (Captain Pedersen demanded that his deck officers wear uniforms on watch, thus, the coat was always at hand, though I must admit there were nights on the midnight to four when I cheated on him.) A number of articles had been laid out in my cabin ready for the possibility of ship abandonment: my steel helmet, my .38 revolver, a small camera, my kapok-filled life jacket, and a waterproofed packet containing my seaman's

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papers and a few American dollars. All of these I gathered up, plus the usual flashlight and whistle, and went out. In retrospect, considerable time had passed, because when I looked aft toward the door to the outside deck, Lee's room, which was two away from mine, was completely on fire, with flames roaring out into the passageway. Had I been stunned for some minutes?

Then I became aware of someone lying in the passageway. It was Ollie Schneider, fourth assistant engineer who was to have gone on watch at eight o'clock. His face was chalky-white, and there was much blood on the deck. I think he had lost part of one leg. He was conscious, however, and said to me, "Mate, I'm a goner." Nevertheless, I dragged him toward the outside door, ducking under the flames coming out of Lee's room. When I reached the outside deck, I met several of the crew. I told them to take Schneider down to the main deck, and when the lifeboat was lowered they could put him in. I then attempted to go up to the boat deck, but the ladder was blocked by debris and fire. At about this time, some of the burning oil still flowing from the upper deck dripped on me setting my life jacket on fire. Without any thought as to the consequences of going into the water without it, I untied the jacket and threw it away.

The light from the fires illuminated the entire scene. Number four hatch was blown open – the result of the first torpedo. The housing at the foot of the after mast, which contained the electrical panels for controlling the cargo winches was also blasted apart. Everything was sparking and flashing. It was quite apparent we were in deep, deep trouble.

At this point, I went down onto the main deck and crossed over to the port side. Why the port side? I don't know, but I did want to get up to the forward part of the vessel where I would be able

to see the bridge or perhaps climb up to determine from the captain or the chief officer what really was happening. It was possible in the American Leader, by means of outside passageways, port and starboard, to walk along the main deck without going into the deckhouse. I hurried along the port passageway, not realizing that our attacker now laid a short distance off and could probably see me. As I gained the fore deck, my way was blocked by the cargo of huge drums of coconut oil loaded in Colombo. There were drums on the starboard side, as well, but on top of those a catwalk had been constructed to provide access to the forward part of the ship. I knew all of that, but, in my haste, unthinkingly used the port passageway, encountered the drums and attempted to climb up and over them. In the process, I fell headlong into the space between four of them. Fortunately, the steel helmet I was wearing saved me from whacking my head, although I did pick up a few scrapes and bruises. When I pulled myself up and out of that predicament I decided against going to the bridge and turned my attention to the life rafts. The American Leader had five rafts in addition to two life boats. The rafts were simply boxes, each containing four empty fifty-five gallon drums for flotation. They were mounted on steel frames attached at an angle to the ship's rail and held in place by two wires which came over the top and down to the deck to a pelican hook, a quick release device. A manila line (a painter) temporarily tethered the raft to the ship. Other lines, with knots spaced at suitable intervals (called man ropes) were attached to the rail to be thrown over and serve as means for the crew to safely reach the rafts.

There were three rafts on the forward deck, and when I was clear of the deck cargo I was standing under the solitary port side raft, which I decided to release. I used my flashlight to locate the pelican hook, but when I released it, the raft didn't fall. I flashed the light about

to determine the problem, saw nothing, and decided to get out of there, scrambling past the cargo winches to go to the raft directly opposite on the starboard side. Seconds later, the area on the port side where the Germans had seen my light, was deluged with automatic gunfire. It was an absolute Fourth of July fireworks display as the tracers flew over. Fortunately, the two big cargo winches and the deck house protected me. When the firing ceased, I stood up and knocked off the release ring on the pelican hook for this raft and, dammit, it wouldn't fall! Apparently, as the ship was going down by the stern, the rafts' weights were transferred to the side of the frameworks causing enough friction to prevent them from sliding downward. One raft remained further forward between hatches number 1 and 2.

Maintaining a very low profile, I worked my way up along side number 2 hatch and released the hook on this raft. Noluck there either. I remembered, however, that the deck crew had been working in this area during my 12:00-4:00 afternoon (doing what, I cannot now recall) but I found a few pieces of wood – planks and timbers – against the bulwarks. It was rather bright as flames leapt up from the aft side of the amidship house, illuminating the area. I seized a board, and in desperation pushed and shoved. Ultimately, I prevailed and with a woosh and a splash, the raft went into the ocean. If the man ropes were there, I couldn't find them. Panic? Probably. The vessel was definitely going down by the stern, and I was on the bow, which was rising. Going forward to where the painter was made fast, I grabbed it, swung myself over the side and, hand over hand, started down. Very soon I began to be tossed about in the air, as the raft, rising and falling in the sea, alternately slacked and stretched the painter. At one point, I hit the ship. This caused me to let go and fall into the water. It seemed as though I was a long time

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under. The steel helmet certainly didn't contribute to my buoyancy. As I approached the raft, Blackie Kalloch, one of our seamen, came down the side of the ship. (The man ropes were there!)

I feared that he would let the painter go, so I called to him. Others, by the time I reached the raft, were coming down, so he wasn't about to release it. The second starboard raft was also now in the water and men were boarding it.

Several problems faced us. On the main deck, starboard side, at number 4 hatch, there were a dozen or so barrels of kerosene or Diesel oil. These had been hit, were exploding, and the ignited oil was flowing out the scupper onto the ocean. This effectively cut off any movement of the rafts in that direction. Furthermore, as the bow continued to rise, the hull created a sort of large sail. We were tucked in the lee, up against what was once the underwater plating, with nothing to grasp. About this time, the second torpedo hit. Fortunately, it was on the port side – away from us – and we experienced only the noise and the partial sight of the column of water that accompanied it. From that point headway was made with the raft. We managed to claw our way around the bow, and the ship moved away from us.

Other memories remain. First, as we drifted around the bow, I was astounded to see many holes in the hull, with tongues of fire spurting out. We didn't have scuppers there, I thought to myself, not realizing that these were shell hits which had set the cargo afire. The fire in the deck house was now literally sky high, which was of immeasurable aid to us as we began to hear calls for help and we could direct the swimmers to us. One we picked up was Pat Trotta of the Stewards Department. Another rescue was almost comical in its dialogue. "Help," we heard. "Who is it?" someone replied. "Freddie," came the answer. "Freddie who?" "Freddie Potocny!" We hauled him aboard.

That we were able to get over the side and onto the rafts is attributable to the actions of Pat Paris and Frank Stallman. When the first salvo hit the American Leader, Pat, fearlessly went down to the control platform, deep in the ship. He found Frank, who had not left his station. They quickly discussed the probabilities of what was happening. The telephone to the navigating bridge was inoperable, as was the engine room telegraph (ERT), a mechanical device which transmitted engine orders from the bridge to the engine room. When the skylight shattered and it and other debris rained down on them they rang up "stop" on the ERT and shut down both engines. Thus, by the time we on deck decided to go overboard, the vessel was dead in the water, both literally and figuratively.

People such as Trotta and Potocny, who had jumped into the ocean were not left behind in the wake. The successfully launched rafts remained in close proximity. Eventually, after taking a ferocious beating from the 10.5 cm and 15 cm guns, the American Leader, with the deck house engulfed in flames, slid noiselessly, stern first into the depths of the South Atlantic Ocean.

"There goes our ship," solemnly pronounced one of the castaways. The fire went out. We clung to each other in the darkness. Our position was 34° 24' S, 2° 00' E, about 850 miles west of Capetown. There were twenty-three of us on an eight-by-ten-foot box, certified to carry eighteen persons. None of us had seen our attacker. We did not know what hit us. We were aware we had taken two torpedoes and assumed that our assailant was a submarine. Yet there had been that tremendous amount of shellfire and machine gunning. What conversation there was concerned our collective well-being. Most were in good shape, but several appeared to be sick or wounded. The sea constantly broke over us drenching everyone to the skin, and leaving

behind globs of congealed coconut oil and Diesel fuel. It is highly probable the raft had been hit by bullets, and could well have been sinking under us.

As mentioned earlier, the Michel's KTB covering this action did not survive the war. Thus, there is no record of the amount of ammunition expended to destroy our ship and kill our shipmates. It was later insinuated by one of the German crew that she was difficult to sink, and went down very slowly. Another German source said they fired about 150 rounds from the 10.5 cm and the six 15 cm guns. This is not out of line when compared with actual cases. The Michel's KTB from October 8,

1942, onward, survived the war and contained detailed reports on the sinking of three vessels, including ammunition consumption, as follows:

	15cm	10.5cm	3.7cm	2cm
Sawokla	90	15	244	202
Eugenia Livanos	100	11	104	178
Empire March	64	16	149	191

A variety of projectiles were fired by these guns. All were high explosive; the 10.5 cm also used incendiary shells, and, as mentioned in the English Channel battle account, star shells. The forward and after 15 cm guns generally used shells with nose fuses, designed to explode on contact. The forward 15 cm projectiles were fitted with tracers, as were the 3.7 cm and 2 cm bullets. The gun in number 2 hatch and the gun aft of the stack utilized shells with bottom fuses which allowed them to penetrate the target before detonating.

At least an hour, perhaps longer, transpired, and then someone suddenly blurted, "There's a sub!" The dark shape of a vessel emerged out of the night. Submarine or surface ship? No one could tell, but our assumptions be-

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ing that a submarine had sunk our ship, led us to believe that this oncoming shadow was indeed a submarine. We watched in silence. Each man had his own thoughts, but they held a common thread: this was a Jap, and he'd machine gun us if he saw us. Then, incredibly, a light came on and we could see it was a surface ship. A freighter? The light illuminated the side of the vessel, and, as we watched, four or five figures came out of the water and clambered up nettings which hung from the deck. Encouraged and emboldened by this sight, I decided to reveal our position. Shershun and I were the only officers on the raft, so technically, I was in command. Fortuitously, my flashlight had survived the dunking, so I blinked "AA AA AA," the common request to commence transmission or attract attention. In a brief time the ship appeared to be coming closer and soon bore down on us. At the last moment, she turned away and from the deck came shouts, unquestionably in German. Then splashes were heard nearby as their heaving lines missed their mark and fell into the sea. Kenneth Pride, one of our able seamen, wanted to swim for the lines, but as we could not see them, I discouraged him. Either we drifted, or the ship moved away, as the gap between us widened. Although the night remained quite dark, I could readily see her details in silhouette.

Suddenly, we received another surprise. A lifeboat, under oars, with an officer in the stern sheets, materialized. As he neared us, this fellow called out, "How many men do you have?"

"Twenty-three," I replied.

"How many wounded?"

To this I responded, "None seriously."

"Gut." He said, "I will tow you."

After a few minutes of straining at the oars, the line he had given us parted. He then informed me that he would

come alongside and take half of our number. This was accomplished without difficulty, and he headed back to his ship. This man's actions were a superb example of seamanship. Who of the five merchant skippers he was, I have never been able to determine. In 1987, I met two of them, Kpt. Carl Cordes and Kpt. Heinrich Heitmann, but then, unfortunately, did not know of their possible involvement with me. Whatever, this man, out on the South Atlantic Ocean in a small boat propelled by a half dozen oarsmen, left his ship, found the raft he was looking for, returned to his ship, and then repeated the procedure – without a light being shown.

Between the boat's trips, thus prior to their return to pick up me and the second group, I debated with myself. To go, or not to go? If I remained on the raft, South Africa was about 850 miles away. If I drifted thirty miles a day – and if I was fortunate, I'd make it in a month. I believed that the prevailing winds and current were such that I would easily be carried to the east – and the continent. And I remembered the ships we had seen along our track out of Capetown. Others probably followed. In the final analysis, though, reason lost out, and the desire for personal comfort took over. I was so wet, so cold, and so miserable. The thoughts of how dry and comfortable a ship could be, swept over me. I recalled the times in the schoolship Nantucket when on raw, dank days at sea, we'd sit on the gratings around the smokestack and enjoy the warm air rushing upwards from the fireroom. I wanted something hot to drink. I wanted off that rocking, tossing, slippery raft. That it could be sinking wasn't any motivation. I wished I hadn't kicked out of my shoes when I hit the water. The fact I was becoming a prisoner of war did penetrate my mental state, so I unbuckled my holster belt and dropped my revolver into the ocean. My abandon-ship packet and camera were gone, having popped out of my uniform jacket pockets. The only

items the Germans found on me were a laminated crew list for the number 1 lifeboat and my flashlight.

When the boat returned for the remaining survivors, I was the last person off the raft. Still wearing my uniform jacket, I half jumped, half stumbled aboard. The first German I met face to face was as astonished as I was benumbed. He was the stroke oarsman, and grasping my sleeve, peered at the gold braid and the star. "Amerikaner?" he questioned. They had just gone through a brisk action, and now this rescue, and it was not until the final survivor was plucked from the sea did they, or at least these particular men, know the nationality of the ship they had just sent to the bottom.

On the raider, typical German efficiency swiftly evidenced itself. As soon as I had climbed the net and reached the main deck, two crewmen hauled me upright and quickly, looking for weapons, patted me down. They led me forward to a dimly lit companionway, and I was directed down a ladder to where another German indicated I was to strip and toss my clothes onto a heap deposited by those who had preceded me.

Watches, rings, and dog tags went into a box. In an adjacent washroom, using rags, hot seawater, and soap which did not lather, those of us who comprised the last group off the raft turned to the task of cleaning the gunk off each other. When passably clean, we were inspected by one of the ship's doctors whose only real interest, it seemed, was determining if anyone was infected with a venereal disease. Our clothing, we later discovered was headed for a steam disinfecting and a washing. The last step in this assembly-line process was wearing apparel. German uniforms, no less! Rough, burlappy off-white bell-bottom trousers and jumpers of the same material with rating badges still sewed to the sleeves.

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Other than the twenty-three of us on the raft and the four or five who we saw going up the raider's side, we had no idea how many had survived. To my particular surprise, when we were led down another ladder into a large compartment, we discovered there were many more. In fact, it appeared to be the entire crew, standing silently in an emotionless, dazed wonderment. I seemed to be floating through a pantomime. Nothing was startling, everything was matter of fact. No one expressed concern or voiced a comment. We, the last group to enter the room, were not welcomed or congratulated. It had been a stunning, shattering experience. The traumatic loss of our ship was compounded by the stark reality of our capture. What merchant seaman had ever! ever! given a second's thought to the possibility of being taken prisoner? After a certain finite point was attained, nothing else made

an imprint. We were face to face with the enemy, wearing his uniform, and we hardly comprehended the circumstance. My daze was broken by the appearance of a smartly uniformed officer who stepped up on a bench and calmly surveyed us. "For you the war is over!" he pronounced. Then, continuing in surprisingly good English, he added, "You are now on board a German warship. Your treatment will be according to your conduct. If you give trouble, you will be punished. We have had Norwegians here and they were not happy, but it was their fault." With that veiled threat, he hopped off his perch and strode out of the room.

ooOoo

"Ambushed under the Southern Cross, The Making of an American Merchant Marine Officer and His Ensuing Saga of Courage and Survival"

517 pages, and over 220 illustrations - is available in hard cover or paper back and may be ordered from your local book store, or from Orders@Xlibris.com, or from any Internet book seller, or if signed and/or dedicated copies are desired, from the author at:geowduffy@comcast.net. ISBN Hardcover 978-1-4363-0636-2

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BOOK REVIEW

"Ambushed under the Southern Cross. The Making of an American Merchant Marine Officer and His Ensuing Saga of Courage and Survival."

By Capt. George W. Duffy. Reviewed by Pat Hammond. New Hampshire Sunday News, November 28, 2010



The book "A careless word ... A needless sinking" by Captain Arthur R. Moore, eighth and final printing, is available for \$85.00 + \$5.00 S&H total \$95.00. This price has held since 1998. Special pricing by inquiry is available for orders of 5 or more. Orders and inquiries should be sent to:

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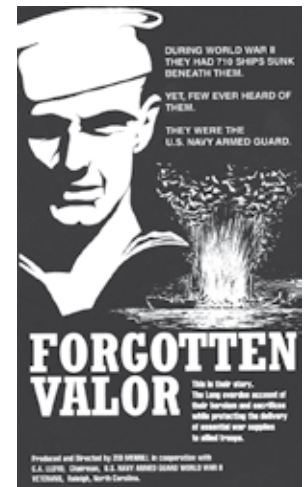
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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Monday, March 5, 2012

Contact: James Rahm (202) 224-3873

AT GILLIBRAND’S URGING, FEDS SET TO DESIGNATE USS SLATER AS NATIONAL HISTORIC LANDMARK

***Gillibrand: Landmark Designation for WWII Naval Warship Could Boost Tourism,
Economic Activity in Albany***

Albany, NY – U.S. Senator Kirsten Gillibrand (D-NY) announced today that the U.S. Department of the Interior is set to designate the USS Slater, one of the remaining World War II naval ships and only destroyer escort afloat in the United States, as a National Historic Landmark. Since last year, Senator Gillibrand has urged Secretary of the U.S. Department of the Interior Ken Salazar and the National Park System (NPS) Advisory Board Landmarks Committee to designate the site as a National Historic Landmark.

Senator Gillibrand said, “This is great news. Berthed in the Hudson River, the USS Slater is the only World War II-era destroyer escort afloat in the United States. This important landmark designation has the potential to greatly enhance tourism and economic activity in the surrounding area.”

“This is an exciting milestone for all of us associated with USS SLATER,” said **Tim Rizzuto, Executive Director of the USS SLATER**. “It represents the ultimate recognition for our volunteers who have put nineteen years and thousands of hours of working to preserve this historic ship.”

In her letter to U.S. Secretary of the Interior Ken Salazar, Senator Gillibrand wrote, “The USS Slater played a prominent role in American naval strategy and operations during World War II and is the most well-preserved example of a destroyer escort in the world today... Restored officers’ quarters, artifacts, uniforms, and a complete set of signal flags help visitors to the ship gain a thorough and realistic understanding of what serving on this ship was like, as well as a better appreciation for the USS Slater’s enormous contributions to the victory of the Allied forces.”

The USS Slater was nominated by the National Park System Advisory Board Landmarks Committee, leaving Secretary Salazar’s approval the last step for the USS Slater to be designated a National Historic Landmark.

The designation would provide greatly needed resources to further preserve and maintain the USS Slater DE-766, which is docked on the Hudson River in Albany. The USS Slater, which served in the United States Navy fleet during World War II, has undergone an extensive 17-year restoration to its 1945 configuration. The ship is named after an Alabama sailor, Frank Slater, who was killed during World War II.

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70TH ANNIVERSARY ARCTIC CONVOY

The 70th Anniversary Arctic Convoy Memorial Service

We are so very grateful to those that attended the 70th Anniversary Memorial Service on the shores of Loch Ewe on 20th August. Despite the inclement weather, the warmth of support for the Veterans and their families was immense. Many thanks to all who travelled up or down to Wester Ross for this important event, and also to the whole community around Loch Ewe who came out in force to honour all those who took part in the WW11 Convoys. From the Museum Project Group we send out very sincere thanks.

Francis Russell

Chairman, Museum Project Group

The 70th Anniversary Arctic Convoy Memorial Service: a huge success.

On Saturday 20th August the community from around the Loch Ewe area hosted a service of Remembrance and Thanksgiving, to commemorate the 70th anniversary of "Dervish," the first Allied Convoy which sailed to Archangel, Russia on 21st August 1941; forty subsequent convoys sailed between 1941 and 1945.

The fourteen Convoy Veterans who were able to attend are; Jack Harrison, Jock Dempster, Reay Clarke, David Craig, Jim Osler, Roy Elwood, Kenneth Reith, Alexander Blue, George Gray, William Bannerman, Ronald Leslie, William Shand, Jack Humble & Alexander Manson.

Honouring the Veterans were HRH Prince Michael of Kent; Mrs. Janet Bowen, the Lord-Lieutenant; Charles Stevenson, Royal Navy Commodore; Mr Sergey Krutikov, the Consul-General, Russian Federation, Edinburgh; Mr Olav Myklebust, Deputy Ambassador, Royal Norwegian Embassy, Commander Allan James; Assistant Naval Advisor, from Canada; Lieutenant Colonel Kevin Silknitter representing the US Government, Miss Lynne Cobine representing the New Zealand veterans, other VIPs and over 300 residents and supporters – all gathered to honour the 3,000 men that had

perished in the icy waters of the Arctic Ocean, during World War Two.

Reverends, Tim Daplyn, Heather Widows, Pam Shinkins and Derek Morrison led the service in prayers and singing; against the winds and rain of the Scottish weather. The lone bugler Marine Callum McKessock Gordon played the Last Post (his grandfather Stanley McKessock is a Convoy Veteran). Local piper Conal McDonagh played the lament – both musicians played expertly and it was extremely emotional for the crowd gathered. The Anglian Sovereign Coast Guard tug provided a backdrop spraying both of their water cannons, and the Coast Guard helicopter did a fly-past at the end of the service.

Local ATC cadets, headed by Martin Robertson and Bruce Hudson, carried out their roles with military precision - ensuring the flow of visitors and cars went smoothly. After the service in Poolewe Village Hall the residents showed their true spirit in welcoming guests and visitors with much needed food and hot drinks, organized by St Maelrubhas volunteers, while honoured guests enjoyed a buffet in the Pool House provided by owners the Harrison family. We are immensely grateful to the Harrison's for their generosity in providing the VIP reception at the event and their unfailing support for the Museum Project Prince Michael then made his way across to the Village Hall to meet all the many groups who had supported the event, many travelling a great distance to be there. He met local schoolchildren, local residents, council representatives, and many representatives of Royal Navy, Merchant Navy and British Legion associations.

Seen here is Veteran Jock Dempster, the Chairman of the Russian Arctic Convoy Club, Scotland who was presented with an award from Mr Sergey Krutikov and said "it was an honour to receive." He considered it an award for all of the World War Veterans.

The Chairman, Francis Russell and Vice-Chairman, Jacky Brookes of the Russian

Arctic Convoy Museum project team were delighted with the outcome, warmly thanking all the local community for their valuable support on behalf of the Veterans.

70th Anniversary Commemorative Mugs for Sale

If you would like to order limited edition 70th Anniversary Memorial Service please contact info@russianarcticconvoy-museum.co.uk

The price is £5.99 (minimum) each. All profits go to the Museum Fundraising Appeal News Coverage Online Thank you to all the International media and camera crews who attended. Here are a few online links!

The Memorial Service gained huge coverage across Russia, with these two programmes being transmitted on Fri 19th and Sat 20th August. The potential audience is over 100 million viewers!

Lynne Cobine, our Museum archivist and historian and Simon Fowler, renowned military historian, are writing a book about the Arctic Convoys for the Russian Arctic Convoy Museum and would welcome any contributions in the way of stories and photographs. Please email archivist@russianarcticconvoymuseum.co.uk or telephone 07825518803 or write to The Russian Arctic Convoy Museum, 20 Mellon Charles, Aultbea, IV22 2JN

If you have any photographs or news for our next newsletter or for the website.. or if you have a website which is relevant and would like us to link to you, please contact Anna McKessock, at webmaster@russianarcticconvoymuseum.co.uk

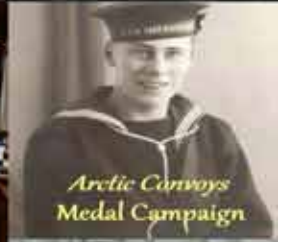
Credits

Photographs by Ewan Wetherspoon (official photographer) & additional photos by the McKessock family to whom all copyright belongs Please note, we are not responsible for the content of external websites and any errors or omissions will be corrected in future editions- just let us know! Thank You to everyone!

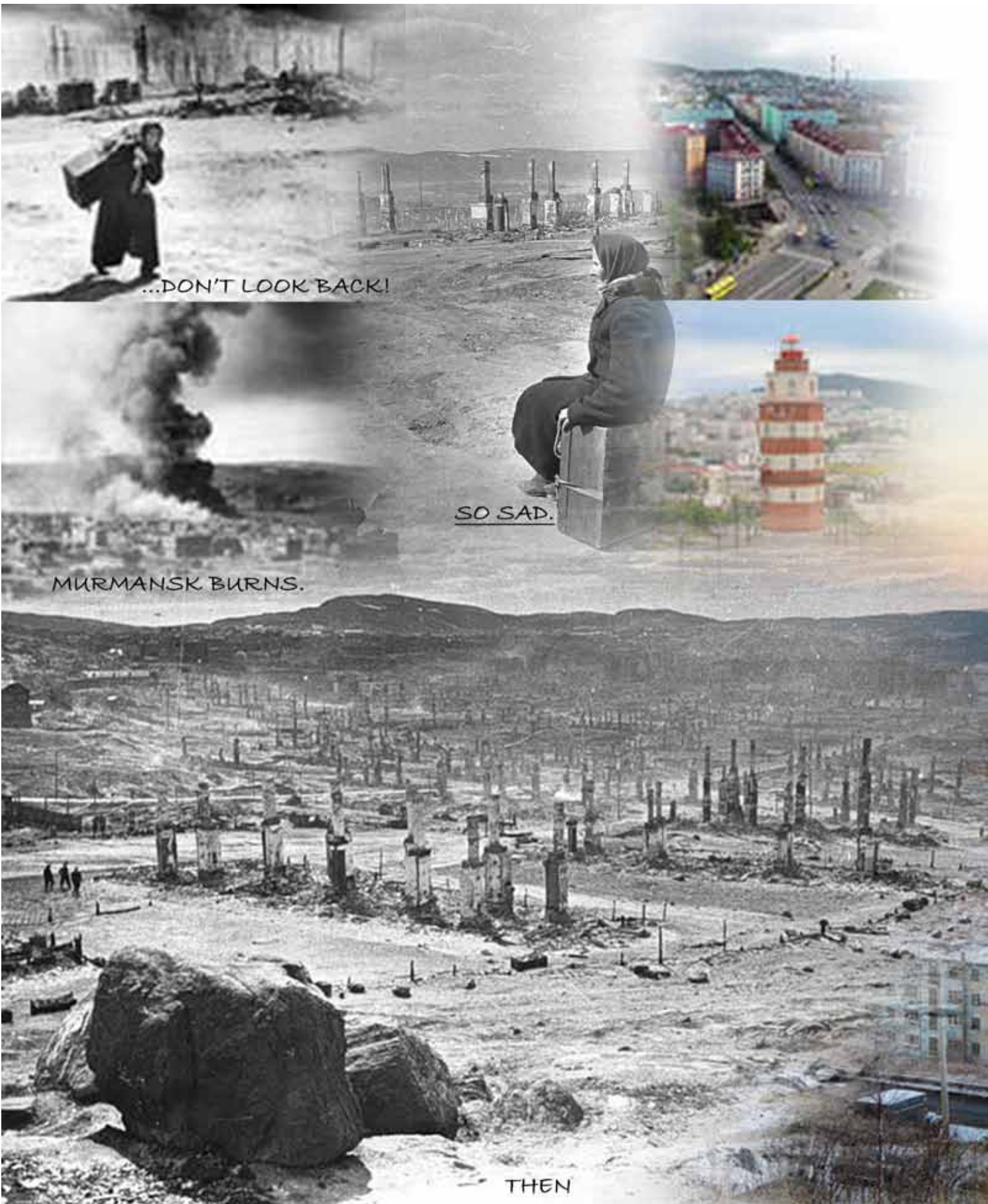
70TH ANNIVERSARY ARCTIC CONVOY



RUSSIAN
ARCTIC
CONVOY
MUSEUM



VLADIMIR LOCKTEV AND HIS DIARY



VLADIMIR LOCKTEV AND HIS DIARY

Dear Mr. Lloyd,

I've translated information about Vladimir Locktev and his diary. The diary was published last year. V/ Locktev was born in 1925. When the war began his father joined the Northern Fleet, he protected Kildin Island and the Rybachy Peninsula. His mother was a nurse in hospital. As for Vladimir, he started working at the railway shops. From August 1941 till October 1942 he made notes in his diary about the life in Murmansk.

German aircrafts based in Norway not far from Murmansk. It took them only 15-20 minutes to get to the city. Fascists didn't manage to occupy it and they decided to destroy the city. The air raids became especially awful in 1942 when the Murmansk port was the point of the destination of the Allied Convoys. The tragedy happened in summer 1942 when 75% of the houses were burnt. The house where the Locktevs lived was destroyed on June, 18, 1942. They had to live in the dug-out like many other people did.

Vladimir joined the army in 1943. When he left home he took school books because he was going to enter university after the war. However, he perished in March, 1945.

Here are some notes from Vladimir's diary.

The 12th of June, 1942. 20.33 p.m. German aircrafts are in the sky above the city. Bombs exploded near the port. I saw 3 planes. It lasted for an hour.

The 13th of June, 1942. 6.48 a.m. - the aircraft warning. 8.55 a.m. - the aircraft warning. 11.45 a.m. - the warning again. 4 German aircrafts bombed the Cola Inlet. 3.40 p.m. Germans bombed the centre of the town. 4.24 p.m. - warning. 6.56 p.m. - warning. 9.19 p.m. - warning.

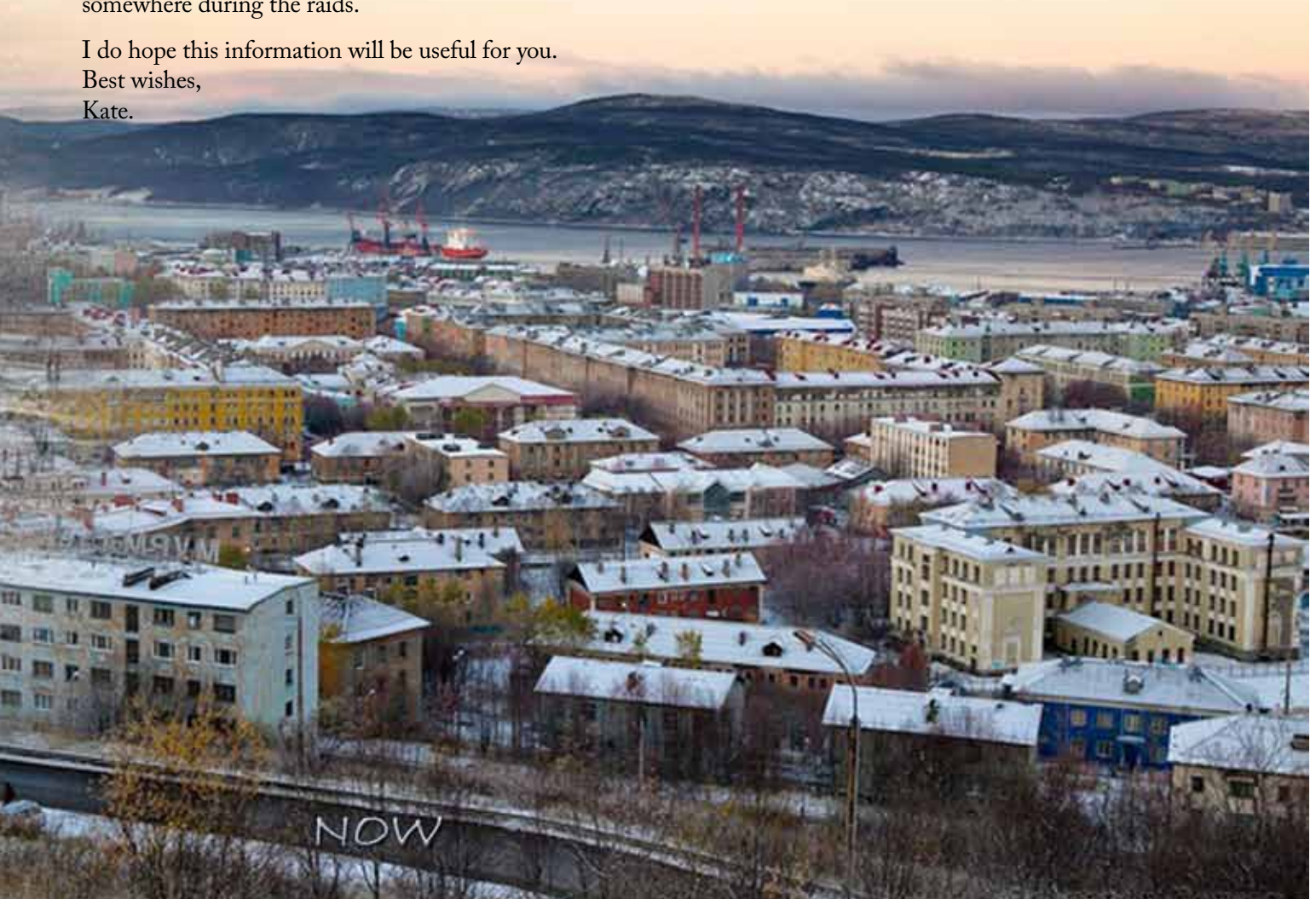
The 18th of June, 1942. 10.45 a.m. - warning. 11.40 a.m. - warning. I saw 6 German aircrafts. The town was enveloped in flames. The last warning at 6.48 p.m. The bomb exploded in the cooker of our house/ The house was destroyed but nobody perished.

Vladimir's sister remembers that their cat Barsik liked watching air battles. After the house had been destroyed Vladimir found the cat under the ruins. Nobody knew how he had survived. However, Barsik stopped watching air raids. He hid somewhere during the raids.

I do hope this information will be useful for you.

Best wishes,

Kate.



THOMAS MILTON RADABAUGH

In Honor of
U.S. Navy Armed Guard S 1/C

Thomas Milton Radabaugh

Born in Terra Haute, Indiana, June 11, 1922
Resides in Mobridge, South Dakota, Walworth County



Thomas Milton Radabaugh was born in Terra Haute, Indiana, on June 11, 1922, to William and Edith Radabaugh. He graduated from Leyden High School in Franklin Park, Illinois, in 1941. While in high school he participated in football and track and field.

Mr. Radabaugh was married to Dolores Barker in Mina, South Dakota, on September 25, 1946. They have six children together: Ben, Earl, Marcia, Mark, Jeannett, and Joanne.

Mr. Radabaugh entered the service on January 16, 1943, at the age of 21 in Watertown, South Dakota. He attended the U.S. Naval Training Station at Farragut, Idaho. After training in Idaho for six weeks, he was sent to gunnery school in San Diego, California, for one month. After leaving San Diego, Mr. Radabaugh was sent to Seattle, Washington, where he would board the William H. Gray liberty ship, one of the many ships he was stationed on while he served. He was a member of the armed guard gun crew upon various ships. The purpose of the armed guard gun crew was to help protect the ship if it was to go under fire. Each ship could carry 2,840 Jeeps, 440 tanks, or 230 million rounds of machine gun ammunition. There was anywhere from 12 to 25 armed guards on each ship.

Though he served on board many different ships, Mr. Radabaugh was never involved in any battle scenes and never received any battle wounds. The ships he served on traveled around the world delivering war supplies to soldiers. While traveling around the world, a trip that took six and a half months, he was able to visit many different countries and see many popular sites, such as the Pyramids of Giza in Cairo, Egypt.

Mr. Radabaugh was discharged from the Navy on November 6, 1945. Upon returning home to the United States he held various jobs such as: railroad machinist, night foreman, day foreman, and roundhouse foreman. He also owned the General Store in Cherry Creek, South Dakota, and the Arcade Bar and Grill in Mobridge, South Dakota.

When asked if he had any valuable advice for students interesting in enlisting in the United States Armed Forces, Mr. Radabaugh said, "It is an experience one wouldn't take a million dollars for, nor would one give a million to do it again."

This entry was submitted by Marisa K. Stoick, 11th Grade, Mobridge High School, Mobridge, South Dakota, March 11, 2002. Information for this entry was provided by U.S. Navy Armed Guard S 1/C Thomas M. Radabaugh, Mobridge, South Dakota. Information was also provided by Mrs. Marcia Berg, Mobridge, South Dakota, daughter of U.S. Navy Armed Guard S 1/C Thomas M. Radabaugh.

MOCK TRAINING SHIPS

Mock Training Ships

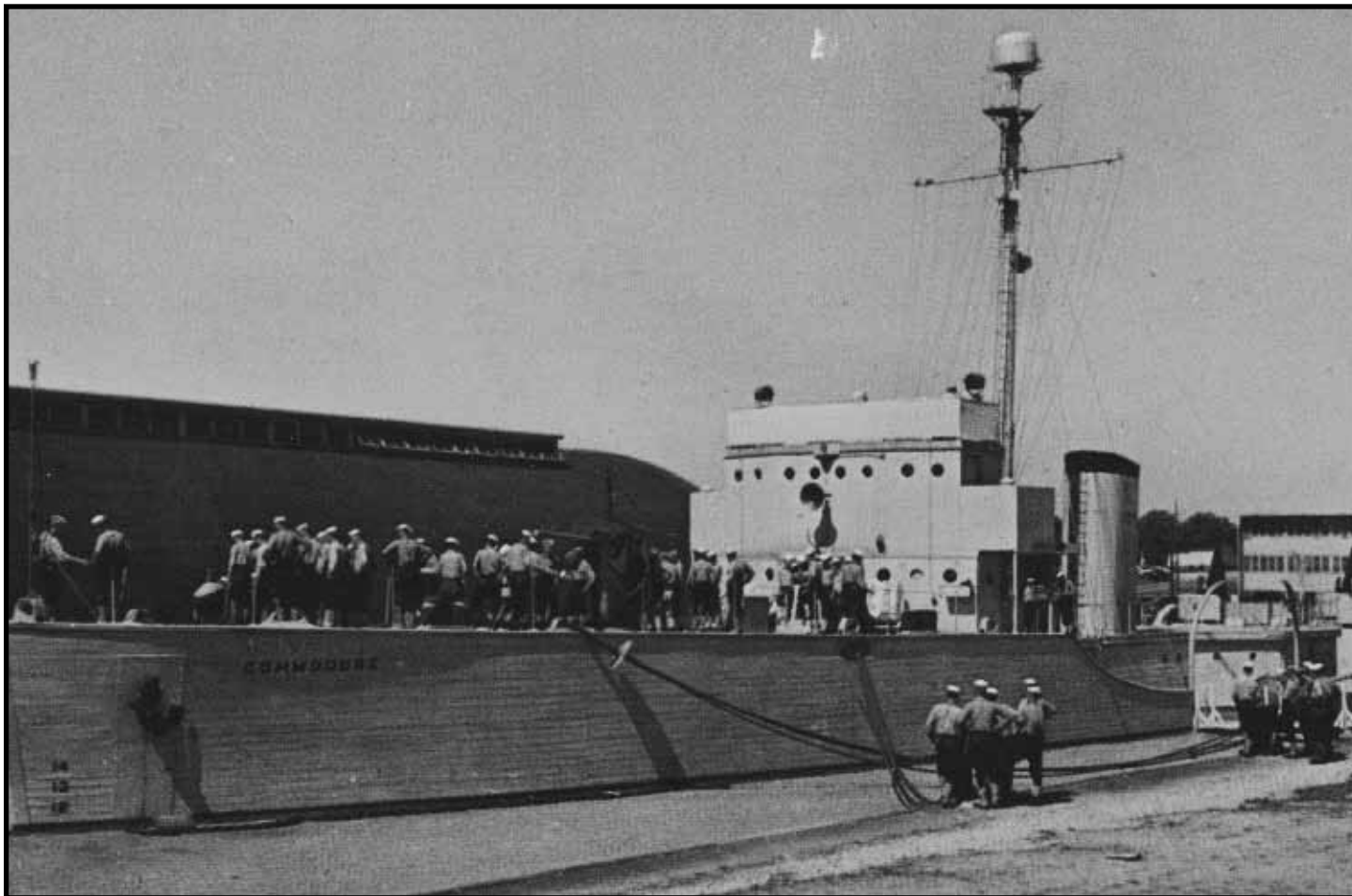
*By Walter Alexander,
1957 Company 137, NTC Bainbridge*

“Lookouts, what type ship is that? Note single 3 inch gun mount on the foredeck, 3 deck superstructure, single mast, and single smoke stack. Is that an American destroyer escort (DE)? USS Commodore was a wooden mock training ship at Naval Training Center Bainbridge in Port Deposit, Maryland, (on the eastern bank of the Susquehanna River) where I went for Recruit Training (boot camp) in 1957. The base was known as Naval Training Station Bainbridge during World War Two. Used for lessons in line handling and other seamanship skills, this wooden landlocked mock ship was known by recruits as USS Never Sail. It never occurred to me until this year while looking at this postcard from my

NTC Bainbridge collection that this was a DE.”

That is how I began an article for the December 2011 issue of the Virginia chapter of the Destroyer Escort Sailors Association’s newsletter. There are dozens of photos of recruits training aboard USS Commodore TDE-401B in my Company 137 yearbook “The Compass”. USNTC Bainbridge was commissioned on October 1, 1942. Did other Recruit Training Commands (RTC) in operation during NTC Bainbridge’s service time (1942 - 1976) also have mock training ships? [Notes: By Executive Order in April 1944, all Naval Training Stations (NTS) were re-designated as Naval Training Centers (NTC). From 1943 to 1945, 543 destroyer escorts were built for the U.S. Navy. Of these, only two are still in existence, one in Albany, and one in Galveston.]

From 17 September 1942 to 10 March 1945, the Navy had a Recruit Training Command at Coeur d’Alene, Idaho, on Lake Pend Oreille where 293,381 recruits were trained. The property is now Farragut State Park. Gayle E. Alvarez, Secretary of the Idaho Military History Museum and co-author of the book “Images of America – Farragut Naval Training Station”(2), stated in an email to me that she has asked a former “boot” about a mock ship, and “He does not recall any such ‘ship’ at Farragut. This and the fact that no other former ‘boots’ have said anything about such a ‘ship’ and no photos of one have surfaced, it is safe to say that Farragut NTS did not have one..Apparently not all (NTS’s) did.” In 1998, I visited my sister-in-law in Coeur d’Alene and drove around the lake. I had no idea that the state park we drove through on the southern tip of the lake had been a Naval Base!



COMMODORE DE-401B, NTC Bainbridge, Maryland (From the postcard collection of Walter Alexander)

MOCK TRAINING SHIPS



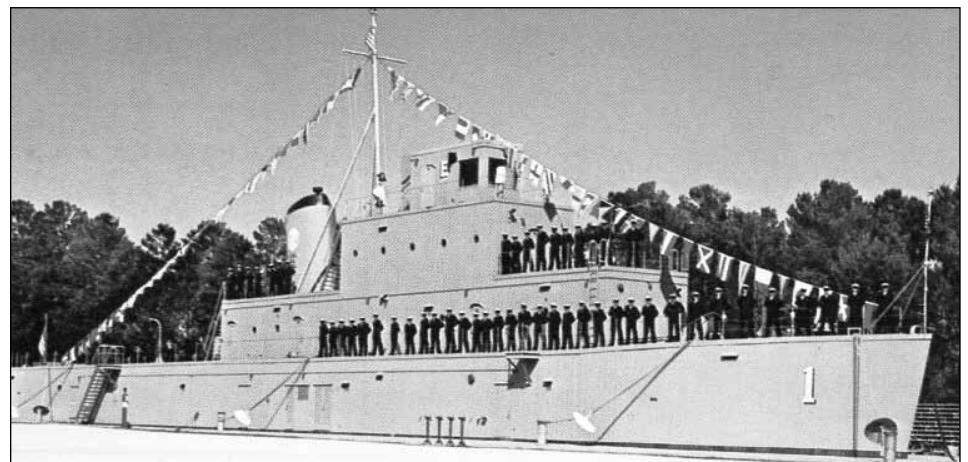
USS RECRUIT TDE-1 at San Diego

On 1 June 1923, Naval Training Station San Diego was commissioned. Jennifer A. Garvey's book "Images of America – San Diego Naval Training Center" states that "Construction of USS Recruit TDE-1 began in 1949 with sheet metal over wood framing on a concrete foundation.The ship began as a two-thirds model of a destroyer escort but was modified once in 1954 for overhaul and repairs, and again in 1982 when based on the training needs of the sailors and newer technologies, USS Recruit was converted into a training guided missile frigate. USS Recruit measured 225 feet from bow to stern, with a beam of 24 feet, 4 inches and a height of 41 feet from tip of the mast to the asphalt. In 1982 the overall length was increased to 233 feet.... (she was) decommissioned in 1987."(1) USS Recruit (TDE-1 / TFFG-1) observed traditional naval shipboard procedures like all other vessels. The ship was painted haze gray.

There was a Recruit Training Command in Norfolk, Virginia, at the Naval Operating Base (NOB) prior to World War Two. In December 1942, recruit training at NOB was abolished since it was now more suitably equipped for advance training for men going directly to the fleet. I have found no photos or reference to any mock training ship in Norfolk.

NTC Orlando, Florida, was a recruit training command from 1968 to 1991. USS Blue Jacket was a replica of a 1940's destroyer escort. Bluejacket was christened May 3, 1969, and she was 240 feet long. (4)

NTS Sampson on Lake Seneca in Seneca County, New York, was a recruit training facility from 17 October 1942 until



USS BLUE JACKET, NTC Orlando, Florida

MOCK TRAINING SHIPS



“Bridge” at Sampson NTS

– note Seaman shoulder stripe of WWII uniform. (3)

the base closed 1 October 1946. In an email dated 1/22/2012 from Russ Padden, webmaster for the NTS Sampson website, he states “I am not aware that one (mock ship) was built at Sampson – only of a scale bridge. I also see no reference to it on any of the Sampson maps.” The scale bridge was named USS Kidd and was in a classroom building.

Theresa Gonzalez’s book “Images of America – Great Lakes Naval Training Station” covers a pictorial history of the base which was commissioned on 1 July 1911. There are no references or photos to a mock ship in the book. My wife’s brother, Robert Vaughn, was in Recruit Company 393 in 1957. He has no recollection of a mock training ship, nor does his Company 393 Yearbook “The Keel” have any photos of a mock ship.

Although outside the scope of mock ships during the time of NTC Bainbridge, it should be noted that in February 2007, USS Trayer BST-21, a 210 foot long, ¾ scale mock-up of an Arleigh Burke-

class guided missile destroyer, in 90,000 gallons of seawater, was completed as a training simulator inside of building USS Iowa at NTC Great Lakes.

I have researched RTS’s/RTC’s at Bainbridge, Farragut, San Diego, Norfolk, Orlando, Sampson, and Great Lakes (5).



USS TRAYER BST-1, note roof over ship. (U.S. Navy photo, released.)

If the reader knows of any other locations of Recruit Training Commands, other mock training ships, or has memories of experiences on the above ships, please inform the author at DE585@cox.net or call (540) 345-5826.

Footnotes:

1. “Images of America – San Diego Naval Training Center”, Jennifer A. Garvey, pgs. 45, 46.
2. “Images of America – Farragut Naval Training Station” may be purchased from the Idaho Military History Museum, and will include a 4-page index of those named and pictured in the book. <http://museum.mil.idaho.gov/farragut.html>
3. Used with permission of NTS Sampson webmaster.
4. The Orlando Sentinel, November 19, 1991.
5. See also “Images of America – US Naval Training Center, Bainbridge” by Erika L. Queensbery, and “Images of America – Great Lakes Naval Training Station” by Therese Gonzales.

CAL: Every “enlisted” Navy man probably went through boot camp at one of these bases. Walter Alexander, President ODC-DESA



LOADING GASOLINE



(U.S. Army Signal Corps)

Soldiers of a signal battalion loading gasoline onto Higgins boats carrying gasoline to the transport heading for Bougainville. Photo taken at Guadalcanal

These 400,000 barrels of 100 octane gasoline produced daily total more than twice the total rate of gasoline production for all purposes — military and civilian combined — during the last World War. It is considerably more than the United States daily consumption of premium grade automotive gasoline in 1941. And this production of 100 octane is about 20 times the amount predicted by our military planners in the spring of 1941 as the amount necessary to sustain an all-out war effort.

Hundred octane is a great technical achievement. It is an achievement in which engineers and technicians of Standard Oil Company (N.J.) and its affiliates can take great pride. More than 50 per cent of the nation's 100 octane gasoline is produced by the Fluid catalytic cracking process developed in their laboratories. Other oil companies have adopted the process to swell the production of the vitally needed highest octane rating gasoline.

—Page from the *YEAR BOOK of the ESSO FLEET 1943*

THE TUG MENOMINEE SURVIVORS

THE MS NORTHERN SUN'S RESCUE OF THE TUG MENOMINEE SURVIVORS 31 March, 1942

One of the least known accountings of World War II is the story of the seamen who served in the United States Merchant Marine. With their essential cargoes, our nation's ships became primary targets of German U-boats and Japanese Kamikaze aircraft attacks. Thousands of seamen were killed or wounded, and over 900 ships were sunk. Nearly 10,000 seamen lost their lives and most are resting in Davy Jones' Locker. Losses of men and ships were so high newspapers were ordered not to report casualty rates in fear that our young men would steer clear of our ships creating a shortage of volunteers and preventing the enemy from knowing their success. Their casualty ratio was higher than any other service. One in twenty-six made the supreme sacrifice.

During WWII the Merchant Marine played a critical role in aiding the US and her Allies. Had these ships not been productive and carried the load, the war would have been in all likelihood prolonged many months, if not years. Some argue the Allies would have lost without the assistance of the Merchant Marine and the means to carry the personnel, supplies, and equipment needed by the combined Allies to defeat the Axis powers. At the peak of the war, we were moving an average of 8,500 tons of cargo for every hour of every day and night to keep our troops supplied. It was truly the difference between victory and defeat. Everyone knows the outcome.

It is not known why so many Americans have so little knowledge or have never heard the stories of their courage and the critical role these seamen played in the victory of World War II. Along our Atlantic Seaboard it was a virtual shooting gallery for those German Submarine Wolf Packs. They were sinking our ships faster than we could build them. There was an even lesser known group of seamen (Some 10 to 30 thousand) who served on very primitive, outdated and unarmed coastwise tugs and barges. They carried bulk war materials to the defense plants that produced the finished products used in the fighting and defense of our country on the three fronts overseas and keeping our shores free of the enemy.

It is time, however, to tell one story of heroism of the rescue of three merchant seamen and make this accounting public for all to know. It took place close by just a few miles off the coast of Virginia and concluded at the coastal town of Lewes, Delaware.

The steam tug Menominee was built in 1919 at the Northwestern Engineering Works, Green Bay, WI for the Southern Transportation Company and was home ported at Philadelphia, PA. At 441 tons, and built sturdy, she set deep in the water and pulled a load of four barges easily through most rough seas. On 30 March, 1942, the tug Menominee, with her tow of three barges, Alleghany, Barnegat, and the Ontario set out from Hampton Roads, Virginia at about 12:30 PM bound for New York City and Stamford, CT. The state of the weather was overcast, and the sea choppy with winds at 15 MPH from ESE. The visibility was poor and there was a light mist. At about 0230 the following morning the German U-boat 754 commenced the shelling of the tug and barges that led to the sinking of the tug and two barges. All hands from the barges made it to their life boats and were all rescued by the USCGC 4063 later that morning.

Not so for the men of the Menominee. The first encounter brought the German sub within 150 feet of the tug's port side and fires two shells with the first entering the Captain's quarter destroying the radio and through the starboard side without exploding and the second passing through the Pilot House from port to star board and also without exploding. The tug cut loose the barges and made for the shore line at full speed, but the German sub, moving much faster, caught up with the tug. Seeing the certain end of his tug, the captain ordered the engines stopped and gave the order to abandon ship. They were able to drop two life rafts in hopes the German U-boat captain would recognize an act of surrender. The German sub kept coming and continuing to fire their guns without regard for the lives of the seamen. Soon the tug exploded but not before at least seven men was able to clear the explosion and reach one of the rafts, according to the classified report of the sinking. The sub then returned to the barges and finished sinking the Alleghany and the Barnegat. The Ontario stayed afloat because of her load of dunnage (lumber).

THE TUG MENOMINEE SURVIVORS

Only a few months before, three young men (Julius Todd, Sam Price, and Aaron Varn) decided to make the US Merchant Marine a career and they all started it at the Saint Petersburg Maritime Training School. There they met for the first time and developed a friendship that has lasted for more than 70 years. A feat that has rarely ever been accomplished. To this day the three of them still remain close friends. Shortly after their completion of training they were assigned additional training aboard the merchant training ship American Seamen to get the feel of a real ship. Upon completion of that short introduction they were sent to New York City, NY to the Seamen's Union Hall on South Street to wait for an assignment. After a week of sitting around the union hall an offer of a slot came open for some engine room wipers (apprentice engine room seamen) from three companies, the Sun Oil Company, Socony Oil and the Atlantic Refinery. Ironically, they all three choose the Sun Oil Company.

Their orders read to report to Marcus Hook, PA to pick up the MS Northern Sun right away. The Northern Sun was built in 1931 for the Sun Oil Company at yard No. 131 in Chester, PA and was also home ported in Philadelphia, PA. At 8865 tons, she was a prime target for the German U-boat Wolf packs right there along that part of the Atlantic Coast commonly known as torpedo junction. A requirement aboard all seagoing vessels is to assign a lifeboat station to every person aboard in case of trouble and a sinking would occur. Being newbies to the sea, it was also customary to assign the new ones with more seasoned seamen; each was assigned different lifeboats. The ship left right away for a port in Texas believed to be Galveston. There appeared to have been no problems navigating the sub infested waters going to Texas, but that was not the case on the way back.

It was often desirable for a tanker or freighter traveling alone on the Atlantic Coast to seek shelter in a convenient port for the night. The Northern Sun did just that. She found the safety of the Chesapeake Bay and anchored there for the night of 30 Mar, 1942. At dawn the next morning she hoisted anchor and was steaming toward New York on the morning of the 31st of March when about 0800, she came upon the carnage caused by the German U-boat 754. Knowing the area still was being patrolled by other German U-boats, they threw caution aside and lowered a lifeboat immediately and set out toward the survivors on a single life raft. Julius Todd was assigned this lifeboat with the responsibility of keeping the engine going. That wasn't to be because the engine would not cooperate and they had to resort to using the oars. Julius was pulling for all his worth on his oar in an attempt to get to the survivors as fast as possible. In fact he was pulling so hard the oar broke from his putting his all in that effort. When the lifeboat neared the life raft, Julius reached down to grab one of the Menominee crew from the water, but was unable to do so. "The young boy had his fingers entwined around a wooden crate and clasped together and I had to pry his fingers loose before I could pull him aboard the lifeboat", Julius reported. The other two who were on the raft were the Captain and the Chief Engineer. They quickly jumped aboard the lifeboat. According to the classified report the captain stated that the others slipped off into the night, probably from exposure. A total of 15 of 18 were lost that night but Julius Todd saved one from a watery grave in Davy Jones' Locker. The young one was brought home to his family and given a proper burial in a new family plot. He had been identified as William Lee Horton, Jr. age, 17 who had just signed on as Able Seaman on 29 Mar, 1942, just 2 days before.

They brought the survivors back to the Northern Sun about amidships and proceeded to bring the young one aboard. Aboard ship the other friends were observing from their assigned position and watched as they brought young Horton aboard. Sam Price remembers that "they tried to work on the young one to get the water out of him and then wrapped him in blankets. After a while they took him to first aid (sick bay)" and Sam says he never saw him again, but, he was alive while on deck.

Aaron Varn from his position at the other end of the ship was able to only observe the operation. But, he was able to take a picture of the landing of the lifeboat alongside. These three seamen are the only known seamen alive who served aboard the MS Northern Sun during that rescue.

The Northern Sun got back underway and when she came abeam Brown Shoals she passed the two survivors and the body of young Horton to the USCGC 4345 for delivery to Lewes, Delaware. Later it was determined that young Horton died of broken bones to the neck and a severed spinal cord. The Sun continued on to New York to off load their cargo of fuel. It is interesting to note that had the Northern Sun not stopped the night before, and continued on her northerly course, would she have ran smack into the waiting German U-boat 754 and met the same fate the tug and her tow of three barges met?

THE TUG MENOMINEE SURVIVORS

Once the Sun reached New York and off loaded her cargo, all aboard were issued a discharge, per regulations. By law every seaman receives a discharge whenever they arrived in a US port. Those who wished to ship over for another trip did so. The others were free to go ashore and seek another ship within the next thirty days or risk being drafted if they were within the draft age criteria. All three friends shipped over and this truly began a strong solid friendship that spanned over 70 years. After a few more trips together, they separated but continued their career aboard other vessels, some with other companies. Their friendship just grew stronger each year and is still very much alive and active.

Julius Todd was the only one of the three that remained with Sun Oil Company and retired after 46 years of loyal and trustworthy service. Born in Conway, SC of sharecropper parents who had eight children and the elder of the boys, Julius worked at several jobs before moving to Charleston, SC to live with his Grandmother for a short time before he decided to enroll in the Merchant Marine Training School in St. Petersburg, FL. He started his career with Sun Oil Company as a wiper and gained his Chief Engineer's license before his retirement. Just a few years in his career (1946) and his ships docking frequently at Marcus Hook, PA, he would visit a little drug store over in Chester, PA, where a young and very pretty girl caught his eye and to be sure he was remembered, he would always leave a silver dollar as a tip. Her name was Emilie Mildred and on October 23, 1948 she became his bride. Another amazing coincidence was Julius and Sam Price was seeing two girls at the same drug store. Julius married Mildred and Sam married Eva some 42 years later and after his first wife had sadly passed away.

Julius and Mildred started their life together in Chester, PA and lived there until 1952 when they relocated their family to Wilmington, DE which is still called home. Julius and Emile produced two daughters, Barbara and Debrann from this marriage and now these lovely ladies are returning their care to Julius since losing his dear wife who he was so blessed to have shared lives for almost sixty years. Mildred passed away on 31 January, 2008.

After retiring from Sun Oil, he was frequently called upon to repair vehicles for family and friends and would occasionally loan himself out as a handyman to those less fortunate, to repair and install anything with an engine. "Once an engineman always an engineman", he would say.

There are no records that indicate that any other of the crew of the Northern Sun were ever recognized for their heroic rescue of three seamen from the bowels of the Atlantic in an area that was well known for the preying German U-boats ready and very willing to put a large tanker loaded with fuel to the bottom of the sea. Sad to say that nowadays whenever someone who goes missing or rescues another, it is all over the news and television, yet, during that timeframe the likes of a dramatic and heroic rescue drew little or no attention. What a shame this is. We owe them and the debt should be paid. Mr. Todd currently resides at 1403 Marsh St., Wilmington, De 19803

Sam Price's story in his own words: I was born on a farm in Ripley County Indiana on August 15, 1920. Our family lived in Covington, Kentucky across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, Ohio. My Mom was visiting her sister who lived in Indiana. I suppose Mom stayed too long because I was born there.

Dad was a Locomotive Engineer on the L & N Railroad. The great depression came and many people lost their jobs, Dad was one of them. Our family moved to Florida and landed in the land of Strawberry and Vegetable farms. It was 1931 and I was 11 years old. I worked on the farm until 1941. (Note: This farm was owned by Aaron Varn's mother, but this was not known between the two at that time)

In July of 1941, I saw an ad in the newspaper that the U.S. Merchant in Marine wanted men to enroll at the Merchant Marine Training School in St. Petersburg, Florida. Dad took me to the Bus Station in Tampa. I took the bus to St. Petersburg and was admitted to the school. We learned all about ships, we were there for about 4 months. I arrived at the school July I enlisted in the U.S. Naval reserves. I was never called for active duty and was discharged on August 14, 1944.

We were sent from school to Baltimore, MD to join the Merchant Marine Training Ship, the SS American Seaman. We were given the choice of the Engine Department, the Deck or the Stewards Department. Aaron, Julius, Jimmy and I all became lifelong friends. Sadly Jimmy passed away about 5 years ago.

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We learned about boilers, main engines, and auxiliary equipment while on the ship. We were on the American Seaman about 3 months and then were sent to the Seaman's Church Institute @25 South Street New York, N.Y. to wait for a job.

We had Wiper Papers (cleaning) at that time at that time. After 2 weeks we were given the choice of working for one of three Oil Co., Socony The Sun Oil Co. and the Atlantic Refining Co., all 4 of us friends chose to work for The Sun Oil Co. in Marcus Hook, PA.

Arriving in Marcus Hook we boarded the MS Northern Sun as wipers. The ship was running coast wise from Marcus Hook to Texas and back to Marcus Hook or a port in New Jersey. While on the Northern Sun we made a trip across the North Atlantic Ocean, in convoy and down to Liverpool, England. Several ships in the convoy were torpedoed and sunk by the German U Boats.

Even on the coastwise runs it was not uncommon to see the smoke from torpedoed burning ships. Coming North in 1942 some survivors were spotted off the Coast of Virginia. A life boat was lowered in the sea and the crew rowed out and put 3 men in the lifeboat and brought them back to the ship. Two of the men were in pretty good condition, but the third one was a very young boy 17 years of age, he was barely alive. The men did everything they could for him but he passed away. I believe a Coast Guard boat took them off the ship.

While on the Northern Sun we came into Marcus Hook quite often. Not far from Marcus Hook was a town named Chester. Aaron, my friend and I went to a Carnival in Chester and I met a beautiful polish girl, Eva Wintarlik was her name she was 17. Eva worked in a Drug Store in Chester, PA. Whenever we were in Marcus Hook I would go to the Drug Store and Eva and I would walk around, talk and go to a movie. She was a delightful girl to be with.

Aaron and I were on the Northern Sun for about 3 months as a wiper when the Chief gave us a letter of recommendation and we went to Customs House in Philadelphia and passed our exam and received Oiler, Fireman and Water Tender endorsements. We were promoted to Oilers on the ship; we were on the Northern Sun for about 13 months we went home and we both got married.

Aaron married Cecile Cooper on April 10th 1943; I married Virginia Olive on April 26th 1943. Virginia was 17 and I was 22. We had 3 Boys, Samuel T. Jr., Geoffrey E. and Larry Stephen. At this time 2/13/2012 Samuel Jr. is 65, Geoffrey is 63 and Steven is 61. I am 91 years old.

Sun Oil Co. sent Aaron and me to California to board the Western Sun which was due to come into San Diego. We stayed in California in a hotel about 2 weeks while the ship was in the ship yard. We made several crossings of the Pacific Ocean hauling fuel oil to the troops and for the Navy Ships. We were stationed in Epirito Santos in the New Hebrides Islands about 6 months as a refueling ship for the Navy Ships. Loaded Tanker Ships would come in and pump their cargo into our ship and we pumped the fuel into the Navy ships. We came back to Marcus Hook in June of 1944. We had been out 11 months and 25 days. Aaron and I went home together as our families lived not too far apart.

While I was home I read in the newspaper the Merchant Marine wanted qualified men to enroll in the Officers' Training School in Fort Trumbull in New London Conn. I enrolled and we were taught the engine room, equipment which included boilers, main engines (both turbines and reciprocating), diesel engines, auxiliary pumps, generators etc. After 4 months I passed the exam and received a 3rd Assistant Engineers License for Steam and Diesel Ships. I went back to Sun Oil Co. and boarded the SS Delaware Sun; I stayed on about 6 months, when I got off, the ship went into the ship yard. I returned home and went to Tampa and joined the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association, (MEBA) Union.

I was sent to Galveston, Texas to board the Liberty Ship SS John W. Gates. We went across the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean Sea to the Black Sea to Constanta Romanic. I returned home the war was over and I received my discharge. I sailed several ships for different companies until 1947. I took the 2nd Assistant Engineers exam and got my 2nd Assistant Engineers License. I sailed more ships until 1953.

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My boys were growing and 2 were in school. I then took and passed an exam for a City of Tampa Stationary Engineers License. I worked for a large Department Store in Tampa in July 1953 and worked there for 13 1/2 years until February 1967. The boys were ready to go to college. I told Virginia, my wife, that I was not making enough money to send the boys to college and that I was going back to sea again.

I signed on the AMARILLO Victory as 2nd Assistant Engineer and we were hauling ammo to Vietnam. I took a Merchant Marine Engineers Book with me and studied at sea. We were out 6 months when I got home I went to Tampa and took and passed the exam for 1st Assistant Engineer. We were out to sea for 6 more months and when I got home I went to Tampa and passed the exam for the Chief Engineer License. After that I sailed other ships sometimes as Chief Engineer and sometimes as 1st Assistant until 1972.

In 1972, I took a 1st Assistants job on a C2 Ship named the Azalia City with Sealand Service Co. I worked for Sealand for 10 years, sometimes as Chief Engineer and other times, 1st Assistant Engineer.

In 1973 young Samuel was at the University of Colorado. Virginia went out to Colorado to see young Sam. When I came back for my vacation, Virginia said she wanted to move to Colorado. I said ok so we went to Colorado and found a place up in the mountains about 100 miles west of Colorado Springs. Went home and sold our house and moved to Colorado. Virginia got sick in the fall of 1981. Virginia knew that she was not going to live long and she asked me what I was going to do with her. I told her I would take her back to Florida and lay her to rest in the cemetery where her Mother, Father, Brother and Sister were buried. That is what I did, the Lord called Virginia home on April 21st 1982, 5 days before our 39th Wedding Anniversary she was 56 years old. I retired at that time.

"I bought a Junk Yard and moved everything to our place, I had plenty of room, I was lonesome and to occupy my time. I worked on some old antique cars. With the help of a Machine Shop, Paint Shop, and anyone else who wanted to help us we restored 7 Antique Cars", Sam relates.

The 4 of us, who started out together in 1941, namely Aaron Varn, Julius Todd, Jimmy Samuels and I had a reunion in the fall of 1984 at Aaron's place in Ruskin, Florida. At this time Aaron and Jimmy Samuels still lived in Florida. I was still living in Colorado and Julius Todd & his wife Mildred were living in Wilmington, De. While at the reunion Mildred told me that Eva, the girl I knew in 1942, was a widow. After going back home to Colorado I thought about getting in touch with Eva, not knowing where she lived I wrote her a letter sealed it and put it in a large envelope and mailed it to Mildred Todd asking her if she could get it to Eva since they lived close to each other. In my letter I asked Eva if I could come and see her. Eva called me and said yes but she was leaving on a trip to Italy and Israel in about 2 weeks. I came over and met her again; there she was almost 60 years old and gorgeous. I had not seen her for 42 years and she was as beautiful as she was then. We were walking on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City holding her hand at 64 and I felt young again. I asked Eva if she would marry me and she said yes, we were married on June 10, 1985 she came to Colorado to live. Being that we had no close family we moved to Middletown, DE in 1991. Eva has 3 lovely daughters, Mary Anna, young Eva and Jean. Sadly the Lord called Eva home on July 13, 2011 she was 86 years old. We were married happily for just over 26 years. So I am alone again at 91 and I miss her so much. I live alone, but Eva's daughter Jeanie and her husband Wayne look after me now and take good care of me. I am fortunate in having 2 real live Guardian Angels watching over me. Sam Price lives at 222 Sugar Pine Drive, Middletown, DE 19709.

Aaron Varn started his career with the Merchant Marine by sending a penny postcard to the U.S. Maritime Service's St. Petersburg Training Center, Florida in 1941 and stayed with the MM for 18 years. During his time in the training center he met his lifelong friends, Sam Price and Julius Todd. After leaving the training center and ship they were assigned to the Northern Sun where he spent the next 13 months before moving to the Western Sun with his buddies. Earlier in his career he married his high school sweetheart and they are still together. Varn continued to sail until 1959. A maritime career that spanned two wars plus, that included attaining the rating of Deck Engineer. Leaving the sea, he went to work on the railroad as a fireman and rising to the rank of locomotive Engineer for CSX before retiring in 1984 in Ruskin, FL close to their 2 children and grandchildren.

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Every so often these three friends still get together and tell some sea stories many would be glad to listen in on. All could learn a lesson about lasting friendships and the values learned. Rarely does one hear of friendships lasting for such a long time (over 70 years) and rarely do a few friends last nearly this long. This makes one wonder if we still have the values of the greatest generation. Mr. Varn currently resides at 1618 6th Street, Ruskin, FL 33570.

The saving of the young one (Horton) from the tug Menominee lead to a research that discovered that there may be anywhere from 10,000 to 30,000 coastwise seamen who sailed on those tugs and barges. Many of the crew on the barges were made up of families during the summer months between school breaks. There were many elderly and handicapped seamen long past the draft age that served also. Women were never given recognition for their services. These seamen sailed on the same waters as other seamen who had proper credentials, yet they were denied both credentials and recognition. They were paid wages and taxes were withheld but they cannot gain recognition because they sailed without credentials now required for service. During WW II orders were given to relieve the masters of the tugs and coastwise barges the responsibility of issuing the shipping/discharge documents that are now required to prove service. In the 1970s another government order was given to destroy the ship's logbooks because they were too costly to maintain and store. These coastwise seamen served but are not recognized for their services. When we refuse to recognize an individual for the services they perform for this country due to disability, age or gender, this is discrimination and should not be tolerated. We need to correct this mistake.

World War II brought about the advent of women in the military and again they proved themselves. They earned some of our country's highest honors for their service. Another group of women served and have **never been recognized**. The women who served in the US Merchant Marine in WW II were denied their Official Mariner's credentials and were unable to achieve what they most gallantly earned, veteran status. Those who hold this status perceive it as one of their most revered possessions.

At the outset of WW II, women served on some passenger ships as stewardesses. They made a mark in the record books with their short lived services. Some served heroically as their vessels were torpedoed. They cared for the wounded and stayed with the ship, leaving only at the very last moments. The history books reveal that at least 4 of these stewardesses were taken POW after the sinking of their ships. At least one was awarded the Merchant Marine Combat Medal. Yet they were removed from their ships just as soon as the ship entered a US port. This was against stern opposition from the women who tried in vain to stay with the ships. It wasn't to be. The USCG had decreed that no women would serve aboard the merchant ships of the US. They would not issue official USCG Credentials depicting Merchant Marine seamen status. That did not stop them from serving. They served and should be recognized for it.

The last survivor of WW I have just left us, closing that book regarding any living proof of existence. And the veterans of WW II are leaving us at a rate of about 1000 per day and according to the Veterans Administration, by the year 2020 all will have left us. It is estimated that from the original 10,000 to 30,000 coastwise seamen, there may be about 300 remaining and they will be soon gone. Action must be taken to identify the remaining and let them know this country has not forgotten them and we will make it right by conferring veteran status upon them.

Even less is known of the coastwise merchant seamen and the work they performed. All of the vessels are long gone and the companies have been out of business for far too many years to find any significant information to be useful to assist in gaining recognition for these seamen. All that is left are recollections from the seamen themselves and if they cannot be located, then they have served this nation for naught. All effort must be made to help find them and retrieve their information for our future generations to know and understand how close this country came to being a nation not knowing or understanding the freedom we now take for granted. Our members of congress must take the necessary action to correct this travesty. We must do so before it all becomes history, which shortly that will be the case.

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A bill HR 1288, "WW II Merchant Mariners Service Act" is being considered in the House with 115 cosponsors. We must do the same in the Senate with a companion bill if we are to make this happen while any are still with us. We need our Senators to stand up as our US Representatives have done so. Please help by calling, emailing or sending letters to your senators and ask them to introduce a companion bill to HR 1288 "WW II Merchant Mariners Service Act" in the Senate and give that bill their full support to see it through to becoming a bill in this session of congress. We cannot afford to wait any longer as time is not on the side of the merchant seamen with an average age of 88. If we are to see any of the last few veterans recognized, it is now or never. We certainly can't let that happen to those that gave when asked and without complaint.

More info at usmmv.blogspot.com or jdonhorton@embarqmail.com



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MORE FROM THE CREW

C.A.,
I came across a television interview with Armed Guard veteran Bill Minton of Camas, Washington, telling how he survived the torpedoing of his ship off Australia in 1942. Television station KPTV in Portland, Oregon, showed an interview of him yesterday recalling that experience. See <http://www.kptv.com/story/18414719/local-wwii-vet-honored-in-australia>.

The video interview, while discussing the Liberty ship aboard which he

sailed, includes a photograph of an aircraft carrier.

I find a William C. Minton among the members of the AG veterans' association. His current address, which I found online, is 1031 NW Ivy Drive, Camas, WA 98607-1964. You might want to check that his address is up to date in your records. I don't have an e-mail address for him.

My son graduated last week from SUNY Maritime College (Fort Schuyler) in

New York with his third mate's license. The next day he was commissioned as an ensign in the U.S. Navy Reserve. I guess I have to address him as Sir now.

Amy my daughter graduates from high school next month. She'll attend Old Dominion University in Norfolk studying elementary education.

Hope all is well with you.
Ron Carlson S.S. JOHN W. BROWN
Story on page 46.

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A TRIBUTE TO BROTHER WARRIORS

In mid-July of 1942, three type A1 Japanese long range fleet submarines arrived off the east coast of Australia from the shipyards in Kure, with orders to attack all merchant shipping. The largest of the three was the 2900 ton 1-11 commanded by Commander Tsuneo Shichiji. The 1-11 was also the flag ship of Rear Admiral Kono Chimaki's 3rd Submarine Squadron. For the time, they were massive submarines with a crew of 114 officers and men. As the war progressed, the 1-9 was sunk by the American destroyer USS Frazier in the Aleutians on 11 June 1943 and the 1-10 was lost to the destroyers USS DAVID.W.TAYLOR and USS RIDDLE east of Saipan 4 July 1944. All three submarines operated along the east coast of Australia from July to the beginning of August and official Japanese records credit the three submarines with sinking ten Allied merchant ships. In fact, only three were sunk, all by the 1-11. In the cold early morning of 22 July around 5-30 am, the third and last victim torpedoed by the 1-11 was the 5576 ton American Liberty Ship, SS WILLIAM DAWES.

The WILLIAM DAWES had left the South Australian city of Adelaide on the 19 July bound for Brisbane, Queensland's capital city with a complement of 39 Merchant crew, 15 Naval Armed Guard and a cargo according to the Australian War Memorial records of 82 x quarter ton jeeps, 33x half ton CPR's, 72 half ton pickups, 2x one and a half ton cargo trucks, 12x two and a half ton cargo trucks, 12 ambulances, 12 half track vehicles and with explosives and other sundry Army stores, the total service cargo was approximately 7177 tons. Three soldiers, a Lieutenant and two enlisted men, were also on board as the cargo was the equipment and stores of the United States Army 32nd Infantry Division [Michigan and Wisconsin National Guard] that had arrived in Adelaide on the 14 May from San Francisco. They had been train-

ing at a military camp outside the city but early in July 42 were ordered to transfer all personnel and equipment to Camp Tamborine near Brisbane. Most of the personnel were sent to their new camp by train but some were dispatched on five ships. The WILLIAM DAWES was not part of this convoy of ships but travelled alone, unescorted, and was approximately midway between Merimbula and Tathra when the torpedo struck.

Signalman William [Bill] C. Minton, one of the survivors recalls his experience; 'We were destined for New Caledonia. We didn't know if we were to discharge our cargo or standby for routing elsewhere. The word was there had been no submarine activity as far south as Sydney and we were to pick up an escorted convoy at Sydney. Some time during the night of July 21 or in the morning of the 22, a message was received informing us that there was submarine activity along our route and for us to turn back and put into Twofold Bay near Eden. There were no navigational beacons at the entrance to the bay so Captain Froberg opted to circle off shore until daylight. Thinking that the sub activity we had been warned about was far to our north, he ordered reduced speed which made us sitting ducks.'

The first torpedo the Japanese fired at the Liberty ship that fateful morning struck the stern section, causing massive damage from the entire after end of the ship to the centre of 5 hatch. This section separated and sunk a short time later, taking with it the steering, the propeller, stern deck gun and the two anti aircraft guns. The engine room flooded through the shaft alley. There were nine people in or on the after deck house. Two were on watch at the four inch gun that was atop the deckhouse and seven were asleep in their compartments. The two on watch were presumably killed instantly and of the seven below, four, including Signalman Minton escaped. The others were trapped and perished.

'My duties as a signalman entailed my being on watch on the bridge during daylight hours. I was off duty and asleep in my bunk in the after deckhouse when the first torpedo struck. My first recollection is of standing up in a pitch dark compartment. The electrical connections had been severed and since the sea had been somewhat rough, the porthole on the starboard side had been closed. I remember the other sailor who shared the compartment pounding my back yelling, 'Get me out of here' Going the corner where we kept our life jackets, I found something that felt, in the dark, like a lifejacket, gave it to him and shoved him through the door to the passageway. I felt around the corner for another life jacket but couldn't find any. I found out later that I had given him a mattress instead of a life jacket. The compartment was in shambles with our lockers lying on the deck apparently torn from the bulkhead. Nothing was in its place. I felt for a battle lantern that was supposed to be in a bracket on the bulkhead but it was gone. As I went into the passageway I noticed that the deck was sloping quite sharply. I went into the hatch to the outside and it had been dogged [bolted] down for the same reason that the porthole had been closed. Surprised that there was no-one at the door, I started to try and open it. Apparently it was sprung because the dogs were not coming free. I could hear the water coming in the portside of the ship and I knew that opening that hatch was a matter of life or death. It's a weird experience knowing the grim reaper was at my heels. Fortunately another shipmate came to my side and the two of us managed to free the hatch and go out on deck.'

'The whole aft section of the ship was connected to the rest of the hull by one deck plate and was listing badly but the main deck was still level. Once out of the inky blackness, I could see it was George Avant who had helped me with the hatch, not the guy who had been in the compartment with me. We hurried onto the main part of the ship just

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as the remaining deck plate was giving way. I immediately went to my battle station which was on the flying bridge but there was no-one else there. At least I was able to pick up an abandoned life-jacket. Looking down to the boat deck, I saw there was only one lifeboat still there but didn't see anyone around. I realised then that the abandon ship order had been given so I quickly went down to the remaining lifeboat arriving at the same time as *George Avant*. As the number of hands normally assigned to lower a boat was seven, George and I decided we had better get at it. We had lowered the boat to just above the waterline when another crewman showed up. Since the sea was a bit rough, I turned the fall over to him and went down the *Jacob's* ladder to fend the boat off and prevent damage from it slamming into the main hull. Soon others appeared including Captain Forbear, who sent a deck hand on a quick tour of the ship to make sure no-one was left on board.'

While Captain Forbear was occupied with the effective abandonment of his ship, a 17 year old blond teenager, Lorna Stafford, was unaware of the submarine attack, but from her vantage point in the *Tathra* observation post, a few miles north of *Merimbula*, observed a ship constantly changing course which may have indicated the ship was in distress. Lorna was a member of the little known Volunteer Air Observers Corps [VAOC] established by the Royal Australian Air Force Directorate of Intelligence in the last few months of 1941. The VAOC's work was the sighting and reporting of enemy aircraft over Australian territory as well as coastal surveillance. With the steering gone, the ship was at the mercy of the ocean currents and the erratic behaviour of the ship caused Lorna enough concern to swiftly report her observations to the major VAOC HQ.

Captain Forbear had ordered the lifeboats lowered and the ship abandoned but instructed the boats to pull away from the ship and standby until daybreak

to see if the ship could be saved. Some-time later, a second torpedo struck the ship amidships, setting the ship on fire which started a series of explosions. Just after the fires had started, the crew were horrified to see the giant 1-11 surface about 1500 yards from the burning ship and lifeboats just before sunrise, presumably to observe or record their handiwork, and then submerged without interfering with the crew in the lifeboats a short time later. William Minton saw the submarine surface and remembers being extremely worried as he had heard of submarines ramming or machine gunning lifeboats. Realising the ship was unsalvageable; the Captain ordered the four lifeboats [one motorised] to head towards the nearest land, about 12 miles away. They had gone some distance when a rescue trawler from *Merimbula* arrived. Lorna's efficient and speedy reports to her control station had enabled the fishing trawler to be quickly dispatched to the scene to offer assistance.

The survivors were collected together and the four lifeboats were towed back to *Merimbula*. A local police constable on board the trawler compiled a list of the dead and wounded. One Army servicemen plus four Naval Armed Guard were killed and four wounded one badly. The dead soldier, twenty five year old Corporal Gerald.O.Cable, Service Company, 126 Infantry had the dubious distinction of being the first 32nd Infantry Division serviceman to be killed in action while serving with the *WILLIAM DAWES* gun crew. Another trawler had been sent from the nearby fishing town of *Eden* as a stand by. A fishing boat was also sent out from *Tathra* and the local people, now aware of the tragedy that had taken place out at sea, gathered together to get food ready for the expected arrival of any survivors. They were bitterly disappointed when they heard the rescued crew had gone to *Merimbula* instead. The burning wreck of the *WILLIAM DAWES* finally sank stern first around about 4-30pm the same day.

Signalman Minton; 'Once we got to the

dock, I found I couldn't walk and discovered I had a hole through my thigh. I had experienced some discomfort earlier. It felt like someone had hit me with a baseball bat but I thought I had only been bruised. Didn't look closely with all the excitement going on nor would I have given a plugged nickel for my chances of surviving at the time. Ross Cole and I were loaded onto a flat bed truck which served as a make shift ambulance and were taken to the hospital at *Pambula*. Three others were, I believe, transported by automobile. I don't remember much about my first night in hospital. I do remember being taken to surgery to have my wound probed then I was administered ether and when I awoke, I was as sick as a dog but I had been patched up and I was looked after by Dr Patterson, a real nice lady.' Most of the remaining crew were gladly accommodated in the homes of the local townspeople until the military authorities could make further arrangements as to their future.

'The next day was a very nice day. The first afternoon visiting hours had the hospital filled with well wishers. A nice lady had baked a cream cake and decorated it with the words, 'Good luck to the Yanks.' 'A very nice elderly gentleman passed out cash, as I remember it was a five pound note for each of us. I don't remember his name even though I was later a dinner guest at his home but I will always remember his face and that of his very lovely wife. The owner of a movie house wrote a pass for any movie we wished to attend. Mr Edwards who owned the bus line from *Eden* to *Bega* told us there would be no charge for us to ride. I eventually took advantage of both their offers when I became ambulatory. I was at the hospital for six weeks. All the others had left after two weeks so I was on my own for nearly a month. I can think of no way a stay in a hospital could be more pleasant although the food at the hospital upheld the reputation of hospital food world wide. I only needed to eat breakfast in the hospital after I could get around. I had lunch and dinner invitations every day. I still had some change left from that

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five pound note when I was discharged. I eventually went to Sydney to report back to for duty. The reception I got wasn't exactly what I expected. Because I was wearing civilian clothes, they thought I had been AWOL 'Away without leave.'

'As an aside, I might mention that because of the rapid build up of the Merchant fleet after our entry into the war, there was a shortage of ships officers. Our third mate was a retread who had been called out of retirement. He was eighty years old, had started his sea going career in sailing ships and was well versed, and a firm believer, in the superstitions of the sea. One of the soldiers on board had just the day before, shot an albatross. Then that night we turned back on our course, both according to the third mate, were sure to bring disaster. After what had happened, who could argue with him. The kindness and hospitality of the people of Pambula and Merimbula made a lasting impression on us.'

Bill Minton returned to the States, married his lady friend Rosemary, had only a week's leave due to the acute shortage of men and returned to duty and to the sea war in the Atlantic, North Atlantic, North Sea and the Mediterranean. After he retired, Mr and Mrs Minton returned to Merimbula after the war to renew old friendships and over the years, tried keeping in contact as often as possible with those whom he had befriended in Australia during the war. 'To this day, I have nothing but kind thoughts for them and all Australians.'

In early 2004, an Australian diving expedition called the Sydney Project Diving Team had been planning for over six months to dive on the WILLIAM DAWES. The location of wreck, minus the stern section location was established 10 nautical miles from where she was first torpedoed and approximately 12 nautical miles from the coastal town of Bermagui. On 25 October, 2004, two team divers finally descended into the murky depths and not only found the wreck upside

down in 135 metres of water but broke the existing New South Wales diving record at the same time.

With the news of the discovery, the Australian Government paid a tribute to the men who lost their lives on the WILLIAM DAWES. Because the wreck has remained untouched since it's sinking, it was a virtual time capsule, rich in historical importance. Therefore, the Australian Government declared the site to be a 'historical shipwreck' which enables divers to visit the ship but not to remove or disturb relics without a permit. An official government communiqué stated; 'The WILLIAM DAWES deserves our protection as it may be a war grave of the five lost crew.' 70 years later, one man returned to Australia on a deeply felt mission.

In mid-2011, Bill Minton, [89 in December], mentioned to one of his Australian contacts that if the good Lord was willing, he, accompanied by several members of his family and a family friend, the Reverend Dale Dutter, planned to come to Merimbula in July 2012 and lay a wreath over the WILLIAM DAWES wreck site in honour of his lost shipmates. It was something he just had to do. As it happened, Merimbula was planning their 100 year anniversary celebrations between Saturday 24 March and Sunday 8 April the year Bill was hoping to visit. As the WILLIAM DAWES is an integral part of the history of Merimbula, the planning committee seized the rare opportunity to extend an invitation to Bill and his party to come and be part of the celebrations rather than come in July as he had originally intended. After much deliberation Bill agreed as the whole purpose of his trip was to lay a wreath. The timing was not that important. While Bill and his party rearranged their travel plans their end, the centenary committee began working out what would be a suitable way to honour Bills reason for coming within the celebrations.

The local Merimbula-Imlay Historical Society Museum had, for some years, a

display on the sinking of the WILLIAM DAWES and the Return Services League-sub-branch had, two years previously, extended their dining room naming it the 'WILLIAM DAWES Room' to honour both those who lost their lives in 1942 and the ships connection to the town's history. The RSL decided on a guest evening with a two course dinner and film presentation for Saturday, March 31 with Bill and members of his party as their VIP guests. The leading member of the Sydney Dive team, Samir Alhafith, had very kindly offered to travel the approximately six hours distance from Sydney to Merimbula to show a film of their historic dive on the wreck of the WILLIAM DAWES and to include in his commentary, a brief history of some of the WW2 ships sunk along the New South Wales coastline. The following day, Bill and those interested would be transported by the fishing charter catamaran True Blue from the Merimbula Lake Jetty to the approximate site of the sunken stern section of the WILLIAM DAWES where Bill could complete his 'mission'. The reason the site location is approximate is because it has not been officially established as yet exactly where the stern section is. World War Two official records vary too much to make a positive judgement but based on the local fishermen's 'knowledge' based on something below snagging their fishing nets, the site is 12 nautical miles east off Turingal Head which is 9 kilometres south of Tathra. The bulk of the charter boat cost would be covered by the RSL. The committee had also arranged for the police launch 'Nemesis' from Eden and the Coastal Sea Rescue launch from Merimbula to escort the charter boat to wreck site as an additional symbolic tribute. Interestingly, the police at Eden offered to take Bill, his family and other interested parties out on their patrol boat to the wreath laying site at no cost. Unfortunately, because everyone who was going would have to travel to Eden where the police launch is berthed, it was decided with regret, that it would be better all-round logistically, if the original charter

BROTHER WARRIORS

boat from Merimbula remained in place. The police offer was nevertheless, a wonderful gesture.

In the late afternoon on Friday 30 March, William Clarence Minton, and four generations of Minton's and Pastor Dutter arrived in a two car convoy at the Comfort Inn, their Merimbula motel after an exhausting drive from Sydney. Shirley Bazley, curator of the Merimbula-Im-lay Historical Society Museum and one of the committee members, arranged a meeting with Bill and Dale Dutter at 10-30 am the following morning at the RSL to explain to Bill what was planned for him and his party. Up to this point, Bill was unaware of the Dive Teams film presentation or that the RSL was covering the bulk cost of the charter boat. All he knew was he would only need to make a small speech at the RSL dinner that night. However, considering his age, it was decided to tell him about the film presentation and the charter boat payment in case the surprises on top of the trip down from Sydney may have overwhelmed him a bit. Shirley need not have worried as the information was received with extreme gratitude and no first aid was required.

Saturday 31 March, 6-45pm, RSL Sub Branch WILLIAM DAWES dining room. After approximately 100 guests and visiting VIP's were allocated to their allocated tables, a welcoming speech was made by the Master of Ceremonies Tony Toussaint RSL secretary on behalf of the RSL sub-branch and another was made by the Bega Valley Shire Mayor, Tony Allen, on behalf of the people of Merimbula. Bill Minton followed with a speech thanking everyone who was involved in helping make his dream come to fruition.

For the record, the following was the menu. Main course. Guests were served Pan seared fillet of chicken. Breast fillet of chicken pan seared w/potatoes Boulangere, sautéed Almondine, green

beans & mushroom cream sauce or; Slow Roasted Ranch Beef. Tender Barron of beef, slow roasted & sliced over herb rosti potato, snow peas & served w/seeded mustard jus. **Desserts.** Chocolate Tart. Rich Dark chocolate tart served w/double cream & strawberry coulis or; Warm Apple Strudel. Apple & cinnamon baked in golden filo pastry w/ brandy vanilla sauce & rum and Raisin ice cream. Cost-\$25 per head which included the dive film.

Samir Alhafith gave a very informative film presentation which included the technical aspects of diving especially at extreme depths. As Samir had been purposely seated between Bill and his son Roger, it was only natural questions and answers flowed back and forth all evening. The idle chatter after the official dinner was over certainly indicated the evening was a great success.

Sunday, April 1, had all the hallmarks of being a nice sunny day and the sea was predicted to behave with only one and a half metre swells. Everyone who was going with Bill and his party to the wreath laying site was at the Merimbula Jetty at 9 am to board the charter boat 'True Blue'. Everyone that is, except Bill and Co. Someone forgot the wreath so their arrival was delayed. A minor hiccup that caused a bit of light hearted banter. As the True Blue exited the narrow channel that separates the Merimbula harbour locally called 'the Lake' and the open sea, both the police and the rescue boat were waiting. Another charter boat Broadbill joined the flotilla enroute to the general area of the wreck site. As previously mentioned, wrecks location was approximate and the best the centenary organising committee could do under the circumstances.

After almost two hours travelling and with two on-board seasick, True Blue came to a stop as did the other three boats which remained a respectfully short distance away. Bill began his me-

morial service in a quiet and emotional voice. 'We are over the wreck of the WILLIAM DAWES. We have come here to remember and honour the five young men who gave their lives to protect our rights and freedom. Young men who had dreams and ambitions for a life that was cut short right here. Bob Reid from Los Angeles was a wonderful singer, he had a beautiful voice. Jim Larson was just waiting to get back to Minnesota where he would have continued his career as a farmer. Larry Martel was very much like Jim and his dream was also to return to continue on the farm. Dave Hogan was a very good looking athletic young man. Gerard Cable, now they are on a courthouse plaque. To me they have faces Gerard Cable, now they are firmly embedded in my mind. They were ship mates and it is fitting we gather to honour their sacrifices.

Before the wreath was committed to the sea, Bills friend, Reverend Dale Dutter, Veteran of Foreign Wars chaplain conducted a small service. As the wreath was cast into the sea, local musician Peter Ongley played 'Taps' and the RSL sub branch President, Doug Beaumont recited 'The Ode' which completed the service. Unnoticed by most was a very poignant moment when a policeman on the bow of 'Nemesis' came to attention as the wreath floated away with the ocean current. His action just added a little extra feeling to the whole purpose of Bills memorial service.

On return to Merimbula, when everyone was saying their goodbyes, it would have been especially hard for Chappie and Ethel Munn, two local residents who have remained great friends of the Minton family for such a long time. Bill Minton and his party returned to their motel and left Merimbula two days later to return to Sydney. Fortunately Samir Alhafith, who was staying in the same motel, was able to do an in depth interview with Bill at his motel before he left thus ensuring an histori-

BROTHER WARRIORS

cal record of a part of Australian history never to be repeated.

The participation of the overseas visitors in Merimbula's 100 year centenary celebrations could be summarised as having achieved three things, Firstly, it gave Bill Minton from Camas, Washington, a chance to conduct his long cherished goodbye to lost shipmates in a way that he would never have dreamed of accompanied, in spirit by the people of Merimbula. Secondly, it allowed the town that cared for him and his shipmates back in 1942 to do so again 70 years later and thirdly, it gave the RSL sub-branch members at Merimbula a rare chance to pay a tribute to brother warriors who together, the Aussie and the Yank, fought for freedom and democracy during the

dark years of World War Two and still fight side by side today.

In memory
Lorna Waterson 2009

Killed in Action

David Allen Hogan
Lawrence Ralph Martell
Leonard Robert Reid
James Ray Larson
Cpl Gerald. O. Cable

Wounded

George Thomas Avant
Robert Hubert Badger
William Clarence Minton
Ross Allen Cole Jr.

A special thanks to all those who made Bill Minton's dream a memorable reality.

Shirley Bazley. Merimbula-Imlay Historical Society, Merimbula. Tony Tous-saint. Returned Services League, Sub Branch, Merimbula. Samir Alhafith. Sydney Dive Team, Sydney, New South Wales.

[C]Ken Wright 2012.



B-17 FLIGHT LOG

Tex!

Finally got around to sending this Log. It scares me to read it. I don't understand how we got out alive. A lot of things happened I had completely forgotten about.

are you still working? also your wife? Margaret is still teaching. I got a ride on the A/F to St. Louis last week to see my brother & also got a ride back. I was lucky.

Drop a line

Sincerely

Jaell Punched

Going to Las Vegas
this summer?

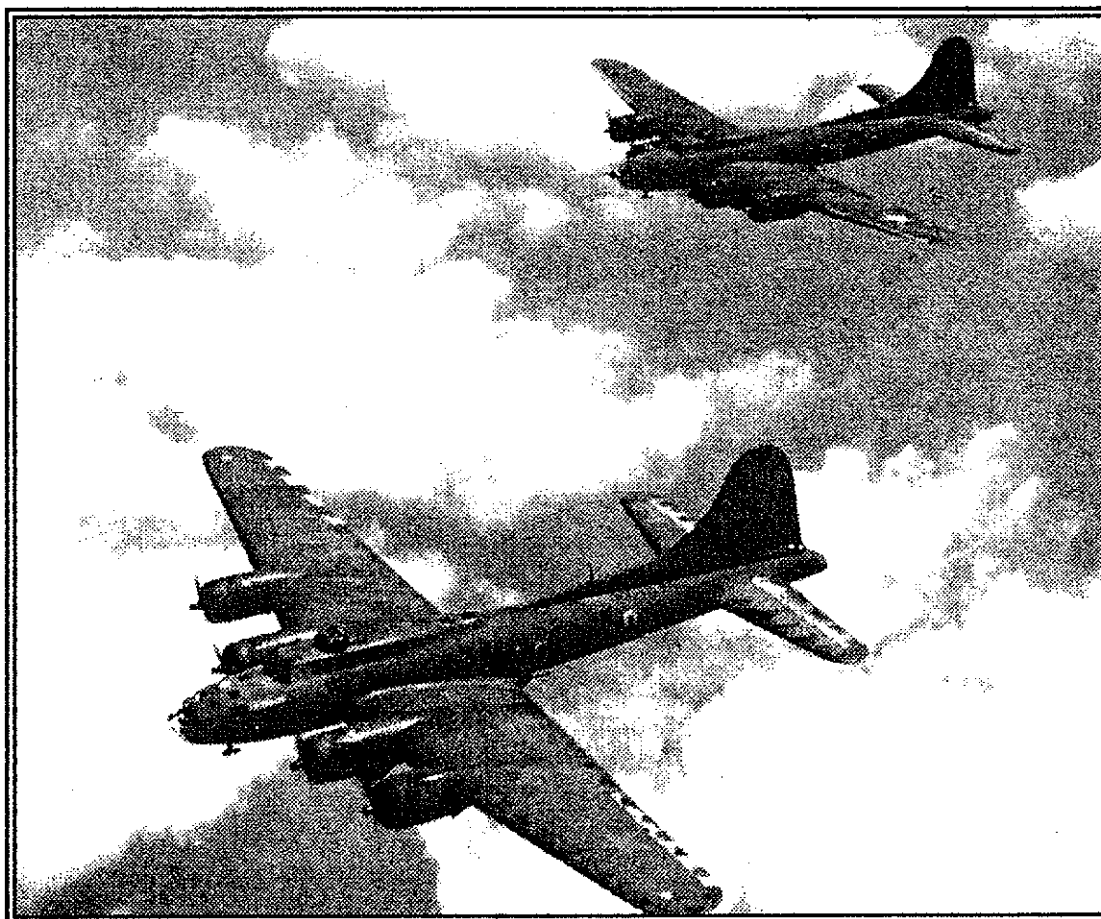
The last 3 missions I
did not write for some reason

B-17 FLIGHT LOG

B-17F FLIGHT LOG

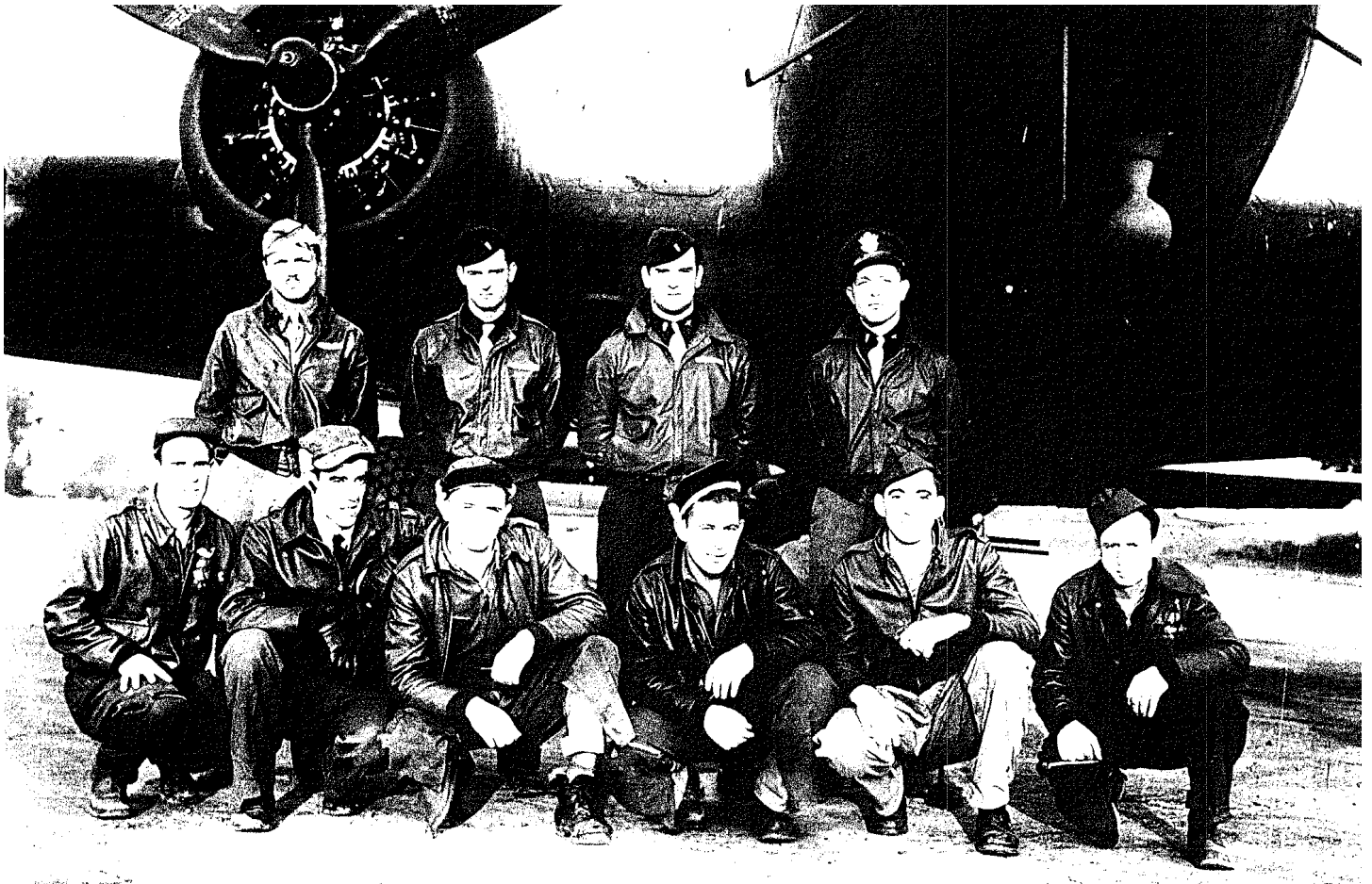
(5 Sept 1943 - 21 Feb 1944)

8th Air Force, 385th Bomb Wing
Great Ashfield, England



Pilot - Robert "Tex" Taylor
Copilot - Lapinsky
Navigator - Joel Panches
Bombardier - Clarence Soucek

B-17 FLIGHT LOG



B-17 FLIGHT LOG

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9-19-43 GOT TO 385TH OK AND WERE ASSIGNED TO 550TH SQUADRON. "THE RED SQUADRON". TODAY A B-17 CAUGHT FIRE ON THE LINE & BLEW UP WITH 600 LB. OF BOMBS ON AND 23,000 GALS. OF GAS. BLEW THE ENGINES TWO BLOCKS AWAY. KILLED ONE FIREMAN. WENT TO 8 HRS. OF CLASS TODAY.

9-20-43 OUR SQD. RAIDED PARIS TODAY BUT WE WENT TO 8 HRS. OF CLASS. WILL GO TO CLASSES FOR A FEW MORE DAYS BEFORE WE START TO GO WITH OUR SQUADRON. OUR SQD. CAME IN AT 10:00 TONIGHT & A B-17 RAN OUT OF GAS WHILE 500 FT. UP IN LANDING. IT CRASHED & BURNED. NOBODY GOT OUT.

9-21-43 WENT ON A NON-OPERATIONAL FLIGHT TODAY. HARD TO DO PILOTAGE. TOWNS CLOSE TOGETHER & ALL LOOK ALIKE. OUR BARRACKS IS 2 MI. FROM MESS HALL. ALL I DO HERE IS WALK ALL DAY.

9-22-43 FLEW AROUND ENGLAND TODAY & AM FLYING AGAIN TONIGHT. THIS NEW "GEE" BOX FOR NAVIGATION IS REALLY OK. GO 20 FIXES TODAY AND ALL WERE GOOD. CAN GET A FIX IN 1 MIN. IT IS RADAR---THREE STATIONS ABOUT 50 MI. APART.

9-23-43 TODAY ON THE GROUND A GUNNER ACCIDENTALLY SHOT HIS 50 CAL. GUN OFF AND KILLED A MECHANIC NEARBY. FLEW ALL OVER ENGLAND ON A PRACTICE FLIGHT---3 HRS. TONIGHT IN CLASS. WE SAW A "SHORT STELLING" ABOUT 10 MI. NORTH CATCH FIRE, SPIN, AND CRASH. SAW IT OUT THE WINDOW. DON'T KNOW WHAT THE MATTER WAS. DON'T KNOW WHETHER ANYONE GOT OUT. MON 4 LBS. ON THE SLOT MACHINES TONIGHT. FLEW ANOTHER PRACTICE MISSION TODAY. "TEX" IS FLYING HIS FIRST RAID TOMORROW. GERMAN RAIDED AN AIRPORT 10 MI. NORTH LAST NIGHT. SAW THE FLASHES. WE WILL PROBABLY GO ON THE NEXT RAID. CLAD TO GET GOING. TIRED OF SITTING AROUND. SOONER WE START THE SOONER WE GET HOME.

9-26-43 TODAY 3 SQUADRONS WENT ON A PRACTICE MISSION OUT OVER THE NORTH SEA. WE WERE IN THE 2ND SQUADRON. THE LEAD NAVIGATOR TOOK US TOO FAR. WE ENDED UP 20 MILES FROM THE DUTCH COAST--A PRACTICE MISSION SO NOBODY HAD ANY MACHINE GUNS ABOARD. THREE M.E. 109'S ATTACKED THE REAR SQUADRON & SHOT DOWN TWO OF OUR B-17'S BEFORE ANYONE KNEW THEY WERE THERE. THE 17'S DIDN'T EVEN HAVE ANY GUNS. ONE BLEW UP IN THE AIR & WE SAW THE OTHER ONE DITCH. SOMEONE OUGHT TO BE COURT-MARTIALED FOR NOT PUTTING GUNS IN THE SHIP OR TAKING US OUT THERE. TWO 17'S GONE AND NO BOMBS DROPPED. REALLY A MESS. HAD P-47 ESCORTS TOO. THE GERMAN COULD HAVE GOT ALL 50 17'S IF THEY HAD KNOWN. FUNNY IN A WAY--BUT NOT FOR THOSE 20 GUYS WHO PERISHED.

9-27-43 CLASSES, ETC.

9-28-43 MISSION #1. WENT TO RHEDINS, FRANCE, 130 MILES INTO FRANCE--AN AIRFIELD. P-47 PROTECTION ALL THE WAY. COMPLETE UNDERCAST. COULDN'T SEE THE AIRFIELD SO DIDN'T DROP BOMBS. FLAK ON THE WAY AND 10 M.E. 110 WHO DID NOT ATTACK US ON THE WAY BACK. COMING BACK OVER ENGLAND A B-17 ON OUR LEFT GOT OUT OF CONTROL AND CAME UP UNDER ANOTHER AND ITS PROS CUT ITS TAIL OFF COMPLETELY--CLEAN AS A KNIFE. TAIL WENT UP AND THE REST OF THE PLANE WENT UP, OVER, AND DOWN. T WATCHED IT OUT OUR LEFT WINDOW--7000 FT. AND THEY DIDN'T HAVE

Dates
Approximate

DAILY LOG WRITTEN BY NAVIGATOR--JOEL PUNCHES

(B-17 F)

9-4-43 TOOK OFF FROM GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA FOR MAINE. BUZZED SOUCEK'S HOUSE IN CHICAGO. FLEW OVER TORONTO, CANADA, LAKE SUPERIOR, LAKE MICHIGAN. LANDED AT 1745. REALLY COLD. SURE PRETTY COUNTRY. LOTS OF LAKES, PINE TREES, ETC. BANGOR, MAINE.

9-5-43 TOOK OFF EARLY ENROUTE TO GOOSE BAY, LABRADOR. COMPASS WAY OFF. FLEW BY ASTRO COMPASS. HONED IN. DESOLATE COUNTRY. NO TOWNS AT ALL. COLDER THAN BANGOR, MAINE.

9-6-43 BAD WEATHER. HAVE TO GO NORTHERN ROUTE. SPUNG COMPASS BEFORE TAKEOFF. OVER OCEAN ALL THE WAY. PRETTY ICEBERGS APPROACHING GREENLAND. ETA TO THE MINUTE FROM 20 MI. LEFT OF COURSE.

9-7-43 TOOK OFF DOWNHILL AND WITH WIND FOR ICELAND. CLIMBED OVER ICE CAPS AT 16,000 FT. BAD WEATHER. SNOW, RAIN, HAIL. GOOD SUN SHOTS AND ETA OKAY. 5 MILES LEFT OF COURSE. NORTHERN LIGHTS REALLY BRIGHT. POLARIUS OVERHEAD. WEATHERED IN. RAINING. WENT TO REYJAVIK (40,000 POP.) PEOPLE ALL PRO-NAZI, UNFRIENDLY, BACKWARD. SEEMS 30 YEARS BEHIND U.S. IN CIVILIZATION. GOT 13 HOURS SLEEP, BEARD BEGINNING TO GROW.

9-9-43 WEATHERED IN. STILL RAINING. CAME OUT TO PLANE AND ARRANGED MAPS AND THE COURSE TO IRELAND.

9-10-43 TOOK OFF FROM ICELAND AT NOON. GOT TO PRESTWICK, SCOTLAND O.K. BAD WEATHER. ETA 1 MI. OFF. ON COURSE ALL THE WAY. SAW BIG CONVOY OFF IRELAND. PRESTWICK LOOKS GOOD FROM THE AIR. HOPE TO GET TO GLASGOW SOON. STAYED LAST NIGHT IN OLD SCOTTISH MANSION, CONVERTED TO OFFICERS' QUARTERS. PEOPLE FRIENDLY. THEIR BITTER BEER TASTES LOUSY. THEIR ALE IS GOOD. LEFT ON TRAIN FOR LONDON--400 MILES.

9-12-43 ROPE ALL LAST NIGHT ON DAY COACH. REALLY TIRED. GOT OFF 20 MI. NORTH OF LONDON. TAKEN TO TEMPORARY QUARTERS. BARRACKS ETC. MIXED IN WITH CIVILIANS' HOUSES. WELL CAMOUFLAGED.

9-14-43 STAYING HERE TODAY. THE BLACKOUTS ARE REALLY EXCELLENT. CAN'T SEE A FOOT IN FRONT OF OUR NOSE. WENT TO "PUB" AND PLAYED DARTS TONIGHT.

9-15-43 MOVED TO DAY SCHOOL SITE. THE "HUTS" ARE REALLY COLD.

9-16-43 HAD 8 HRS. OF LECTURE TODAY. HOW TO ESCAPE FROM GERMANY & FRANCE, DITCHING PROCEDURES, ETC. HAD COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS FROM AMERICAN RED CROSS TRUCK. THEY SEEM TO BE DOING QUITE A LOT.

9-17-43 8 HRS. OF CLASS AGAIN. WENT TO DANCE LAST NIGHT. FOUR GIRLS TO EVERY SOLDIER.

9-18-43 ALL DONE WITH ALL THIS SCHOOL. LEAVING BOBINGTON THIS MORNING. ASSIGNED TO 385TH GROUP NORTH OF HERE. GOING UP IN G.I. TRUCKS. PACKING AGAIN. GLAD TO GET SETTLED PERMANENTLY FOR A FEW MONTHS. HAVE 25 MISSTIONS TO FLY BEFORE WE GET A REST. WISH THEY WERE ALL OVER NOW.

B-17 FLIGHT LOG

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BALLOD OUT. WHEN WE LANDED WE FOUND FOUR HOLES IN OUR PLANE--ONE OF WHICH WAS BESIDE ME JUST UNDER THE CO-PILOT'S SEAT. WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK THERE AGAIN.

10-5-43 CREW WENT ON LEAVE. SHORT ON NAVIGATORS SO I DIDN'T GET TO GO.

10-6-43 I GOT MY 48 HR. LEAVE TODAY BUT COULDN'T FIND THE CREW IN LONDON. GOT A GOOD ROOM IN LONDON AT THE PALACE HOTEL. SAW THEM BOMB LONDON AT 10:30 AT NIGHT. BOMB ½ MI. AWAY BLEW UP 6 HOUSES. A.A. GUNS MAKE AN AWFUL NOISE. PEOPLE SEEM QUITE CALM. TOOK A GOOD TURKISH BATH AND FEEL PRETTY RELAXED NOW. GOT BACK TODAY & MY CREW WERE ON A MISSION SO I'M ONE BEHIND. THEY WENT TO BREMEN, GERMANY.

10-8-43 TOOK A MAJOR TO LONDON TODAY & FLEW AROUND LONDON FOR AN HOUR, TRYING TO FIND THE OTHER AIRFIELD. HAD TO DODGE TOO MANY BALLOONS AND VISIBILITY WAS ONLY ABOUT 1½ MI. HAD TEA AT THE RAF FIELD AND THEN CAME HOME. WE WERE "TRAILER" THIS MORNING ON THE MISSION THAT WENT TO DIEPPE, GERMANY. WE COULDN'T GET IN THROUGH. 1900 MI. ROUND TRIP OVER SWEDEN, DENMARK, & GERMANY. NOT TOO FAR FROM RUSSIA. ON THE "ALERT" AGAIN TONIGHT.

10-10-43 MISSION #4. HOTTEST ONE SO FAR! MUNSTER, GERMANY. SECONDARY TARGET WAS HAMB, GERMANY. GOT UP AT 0330. TOOK OFF AT 1130. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1330. FLEW OVER ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND & AMSTERDAM ON THE WAY IN. FIGHTERS CAUGHT US 10 MIN. BEFORE WE HIT THE "I.P." AND FOLLOWED & ATTACKED US FOR 50 MIN. AFTER WE LEFT THE TARGET. P-47 PICKED US UP AFTER THE EXCITEMENT WAS ALL OVER. ENTIRELY WIPED OUT MUNSTER. CLEAR & VISIBILITY GOOD. GROUP AHEAD DROPPED DEMOLITION BOMBS ON THE BUSINESS DISTRICT & WE FOLLOWED WITH INCENDIARY BOMBS. 20 MIN. AFTER WE LEFT IT WAS A MASS OF FLAMES & SMOKE. FLAK WAS THICK. 2 MIN. AFTER THE TARGET THEY GOT A B-17. WE SAW CHUTES OPEN. 20 MIN. LATER THEY GOT ANOTHER ONE AND 8 CHUTES OPENED. 20 MIN. LATER A B-17 SPUN DOWN. 5 MIN. LATER THE FIGHTERS GOT ANOTHER 17 DIRECTLY UNDER US. WE SAW 4 B-17'S GO DOWN BUT THINK THEY GOT MORE. SAW FOUR M.E. 109'S EXPLODE & BURST INTO FLAMES. "MARSHALL" CLAIMED ONE. MUST HAVE BEEN AT LEAST 100 GERMAN FIGHTERS ATTACKING US. HITLER MUST REALLY BE TEARING HIS HAIR NOW. THEY SEEM TO LIKE TO BOMB ON SUNDAY. GET THEM ALL TOGETHER IN THE CHURCHES. OUR BOMBS HIT IN A BEAUTIFUL PATTERN--ALL CONCENTRATED AND REALLY WORTH THE TROUBLE, FOR A CHANGE.

10-11-43 CLASSES TODAY. REPORTS STILL COMING IN ON THE RAID TO MUNSTER YESTERDAY. THE 100TH BOMB GROUP TOOK IT. ONE 17 RETURNED OUT OF 16. WE HEARD THAT 100 B-17'S HAVE BEEN LOST IN THE LAST THREE RAIDS. WE LOST TWO YESTERDAY IN OUR GROUP.

-3-

A CHANGE. THE OTHER PLANE'S WING CAME OFF AND IT SPUN DOWN ALSO. JUST LIKE A MOVING PICTURE! 10 MI. EAST OF LONDON. JUST THEN OUR #2 ENGINE CAUGHT FIRE & WE CAME IN ON 3 ENGINES. GOOD LANDING, HOWEVER. 24 TO GO! YESTERDAY WE TOOK A B-17 ON A TEST FLIGHT. LAST NIGHT WE PRACTICED BLACK OUT LANDINGS. GOT STUCK IN THE MUD BEFORE WE TOOK OFF. LANDED AT MIDNIGHT. AT 12:30 A B-17 CAME IN AND WAS ATTACKED BY A F.4.190 WHILE IN THE PATTERN. GETTING BOLD AGAIN!! TODAY IT RAINED AGAIN.

9-26-43 GROUND SCHOOL & SLEEP.

10-1-43 WENT ON PRACTICE FLIGHT TODAY. PRACTICED FORMATION LET-DOWNS THROUGH THE CLOUDS. SUPPOSED TO HOME ON RADIO STATION NEAR FIELD AND THEN PEEL OFF AND LET DOWN. FIVE OF US HOKED FOR 20 MIN. ONE BACK OF THE OTHER IN A LINE. 20 MIN. WAS TOO LONG BUT WE LET DOWN ANYWAY. CAME OUT OVER WATER 10 MI. FROM THE DUTCH COAST. GERMANS HAD JAMMED OUR RADIO STATION AND WE WERE HOMING ON A GERMAN STATION STRAIGHT INTO GERMANY. LOADED OUR GUNS IN A HURRY AND HEADED BACK FOR ENGLAND. 5 MIN. MORE AND WE WOULD HAVE BEEN WELL OVER HOLLAND WITH PROBABLY 50 GERMAN FIGHTERS WAITING FOR US TO HOME IN TO THEM. THESE GERMANS ARE PLENTY SMART!

10-2-43 MISSION #2. EMDEN, GERMANY--TRANSPORTATION CENTER IN NORTHERN GERMANY. 2ND GROUP, HIGH SQD. 23,000 FT. BOMBED THROUGH CLOUDS USING PATFINDER LEADER. 180 B-17'S IN THE RAID. P-47 PROTECTION AT TARGET--FLAK OVER TARGET--BIG RED BURSTS WITH BLACK SMOKE. REALLY ACCURATE. SAME ALT. ON BOTH SIDES, BEHIND, & AHEAD. NONE OF OUR GROUP WAS HIT. 15 M. AFTER LEAVING TARGET, ENEMY FIGHTERS PICKED US UP AFTER WE LEFT TARGET. NONE GOT IN OUR FORMATION, HOWEVER. THIS FLAK REALLY SCARES YOU TO DEATH. LOOKS SO PRETTY AND HARMLESS FLATING IN THE AIR. TUBBY GOT A BURST IN AT A 109 THAT BARREL-ROLLED UNDER US. TWO 17'S DROPPED OUT OF FORMATION WITH ENGINES FEATHERED. "OLD TEX" WAS REALLY SWEATING OVER THE TARGET.

10-3-43 PRACTICE MISSION TODAY. PRACTICED WITH THE "G" BOX.

10-4-43 MISSION #3. HANAU, GERMANY. FRANKFURT RUBBER WORKS. BIGGEST RUBBER PLANT IN GERMANY. 300 MILES INLAND. NINE GROUPS. WE WERE IN THE LEAD GROUP. 2½ HRS. OVER GERMANY & FRANCE. THE LEAD NAVIGATOR GOT LOST AND BOMBED ST. DIZIER, FRANCE. LOOKED JUST LIKE HANAU, GERMANY. FIGHTERS (WE 109'S) ATTACKED US AT THE TARGET. NINE 109'S ATTACKED US HEADON 30 MIN. LATER. HIT A CLOUD OF FLAK AT THE SAME TIME. WE WERE HIT BY FLAK IN THE WING-- A NICE HOLE. THE 109'S PEELLED OFF ONE BY ONE AND CAME IN HEADON. I GOT SOME GOOD BURSTS IN AT 10:00. ONE 17 FEATHERED A COUPLE OF PROPS & DROPPED DOWN. THE 109'S LINED UP & TOOK TURNS ON HIM. THEY PROBABLY GOT HIM. 20 MIN. LATER WE RAN INTO MORE FLAK. NINE MORE 109'S ATTACKED FROM HEADON. THINK WE GOT A COUPLE OF THEM THIS TIME. WE THEN HIT THE DUTCH COAST & ACROSS. ONE 17 CRASHED IN ENGLAND. SHOT UP TOO BAD. ALL OF THE CREW

B-17 FLIGHT LOG

-6-

10-18-43 MISSION #6. DUREN, GERMANY. A TOWN OF 50,000 PEOPLE. NOT MUCH MILITARY IMPORTANCE. JUST WANTED TO WIRE OUT THE TOWN. MORALE RAID, I GUESS. GOT UP AT 0800, TOOK OFF AT 1000, CLIMBED TO 27,000 FEET. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1330 --44 DEGREES BELOW ZERO. THE NOSE WAS COMPLETELY FROZEN OVER. COULDN'T SEE A THING. MY ELECTRIC SUIT REALLY WORKED WELL. VISIBILITY POOR & CLOUDS ALL THE WAY. WEATHER GOT WORSE & WORSE AND WHEN WE WERE 20 MIN. FROM THE TARGET THEY SCRUBBED THE MISSION & TURNED AROUND TO COME HOME. MIGHT AS WELL HAVE COME ON TO TARGET. PRETTY RISKY FLYING FORMATION IN CLOUDS. COUNTED AS A MISSION EVEN THOUGH WE DIDN'T DROP OUR BOMBS. JUST AS HARD AS A MISSION. REALLY GETTING ANXIOUS TO RAID--WEATHER OR NO WEATHER. ROBBY AND CREW WENT TO THE "BEST HOME" LAST WEEK--13 MISSIONS.

10-19-43 GROUND SCHOOL AND "RED ALERT" TONIGHT. GERMANS BOMBED FIELD NORTH OF HERE. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1230--28,000 FEET--44 DEGREES BELOW ZERO. SPIT ESCORT.

10-20-43 MISSION #7. DUREN, GERMANY. SOMEONE WAS PRAYING HARD FOR US TODAY. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1230--28,000 FEET--44 DEGREES BELOW ZERO. SPIT ESCORT. 20 MIN. BEFORE THE TARGET OUR #4 ENGINE RAN AWAY AND WE COULDN'T FEATHER IT. COULDN'T HOLD OUR ALTITUDE OR STAY IN FORMATION. WE DROPPED DOWN AND TURNED BACK. 3 MIN. LATER FOUR M.E. 109'S PICKED US UP. WE DOVE DOWN TO 12,000 FEET TRYING TO GET AWAY. GOT INTO ALL THE CLOUDS WE COULD. VERTICAL BACKS, DIVES, CLIMBS, ETC. THE FIGHTERS CAME IN AT 5, 6, & 7 O'CLOCK ON OUR TAIL MAKING SEVERAL PASSES. RIGGS SAID HE SAW ONE EXPLODE AND ANOTHER GO DOWN IN SMOKE. COULDN'T GET MUCH SPEED HAVING ONLY THREE ENGINES & A HEAD WIND. WE DROPPED ALL OUR BOMBS IN A FIELD NEAR ARRAS, FRANCE, IN ORDER TO GET MORE SPEED. WE ZIG-ZAGGED FOR THE COAST. FLAK PICKED US UP AND FOLLOWED US FOR 2 OR 3 MINS. BUT DID NOT HIT US. WE FINALLY HIT THE COAST AND 20 MIN. LATER HIT THE ENGLISH COAST. OUR TAIL GUNNER FABER WAS WOUNDED. A 20 MM HIT THE TAIL. BULLETS IN HIS LEG, BUTTOCKS, AND SIDE. NOT MUCH BLEEDING SO NO FIRST AID NECESSARY. TURNED NORTH UP THE COAST FOR HOME BUT OUR #4 ENGINE WAS BURNING SO WE LANDED AT THE NEAREST FIELD. DETTLING, AN RAF SPITFIRE FIELD, 5 MILES SOUTH OF THE THAMES RIVER NEAR LONDON. WHEN WE STOPPED ROLLING ON LANDING THE ENGINE WAS REALLY SPITTING OUT FIRE. TRIED TO PUT IT OUT WITH FIRE EXTINGUISHERS THAT WE HAD BUT COULDN'T. THE FIELD FIRE TRUCK FINALLY PUT IT OUT. ONE TIRE WAS FLAT WHEN WE LANDED-- BULLET THROUGH IT. PLANE WAS RIDDLED WITH HOLES. MUST HAVE BEEN 200-300 HOLES IN IT, 20 MM. CANNON HOLES (MAYBE 7 OR 8) IN IT. CAN'T SEE HOW THE TAIL AND WAIST GUNNERS GOT BACK ALIVE. HOLES WITHIN INCHES OF THEM--DOZENS OF THEM. ONE 20MM WENT THROUGH OUR BOMBAY WITH OUR 12 INCENDIARY BOMBS STILL THERE. NOSE WAS NOT SHOT UP MUCH AS THEY ALL ATTACKED FROM THE TAIL. SKINNY PRIER TURNED BACK 10 MIN. AFTER WE DID AND EVIDENTLY WENT DOWN AS THEY HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM. HE WAS IN OUR SQUADRON. THREE GUNNERS IN OUR GROUP DIED ON THE RAID FROM ANOXIA. THEIR OXYGEN TUBES CAME LOOSE AND THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT. MORAL: STAY IN FORMATION, EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO GET OUT AND PUSH.

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10-12-43 ALERTED THIS MORNING FOR A RAID ON EMDEN, GERMANY. TOOK OFF AT 1030 AND CLIMBED TO ALTITUDE AND THEN THEY SCRUBBED THE MISSION AND WE LANDED. FOG OVER ENGLAND & VISIBILITY ABOUT 800 YDS. COULDN'T EVEN SEE THE END OF THE RUNWAY WHEN WE TOOK OFF. ANOTHER "RED ALERT" TONIGHT. ALL LIGHTS OFF. A FEW GERMAN BOMBERS OVER. THEY SENT A FEW OVER EVERY NIGHT AS A NUISANCE JUST TO KEEP US AWAKE.

10-14-43 MISSION #5. SCHWEINFURT, GERMANY. BALL BEARING WORKS. HOW WE EVER GOT BACK FROM THIS ONE I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND! FOUR HRS. OVER GERMANY AND THREE HRS. UNDER FIGHTER ATTACK. FLAK OVER THE TARGET WAS LIKE A CLOUD AND VERY ACCURATE. EXACTLY AT OUR ALTITUDE. WE WERE HIT THREE TIMES. TAIL, WING, AND GLASS NOSE BROKEN. KICK OFF WAS AT 1030. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1330. P-47 ESCORT 20 MI. INSIDE GERMANY. WHEN THEY LEFT, THE 109'S STARTED ATTACKING AND CONTINUED FOR FOUR HRS. WE WERE "TAIL END CHARLIE" TODAY IN PURPLE HEART CORNER. CARRIED INCENDIARIES. CLEAR OVER TARGET AND WHEN WE LEFT IT WAS A HUGE MASS OF FLAMES. THE WHOLE TOWN WAS BURNING. FLAMES 500' HIGH. TWO '17'S BURST INTO FLAMES IN THE GROUP AHEAD OF US ON THE BOMB RUN. 5 MIN. AFTER THE TARGET 3 BUNCHES OF CHUTES OPENED. ABOUT 7-8 IN EACH BUNCH. 10 MIN. LATER A '17 CRASHED AND BURNED IN A FOREST. JU 88'S WERE SITTING OUT AND FIRING ROCKETS AT US. THEY HAD EVERYTHING UP TODAY. JU88'S, M.E. 109'S, 210'S. 30 MIN. LATER A '17 DROPPED DOWN AND TWO FIGHTERS WENT DOWN AFTER HIM. 20 MIN. LATER HE CAME OUT OF A CLOUD WITH HIS ENGINES SMOKING. THEY ALL BAILED OUT. OUR NO. 1 ENGINE IGNITION SYSTEM WAS SHOT OUT & IT SOUNDED LIKE A WASHING MACHINE. I'M AFRAID THINGS ARE GOING TO BE TOUCH FROM NOW ON. NO "MILK" RUNS.

10-15-43 ALERTED BUT THE MISSION WAS SCRUBBED. GROUND SCHOOL IN THE AFTERNOON. REPORT FROM WING HDQ. ABOUT THE SCHWEINFURT RAID WAS THAT 60 B-17'S WERE LOST. HIGHEST LOSS ON RECORD SO FAR FOR A SINGLE RAID. GROUND SCHOOL TODAY. TUBBY & I WENT TO STOW MARKET TO THE SHOW & OF COURSE WHILE WE WERE THERE, THE GERMANS RAIDED CLOSE BY.

10-17-43 WENT TO A DANCE AT THE OFFICERS' CLUB. GOT TO BED AT 0100 & THEY GOT US UP FOR A RAID ON DUREN, GERMANY. CLIMBED UP TO 25,000 FT. AND CLOUDS STILL ABOVE US. SOLID ALL THE WAY. COULDN'T SEE A THING BEFORE DAWN. OUR PLANE WOULDN'T CLIMB ANY MORE AND STALLED SO WE HAD TO COME BACK. RAINING WHEN WE GOT BACK AND VISIBILITY ABOUT 500 FT. WHEN WE GOT ON THE GROUND FOUND OUT THEY HAD SCRUBBED THE MISSION ON ACCOUNT OF WEATHER SO THE REST ALSO HAD TO COME BACK.

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10-31-43 GOT STOPPED IN TIME. LANDED AT 1400. LUCKY WE DIDN'T GO TO GERMANY AS NONE OF US WOULD HAVE HAD ENOUGH GAS LEFT TO LOOK FOR A FIELD WHEN WE GOT HOME. THOSE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET HOME, THAT IS. TARGET WAS A LARGE OIL WORKS. WENT IN TO THE TOWN OF DOCKING IN OUR FLYING CLOTHES AND WENT TO THE LOCAL SAT. NITE DANCE. STAYED IN A "WELL HOUSE" FOR OFFICERS. RAF REALLY HAVE IT NICE. FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO TAKE CLOTHES & SHAVING GEAR.

11-1-43 SLEPT UNTIL 1130--THE W.A.F.E.'S (GIRLS) WOKED US UP. SHINED OUR SHOES. COULD HARDLY GET OUT OF BED FOR THEIR RUNNING IN AND OUT OF THE ROOM. TOOK OFF FOR HOME AT 1430 AND LANDED AT GREAT ASHFIELD AT 1500. WENT TO SHOW TONIGHT.

11-1-43 SQUADRON CHICKEN FEED TONIGHT. 1 LB. A PIECE! I ATE 7 LEGS & 9 THIGHS ALONG WITH 6 BEERS, 3 CUPS OF COFFEE, 5 PIECES OF BREAD AND 2 CIGARS. SLEPT UNTIL 1130. SWUNG A FLUX-GATE COMPASS. PLAYED VOLLEY BALL & TOUCH FOOTBALL. WENT TO THE SHOW & THEN TO THE CHICKEN FEED.

11-2-43 PRACTICED ON THE G BOX THIS MORNING. SHOT SKREET AFTER DINNER & THEN WENT TO MATINEE SHOW. HAD ICE CREAM FOR SUPPER. NO ALERT TONIGHT. HAVE TO GET USED TO THIS COMBAT ALL OVER AGAIN IF WE DON'T GO ON A MISSION SOON. HAVEN'T SEEN THE SUN IN 10 DAYS.

11-3-43 MISSION #8. WILHEMSHAVEN, GERMANY. TARGET WAS SUBMARINE PENS AND SUB CONSTRUCTION DOCKS. PATRFINDER MISSION THROUGH CLOUDS. BRIEFED AT 0730. TOOK OFF AT 0930. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1130. G BOX CUT OUT AT 0480' E. P-47 AND P-38 ESCORT ALL THE WAY. 500-600 17'S ON RAID. ALSO A GROUP OF 24'S. FIRST RAID THE 24'S HAVE GONE ON. BIGGEST RAID SO FAR IN THE ETO. OVER 1000 PLANES INVOLVED. SAW ONLY A FEW GERMAN FIGHTERS AND WERE NOT BOTHERED MUCH BY THEM. FLAK OVER THE TARGET WAS NOT TOO THICK, BUT VERY ACCURATE. 1 MIN. AFTER BOMBS AWAY A FORT IN THE GROUP ABOVE US WAS HIT BY FLAK IN THE GAS TANK AND DROVE STRAIGHT DOWN BURNING. JUST BEFORE IT WENT INTO THE UNDERCAST IT EXPLODED INTO A MILLION PIECES. NOBODY GOT OUT. 1 MIN. LATER ANOTHER '17 WENT DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS WITH A GERMAN FIGHTER ON ITS TAIL. 90 MILES FROM THE ENGLISH COAST WE FOUND OUT OUR GAS LINE TO OUR #1 ENGINE HAD BEEN HIT BY FLAK AND WAS LOSING GAS FAST. ABOUT 10 MORE MILES AND THE ENGINE QUIT SO WE HAD TO DROP OUT OF FORMATION. LUCKY WE WERE OVER NORTH ATLANTIC AND NOT GERMANY. #2 ENGINE WAS ALSO SPITTING SMOKE. WE MADE IT HOME O.K. ALONG WITH THE THREE ENGINES. IT WAS A GOOD SHOW. FLARES, AA GUNS, ETC. JUST LIKE 4TH OF JULY DISPLAY. WE SAW 6 GERMAN BOMBERS BURN & GO DOWN. THEY MUST HAVE HAD A LOT OF BOMBERS OVER TONIGHT. THEY GOT THE POWER SUPPLY SO WE HAD NO LIGHTS HERE. WENT TO THE DANCE AT THE CLUB AFTER THE RED ALERT WAS OVER. GOOD PUNCH TO DRINK.

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10-31-43 CALLED OUR BASE, GREAT ASHFIELD, AND THEY SAID THEY WOULD PICK US UP TODAY. ENGLISH REALLY TREATED US WELL. TEA IN BED IN THE MORNING, TEA AT 1000, LUNCH, TEA AT 1600, SUPPER, COFFEE AFTER DINNER. FIREPLACE IN EVERY ROOM. THEY THINK THE "FORTS" ARE REALLY O.K. SHOWED ABOUT 50 GUYS THROUGH OUR PLANE. ALL THE CLOTHES I HAD WERE MY ELECTRIC SUIT AND BOOTS. TODAY THEY SENT A PLANE DOWN FOR US. TOOK OFF, BUZZED THE FIELD, AND CAME HOME.

10-23-43 RAINED ALL DAY. PRACTICE MISSION TODAY. GOT OUR RATONS TODAY. 10-24-43 WENT TO DANCE AT CLUB LAST NIGHT. NO ALERT SO WE DANCED UNTIL 0200. BIG TIME WAS HAD BY ALL. SLEPT TO NOON TODAY. PRESENTATION OF AWARDS AT 1300. PRACTICE MISSION AT 1530. TOOK SOME ENGLISH AIR CADETS WITH US FOR THE RIDE. ALL PASSES CANCELLED STARTING TOMORROW. SOMETHING BIG IN THE AIR. BEEN HAVING IT TOO EASY LATELY.

10-25-43 SLEPT TILL 1000. PRACTICE MISSION THIS AFTERNOON. WE BOMBED IN THE NORTH SEA. GROUP OF 24'S WITH US. TUBBY WASN'T WITH US SO I WAS NAVIGATOR & BOMBARDIER BOTH. TOGGLED THEM OUT OK. TUBBY LEARNING SOME NAVIGATION ALSO. EVERYONE RESTRICTED TO BASE. NO LEAVES OR PASSES. SOMETHING IS GOING TO POP SOON. EVERYONE CAN FEEL IT IN THE AIR.

10-26-43 HAD A LECTURE TODAY ON SECURITY. TOLD US THAT THE GERMANS KNEW 4 HRS. BEFORE THE SCHWEINFURT RAID THAT WE WERE COMING. LEAK SOMEWHERE. ACCOUNTS FOR THE HIGH LOSS. WENT TO SHOW TONIGHT. NO ALERT.

10-17-43 ON ALERT BUT THEY CANCELLED IT. FOGS ARE REALLY HERE NOW. CAN'T SEE 50 FT. AHEAD.

10-28-43 HAD A GOOD BATH TODAY. DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT. TOO CLEAN! STAND-BY ALERT BUT SCRUBBED IT SO WE SLEPT UNTIL NOON. HEAVY FOG. WENT TO BURY ST. EDMONDS TO THE DANCE.

10-29-43 GROUND SCHOOL TODAY. INTELLIGENCE TELLS US GERMAN MORALE IS CRACKING. I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SIGN OF CRACK YET. FOG AGAIN AND NO FLYING. FOG HANGS RIGHT ON THE GROUND.

10-30-43 GOT UP AT 0500. BRIEFED AT 0600. TOOK OFF AT 0800. TARGET WAS LUDWIGSHAFEN, GERMANY IN "HAPPY VALLEY" OUTSIDE OF BERLIN--THE MOST HEAVILY PROTECTED AREA IN GERMANY. A MASS OF FLAK GUNS. CLIMBED THROUGH THE FOG & CLOUDS. 1 HR. LATER THEY SCRUBBED THE RAID. OUR FIELD WAS CLOSED SO THEY DIRECTED US TO A FIELD 50 MI. NORTH--DOCKING, AN RAF FIELD. WE SPLIT UP AND WE WENT OUT IN THE NORTH SEA AND DROPPED OUR BOMBS. WE CAME BACK TO DOCKING AND LANDED. SOD FIELD AND SHORT. GOT DOWN O.K. WITH ABOUT 500 FT. CEILING. THREE FORTS CAME IN BEFORE US AND ALL 3 CRACKED UP. TWO WENT INTO THE DITCH AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY AND ONE COULDN'T GET HIS WHEELS DOWN & HAD TO MAKE A BELLY LANDING. PLOWED UP A GOOD ROW. NOBODY HURT. WE ALL GOT IN THE RADIO ROOM ON LANDING BUT IT WAS A GOOD LANDING &

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AT ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND AND 9 GERMAN FIGHTERS ATTACKED THE GROUP BEHIND US. IN ONE PASS THEY GOT TWO FORTS. THEY CAUGHT FIRE AND EXPLODED. TWO CHUTES CAME OUT FROM ONE. A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY GOT TWO MORE FORTS FROM THE SAME GROUP, ONE BLEW UP AND THE OTHER DROVE DOWN. GOT TO ENGLISH COAST O.K. AND LANDED AT 1630. REALLY SWEATING IT OUT. AS TO WHETHER IT WAS MUNSTER THAT WE BOMBED. HOWEVER, PICTURES TONIGHT SHOWED IT WAS MUNSTER. HOPE WE HIT THE M.P.I. WILL FIND OUT TOMORROW AT WING CRITIQUE. WILL BE A GOOD BREAK FOR TUBBY IF WE DID.

11-1-43 THIS MORNING TUBBY AND I GOT TO GO TO WING CRITIQUE. THE COLONELS, MAJORS, ETC. WERE VERY WELL PLEASED. THEY SAID OUR CREW WAS EVIDENTLY VERY MUCH ON THE BALL TO BE ABLE TO TAKE OVER ON SUCH A SHORT NOTICE, WITH THE TARGET ONLY 5 MINUTES AWAY AND STILL HIT THE TARGET, EVEN THOUGH IT WAS 10/10 COVERED BY CLOUDS. TOMORROW WE GO TO DIVISION CRITIQUE AND TELL THE GENERAL HOW WE DID IT. TUBBY MAY GET THE DFC!

11-13-43 SLEPT TILL NOON. WENT TO DANCE LAST NIGHT AT CLUB. EARLY THIS MORNING THE GROUP WENT ON RAID TO BREMEN, GERMANY. ONLY TWO CREWS OUT OF SQUADRON HAD TO GO. FIRST RAID SINCE WE HAVE BEEN HERE THAT WE DID NOT HAVE TO GO. WEATHER WAS BAD AND NINE OUT OF OUR GROUP ABORTED. ONLY ABOUT 40 FORTS FINALLY LEFT AND WHEN THEY GOT NEAR BREMEN ABOUT 200 GERMAN FIGHTERS RAN THEM OFF. THEY DIDN'T HIT THE TARGET. JENNINGS FLEW OUR SHIP "662" AND ABORTED OVER GERMANY SO GOT SHOT UP PRETTY BAD. 52 BELOW ZERO TODAY AT ALTITUDE. THEY SEEM BOUND AND DETERMINED TO SEND US ON RAIDS NO MATTER WHAT THE WEATHER. GENERAL ARNOLD SAID OVER RADIO THAT THERE WERE PLENTY OF REPLACEMENTS IN U.S. IN CASE OF HEAVY LOSS OF CREWS HERE. NICE! THIS AFTERNOON WE TEST HOPPED A PLANE. LAP & I FLEW AND TEX DID THE NAVIGATION IN THE NOSE. HAD A LOT OF FUN. GOING TO START DROPPING TIME BOMBS ON GERMANY. GO OFF FROM 15 MIN. TO 36 HOURS AFTER DROPPED.

11-14-43 GROUND SCHOOL AND WENT TO DIVISION CRITIQUE. REVIEWED THE DUREN, MUNSTER, AND BREMEN RAIDS. MUNSTER RAID WAS THE ONLY ONE THAT HIT THE TARGET. THE 385TH LED IT!

11-15-43 GROUND SCHOOL AND WE WENT ON PRACTICE FLIGHT.
11-16-43 Woke us at 0200. BRIEFED AT 0300 AND TOOK OFF AT 0600. FOR A HYDROGEN PLANT IN NORMAY. ASSEMBLED OVER SPLASHER 7 BEFORE IT WAS LIGHT. JUST AS WE GOT TO ASSEMBLY POINT OUR #3 ENGINE WENT OUT AND IT RAN AWAY. A FEW MINUTES LATER IT CAUGHT ON FIRE. NOT TOO LARGE A FIRE SO WE STAYED WITH IT HEADED FOR HOME AND STARTED LETTING DOWN. ABOUT 6000 FT. WE HIT A THUNDERHEAD. THE PLANE WENT OUT OF CONTROL. DYING AT 2000 FT/MIN. & STILL STALLING AT 110 P/HR. ALMOST WENT OVER ON ITS BACK AT 1000 FT. TEX & LAP GOT IT LEVEL FOR A MINUTE AND RANG THE BELL TO ABANDON THE SHIP. TUBBY AND FIVE OF THE G NERS BAILED OUT OF THE WAIST. I GOT TO THE ESCAPE HATCH IN THE NOSE, GOT ON MY HANDS & KNEES, AND TRIED TO DIVE OUT.

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11-4-43 ALERTED AND GOT UP AT 0530. TARGET WAS AN OIL REFINERY IN THE RUHR VALLEY IN GERMANY. HAPPY VALLEY MISSION WAS SCRUBBED THROUGH ON ACCOUNT OF WEATHER. P/W LECTURE THIS AFTERNOON. ON ALERT TONIGHT.

11-5-43 BRIEFED AT 0600 FOR GLISSENKIRCHEN, GERMANY, IN THE RUHR VALLEY, OIL REFINERIES. TOOK OFF AT 0830. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1130 IN THE COMPOSITE GROUP. POOR FORMATION & COULDN'T FIND A SPOT. #2 ENGINE WAS ACTING UP AT 29,000 FEET. GOT TO THE DUTCH COAST AND WE LOST ALL OUR OIL IN #3 ENGINE. HAD TO TURN IT OFF & ABORT. CAME BACK ON 3 ENGINES ALONE & LANDED AT 1400. WE HAD A HOLE IN OUR WING. DON'T KNOW WHERE IT CAME FROM AS WE HAD NOT HIT FLAK OR FIGHTERS WHEN WE ABORTED.

11-6-43 CLASS IN MORNING. GOT OUR 48 HR. PASS AT NOON. WENT TO LONDON WITH CREW. GOT A SWEET ROOM IN THE RUSSELL HOTEL. WENT TO ESQUIRE CLUB WITH TUBBY, LAP, & TEX.

11-7-43 WENT TO WATFORD AT NOON. BACK TO LONDON AND TO DANCE AT THE PARAMOUNT. TEX HAD A DATE WITH A GIRL NAMED ANNE. SAW THE CHANGE OF GUARDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN MORNING. LAST NIGHT THE GERMANS DROPPED A BOMB ON A LARGE DANCE HALL HERE IN LONDON AND ALMOST 100 PEOPLE WERE KILLED. MIGHT HAVE BEEN THEIR NEW RADIO-CONTROLLED DIVE GLIDER AS NO ONE HEARD THE PLANE.

11-8-43 GOT UP AT 1030. WENT TO STAGE SHOW "FOOLISH BUT IT'S FUN. CAUGHT 1800 TRAIN TO IPSWICH & GOT BACK TO BASE AT 2230.

11-9-43 WENT ON PRACTICE BOMBING RANGE TODAY, WEST OF LONDON. SHOT SKEET & PLAYED TOUCH F.B. THIS AFTERNOON. "OLD 662" IS BACK IN SHAPE. TWO NEW ENGINES AND TWO NEW SUPERCHARGERS. \$60,000 WAS THE COST. HAVE TO SELL A FEW MORE BONDS IN OLD U.S.A. ALERTED TONIGHT.

11-10-43 DITCHING PROCEDURES THIS MORNING. PRACTICE FORMATION MISSION THIS AFTERNOON AT 20,000 FEET. ALERTED TONIGHT. GOOD RADIO PROGRAM TONIGHT FROM CALAIS. GERMAN WAR NEWS, ETC.

11-11-43 MISSION #9. MUNSTER, GERMANY. TOWN OF 40,000. RAILROAD CENTER AND CIVILIANS. TOOK OFF AT 0930. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1205. WE WERE #2 POSITION IN THE LEAD GROUP. CARRIED 38 100 LB. INCENDIARY BOMBS. OUR LEAD SHIP CALLED US UP AND TOLD US TO TAKE OVER AS THEIR INSTRUMENTS WERE OUT. WE TOOK OVER THE LEAD THEN. MUNSTER HAD A LARGE CLOUD WHICH COMPLETELY COVERED THE TOWN. HOWEVER, WE IDENTIFIED THE TOWN BY TRACKS AND ROADS COMING OUT FROM THE NORTH. FINALLY WITH 3 MINUTES TO GO WE LEVELLED OUT ON OUR BOMB RUN AND TUBBY TOGGLED THEM OUT WHEN HE THOUGHT HE WOULD BE OVER THE TOWN. THE ENTIRE WING BEHIND US DROPPED THEIR BOMBS ON OUR LEAD. WE COULDN'T SEE THE TOWN, BUT COULD SEE A FEW HOUSES TO NORTH OF TOWN. FLAK WAS FAIRLY HEAVY AND VERY ACCURATE. OUR SHIP WAS HIT 10 TIMES BY FLAK. FLAK HIT BEHIND ME ABOUT 2 FEET AND TORE UP MY JACK BOX AND INTERPHONE. ONE PORT WENT DOWN FROM OUR GROUP OVER THE TARGET. P-47 ESCORT LEFT US

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- 11-25-43 THANKSGIVING! I'M THANKFUL WE DIDN'T GO TO BERLIN AS WE ALL EXPECTED TO DO. HAD WINE, TURKEY, DRESSING, PUMPKIN PIE, ETC. FOR DINNER. AFTER OUR TWO HOUR PRACTICE MISSION THIS MORNING. RAINING TONIGHT. THE BRITISH DO NOT CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING. SEEMS STRANGE. THESE GERMANS ARE REALLY CLEVER TO ATTRACT BRITISH LISTENERS. BEST SWING MUSIC I'VE HEARD SINCE LEAVING THE USA.
- 11-26-43 MISSION #11. PARIS, FRANCE. ANOTHER BALL BEARING WORKS IN THE CENTER OF PARIS. CARRIED SIX 1000 LB. DEMOLITION BOMBS. ONLY ONE WING GOING. OUR GROUP LED. WE FLEW IN #2 POSITION IN LEAD SQUADRON. REST OF THE WINGS WENT TO BREMEN, GERMANY. BRIEFED AT 0300. TOOK OFF AT 0630 AND LEFT ENGLAND AT 1030 AT 23,000 FT. 35 DEGREES BELOW ZERO AND AN 85 MI/HR. TAIL WIND. SUPPOSED TO HAVE ESCORT P-47'S AND SPITS. GOT TO I.P. AT 1115 AND PARIS WAS COMPLETELY COVERED BY CLOUDS. ONLY THING VISIBLE WAS THE EIFFEL TOWER STICKING UP THROUGH THE CLOUDS. DID NOT DROP OUR BOMBS AND HEADED HOME. 150 GERMAN FIGHTERS PICKED US UP. WE HAD 80 P-47'S AT THE TIME WHICH HELPED A LOT BUT THE GERMANS WERE EAGER, DETERMINED, AND PLENTY SMART TODAY SO GOT IN PLENTY. FLAK HIT ONE FORT AT PARIS WHICH THEN DROVE DOWN & CRASHED INTO ANOTHER. 2 MIN. LATER FIGHTERS KNOCKED A FORT OUT AND FOLLOWED IT DOWN. 2 MIN. LATER A FORT WENT DOWN BURNING WITH NO CHUTES OUT. ABOUT 5 MIN. LATER ANOTHER FORT WENT DOWN BURNING AND EXPLODED IN A FOREST. SAW 3 CHUTES OUT. ABOUT 5 MIN. LATER ANOTHER WENT DOWN. 10 MIN. LATER SAW 3 CHUTES FLOAT PAST AND FARTHER ON ANOTHER 17 BURNING ON THE GROUND. I GOT 3 GOOD SHOTS FROM RIGHT NOSE GUN. HUTCH DROPPED OUT AT THE FRENCH COAST WITH TWO FEATHERED ENGINES BUT GOT BACK TO ENGLAND OK. WE GOT TO ENGLAND AT 1200 AND HOME AT 1245. GERMANS SEEM TO HAVE AS MUCH OR MORE THAN THEY HAD THREE MONTHS AGO. PLANES LOOKED NEW AND PILOTS WERE PLENTY SMART COMING OUT OF THE SUN, ETC. SAW SOME GOOD DOG FIGHTS BETWEEN P-47'S AND M.E. 109'S.
- 11-27-43 GROUND SCHOOL. HAD A BAD COLD. FEELS LIKE THE FLU.
- 11-28-43 SLEPT UNTIL NOON. GROUND SCHOOL THIS AFTERNOON. CLUB TONIGHT. RAINING AND MUD IS KNEE DEEP EVERYWHERE.
- 11-29-43 SLEPT TILL NOON. TESTED A SHIP THIS AFTERNOON AT ALTITUDE WITH ROBBY. BIG ALERT TONIGHT. HAD A RAID TODAY ON BREMEN. OUR SQUADRON DID NOT FLY. THEY LOST TWO CREWS FROM OUR GROUP TODAY. FIGHTERS DOWNED THEM.
- 11-30-43 MISSION #12. BRIEFED AT 0300 FOR SOLENGER, GERMANY. TOWN OF 150,000. M.P.I. WAS BUSINESS DISTRICT. TOOK OFF AT 0800 IN THE RAIN AND CLIMBED FOR 12,000 FT. BEFORE WE BROKE OUT OF CLOUDS. ASSEMBLED OVER #7 AT 19,000. CAPT. SMITH'S SHIP CAUGHT ON FIRE. THEIR FLARES STARTED IT AND 6 GUNNERS BAILED OUT. ONE JUMPED WITHOUT HIS CHUTE AND WAS KILLED. TWO OFFICERS COULDN'T GET OUT AND CRASHED. SMITH JUMPED BUT WAS BURNED BADLY. 10 SHIPS FROM OUR GROUP ABORTED. WE FINALLY FLEW TO THE DUTCH COAST AND ONLY HAD FOUR SHIPS SO CAME HOME. 44 DEGREES BELOW. BOMBAY DOORS FROZEN, GUNS FROZEN.

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- ALMOST GOT OUT BUT MY WINTER HELMET CAUGHT ON THE SIDE OF THE HATCH. I CLIMBED BACK IN, SCREAMED MY NERVES UP AGAIN, TOOK OFF MY HELMET, AND DOVE AGAIN. THIS TIME MY HEAD AND ARMS AND SHOULDERS GOT OUT BUT MY BACKPACK CAUGHT ON THE SIDE OF THE HATCH AND I STUCK. I CLIMBED BACK IN LOOKING AT THE ALTITUDE AND SINCE WE WERE STILL AT 900 FT. I TRIED ONCE MORE. THIS TIME I HIT MY HEAD ON SIDE OF HATCH & CUT IT, SO I CLIMBED BACK IN & GAVE UP. LAP & TEX SEEMED TO HAVE THE SHIP FAIRLY WELL UNDER CONTROL BY THEN SO FOSTER & I STAYED. THE BURNING ENGINE COULD HAVE EXPLODED ANY MINUTE BUT IT DIDN'T. WE FLEW 10 MILES OUT IN THE CHANNEL & DROPPED OUR SIX 1000 LB DEMOLITION BOMBS THEN COULDN'T CLOSE OUR BOMBAY DOORS AFTERWARDS. HUNTED FOR 30 MIN. FOR AN OPEN FIELD AND FINALLY FOUND A P-47 FIELD NEAR IPSWICH. LANDED AND JUMPED OUT AND PUT OUT THE FIRE IN THE ENGINE. RECEIVED WORD LATER THAT ALL THAT BAILED OUT WERE SAFE. THEIR CHUTES HAD HARDLY OPENED BEFORE THEY HIT THE GROUND. TUBBY & RIGGS SPRAINED THEIR ANKLES. LAP & TEX DID A GOOD JOB IN KEEPING THE SHIP IN THAT THUNDERSTORM.
- 11-17-43 CURTIS & I WENT TO CLUB LAST NIGHT & THEN TO STOWMARKET. CLASSES THIS MORNING. JENNINGS & CREW WENT TO REST HOME TODAY.
- 11-18-43 GROUND SCHOOL & PRACTICE MISSION. ALERT TONIGHT.
- 11-19-43 MISSION #10. GILSHENHEK, GERMANY, IN THE RUHR VALLEY. RAIL JUNCTION & BUSINESS DISTRICT OF TOWN, 1000 FLAK GUNS THERE. TOOK OFF AT 0830. LEFT ENGLISH COAST AT 1200. THREE DIVISIONS. 36 1000 LB. INCENDIARY BOMBS. FOLLOWED PATHFINDER PLANE. 10/10 UNDERCAST OVER GERMANY. FLEW FOR AN HOUR OVER GERMANY AND PATHFINDER SHIP COULDN'T FIND THE TARGET SO WE DUMPED OUR BOMBS ON A SMALL TOWN & CAME HOME. THE TOWN WE DROPPED ON TURNED OUT TO BE A TOWN IN HOLLAND. NOT SO GOOD! P-47 ESCORT. NO FIGHTERS AND LITTLE FLAK. TUBBY & LAP DID NOT GO WITH US. ARTHUR WAS ON HIS FIRST MISSION IN NOSE WITH ME AND PRETTY NERVOUS.
- 11-20-43 SWUNG COMPASS THIS MORNING. 2 HR. PRACTICE MISSION THIS AFTERNOON.
- 11-21-43 SLEPT TILL 1030. SWUNG D.R. COMPASS THIS AFTERNOON AND AT 1800 THEY TOLD US WE HAD A 48 HR. PASS STARTING AT MIDNIGHT. WE GOT READY & WENT TO STOWMARKET AND STAYED ALL NIGHT TO GET OFF THE BASE.
- 11-22-43 WENT IN TO LONDON FROM STOWMARKET AND GOT ROOMS AT THE BARRINGTON HOTEL. WENT TO STAGE SHOW THIS AFTERNOON, "STRIKE A NEW NOTE", DANCED TONIGHT AT A DINNER DANCE AT THE PICCADILLY HOTEL.
- 11-23-43 WENT TO THE ZOO THIS MORNING AND TO SHOW THIS AFTERNOON, "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS". CAUGHT TRAIN AT 1800 AND TAXI FROM STOWMARKET.
- 11-24-43 CLASSES THIS MORNING. LAST NIGHT THE BOYS SAID THEY WERE BRIEFED YESTERDAY MORNING FOR BERLIN, GERMANY, BUT THE MISSION WAS SCRUBBED. M.P.I. WAS THE AIR MINISTRY BLDG. IN THE CENTER OF BERLIN. THAT'S THE RAID WE HAVE BEEN EXPECTING FOR A LONG TIME, BUT NOT EXACTLY LOOKING FORWARD TO IT.

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12-13-43 GROUND SCHOOL AND HELPED SLADE SWING A COMPASS. ALERTED FOR BERLIN BUT IT WAS CALLED OFF.

12-14-43 TARGET IDENTIFICATION THIS MORNING. ALERTED TONIGHT.

12-15-43 MISSION #14. BREMEN, GERMANY. RAIL CENTER AND MANUFACTURING CENTER. PATRIUNDER MISSION WITH MIXED LOAD OF INCENDIARY AND DEMOLITION BOMBS. OUR WING 394 LEADING OUR WING. WE WERE "TAIL END CHARLIE" IN #6 POSITION OF HIGH SQUADRON. BRIEFED AT 0500. TOOK OFF AT 0845 AND CLIMBED THROUGH 5000 FT. OF FOG AND CLOUDS. ASSEMBLED OVER SPLASHER #7 AND LEFT ENGLAND AT 1030. HAD A 30 MIN. DELAY OVER NORTH SEA AND CIRCLED TO KILL TYNE. GOT BACK ON SCHEDULE AND LEFT AGAIN. HIT A HIGH LAYER OF CIRRUS CLOUDS NEAR GERMANY AND HAD TO GO AROUND IT. CAME BACK AND MADE LANDFALL O.K. WENT OVER BREMEN AT 1310 AND DROPPED BOMBS THROUGH CLOUDS. WERE IN FLAK FOR 8 MIN. TRACKED US ALONG COMPLETE UNDERCAST THE WHOLE TRIP. SAW FEW FIGHTERS. HAD NO ATTACKS. GERMAN FIGHTERS COULDN'T GET OFF THE GROUND EVIDENTLY. HIT FLAK AT FRIESIAN ISLANDS IN HOLLAND ON WAY OUT. LET DOWN THROUGH FOG AND CLOUDS OVER #7 INDIVIDUALLY AND CAME HOME ALONG WITH NONE TOO MUCH GAS LEFT. LANDED AT 1530.

12-16-43 GROUND SCHOOL. BAD WEATHER, FOG, RAIN, LOW CEILING.

12-17-43 GROUND SCHOOL. BAD WEATHER.

12-18-43 RAIN. BAD WEATHER. PRACTICE MISSION WAS SCRUBBED.

12-19-43 MISSION #15. BREMEN, GERMANY. CARRIED 36 INCENDIARY BOMBS. WPT WAS THE BUSINESS DISTRICT. BREMEN IS SECOND BIGGEST INLAND PORT OF GERMANY. BRIEFED AT 0400. COULDN'T GET OLD "662" STARTED SO HAD TO CHANGE TO PICADILLY QUEEN AT THE LAST MINUTE. TOOK OFF AT 0830. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1030 AT 20,000 FT. 35 DEGREES BELOW. CLOUDS CLEARED UP OVER THE CONTINENT. WE HAD #6 POSITION IN LEAD SQUADRON. THE LOW SQUADRON KEPT COMING UP UNDER US SO CLOSE THAT WE HAD TO LEAVE THE GROUP ON THE I.P. AND GO OVER THE TARGET BEHIND OUR GROUP. BREMEN WAS CLEAR EXCEPT FOR A SMOKE SCREEN THEY PUT UP TOO LATE. EVERY DIVISION HIT. BREMEN SQUARE IN THE CITY. OUR GROUP BOMBARDIER SYNCHRONIZED ON A LARGE CHURCH. WHEN WE LEFT, THE CITY WAS BURNING AMID A CLOUD OF SMOKE. TWO OF OUR BOMBS FAILED TO DROP AND WERE LYING IN THE BOMBAYS WITH THE PINS OUT. TUBBY WENT BACK AND PUT THE PINS BACK IN AND WE DROPPED THEM IN THE NORTH SEA. G BOX AND RADIO WERE OUT. WENT IN STRAIGHT OVER GERMANY WITH GROUND SPEED OF 300 MPH AND 80 MPH WIND. CAME BACK OVER NORTH SEA AGAINST WIND WITH GROUND SPEED OF 130 MPH. LANDED AT 1530.

CLEAR TODAY AND ON ANOTHER ALERT TONIGHT.

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12-1-43 CLOUDS CLEAR UP TO 30,000 FT. OVER GERMANY. TWO OF OUR SHIPS WENT DOWN IN YESTERDAY'S RAID. ONE RAN OUT OF GAS AND THE OTHER SHOT DOWN. EVERYONE PRETTY MUCH BEATEN TONIGHT. LOSING SOME GOOD CREWS AND NOT HITTING ANYTHING. SLEPT TILL NOON. BOUGHT CLOTHES FROM TRAVELLING PX THIS AFTERNOON. SAT AROUND STOVE TONIGHT.

12-2-43 CLASSES.

12-3-43 CLASSES THEN GOT 48 HR. PASS. GOT TO LONDON AT 2100. WENT TO ORCHARD CLUB. STAYED AT STRAND PALACE.

12-4-43 STAGE SHOW AND RAN ACROSS TOMMY MAJORS.

12-5-43 WENT DOWN TO JEW STREET. WENT TO STOMMARKET AT 1430 AND BACK TO BASE.

12-6-43 NO CLASSES OR FLYING. RAIN & FOG.

12-7-43 NO CLASSES OR FLYING. RAIN & FOG & MUD.

12-8-43 GOT AIR MEDAL TODAY. RAIN & FOG. WENT TO STOMMARKET LAST NIGHT. MARYONOVICH & CREW FROM OUR SQUADRON WENT DOWN IN LAST RAID. CLASSES THIS MORNING. RAIN & FOG.

12-9-43 CLASSES THIS MORNING. CLEAR TONIGHT WITH A FULL MOON. GERMANS CAME OVER ABOUT 2000 & BOMBED ALL AROUND US. THEY DROPPED FLARES WHICH LIGHTED UP THE COUNTRYSIDE. ONE PLANE WAS SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES ABOUT 6 MILES FROM HERE. EXPLODED WHEN IT HIT THE GROUND. EVERYONE CHEERED, BUT AN HOUR LATER WE FOUND OUT IT WAS A BRITISH BEAUFIGHTER THAT WAS SHOT DOWN. ONE MAN GOT OUT. ALERT TONIGHT.

12-10-43 THE GROUP WENT TO EMDEN, GERMANY, TODAY. JENNINGS & CREW WAS THE ONLY ONE IN OUR SQUADRON TO FLY. HE WENT DOWN OVER THE TARGET. NOBODY SAW ANY CHUTES. HOWEVER, THEY MIGHT HAVE GOT OUT. FIRST CREW IN OUR BARRACKS TO GO DOWN. WE THOUGHT WE MIGHT ALL GET THROUGH TOGETHER.

JENNINGS-PILOT
STRAGGION-NAVIGATOR
BARGER-CO-PILOT
KEMP- BOMBARDIER

12-11-43 FULL MOON & CLEAR. ON ALERT TONIGHT. TEST HOPPED A SHIP TODAY. ROBBY'S SHIP.

12-12-43 MISSION #13. KEIL, GERMANY. GERMANY'S NORTH SEA FLEET'S HARBOR. CITY OF 250,000. SUBMARINE PENS, ETC. TOOK OFF AT 0830. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1045. OUR GROUP LED OUR DIVISION. WE CARRIED TEN 500 LB. DEMOLITION BOMBS. THREE DIVISIONS WENT TO KEIL AND TWO WENT TO BREMEN. 20 MINS. AHEAD OF US. 350 MILES OVER THE NORTH SEA. GERMANY WAS CLOSED OVER SO THE PATRIUNDER WAS USED. WENT BY HAMBURG WHICH HAD A CLOUD OF FLAK BUT WE WERE OUT OF RANGE. DROPPED OUR BOMBS ON PATRIUNDER OVER KEIL. FLAK WAS LIGHTER THAN WE EXPECTED AND WE ONLY SAW 7-8 JU 88'S, WHO ATTACKED OUR LOW SQUADRON. GOT BACK TO BASE AT 1530. GOT OFF EASY CONSIDERING IT WAS TUBBY & MY 13TH RAID ON THE 13TH DAY OF THE MONTH.

B-17 FLIGHT LOG

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1-2-44 REST HOME AT BOURNEOUTH. LOOKED LIKE AN AMERICAN CITY. NEW BUILDINGS, WIDE STREETS, ETC. WENT TO "THIS IS THE ARMY", TEA DANCES, SHOWS, SWIMMING, SUNNING ON THE BEACH, ETC. RAN ACROSS KORNMAN AT AMBASSADOR HOTEL. SLEPT UNTIL 12 EVERY MORNING. GOT BACK TO BASE TODAY, MINUS 30 LBS., BUT IT WAS WORTH IT, I HOPE. MORRIS & CREW CRASHED TAKING OFF LAST WEEK. ALL WERE KILLED EXCEPT THE TAIL GUNNER WHO IS HALF-DEAD. PROCTOR WAS FLYING WITH THEM AS NAVIGATOR.

1-3-44 GROUP WENT TO BRUNSWICK, GERMANY. WE DID NOT GO. HALF OF THE GROUPS WERE CALLED BACK WHEN NEAR THE TARGET AND HALF WENT IN. SOME GOT LOST AND ITS RUMORED THAT SOME WENT OVER BERLIN. AS A RESULT 59 BOMBS WERE LOST. PLENTY OF GERMAN FIGHTERS WERE OVER THERE. COLONEL BOWMAN, OUR FORMER C.O. IN THE PHASES AT "WASH", WENT DOWN. IT WAS HIS 2ND MISSION.

1-4-44 SLEPT UNTIL NOON. HELPED SLADE SWING COMPASS ON HIS PLANE. GOT TWO OAK LEAF CLUSTERS TONIGHT AT AWARDS PRESENTATION.

1-5-44 SLEPT UNTIL NOON. TOOK BATH. NO CLASSES. RAINING AND COLD.

1-6-44 CLASSES.

1-7-44 ALERTED AT 0230 FOR HALBERSTACK, GERMANY. MISSION SCRUBBED DURING NAV. BRIEFING. WENT BACK TO BED AT 0600. AT 1030 WE GOT UP FOR PRACTICE MISSION. MISSION SCRUBBED. HEAVY FOG.

1-8-44 CLASSES. HEAVY FOG.

1-9-44 CLASSES, CLEANED GUNS, ETC. RAINING AND ON ALERT.

1-10-44 MISSION SCRUBBED LAST NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT. ON ANOTHER ALERT TONIGHT. BELL GOT BACK FROM SWEDEN TONIGHT. THE OTHER NINE MEMBERS OF CREW ARE "P.M." HE CRASHED-LANDED IN DENMARK. WAS HIS 4TH MISSION. CAME OVER WITH US. BRIEFED AT 0730. FOR SAME INSTALLATIONS IN FRANCE. GOT OUT TO SHIP AND JUST GOT GUNS IN SHIP WHEN THE MISSION WAS SCRUBBED. ON ALERT.

1-12-44 MISSION #17. BRIEFED AT 1000 FOR SAME INSTALLATIONS IN FRANCE. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1400. GOT TO I.P. OKAY AND PEELLED OFF BY SQUADRONS. WE WERE LOW SQUADRON. TARGET WAS AN ORCHARD. 12,000 FT AND 12 500 LB. DEMOLITION BOMBS. MISSED TARGET THE FIRST TIME. COVERED BY CLOUDS. WE MADE FIVE BOMB RUNS AND COULDN'T FIND THE ORCHARD. GERMAN WERE SHOOTING ROCKETS AT US FROM THE GROUND. THE THIRD TIME AROUND WE SAW TWO PORTS GO DOWN. 1 CHUTE OPENED, ONE HIT GROUND AND EXPLODED. FOURTH TIME AROUND TWO B-24'S WENT DOWN BY GERMAN FIGHTERS. NO CHUTES OPENED. SAW NO FRIENDLY ESCORT. AFTER THE FIFTH RUN WE FIGURED IT WAS TIME TO GET OUT, SO WE LEFT AND BROUGHT OUR BOMBS BACK. NO SQUADRONS IN EITHER OF OUR GROUPS DROPPED THEIR BOMBS. LANDED AT 1700.

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12-20-43 WENT ON PRACTICE MISSION THIS MORNING. LAP FLEW THE SHIP WITH A NEW CO-PILOT. HE DID O.K. FLEW OVER CLOUDS AND LET DOWN ON WAY BACK OVER THE "WASH". CAME HOME UNDER THE CLOUDS AT ABOUT 100-200 FT. WHICH REALLY HAD US SWEATING AT TIMES, ESPECIALLY IN THE ROUGH AIR.

12-21-43 OUR GROUP RAIDED MUNSTER, GERMANY, TODAY. RED SQUADRON DID NOT FLY. HOWEVER, THEY GOT OUR CREW UP TO FLY THE WEATHER PLANE. WE TOOK OFF TWO HRS. BEFORE THE GROUP DID AND SENT BACK WEATHER REPORTS UNTIL AFTER THEY HAD GONE. CLIMBED THROUGH THE CLOUDS AND BROKE OUT AT 5000 FT. AND WENT DOWN TO SPLASHER #7 AND REPORTED WEATHER FROM THERE. LET DOWN AT IPSWICH AND CAME HOME.

12-22-43 CLASSES.

12-23-43 MISSION #16. GERMANY'S NEW SECRET WEAPON. THE LONG RANGE ROCKET GUNS. OUR GUN INSTALLATION WAS IN A PATCH OF WOODS A FEW MILES SOUTH OF ST. OMER, FRANCE, 20 MILES FROM THE CHANNEL. CARRIED 16 200 LB. DEMOLITION BOMBS. BRIEFED AT 0830. TOOK OFF AT 1130. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1330. AT I.P. OUR GROUP PEELLED OFF BY SQUADRONS AND WENT OVER TARGET IN SQUADRONS. HAD PLENTY OF FIGHTER SUPPORT AND THEREFORE SAW NO GERMAN FIGHTERS. DIDN'T FIND THE WOODS THE FIRST TIME OVER SO HAD TO CIRCLE AROUND AND MAKE ANOTHER BOMB RUN. THE SECOND TIME OVER, THE FLAK WAS GETTING AWFULLY ACCURATE. WE GOT A NICE HOLE IN OUR TAIL. DROPPED BOMBS ON TARGET THE SECOND RUN AND WERE SURE WE DESTROYED THE ROCKET RUN IF THERE WAS ONE THERE. GOT BACK TO BASE AT 1600 AND VISIBILITY WAS ABOUT 1 MILE. HAD TO CIRCLE THE FIELD WHILE BOBBY LANDED. HE HAD HIS RUDDER CONTROLS SHOT AWAY AND LANDED ON A.F.C.E. COULD HARDLY SEE RUNWAYS SO HAD TO CIRCLE UNTIL 1730 AND THEN LANDED BY FLARES, FIRES, ETC. THOUGHT THIS ONE WOULD BE A MILK RUN BUT IT DIDN'T TURN OUT TO BE SO. CHRISTMAS! CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY DIDN'T MAKE US FLY. WENT TO STOMARKETT. NO FLYING. SURE GO IN FOR MISTLETOE HERE ON CHRISTMAS.

12-26-43 CLASSES. ON ALERT TONIGHT.

12-11-43 PRACTICED LANDINGS WITH SOME B-26 PILOTS THAT TEX FLEW WITH THIS MORNING.

12-18-43 THIS AFTERNOON WE FLEW ON PRACTICE MISSION FOR 3 HOURS. WENT ON 48 HR. PASS. WENT TO DUXFORD, A '47 BASE NEARBY CAMBRIDGE. STAYED WITH TOM MAJORS. HE IS SUPPLY OFFICER. I GOT LEATHER BOOTS, LEATHER JACKET, FLYING SUIT, AND AN RAF HELMET.

12-30-43 WENT TO IPSWICH TO SHOWS.

12-31-43 STOMARKETT.

1-1-44 BACK AT BASE. GOT HAIRCUT. GOT PAID AND AM PACKING UP TO LEAVE FOR REST HOME TOMORROW AT BOURNEOUTH, ENGLAND, ON SOUTH COAST.

B-17 FLIGHT LOG

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WE BROKE OUT OF CLOUDS ABOUT 10 MIN. LATER. ONE FORT DROPPED DOWN ON THE DECK AND 5 GERMAN FIGHTERS JUMPED HIM, BUT P-38'S CAME TO THE RESCUE BEFORE THEY GOT HIM. 30 MILES OUT FROM THE DUTCH COAST WE SAW AN AIR SEA RESCUE BOAT HEADING EAST TO PICK UP SOME CREW. LANDED AT 1430. WE LOST ONE PLANE. HE DROPPED OUT OVER BRAUNSWEG AND DIDN'T COME BACK. ON ALERT TONIGHT.

1-21-44 ALERTED AND BRIEFED FOR FRANKFURT, GERMANY. GOT UP AT 0200. THEY SCRUBBED THE MISSION AFTER WE WERE OUT IN THE PLANE AND ONLY 30 MIN. BEFORE TAKEOFF. GOT PAID TODAY!. ON ALERT TONIGHT.

1-22-44 BRIEFED FOR FRANKFURT, GERMANY. GOT UP AT 0200. BRIEFED AT 0300. GOT OUT TO PLANE AND MISSION WAS SCRUBBED, 1/2 HR. BEFORE TAKE OFF. GLAD IT WAS AS THERE WERE THREE LAYERS OF CLOUDS WHICH WENT UP TO 16,000 FT.

1-23-44 SWUNG COMPASS ON OUR SHIP, OLE 966. WING REPORTED ON FRANKFURT SAID THAT WE LOST 32 PLANES. KILLED APPROX. 6000 GERMAN CIVILIANS. 30 CREW MEMBERS CAME BACK DEAD AND 300 INJURED.

1-24-44 MISSION #20. WILHEMSHAVEN, GERMANY. GOT UP AT 0200 and briefed at 0330. TOOK OFF AT 0730 AND CLIMBED THROUGH CLOUDS IN THE DARK. JOINED WRONG GROUP. LEFT IT AND FINALLY FOUND OUR OWN GROUP. TARGET WAS CENTER OF TOWN. WE CARRIED 10 500 LB. DEMOLITION BOMBS. WERE IN #2 POSITION OF LEAD SQUADRON. ASSEMBLED AT 22,000 FT. OVER THE FIELD. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1005 AND WERE OVER TARGET AT 1120. FLAK WAS INACCURATE AND NO GERMAN FIGHTERS. HAD P-47, P-38, & P-51 ESCORT. FLEW AT 28,000 FT. & 45 DEGREES BELOW ZERO. DID NOT GO OVER NORTH SEA FAR ENOUGH AFTER LEAVING TARGET. TURNED WEST TOO SOON AND PICKED UP FLAK FROM THE FRESIAN ISLANDS. THERE WERE THREE LAYERS OF CLOUDS UP TO 30,000 FT. WE LET DOWN THROUGH CLOUDS ON WAY BACK IN FORMATION AND TWO PLANES IN OUR "B" GROUP COLLIDED. THINK ONE GOT BACK. CAME BACK LAST 100 MILES AT 1000 FT. OVER THE SEA. LANDED AT 1415. RATHER HAVE FIGHTERS AND FLAK THAN TO SWEAT OUT THIS WEATHER.

1-4-44 MISSION #21. FRANKFURT, GERMANY. GOT US UP AT 0300. BRIEFED AT 0400. TOOK OFF AT 0800 AND MADE A CLEAR ASSEMBLY. WE CARRIED 10 500 LB. DEMOLITION BOMBS. WERE IN #2 POSITION IN HIGH SQUADRON AND THE SECOND WING OVER THE TARGET. M.P.I. WAS THE OLD BUSINESS DISTRICT OF TOWN. LEFT ENGLAND FROM CLACTON-ON-THE-SEA AGAIN AT 1004. ON THE WAY IN WE GOT NORTH OF COURSE AND WENT OVER THE RUHR VALLEY. WE WERE IN HEAVY FLAK FOR 6 MINUTES. ONE FORT ON OUR LEFT GOT HIT AND WENT DOWN BURNING. IT EXPLODED JUST BEFORE IT HIT THE CLOUDS. A FEW MINUTES LATER ANOTHER FORT GOT HIT AND BURNED. IT FLEW STRAIGHT FOR A FEW MINUTES AND THEN SPUN DOWN. OVER THE TARGET THE FLAK WAS HEAVY AND ACCURATE. 10/10 UNDERCAST, SO WE DROPPED ON THE PATRFINDER PLANE. ON THE WAY BACK THE GROUP AHEAD AGAIN GOT TO RIGHT OF THE COURSE AND LED US DIRECTLY OVER THE RUHR VALLEY ONCE MORE. WE WERE IN IT FOR 5 MINUTES THIS TIME. IT WAS MORE ACCURATE THIS TIME AND AT EXACTLY OUR

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1-13-44 GROUND SCHOOL. ON ALERT TONIGHT.

1-14-44 GROUND SCHOOL. 48 HR. PASS AT NOON. WENT TO STOWMARKET & IPSWICH.

1-15-44 GOT US UP AT 0200. WE WERE BRIEFED FOR FRANKFURT, GERMANY, IN THE RUHR VALLEY. CARRYING 36 INCENDIARY BOMBS. MISSION WAS SCRUBBED 1/2 HOUR BEFORE TAKEOFF. WAS O.G. TONIGHT & HAD TO TAKE LIBERTY RUN TO STOWMARKET. WENT TO SHOW WHILE THERE.

1-16-44 GOT SOME LINK TRAINER TIME THIS MORNING. WORKED IN GYM THIS AFTERNOON. & PLAYED TOUCH FOOTBALL. AT 1230 A GAS TRUCK BLEW UP ON THE LINE. AT 1430 A B-24 CRASHED A FEW MILES FROM HERE. THEY FOUND 5 BODIES IN THE WRECKAGE. THINK FOUR JUMPED OUT. NEVER A DULL MOMENT.

1-17-44 GROUND SCHOOL. CLEAR AND WARM TODAY. ON BIG ALERT TONIGHT.

1-18-44 MISSION #18. FRANKFURT, GERMANY. M.P.I. BUSINESS SECTION OF TOWN. CITY OF 500,000 PEOPLE. CARRIED 38 INCENDIARY BOMBS. WERE #2 IN LEAD SQUADRON IN HIGH GROUP. PATRFINDER MISSION. BRIEFED AT 0230. TOOK OFF AT 0630 IN THE DARK AND HAD TO CLIMB THROUGH CLOUDS AND ASSEMBLE AT 18,000 FT. LEFT ENGLAND AT 0900. GOT TO I.P. AND WE THREW OUT THE CARPET (ALUMINUM FILINGS TO THROW OFF THE RADAR), DROPPED BOMBS USING THE PATRFINDER AND PRETTY SURE WE HIT THE CITY. GOT PAST BEFORE THEY COULD GET THE FLAK UP. WERE ATTACKED BY AT LEAST 100 GERMAN FIGHTERS FROM TARGET ON FOR ABOUT ONE HOUR. NO ESCORT SHOWED UP. A M.F. 109 HIT HEAD ON WITH A FORT OVER TARGET. FIGHTER BLEW UP AND FORT WENT DOWN. 5 MIN. LATER BOSTWICK WENT DOWN. 5 CHUTES OPENED. 10 MIN. LATER A FORT BROKE APART. A FEW MIN. LATER A FORT WENT OVER ON HIS BACK AND WENT STRAIGHT DOWN. 15 MIN. LATER IN THE GROUP NEXT TO US, ONE FORT CAME UP UNDER ANOTHER ONE & CUT ITS TAIL COMPLETELY OFF. ^{SOME} TWO BODIES FLY OUT. IT SPUN DOWN AND ONE CHUTE FINALLY GOT OUT. THE OTHER PLANE TORE ITS WING OFF AND WENT DOWN. DIDN'T SEE ANY CHUTES. A WHILE LATER A FORT PULLED OUT A LITTLE AND ONE CHUTE CAME OUT. IT STRUGGLED ALONG AND FINALLY CAME BACK. COULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT. P-47'S FINALLY ARRIVED. GOT BACK TO ENGLAND AT 1330. LEFT DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS ON OUR SPLASHER. WE LOST 3 PLANES FROM OUR SQUADRON. GERMAN FIGHTERS SURE LOOKED NEW AND ALL PAINTED UP RED AND BLACK. CAME STRAIGHT THROUGH THE GROUPS ALSO.

1-19-44 MISSION #19. BRAUNSWEG, GERMANY. CITY OF 500,000 POPULATION. 100 MILES WEST OF BELLIN. CARRIED 12 500 LB. DEMOLITION BOMBS. PATRFINDER MISSION WITH COLONEL VAN LEADING. GOT UP AT 0200. TOOK OFF AT 0800. LEFT ENGLAND AT 1000 FROM CLACTON-ON-THE-SEA. GOT TO DUTCH COAST AND ENCOUNTERED A LARGE BANK OF CLOUDS, WHICH WE HAD TO DETOUR AROUND TO THE NORTH. PICKED UP P-47'S & P-38'S HALF WAY IN. RAN INTO CLOUD BANKS WHICH WE HAD TO FLY THROUGH. WENT OVER TARGET AT 1215 WHILE STILL IN CLOUDS. FLAK WAS LIGHT MIXED IN WITH THE CLOUDS. DURING THE BOMB RUN THE HIGH SQUADRON WAS DIRECTLY OVER US AND WE HAD TO MOVE AROUND TO PREVENT THEIR DROPPING ON US. SCARED US PLENTY.

B-17 FLIGHT LOG

Feb 21 1944

We were bombing Hamberg Germany, on my next to the last mission, at 25000 feet. Over the target we were hit by flak from the ground, which knocked two engines out. We had to leave the formation and drop down and back. 10 minutes later two German fighter planes spotted us and attacked us head on. They knocked one more engine out. We then were at 6000 feet and going down 1000 feet a minute with one engine on fire. The German fighter planes were circling and getting ready for the kill, so we decided that if we kept flying we would never make it back to England and would have to ditch in the channel, which in the winter was suicide. We all bailed out thru the bombay. I was fairly sure we were over Holland and not Germany.

I hit the ground and hid my parachute and opened my escape kit and got my compass and silk maps out and started walking southwest. I walked to the nearest farm house and the lady there showed me where I was on the map. I then walked for four hours and met a Dutchman on a bicycle who I stopped and when he finally realized who I was put me in a ditch to hide and came back for me at 10:00 p.m. He then took me in a town to a house where I stayed one week. While I was there they gave me civilian clothes and a false I.D. card. I was a druggist from Amsterdam.

I was told to go to Spain where I would be free. I traveled by train following a Dutchman. I stayed at nights with safe Dutch people. I had to walk across the Holland-Belgium border and stayed one week in a haystack. I got as far as Liege Belgium when the allied invasion started so they told me to stay put and wait for the U.S. army to arrive. I stayed in Liege for two months waiting for the U. S. 1st army to arrive. Then I was free.

I had many interesting experiences while traveling around. At one train station I ate dinner with two German soldiers and I never said a word. Crossing river bridges was always an experience. They had German guard houses on both sides and every 10-15 people were pulled in and interrogated. I finally figured it out so I timed it so I was always the 1st or 2nd to go by the guard house. I stayed in many towns in Holland. Roermond, Venlo, Endhoven, Ermelo, In Roermond I stayed one month in a house without looking out of a window for the whole time.

From Liege I rode an army truck to Paris where I was flown back to London. In London I was promoted one rank, given \$1500 in back pay, a new uniform, and put on a boat to New York

Lapsusky, our Co-Pilot was shot down Feb 22 over the North Sea. He is buried in Holland. Our Bomberier of course lives in Hudson, Saileker.

Joel Punched

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ALTITUDE. CAME OUT 10 MILES SOUTH OF ROTTERDAM AND GOT BACK TO ENGLAND AN HOUR LATER. LANDED AT 1500. LET DOWN OVER OUR SPLASHER THROUGH 2000 FT. OF CLOUDS. WE LOST ONE PLANE. HE ABORTED ABOUT 50 MILES INLAND AND DIDN'T COME BACK. HAD P-38, P-47, & P-51 ESCORT AND DIDN'T HAVE ANY ENEMY ATTACK.

OUR SQUADRON DID NOT FLY TODAY. THE GROUP WENT TO A FAUKWULF (SP.?) FACTORY IN SOUTHERN FRANCE. EASY RAID, SO, OF COURSE, WE DIDN'T GET TO GO! THEY HAD NO FIGHTERS AND NO FLAK. WE LOST TWO CREWS IN YESTERDAY'S RAID INSTEAD OF ONE AS WE HAD THOUGHT. SELBY FINISHED TODAY. SOUBART FINISHED HIS 25 MISSIONS YESTERDAY. GOOD FOR THEM!

2-5-44

(This B-17 Article has been put in the POINTER to honor all of the brave men who took to the skies and did their part in winning the war and how it was to be over enemy territory doing a job that had to be done to turn back the enemy. God Bless those who braved the elements. In March of 1945, as we were sailing up the English Channel, the sky was darkened and filled with planes going to and from raids. Thank God they were ours. Thanks to those who built them.) (cal)

SS WILLIAM DAWES



William Dawes Anniversary Dinner

Saturday 31st March

SPECIAL PRESENTATION BY SYDNEY DIVE TEAM

Main Course

Pan Seared Fillet of Chicken

Breast fillet of chicken pan seared w/ potatoes Boulangere, sautéed Almondine green beans & button mushroom cream sauce

Slow Roasted Ranchor Beef

Tender Barron of beef, slow roasted & sliced over herb rosti potato, snow peas & served w/ seeded mustard jus

Desserts

Chocolate Tart

Rich Dark chocolate tart served w/ double cream & strawberry coulis

Warm Apple Strudel

Apple & cinnamon baked in golden filo pastry w/ brandy vanilla sauce & Rum and Raisin ice cream

\$25.00 gst inclusive

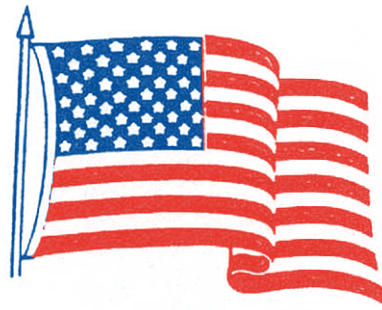


Dive team member Samir Alfith [left] and William C. Minton [right]



Bill Minton [left] and Mayor Allan.

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Our prayers are with the shuttle crew. GOD BLESS.

Remember Pearl Harbor!
December 7, 1941

"Donations keeps us afloat"



**Support The USN Armed Guard
 WW II Veterans Reunions**
 Remember Also
 The World Trade Center
 September 11, 2001
 April/July 2012 Edition



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.