

World War II Stories

Experiences & Recollections

by St. Andrew's School Alumni



ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL
Middletown, Delaware

Contents

Foreward	ix
1. Holly Whyte '35: Letters Home from Guadalcanal	1
2. Franklin Hawkins '35	17
3. Alan T. Baldwin '36	19
4. Chester E. Baum, Jr. '36: Findley Burns '35 in Brussels	20
5. Winthrop deV. Schwab '36: Letters Home from the <i>San Francisco</i>	23
6. Charles A. Silliman '36	42
7. George E. Brown '37:	44
8. John C. Parry '37: When WWII Began	46
Augustus S. Trippe, II '37	51
9. George S. Welch '37	52
10. William R. Cory '38	55
11. Edwin L. Sibert, Jr. '38	58
12. Walter "Buzz" Speakman '38	61
13. Powell Pierpoint '40	65
14. The History of the War Cruise of USS LCS(L)(3)61	70
15. Arthur B. Dodge '41: War is Hell	79
Appendix: Alumni Who Served in WWII	82

Copyright 1995 by St. Andrew's School
All rights reserved.

Printed in the United States of America
First Edition

Inquiries should be addressed to:
Director of Development/Alumni Affairs
St. Andrew's School
350 Noxontown Road
Middletown, DE 19709-1605
(302) 378-9511

Foreward

This book grew out of a single letter, hand-scrawled on a sheet of legal pad, from Buzz Speakman '38 to one of his St. Andrew's schoolmates.

Wearing his heart on his sleeve and his decoy pin collection on his hat, Buzz Speakman is one of St. Andrew's most colorful and caring alums. I cannot recall the first time I met him or heard him tell about his aviator days. I feel like I've always known him—in his liaison pilot jacket, his dog Reds at his side, and his comfortable UVA manner.

Several years ago Buzz began reconnecting with St. Andreans from the 1930s and early 1940s. Soon he had a veritable mailing network. His "care-packages," mailed from California to Ohio to Florida, have grown to include letters from schoolmates and synopses of "life since St. Andrew's School."

Ches Baum '36 best describes Buzz's effect: ". . . your care-packages are a life-giving activity because they have reawakened for many of us associations that—romantic though they may be—help us to live with some of our experiences today. To World War II, the defining event of our generation, we brought a common bond: St. Andrew's School, where we had been dragged (with varying degrees of reluctance from grudging acceptance to downright rejection) into a Protestant Episcopalian view of the world and the world to come. That bond allows us to talk now about the vicissitudes or delights of old age with each other in ways that we can talk with very few others outside our family."

Out of this sharing evolved the WWII Retrospective panel held during Homecoming 1994. Frank Townsend '34, Bill Cory '38, Art Dodge '41 and Buzz captivated a crowd of alumni/ae, faculty and friends. From that event poured in these alumni WWII experiences, each telling of the great influence this historic event had on their individual lives.

As John Parry '37 states, "Our grandchildren haven't a clue as to what the war was like and how it changed our lives." Here with Buzz Speakman's help St. Andrew's salutes its alumni veterans and puts forth for future generations their strength and courage not only on the fields, seas or in the air, but in their hearts and souls and their commitment to one another.

— *Chesa Profaci '80, Director of Development & Alumni/ae Affairs*

Chapter 1

Holly Whyte '35

Letters Home from the Guadalcanal

Dear Dad and Margaret:

This is a very belated thanks for the swell weekend in Washington. Certainly enjoyed it and I know Findley (Burns '35) did. Would have written sooner but we've been having night problems lately and I haven't hardly even seen a newspaper.

The night problems are something—tramping and scrambling around brush and woods and mud soaked to the skin. Get in about 10:30 p.m., clean equipment, bed at 11:00 p.m. Up at 5:40 a.m. As a result when we all had our physical exams a lot of us had heart flutters never noticed before. I'm scared stiff my former "Y" exam may not pass. If it does I get my commission on the 31st. Find out tomorrow or Thursday about the exam.

Have landing operations tomorrow and the temperature of the water will be on the cool side. Go up on the coast to Maryland to make the landing, then have a "problem" without a change of clothes. The sergeants say "Tutten ya' up!" but they wish they could get off.

Findley has invited me up to Baltimore as a weekend trip. They can't pull anything "irregular" at inspection Saturday or else no liberty (cf. toe of left sock not 2 inches left of and at 30 angle to heel of right sock parallel to bayonet scabbard).

Many, many thanks for the \$15. It really helps. Will look into the emblem situation when I get time to get over to the Post Exchange.

P.S. I MADE IT! Just got the news. Physical exam okay.

Dear Dad and Margaret:

A note to let you know that I won't be home next weekend, nor, I am afraid, any weekend for a good long time. Can't tell you much more save that you won't be getting any letters from me for a long time as the only thing I can send is a standard form card with my unit no. and a post office box. That will be sent to you by the Navy after we've sailed. Please be sure and write.

The men are in great spirits tonight, perhaps because they've been consuming copious amounts of beer for several hours. The songs are getting randier and randier with every beer.

Certainly nice to see you last weekend and am sorry we won't have any more until after Hitler has folded. Can't tell you much more for reasons you can well understand. Be sure and write.

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Imagine you've been wondering when you'd hear from me. Due to circumstances beyond my control I haven't been able to write.

Can't tell you anything due to censorship but you will receive a card soon with my address on it. PLEASE use only that address and don't put in any parts of my old address such as my unit destination - HQ-3-1. Just use the address as it is on the card. Please write often. The mail will come sporadically but it's nice to receive piles when you do.

There's loads I'd like to tell you—some very interesting things, but no can do save that I'm healthy, have good accommodations and excellent food.

Won't see good old Pennsylvania for a long time and imagine before the whole thing's over I'll really like to get back.

P.S. The lighter is swell, works very well, also the money belt.

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Right now I'm trying to write this letter in a stateroom built for two, in which there are eight people—two sleeping, one reading and four playing poker, not to mention one lieutenant mournfully playing "Annie Laurie" on a potato whistle.

Can't tell you much but can describe the ceremonies incident to crossing the equator. I was "honored" by being appointed one of the "guards" to watch for Davy Jones—attired in a life-preserver, a pair of shorts, and leggings. The actual ceremonies made the Spanish Inquisition look pretty tame. We started down a

long paddling line on all fours, then reached a platform (where all the officers, particularly Lts., got "special attention") where we touched an electric Bible, kissed Neptune's toes, got dunked in a pool, and then were dispatched down another paddling line. I couldn't sit down for hours.

Not much more I can tell you as it will be censored.

The "V-mail" will start soon. You write your letter on a standard form, it's then photographed on microfilm and sent by plane back to the U.S. where it's transferred again to the original size.

Hope all goes well in Media and that your bridge is going better than mine lately. Playing with opponents who have some queer system and won't divulge it, honestly believing that it's presumptuous to demand to know what their bids mean. Have enjoyed it though.

Dear Dad and Margaret:

This is a very belated thank you for the swell weekend in Baltimore. You may be relieved to know that Mary Dulany got home under her own power. I had about as bad luck with the trains as you did. The Washington trains were over an hour behind schedule and two of them were so packed couldn't even get on.

Work is really getting tough now. During the next two weeks I have to complete the Corps Commanding General's plan for the seizure of a certain Pacific island. In a way it's lots of fun as we can use any idea we want, subject to the limitations of our force and the known enemy forces on the island. I don't think I'll get my three stars right away for the plan but it will be interesting to see how the island is actually taken when we get around to it. We have plenty of maps, photos, and large scale relief maps, hydrographic charts, tide tables, to work with. The former executive officer of the *San Francisco* knows the island well, and since he sits near to me, it's a bit of a help.

They brought one of the new Tank Landing Ships down here for us the other day. Spent all afternoon going aboard her. Seemed funny to be back on a navy ship again. Spent most of the afternoon drinking coffee in the wardroom but it was quite interesting, and the exec of the *San Francisco* told us all about the four battles off Savo Island.

The course "graduates" Dec. 15th, and if I stay on here as I hope to I'll probably get 5 days off then as the next course doesn't start until the 20th. Don't think we'll get more than the weekend off for Christmas. Will let you know, however, what the score is on the leave situation as soon as I find out.

NEW ZEALAND
JULY 1942

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Just a short note to let you know that I'm OK and healthy, etc. and feeling fine. Can't write much due to censorship but I can tell you that the place we're in is very friendly, although a bit run-down at the heels.

We're great curiosities here—I took our company on a six mile march through the suburbs yesterday and you might have thought it was a circus parade. By the time we were done it seemed like a million kids and dogs were following us. The men were very well behaved save for a few "Hiyah Babe" and "Hello Toots" to passing females (who didn't seem to mind all the attention either).

The food isn't bad but to save your neck it's impossible to get a cup of coffee with your meals. (You have to drink it in "The Lounge.") You can argue all night long but they won't bring it to you. The movies are all American, about half a year old.

Occasionally we get U.S. short wave broadcasts—very welcome indeed.

Can't say what we're doing save that the men are ready. Morale and spirit are very high. We've only got picked men here—all the gold bricks and bums (among officers and men alike) were left behind in the U.S. You may be hearing what we're doing in the papers someday. I hope it's a happy story—I'm sure it will be.

Be sure and write. Send some magazines if you can (*New Yorker, Time, Life*, etc., and any clippings on our activities). You have no idea how much news means out here where all the magazines are months old.

Best to everyone. Tell Uncle John I'm busy trying to learn the hieroglyphic scrawls of our lithe yellow friends with not too much success.

GUADALCANAL ISLAND
OCTOBER 1942

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Hope you got the V-Mail letter I sent right after our little fracas with the Nipponese. Another mail's going out so here's follow-up. In brief, the situation is well in hand, and although things are still plenty hot in this isle, the Japs are being well taken care of. However, there's "never a dull moment," believe me!

I can tell you now that I'm on Guadalcanal Island in the Solomons. It's the

most beautiful place I've ever seen—white beaches, coconut palms, and a very high mountain range with sleek gorges and waterfalls. The jungle is really something—very weird, tropical birds in some of the damndest trees you ever saw.

The natives look like Hencrad only dumber. Fairly small, wiry and tattooed. Most are just shiftless but some of the tribes way up in the mountains are very treacherous and unfriendly. Wasn't so long ago that they used to eat "long pig" (whites). The trails to them are almost impassable—which is quite OK with me.

The rains start at the mountains and come up the coast. You can see three or four storms bustling about at the same time. Nights are very beautiful here, if not particularly peaceful. Needless to say, we sleep under the stars.

Have some good tales to tell you that I can't write about now due to censorship. Really hair-raisers!

None of us have gotten any mail since we left the States but it should catch up with us soon. Write often—Give my best to everyone.

NOVEMBER 1942

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Sorry I haven't written for some time but we're been quite busy lately. Hope all goes well at home. Incidentally, congratulations to "the Boss." We received all our mail in one batch yesterday—two months' mail. It had the news in it. Thanks loads for the magazines. You have no idea of how welcome they are out here.

Got a batch of *New York Times*, and read the accounts of the Solomons with interest. They're quite accurate. Hanson W. Baldwin's articles on the fighting here are the best. However, he praised the Japs as the "best jungle fighters in the world" in one breath and then tells of the terrific casualties the Japs have had fighting us.

As events have developed it now has become plain the the Japs are throwing everything into their drive to get the islands back. As you've read in the papers, they haven't given us a moment's rest—almost daily bombings (plus night bombers), naval bombardments and land fighting. They have lost frightfully but they keep coming. However, they can't keep it up forever.

The men have taken all the Japs have thrown very well. I don't need to tell you of the strain we've had to undergo, not to mention the climate and insect life on the island. It's no picnic, believe me.

The attack the papers wrote about was against our battalion. The Japs shelled

us heavily. On the night of Oct. 22nd they attacked, their tanks leading and plenty of jabbering infantry behind ready to tear through the gap. The whole Jap force hit on a narrow front—about one of our platoon's lines. And that's all the further they got too. All of their tanks were demolished and the Jap infantry about wiped out. Hanson Baldwin may think they're terrific jungle fighters but personally I don't think our boys do badly. Our casualties were very light, only a few killed compared to an astounding amount of Japs. Their shouting of "Banzai" and whooping and hollering may have terrified other opponents but with our men it usually gets them so mad they charge the Japs. As this isn't in the books the Japs are quite bewildered. Their pet phrases "American Marine you die!"; "Death to Marine Dogs," etc. and other such panic provoking yells call forth an amazing flow of salty retorts from our lines which I assure you would make the ladies blush to no end.

When the battles die down there is ceaseless patrol activity in the jungle—a sort of no man's land. The terrain is fascinating—steep grass covered coral ridges, deep ravines you have to climb down hanging onto vines like a monkey to keep from falling. The trees are tremendous—giant Dilo trees as high as 180 feet and Banyan and Eucalyptus almost as large.

You have no idea of how tiring a patrol is. The heat is terrific and because of security measures you're loaded down with ammunition, grenades, emergency rations, machetes, etc. We usually carry two weapons. One of them a Thompson or Reising sub-machine gun.

Trying to get up the slippery banks of the many mountain-fed streams (torrents after a rain and it always rains in the mountains) is the worst part as you have to keep your weapons out of the mud.

Last but not least are our jungle friends—the Nips. You have to watch every clump of bushes for snipers and machine guns. You also have to listen to the birds and distinguish between the real McCoy and the phony bird calls the Japs use.

We ran into a bunch of Japs some time ago. I had a patrol of six and myself. Our mission was to locate the Jap positions as our offensive began at dawn the next morning. We spotted one area in front of a 75mm gun a friend of mine had taken the breech block out of the day before (while the Japs slept). His patrol was pumping tommy guns at them, so we swung north and went through the jungle up to the beach and went along the ridges to his north, finding two Jap 35 mm guns emplaced and camouflaged at a bend in the road. As the gun crew was obligingly sleeping or eating somewhere we tinkered with the guns with the aid of a screwdriver until it would take a mechanical genius to put it back together

again (still have a part of the breech block as a souvenir). We then skirted the coral formations (caves, etc.) along the shore until I spotted a Marine standing up behind a sort of coral "igloo" with a gun port in it about 20 yards away. Then I heard the Jap bird call signal and the Marine turned around and saw me. For a Marine he looked very very Japanese. I shot at him with my .45 missing him quite completely. I ducked for cover (as my Niponese was likewise doing) and the rest of the patrol flopped down into firing positions behind logs, trees, etc. We had evidently surprised the gun crews of the 37 mm for they started rushing around for cover by the little coral "igloos." Fortunately all three men on our left had Thompsons and three Japs who tore across for cover were literally torn to shreds. The rest of the Japs started shooting (at what I don't know as their shots came nowhere near us) and jabbering quite excitedly. A couple stuck their heads up to see what was going on. The man on my right got one, and I got the other. Finally all shooting stopped but a machine gun to our left front opened up. As we were about 3/4 of a mile away, we knew that an exit would not be injudicious. We threw our grenades and then withdrew one by one, the remaining men increasing their fire to make it sound like we were being reinforced. The Japs on our left must have thought we were a small army as they never bothered us. We must have sounded like one! Six men, three Thompson sub-machine guns, 3 Reising sub-machine guns, five rifles, three .45 cal pistols plus a weird assortment of grenades, knives, and wire to fix up booby traps. The men were already to go and get the Jap headquarters and were grinning broadly as they pulled out their knives and looked at me as if to ask could they rush in. As later events proved the place was honey-combed with machine gun positions so I still believe discretion is the better part of valor!

Incidentally the friend of mine who had the other patrol operating to our south was killed that day. After his men withdrew from their contact with the Japs he went back to "find out something." If you read about an officer who dismantled two Jap 75 mm guns while the crews were sleeping that's him. I certainly miss him.

Incidentally our battalion was given a citation for its work against the Jap attacks in that sector (Matanikau River). We've had more fighting than any other outfit save two on the island, have lost only moderate casualties from enemy action and have killed many many yellow men.

The most amazing thing about fighting here is how spectacular the scenes are—Cecil B. DeMille couldn't do better. We see dive-bombing and dog fights almost every day and have seen plenty of naval battles. There's a high ridge by the beach that one can see from. The view itself is superb—glassy deep blue

sea—the mountains, Cape Esperance and the many islands to the north. The cloud formations are beautiful. We have full view of the Jap territory and they of ours. However, the daily air battles must be very disconcerting to them as our pilots are doing a superb job. The Jap zeros stunt all around the place doing barrel rolls, etc. and occasionally strafing us but so many have been shot down that everybody has bracelets made out of the metal wings.

I can't tell you how thrilling the dog fights are. If no bombers are overhead everybody watches them just like a football game. One day a bunch of Jap torpedo planes came streaking in to nail some of our ships. Within a few minutes almost all were burning fiercely in the ocean. One flew about 100 feet over our heads trying to shake one of our fighters. Our fighter missed his first pass at the bomber and everybody sighed but then he slowly gained speed and made another. The Jap plane just exploded and disappeared to the accompaniment of wild cheering from the many "grandstands."

Send more magazines, and also canned peanuts, canned deviled ham, peanut butter, candy, also some vitamin pills. Rather than one big package, several smaller ones. (Also some *New York Times*.)

DECEMBER 2, 1942

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Got several more letters (Nov. 2) yesterday from you. Certainly glad to get them. I can't understand why you had to wait so long for letters from me. I've written regularly. Of course the mail goes through many guards at this neck of the woods.

December and we're still here. I never thought I'd be sleeping under a tree in the Christmas season! It's actually better now than it was several months ago. However, the nights are very cool—so cool in fact that I sleep under a blanket.

We have two marvelous places to swim here. One river comes right down out of the mountains to the south and is very clear. We wash our clothes there so they are dry by the time we're through swimming.

The Navy as you've read in the papers has been doing a swell job here. We've been able to see all of the naval battles even if it's only flashes from the guns, and the dull rumble of the explosives. Every once in a while a ship blows up and that's a pretty sight.

TASMANIA

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Hope you got all my cables OK. Can't tell you where I am or what I'm doing but I'm quite safe.

Right now am in the hospital getting rid of the dear old malaria bug. It's a swell hospital—food is excellent, the nurses are American and they have movies everyday! Feeling OK now and am thoroughly enjoying the rest so don't worry.

Certainly appreciated the Xmas packages and the magazines, etc. Have had several "deviled ham feasts." A great change from our regular fare.

We certainly got a lot of publicity back in the states. It's rather amazing to see pictures of such places as the Lunga River, Matanikau, etc. in the home town paper! Sort of seems like our private property.

Is everybody getting married at home? Apparently they are but where are all the men coming from?

As you may know I ran into Decatur (Baldwin '37)! Never so amazed in my life. He was around for five days and we had a swell time. Don't know who I'll run into next.

Would like to see some of the press reviews of the Mask & Wig show in which my modest brother writes he scored a "terrific success." He made quite a good-looking girl in one of the pictures of him.

Wish I could tell you more of what I'm doing, etc. but censorship regulations have gotten strict. But don't worry—am perfectly OK.

Please write often and send magazines.

AUSTRALIA

MARCH 14

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Certainly interested to hear of your meeting Gen. Vandergrift and Lt. Berghaus. Never knew Berghaus very well but remember he was hit on the Metanikau.

As General Vandergrift said we are in a very hospitable country and are having a grand time. Curiously enough I can't say a word about the place, its customs, what I do, etc. Censorship is extremely strict, ridiculously so.

I could write you loads of things, but for the life of me can't think of anything to say save that I am in good health and am really enjoying myself.

We have a very nice shoulder insignia now—a blue diamond with white stars on it (the Southern Cross) and on it a red “1” with Guadalcanal printed down it. Quite snappy, and do the Marines stick out their chests when the “dogfaces” (G.I.’s) pass by. Relations, however, are excellent.

The men have made a very excellent impression. The people are amazed at how “spit and polished” they are. Everyone salutes like mad here. Evidently expected a group of “beasts and murderers” as one Jap broadcaster described our outfit.

Quite a few have gone back to the States, but I’m quite certain I’ll stay. Naturally would love to come home but in a sense I’d almost as soon stay with the division so that when I come home it’ll be for good. And, as our Colonel said, I can think of worse outfits to serve in than the 1st Marine Division, particularly the 1st Regiment, which with two others, are the “picked” units.

Work is very interesting now and not too hard, although it will inevitably be intensive again.

Would love to read “Guadalcanal Diary” although it was written before the really hot battles began. Wish Bob Miller would write a book. He stayed through the whole show. Many of the correspondents would stay two days, leaving immediately in case of a heavy naval shelling, and then write long essays on the fighting. Many though did fine work, Miller especially.

None of them, however, were with my unit during the biggest battle—October 20-22 when the Japs launched a plane and artillery attack with 7,000 men against our one Btn on the Matanikau. We were the only outfit the Japs ever sent tanks against but I notice not much mention was made of the attack. Yet the Tenaru attack, which was chicken feed (no enemy artillery, tanks, etc.) compared to ours, has been given tremendous publicity. And do we ride that Btn (one of the Btns in our Reg 4). I was on the point during the last phase of it and it resembled a shooting match with plenty of spectators more than anything else.

Well better sign off now. Thanks for all of your presents and maps. Write often.

P.S. Thanks loads for the insurance premium handling. Enclosed is a check to cover part payment. Will send more when needed.

MARCH 21, 1943

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Just a short note to let you know I am feeling fine and I am OK.

Joe E. Brown (comedian and movie actor) is coming to pay us a visit this afternoon and everyone is quite excited. We’ve been having some excellent shows for the men and we also had a bang-up beer party (plus hot dogs, a burlesque show, band concert, etc.) for all the men in the regiment. Troops of the country in which we are staying came as guests and everyone got along swell.

Am enclosing a picture taken in December on Guadalcanal of me and my section. Not to brag (which I will now proceed to do) but it was generally recognized as the best battalion intelligence section on the island and turned in more enemy data and 1st rate maps than any other (at least we think so!).

They’re a swell bunch and stood up well. As you can see in the picture four months of Guadalcanal didn’t particularly wear them down. Incidentally the most insignificant ones were the ones who did the best in the hand to hand fighting. The one second from right at the top with the simple grin killed four in two minutes!

Getting your letters regularly—thanks loads. Give my best to everyone.

APRIL 4

Dear Dad and Margaret:

How is everything back home? From the magazines sounds as if the rationing is getting pretty fierce.

Finally got the job I wanted—R-2 (Regimental Intelligence officer) and took all the intelligence and regimental snipers to a small camp in the country for intensive training. We had excellent facilities for school, and the gang worked hard. The personnel I had were creme de la creme of the regiments’ enlisted men—lot of them college men. As luck would have it while out on a combat problem had a malaria relapse and here I am back in the hospital! They’ll probably have to give the job to someone else. Those Guadalcanal mosquitoes had that extra something!

Feel OK now although they make me stay in bed or nearby most of the time to get rest. Should be released in about 3-4 weeks.

There was a big football game between our regiment and another. It was a public game for charity. Before it they has a kicking and passing contest between

the local champions and our men. The "natives" won the kicking with 60 yards, but we won with a 72 yard pass that dumbfounded them. We listened over the radio for some reason they couldn't broadcast the rank of the players and officials and it was funny to hear the colonels referred to as "Tom" and "Joe," etc. There were three All-Americans on our team and four on the other but they didn't have much time for training.

An Australian (famous Desert Rats*) division arrived home amidst great fanfare and hullaballo. It's an excellent one with a fine record but the inevitable clash came due to our men's propensity for proclaiming to all that one member of our division can take on ten of any other. On the whole, however, relations are OK except that they're a little peeved at having all their girls stolen from them.

Not much more to tell. Will write again when there's something more to tell.

** When Desert Rats arrived an enormous brawl happened in Sydney with Gyrenes and G.I.'s — but by afternoon they were all drinking beer together.*

MAY 17, 1943

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Imagine everything's quite grand your neck of the woods now with spring. Hardly seems believable to me that I've been away for almost a year.

Old Faithful is back again, so here I am once more in the hospital. Feel OK, however, and have been getting in some bridge. The last time I played was coming back from Guadalcanal. I had just picked up a super terrific hand when the general alarm sounded. We got up on deck just in time to see a torpedo miss the bow by 20 feet. By the time we got back to the wardroom the tables had been closed for lunch. My luck seems a little better now, although I'm pretty rusty.

Did some very interesting work last week, which I hope to resume when I get out of here.

Tell Jimmy (Perry '46) that I've been saving a souvenir for him which I'll give him whenever I come back. It's a chunk of wing from a Jap zero which one of our machine gunners brought down.

Dear Dad and Margaret:

How goes everything at home? Everyone is coming out here from the States says the war effort is really coming along and that things are skimped to the bone, which is certainly more than they are here.

Got out of the hospital last week, after a marvelous two week sick leave, which I spent on an island on the coast of this country. The hotel I stayed at was beautiful—the best in this part of the world, very Miami-ish. Two other officers and myself went down. Everyone was most hospitable. We were asked out everywhere—golf, tennis, yachting, and to the different clubs there. The girls were very pretty—beautiful complexions, but a bit too much like the old country to suit me. I haven't seen one yet that can dress half as well as a hometown shop girl. They just ain't got no style.

Have been taking out a girl who came out several years ago at the Court of St. James and hasn't recovered since. They certainly fawn over titles here. Have been getting in some strenuous if not good-natured arguments with her and some of the local citizenry. We think their war effort, to be crude, stinks. They belly-ache continuously to be saved from the little yellow-men, but every other day seems to be a holiday and practically nothing is rationed, save clothes. They're basically quite decent people but very slow and apathetic, and because they have an inferiority complex toward the U.S. get resentful at times. They think our army very "deluxe" which it is, as it should be. Having good clothes and equipment hasn't seemed to have hindered the Americans in this war as far as I can see. I certainly was glad to see the U.S. 2nd Corps smash through and take Bizerta while the 8th Army was cooling its heels at Enfidavilla as they have been rubbing in the U.S.'s earlier Tunisian set-backs to us. One girl asked me if I had read General Montgomery's "latest book"—*How Green was My Ally*. Who's laughing now?

Am now attached temporarily to Division Intelligence as an instructor in a special school they're having. Wish I could tell you what it is, but suffice it to say that it's fascinating.

Had our regimental dance the other evening at the Officer's Cabaret. All the gals came in evening gowns and it was quite an affair. We had a floor show from talent from enlisted men in the reg't. And they were surprisingly good. It was really done in style—engraved invitations, good service, excellent orchestra, good decorations—and even a receiving line! (Regimental Commander and Exec.) My what a far away place Guadalcanal seems like now! Our reg't has the reputation of being the "social" outfit of the division. For one thing we're here in town, and, in addition to the use of the elegant Division Club (canopy over the en-

trance and everything) we have our regimental Officers' Club which is a nice place to entertain. There are all sorts of official parties, promotions, etc. and the upper crust frequently throws parties for us. We're really leading "the life of Riley" now, even though we're training fairly intensively. One of these days, however, we'll be going back to cold canned rations, mud and mosquitoes again, so we can enjoy ourselves now without having a guilty conscience.

AUGUST 15, 1943

Dear Dad and Margaret:

By this time you should know what I've been doing. Can tell you that the Japs don't know what hit them. We really cleaned up on them, although over radio Tokyo last night a propagandist told us the imperial fleet had utterly demolished us! You already know from the papers where we are. I can imagine more peaceful spots but we're OK. The Japs are frantic and give us plenty of attention but we are giving them proper treatment.

Listen to the U.S. every night by radio. Seems funny to hear dance music out here punctuated occasionally by distant bursts of *The Nagoya* on fire. Don't let that worry you—the situation is well in hand—just some Japs that didn't get the word. This would be a beautiful spot if it weren't for the tarantulas. They come big down here. Also a lot of man-eating crocodiles but they seem rather shell shocked by the whole thing. The natives (red headed blacks!) are also quite puzzled.

Wish I could tell you the details. I promise you if you read them in a novel you'd think they were unbelievable. Please write often and save the clippings on the action—especially Miller's United Press dispatches.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1943

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Have finally gotten settled here so am dropping you a few lines on what's what.

I am to teach combat intelligence at the staff command school but I first have to take the three months course as it covers many subjects I haven't had before.

The school started today. There are about 60 of us—mostly Lt. Colonels

and Majors. There are about 20 captains. As I am about the most junior Captain here I am almost the lowest ranking officer in the school. Fortunately there is one lower than I—he has to take the roll call, etc. and other additional duties.

Classes start at 8:00 and end at 4:30 (including Saturdays)! The course sounds fascinating and is quite tough.

Dear Dad and Margaret,

Just a short note to let you know that I'm looking forward to seeing you Saturday. Don't know what time I'll get to Baltimore, as it depends on when class gets out—whether I can get a ride, etc., but hope to get to the Stafford by seven.

Routine same as usual here, and am working quite hard. Right now I'm immersed in trying to take Emmitsburg, Penna. from the Nazis with a reinforced regiment. What with march tables (they always stick in a cross column of corps artillery to mess up your plans), artillery firing charts, air support "annexes," etc. I'm getting quite dizzy. Right now as far as I'm concerned they can have Emmitsburg. I've worn out two pencils just making my reconnaissance.

Tomorrow we have some lectures by Marine officers just back from Salerno, so it should be very interesting.

Better sign off now and get back to work if Emmitsburg is ever to be wrested from Germany. See you Saturday.

OCTOBER 7

Dear Dad and Margaret:

Another chance to get a letter off to you. Funny, never had so much happen in a short space of time in my life and yet I can hardly write a thing.

Once it's been in the papers (about Sept. 10th-14th) can tell you about the Jap's attack on our Battalion. They attacked us in the jungle with much hooping and hollering and shouting of "Banzai." The officers waved their samurai swords like a bunch of kids but the net result was that instead of our men retreating they jumped out of their foxholes and scared the wits out of the Japs by tearing at them with knives and bayonets. I suppose the Japs have been so used to other armies running away when they shouted and made faces that it never occurred to them they'd really have to fight. No kidding—our men are superb fighters and they'll close in for the kill every time. A blood-thirsty bunch—they'll use

knives and bayonets on the Japs whenever they can. The Japs shout, "Devil Marines" at us. You can read the papers for the number of Jap corpses piled up. One lieutenant in our outfit was trapped behind the Jap lines and we had given him up for lost but he came in the next morning. Had spent the night under a log the Japs were using for a bridge. When two Japs discovered him he and his companion were unarmed (also badly wounded from hand grenades). But instead of running he made a face at the Japs and lunged at them. They both ran and then he and the other marine ran right through enemy machine gun positions. He reached cover by the time they opened up. Joe Terz is his name. I believe the papers might have something about him. One look at Joe would be enough to scare a whole Jap division out of its wits. He's a mean looking customer, especially with a three days' beard!

Despite all the excitement Guadalcanal is no earthly paradise and we're all looking forward to reaching some sort of civilization. Eight weeks of being continually bombed, shelled and fired at is a trifle wearing I can tell you. The worst part, however, are the mosquitoes and insect life. They really thrive on us. The ants are terrific. All you have to do is touch a tree and a million of them swarm all over you.

The men are in fine spirits and morale is excellent. But what we wouldn't give for a glass of cool beer, a bath, clean clothes and a place to sleep where you don't have to fight off the insects. You can also throw in a two pound sirloin steak.

Enjoyed your letters immensely. Be sure and write soon.

[Legend is that Holly was the only gyrene who put on pajamas and slept between sheets in the Guadalcanal campaign.]

Chapter 2

Franklin Hawkins '35

After St. Andrew's, I spent a year trying to get an appointment to West Point and preparing for examinations, but all came to naught because of an Army aversion to people with hay fever. With my father's help, I went to MIT to study naval architecture in which I finally achieved a degree in 1941, following another year out to fall back and regroup finances. At graduation I accepted a commission in the U.S. Naval Reserve and immediately was sent on active duty at the Pearl Harbor Naval Shipyard, arriving during July before the "day of infamy." That turned out to be the closest I ever got to an actual battle. I didn't know until much later that another St. Andrean, George Welch '37 got his P-40 off the ground and, with one other pilot, managed to give the enemy some opposition.

After three years at Pearl, I was transferred to the David Taylor Model Basin in Washington, DC, where I met my wife, Helen Boswell, then a WAVE officer.

After WWII, I became a civil service employee of the Navy at the Model Basin. I was engaged in experimental research, first on high-speed craft like PT boats, and later on submarines. My part of the work involved taking parties of Model Basin personnel and our instruments out on ships and submarines on what are called full-scale trials to obtain data for comparison with data obtained in our tests on scale models. The testing on submarines that I was in charge of was for directional stability and control. Submarines were becoming faster, and since a submerged submarine is confined to operate in the somewhat limited space between the surface and the collapse depth of its pressure hull, the Navy was interested to know whether their directional stability was good enough at high speed to keep them in that space. It has been said that it's something like flying an airplane around in a hangar. Those trials were exciting, and it was

satisfying to find that the differential equations developed at the Model Basin predicted the boats' behavior quite accurately. The last submarine I ran trials on was the more or less famous and experimental *Albacore*, with its single screw and the teardrop shaped hull.

In the mid-1950s, I awoke to the realization that I was headed in the direction of conducting trials for the rest of my career which would keep me away from home for a considerable time each year. I also noted that I had done nothing to acquire advanced engineering degrees, and that I did not then feel inclined to try to achieve them. I decided I wanted to try some new, less completely technical occupation. This resulted in my becoming a scientific and technical analyst at the Central Intelligence Agency where I remained until my retirement in 1972.

After leaving the Agency, I first set myself up as a consultant on Russian shipbuilding techniques based on the vast accumulation in the Library of Congress of Russian language books on that subject. That enterprise simply did not get off the ground. I got several offers from firms doing contract work for the government in the field of intelligence, but that involved getting right back into highly classified activities of the type I had just left at the CIA, so I turned them down. Then I worked part time as an agent for a translating service. Translating was, I found, a rather nice cottage industry in the Washington area. So, while recognizing that my Russian language capability was limited to shipbuilding literature, I took up translating that kind of material myself. I set up an office in our basement, bought a word processor and went to work. Every now and then, I still translate some more Russian just for my own curiosity.

Chapter 3

Alan T. Baldwin '36

In 1943, I went into the Navy as an ensign having gone to Cornell for indoctrination. From there I was assigned to the amphibious forces—Pacific Fleet. I started out as communications officer in charge of about 20 radar and radiomen, signalmen and quartermasters on an L.S.T. The vessel was a 328-foot long, 50-foot wide flat-bottom landing ship that made “milk runs” carrying amphibious tanks, trucks, ammunition, fuel and troops among naval bases in the South Pacific.

It departed the United States for the Philippines in August 1944, and two months later participated in the invasion and occupation of Leyte, an island in the Philippines. During that takeover, one crew member shot down a Japanese fighter plane dubbed a “Betty Bomber.” The Japanese plane crash landed in the water after 35 rounds of ammunition had been fired at it. If the plane hadn't been stopped, it likely would have targeted our ship. The USS LST #564 was supposed to be hidden from enemy attack by fog produced from the navy's fog machine, but something happened to the machine and we were sitting under the blue sky when someone spotted the plane.

I participated in three invasion landings in the Philippines (Leyte, Luzon and Okinawa), then the occupation and surrender of Japan. In January 1945, the USS LST #564 helped invade and occupy Luzon in the Philippines' Lingayen Gulf and on April 1, Easter Sunday morning, we moved to the island of Okinawa Shima. Although we trained for the invasion of Japan, we did not go into the country until October 1945.

We had our share of being strafed, under heavy air attacks by the Japanese, but came through it all with just a few losses. I came out of the war in 1946, kept my commission and joined a naval reserve unit in Danville, VA. I still hold the rank of lieutenant commander in the Retired Naval Reserve.

Chapter 4

Chester E. Baum, Jr. '36

Findley Burns '35 in Brussels

Some weeks before Christmas in 1944, bitterly cold weather was freezing over parts of Antwerp's harbor. At that time I was a lieutenant in the U.S. Naval Reserve in charge of a 28-man, armed-guard crew assigned to man the guns and take care of ship-to-ship signaling aboard the S/S *Oakley Wood*, a liberty ship discharging cargo in Antwerp. I cannot recall if this was before or during the Battle of the Bulge, but the fate of the land forces was not of immediate consequence to us Merchant Marine and Navy people, who were being assaulted daily (and nightly) by German V-1 and V-2 self-propelled bombs.

V-1s were simply warheads propelled by ramjet engines. When the engine ran out of fuel, the noise of the jet stopped, and soon thereafter, the warhead went into a steep dive and exploded against whatever it hit. They were disparagingly referred to as 'doodle bugs' and 'buzz bombs,' but I was terrified of them because I knew that their detonating force as perfectly capable of making me a dead war hero, something I was assiduously trying to avoid. I shall provide an example below.

The V-2s were another matter. They were rocket-propelled and carried a much more powerful warhead. Their passage was silent since it was faster than the speed of sound, but if you heard the then-novel phenomenon of a sonic boom, you could congratulate yourself on not being where the V-2 had landed. Since V-2s did not announce their arrival, and since there was at that time nothing like an antimissile weapon, you could do nothing about Hitler's ultimate weapon but worry.

There was, however, something you could do about the buzz bomb. When you heard the thing cut out, you took cover. Below decks aboard ships, which were built to withstand stress, you were believed to be fairly safe from the blast

effect. Still, no one wanted to test this hypothesis. I remember crouching in one of the ship's alleyways during a V-1 attack. When an approaching bomb's sound ceased, I found myself shouting, "In the river! In the river! In the river!" disabusing myself of my notion that we Navy men were braver than Merchant Mariners because we were paid less.

Later on, when I found myself aboard a proper Navy ship in the Pacific, which had survived among other horrors a Kamikaze hit, my new shipmates kidded me about my buzz-bomb stories. But I like to think that, had they been there, they would have behaved as carbonyl as I had in my first encounter with a V-1. I would have been happy to forego the chorused joys of Antwerp and stay in the relative safety of the S/S *Oakley Wood*, but the Navy required that we submit in person a voyage report to the Port Director, who was located in an office ashore. I found myself jammed in between two other armed-guard officers from other ships in the back of a Navy jeep driving through the bombed-out harbor on our way to the Port Director. We heard the sound of an approaching buzz bomb. It stopped. The driver yelled, "Under the jeep!" One of my fellow officers yelled, "I'm stuck! I can't get out!"

Out of my mouth came the words, "I can!" Somehow I managed to push off both my fellow officers, jump out of the jeep, hit the ice and frozen grime of the street and slide under the jeep. The bomb did not land close enough to do us any harm.

After this humiliating experience, I might have gone ashore frequently exposing myself to the danger of buzz bombs and V-2s just to prove my courage. I didn't.

When Findley Burns was a V Former at St. Andrew's, he lived in a room in the Annex that he had furnished sybaritically (or so it seemed to the unsophisticated urchins like me). George Emlen Hall (SAS faculty '31-'40, Latin and English) and Hamilton Hutton (SAS faculty '31-'48, history and mathematics), our dorm masters, were muscular Christians who enjoyed chaffing Fin about his leading role among the "Lounge Lizards," a group of effete rebels that enjoyed outraging the sensibilities of the faculty and our conventionally athletic classmates. I cannot speak for my classmates, but I was secretly envious of fellows like Findley, who so easily exhibited social graces, and I probably would have said, had I been asked, "Well, I'm developing qualities of courage on the playing fields that those guys will never have."

When I later used to visit my SAS roommate, Sid Whelan '36 at Princeton, where Sid was rooming with Fin (I think), I found an even more elegant Findley Burns, who had already (if memory serves) begun to collect ecclesiastical art. Then, when Fin entered the Foreign Service, he displayed a wonderful insouciance by carrying copies of *Film Fun* to his duty station in the diplomatic pouch. *Film Fun* was the raciest of the movie magazines, publications that fell well below the intellectual level of today's *People Magazine*. I guess Fin enjoyed shocking his intellectually more pretentious contemporaries with his low taste for "girlie" magazines as he had badgering Messrs. Hall and Hutton by furnishing his room with elegant bedspreads and decorative throw pillows.

The first sack of mail that came aboard the S/S *Oakley Wood* contained an envelope from the U.S. Consulate in Brussels addressed me. In it was a note from Findley, who was stationed in Brussels at the time and had seen my name on the ship's crew manifest. He said that he was planning to come to Antwerp in a few days to look over some antique church candle holders that he was thinking of adding to his collection. He would come to see me aboard the ship.

At the time he had appointed, I was standing at the head of the gangway near enough to an inner alleyway to take cover if I should hear a buzz bomb cut out. I spotted Findley impeccably dressed in civilian (of course) clothes picking his way among the puddles and mud of the dock. he was carrying an attaché case. His only protection against Adolph Hitler's *Schrecklichkeit* was an umbrella that he held raised over his head to shed the nasty drizzle and sleet.

What we talked about, I have forgotten, but I'm sure it wasn't about V-1s and V-2s. Probably we talked about St. Andreans. We must have talked about how Holly Whyte '35 managed to provide himself with sheets and pillowcases during the 1st Marine Division's most intense fighting on Guadalcanal. I'm sure we had something to say about Pete Richards '37 death on that same island.

I cannot recall whether it was during this trip to Antwerp of a later one that I went up to Brussels to have lunch with Findley at the Consulate, but I do remember that we had creamed leeks, for which Findley apologized, but I found delicious compared with the food served in the saloon mess aboard the *Oakley Wood*, even though it was well known that the National Maritime Union saw to it that the Merchant Marine was fed better than any of the other services.

Chapter 5

Winthrop de V. Schwab '36

Aboard the *San Francisco*, 1943—1945 (LCDR, USNR). Excerpts from letters home:

06/20/42

Took my active-duty physical exam last week. The pharmacist mate who tested my eyes would not let me tilt the cardboard with a hole for one eye (for me, lining up the edge of the hole with the chart would bring it into focus), so I had pretty poor readings. He said he would give me the minimum. 12/20 anyway and pass me.

The other day I went to the public library (New York) to look up some Navy books on traditions, customs, and usage, etc. There were answers for everything in fascinating detail. I must quote one excerpt on Club Etiquette, which the book admitted was not strictly accurate, but which gave the proper tone of exclusive clubs: "In a very smart London club, you keep your hat on and glare about. In Paris, you take your hat off and behave with such courtesy and politeness as seems to you an affectation. In New York, you take your hat off and behave as though the rooms were empty; but as though you were being observed through loopholes in the wall."

06/30/42

Got my Navy order to report on July 15 to Dartmouth College where they have an indoctrination school.

Just now I ran around the Central Park reservoir for my first exercise in some weeks. It was one of the most beautiful sights in New York—the view of the night lights of downtown Manhattan reflecting from the reservoir. But now the lights are dimmed or out.

07/16/42

Took the train for Hanover. Met up with a couple of old friends and reported in to the U.S. Naval Training School at Dartmouth College. About 1,000 men are here, divided into eight companies. Most all are ensigns in training, having been commissioned into some specialty such as ordnance, intelligence, aviation, engineering or deck. I am an ordnance volunteer specialist.

08/06/42

This is our curriculum: Navy Regulations, Military Law, Ordnance, Ground Tackle, Bluejackets Manual, U.S. Fleets, Naval Organization, Navy Customs, Communications and Correspondence, Naval Phraseology, Naval History and Naval Leadership. A round dozen in all. The teachers are mostly ensigns—not teachers of long standing, yet most are acceptable.

08/09/42

On Thursday I had a duty watch called “Office Orderly.” Most of the time was spent helping write out a report on the sanitary condition of our residential hall. It turns out that the hall, to remain within the limits of a memorandum from the executive officer on the health code, should have 32 additional lavatories to house a maximum of ten fewer guys than are now in the hall!

08/18/42

Yesterday afternoon we were given a lecture by a member of the bomb disposal branch of the Navy. The work rather appealed to me, and I responded when he asked to interview volunteers. I thought the work would be something new and more active than any other job I would be given with my nontechnical and non-navigational knowledge. I wouldn't mind going to England for a while, but I would not be interested in the Solomon Islands! Another thing that appeals to is that the work is salvage rather than destruction. The school in Washington, DC, and lasts seven weeks. For obvious reasons, the passing mark for the course is 4.0, the Navy equivalent of 100. The disadvantage of the work centers around one's proximity to mechanisms which may or may not be diagnosed correctly.

09/10/42

It turns out that I am accepted for bomb disposal school along with three others and must report to Washington on the 18th.

10/30/42

I have been leading a strenuous life in two categories, work and play. Work has consisted of lectures all day and study and notebook writing in the evening, often until after midnight. We have been having weekly exams, usually on Saturday afternoons, which last about six hours. On some days or half days, we dress in our dungarees and have practice work in reconnaissance, digging and timbering holes, and in the more intimate details of handling bombs. We have 13 members in our class and, except for a couple of guys who are somewhat quieter, all of our class has been reacting rather violently during any time off we have. We have done a good job of tearing up Washington on Saturday and Sunday nights so far, and we end up in very poor shape for Monday's classes.

11/04/42

Should I be surprised, amused or amazed that my orders are to report immediately upon finish of our course here on November 15 to sea duty on the heavy cruiser USS *San Francisco*. Heaven knows I am not an accomplished deck officer nor an engineer, and I went to an indoctrination school not half as long or rigorous or as helpful as the midshipman schools for officers expecting sea duty. Since bombs that don't explode will not be falling on the ship every day, the powers aboard will probably give me all the odds and ends that no one else wants to do!

11/27/42

We just pulled out of Galconda, NV, on my way to the West Coast. Now we are stopped at Winnemucca. It beats me why we stop at all these places. The only thing I can imagine in this case is that the guy who sells pop and cookies on the train wanted to get some change at the general store. I saw him scampering in and out. Without exaggeration, the train has been moving no more than 12 to 2/3 of the time since we left Chicago. Ah me, I'll learn not to take coach again!

01/06/43

The good ship USS *San Francisco* is being put back in fighting shape at the Mare Island Navy Yard at Vallejo north of San Francisco. It has been a sobering experience assuming duty aboard a ship just returned from being severely damaged in battle, and whose personnel has been through considerable and varied battle

action. We are docked at one of the Navy's largest yards where manufacturing and repair activities of all kinds are on view.

[The ship had taken 15 major caliber gun hits from a Japanese battleship. The admiral, captain, commander and 166 others were casualties in the third battle of Savo Island near Guadalcanal in the South Pacific.]

The Navy is a complex of many things. The admirals and civic leaders exhort the men and conceive of the greatness of the Navy in terms of the famous quotes of John Paul Jones, Admiral Farragut and so on. This is baloney to most of the men, but they love the Navy for the men in their division, for their pride in their work and their skill as a trained unit. For instance, on this ship, the battery of three big 8" guns near the after end of the ship constitutes the third division. For the most part, these men have worked together for two and a half years; they are good at their jobs and they know it. Their leisure time together and their battle experiences together, under officers they respect, are the Navy to them—and something memorable.

The junior officers have to censor the mail of the enlisted men. This certainly shows another aspect of the Navy. The letters talk little of the Navy but a great deal about what the men have done or expect to do on leave. The men live for their brief periods of "liberty" and "leave." The men who have seen action want to have no more of war; those who haven't, talk a little more about "having a crack at the Japs." All of them want to get the business over with and get home.

05/23/43 — to New Caledonia and back to Hawaii

I am realizing how much I value mail, and how I must do my part to deserve it. My duty watches are all stood on the bridge as junior officer of the deck, where we are seldom in an enclosed space, where at night we obviously cannot use light, and where it is equally obvious that we have to pay constant attention to controlling the ship. No time for letter writing.

No mail received for a month. All we see is the sea. But that's not all bad: the clouds and the seas have their moods like the weather and the different combinations that develop are always awe-inspiring.

We get radio press news on the ship, which outlines for us most of the big issues; but as far as the war goes, we get no more news than anyone back home. The war is still like so many chess moves in spite of the fact that I hear occasionally of friends who have been killed, and that we sail in "dangerous" waters.

08/11/43 — north of the Aleutian Islands

A few nights ago we had a remarkable display of St. Elmo's Fire, which appeared on a radio aerial leading from the top of a mast to our station on the fighting bridge. The effect is that the aerial would repeatedly light up with a ghostly phosphorescence starting at the top of the mast, creep down the aerial to the bridge and discharge noiselessly at intervals in a blinding flash. This scary show quite made up for the fact that it was the midnight to 4 a.m. watch, and it was storming and raining.

08/28/43

The ship is pitching and rolling rather violently today. My room is near the bow and right under the steel fo'c'sle deck. As I sit trying to write, I can feel the bow poise in the air, drop down and sink into the next wave with an accompanying shock making the whole 537 foot ship shudder. I had the watch this morning, and it was a beautiful sight to see the water rushing over the bow and flowing aft. Then the bow would rise high out of the water again, all covered with foam and spray.

The sea can be beautiful at times, depending on one's mood and the sea's mood. It is a thrill to have a perfectly clear day and to be able to pick out land as far away as 80 miles. It is a beautiful sight at night when there is a lot of phosphorus in the water and the bow cutting the water causes a bright glow under the dark decks as we look down from the pilot house.

11/07/43 — back at Pearl Harbor from the Aleutians

Morning deck watch in port is busy: getting liberty parties off to the beach, getting the Catholic church party off to another ship and back, rigging our ship for Protestant service, getting working parties from the crew to handle ship provisioning, preparing to receive a garbage lighter alongside, making reports to the executive officer and captain, keeping track of four boats assigned to us and needed t ferry yard workmen or take someone for an eye exam, etc.

11/21/43

Night vision is an important item aboard ship, particularly for the watch on the bridge. Before going on night watch we are supposed to wear dark red goggles and accustom our eyes to the dark. But as with so many things in life, it is not as simple as all that. When you go up on watch, the first thing you have to do is read the night orders in the chart house, which necessitates taking off the goggles!

With or without goggles, eyes are of little use in getting up to the fighting bridge for watch duty. You climb up a ladder from the wardroom to a black passageway, turn 360 degrees and climb another ladder to the communications deck. So far, it's easy; this is captain's country and the "ladders" are more like stairs, and there is no traffic. From this point on, you keep one arm in front of your face while the other feels around for the next familiar object. Make a 180 degree turn, feel for a beam, then find a railing opposite and shout "coming up," if you can get it all out before a "coming down" foot is in your face. Up this nearly perpendicular ladder, you are on the signal bridge and must make your way to another ladder, this time by pacing off two steps ahead, three to the left, and one again to the left. This must be done with a loud placing of the heels and slowly, as several signalmen are standing around whom you hope will clear a path; they can see you, but you are still blind. Climb another ladder, then take one pace to the right before stepping ahead lest you fall down to the signal bridge again. Step ahead two paces and grope your way into a tunnel leading to the pilot house. The goal is the fighting bridge where you stumble over the wires of the men on watch who are manning phones to the engine room, the signal bridge, etc.

02/07/44

Nighttime again on the bridge. The moon hangs overhead and packs of clouds go scudding by. The Big Dipper is with us again, peering through an opening in the clouds. One can tell time by it, I am told. You take the two end stars of the dipper (not the handle) and note what hour they point to (away from the North Star). Double this figure and add to it double the month of the year it is past January 1. Then subtract from this $16-1/4$, and you have the time of day (or night). In case the total of the hour read from the Big Dipper and the months past January is more than $16-1/4$, subtract the total from $40-1/4$. My calculation at the moment comes to 12:45 a.m., only three minutes different from the ship's chronometer.

So you see I have another "midwatch," and another three hours to go. Usually the first three hours are all right, but the fourth often develops into a titanic struggle of willpower to stay awake and alert—recognizing that 1,300 people, mostly sleeping, are counting on you to carry them safely through the night. Off watch at 3:45 a.m., but then there's "General Quarters," involving everyone, from an hour and a quarter before sunrise to sunrise (i.e., from about 4:30 to 5:45 a.m.).

02/12/44

We are sitting serenely under the moonlit sky, "anchored as before, with 90 fathoms of chain to the port anchor at the water's edge, in 23 fathoms of water," as I must write in the ship's log. A friend, who also has this midwatch, brought mail up to me on the bridge and an apple. With mail, the morning press news, a quartermaster reteaching me the Morse code and an argument on the Negro question with the junior officer of the deck, the watch went quickly.

Had we been underway, such activities are out. I hardly risk taking my eye off the ships around long enough to pour a cup of coffee and throw in the cream and sugar. Coffee, otherwise known as "joe" or "mud," is a serious institution aboard ship. On some watch stations one's social or professional standing may be influenced by whether one admits to liking cream and sugar (scornfully referred to in some circles as "la-dee-da"). Knowing that the anti-aircraft gun director crews, who inhabit a freezing cold, cramped box even higher than the fighting bridge, frown on "la-dee-da," I had to drink quantities of lousy black coffee to keep warm when given a temporary watch station there.

02/16/44

A fleet of warships all performing simultaneous maneuvers is a beautiful sight. It is a panorama on a vast scale—stately movements involving change of front, rotation of axis, closing in a circle, forming column or forming line of bearing.

The other day I read a poem consisting largely of simple phrases of things seen and loved. One can be taken by scenes aboard ship: a flock of flying fish darting away from the bow of the ship, the sun shining through the membranes of their fins; the crew lined up for "chow"; men chipping paint on the fo'c'sle; bedding being aired on the lifelines; planes circling overhead in tight formation; letting go the anchor—the noise, the bugle note, the cloud of dust from the rusty chain and unfurling the jack; a destroyer racing to a new position; an eagle perched on a cold and desolate rock; fog of all varieties; a broken-down pot of "joe"; men in dungarees squatting round.

03/26/44

I am supposed to be learning something about celestial navigation. We take our star sights in the predawn when it is still dark enough to see the stars and yet light enough to see a clearly defined horizon. A sextant used to look extremely complicated, but I now find that it does nothing more than measure the angle between the horizon and the star, planet, sun or moon—whichever you are shoot-

ing. The fun begins when you have gotten your angles and you try to look up the figures in a bunch of tables. The "day's work in navigation" also includes taking a noon sun sight and more stars again at dusk.

The last couple of days have had the most beautiful sunsets. The atmosphere during the day has been clearer than I have ever seen it, and the sea is very calm—the first time I have ever felt the term "glassy sea" applicable. Light, puffy clouds extending into the distance were still clearly outlines as they curved with the earth and were cut off by the horizon. These modern painters who delight in abstractions would have derived inspiration galore from the many-colored and curiously formed little clouds a great distance away; some of them looking like gigantic ships perched on the horizon, others looking like black smoke from huge oil fires, others like the white cloud sent up by an ammunition dump explosion, others like icebergs and others like nothing else in man's experience—bluish and greenish shapes moving sedately about. Everyone just looked and looked for the hour or more that the effects lasted.

What is mankind up to while nature is showing us some of her gems? In the case of the sunsets, we all stop and feel the beauty as an emotion and as something to remember, yet all the time we are on our way to bombard, shoot down or sink anything Japanese that can be found. In the case of an island, we stand off and blast it to bits for reasons we consider good. Why are so many of man's activities of a destructive nature?

04/09/44

We have been directed to conduct division instruction. For the first session I brought some war maps clipped from a Sunday *New York Times* and used them for a discussion of the Russian winter campaign, of the British-American air attacks on Germany and of the alternate ways in which the Pacific campaign might be trying to reach Japan. Holding the "instruction" during working hours might make it popular whatever the subject, but the gang (the ship's repair division) wanted to know when we would have another session.

I have an idea for next time: Poetry! Mother sent me a book of poetry some time ago, and I have a few selections in mind. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" for a starter, with its "Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do or die." Perhaps "The Man With the Hoe" could be added to enlarge upon what happens to the individual and to society if tyrants force others to be "brothers to the ox," or if people allow themselves to sink to this level!

05/27/44

Saturday in the peacetime Navy was synonymous with inspection and liberty for the weekend. Today, with no place to have liberty, there is just inspection by the admiral of our cruiser division. Preparations for such an inspection are begun days in advance: uniforms, in the case "undress whites with neckerchief," are repaired; all hands are repeatedly instructed to get haircuts; and paint is thrown about the ship in staggering quantities. The crew was routed out at 5:15 a.m. to make sure everything would be cleaned up by 10 a.m.

My big role comes when inspection of the messing spaces is made. I greet the admiral with a "Good morning, Admiral, messing compartments ready for inspection, Sir," and I fall in on his port quarter as he moves along. Lines up in the compartment are 28 mess cooks in two rows facing each other. They salute on command and otherwise stand at attention.

The admiral had been inspecting haircuts of the deck force, so I had frilled the men in "uncover" and "cover," but I was totally unprepared for the admiral's request to inspect fingernails! I had no idea what sort of command to give to get hands presented for inspection, but words of some sort came to me and were delivered in authoritative tone ending with "Place!" Possibly the command was overdone because the hands were extended out so far that the admiral could hardly squeeze through the narrow alley that resulted.

05/29/44

Mail censoring is a nuisance, but it has one intriguing aspect: it gives one an insight into what our shipmates are thinking about, what their aspirations are and what troubles they have. Much of what one reads is very different from the daily talk; they appear more soft-hearted, more given to referring to certain values they would never be caught talking about aboard ship. One fellow was telling his family how he had just become throttle man in the engine room and rated having coffee brought to him. He was proud of his new job and looked forward to graduating to feed-pump man and to engine room petty officer of the watch. Up on the bridge, one doesn't think much about who carries out the orders to the engine room to go to standard speed or to decrease propeller speed by two revolutions per minute.

Then there's the man who wrote that a friend of his, after 14 months at sea, just heard from his wife that she had a baby boy. The husband, carrying out a Navy tradition, passed out cigars!

06/15/44 — *Leave*

We have been debating the condition of the ship's morale. We have been away from the U.S. about 15+ months, and there is no sign of our going back. For the officers, shipboard life is comfortable: we have our rooms and our wardroom; we have drawers for our clothing, comfortable bunks, good ventilation, desks, privacy, running water in our basins, showers at any time, comfortable eating arrangements and no waiting in line for everything.

For the enlisted men, it is another thing. He waits in line for his meals; he sleeps four high in compartments that have ventilation enough to keep the air fresh but not enough to ease extreme heat. He has a locker less than two feet square as his only place to keep his shoes, stationery, toilet articles, caps, uniforms, etc.—everything except his heavy peacoat. At meals and movies he gets to sit on a bench, but the rest of the time he has only the deck, which dirties his clothes if he sits.

He wears dungarees and works at heavy or greasy or hot jobs. Much of the time fresh water is turned on only for short periods. The ship can distill a limited amount daily, and this must be divided between the galleys, sculleries, laundry, officer and crew—not to mention the boilers. The wonder is that the men put up with it all as well as they do and still can joke about it.

06/28/44

My witty friend, David Kaplan, writes from London: "Have been here for the last two months. I have seen every play in town, very few of them any good, though Oscar Wilde's 'An Ideal Husband,' brilliantly directed, staged and costumed by Robert Donat, once again proves how dull morality is and how delightful wickedness. Also, Agatha Christie's stage thriller, which contains eight highly satisfactory murders. I leave now to rejoin my unit in 'the field,' said field being a Marquess' castle, where in feudal solitude our three-ring circus lives with the Marquess, his idiot wife, two 'pale lost lilies' of daughters and squalling grandchildren." Fitting duty for a man who has a passion for royalty!

08/10/44

We're heading home! Yard overhaul, leave. Are we happy! We have just left for San Francisco after a brief stop at Pearl Harbor. Since we hadn't seen Pearl for seven months, many of us bent our creaking elbows at the officer's club. I had seven bourbon and ginger ales in about an hour and a half and then started back to the ship. We met some shipmates perched on some lumber and drawing on a quart of bourbon; naturally we joined them. Liquor is not allowed on board, so

it was necessary to dispose of the bottle beforehand. We reached the ship just in time for the evening movie "Cover Girl," which everyone had been looking forward to seeing. I went to my room, found some mail and started to read it. The next thing I knew, it was midnight—too late for the movie and my eyes in no condition to read anything but the face of the clock.

10/1/44 — *back from leave*

Bugle calls were a memory to me before I joined the Navy because we had a few of them at a summer camp near Saranac Lake, NY, the summer of 1936, when I worked there. The bugler would sound tattoo and taps as he stood on the end of the swimming dock facing the opposite side of the lake. The calls would echo back and be given a beautiful tone by the woods all around.

Aboard ship, our routine is governed by loudspeakers that reach every compartment. The bo's'n mate's shrill pipe and his voice direct certain activities and make announcements: "Whee—eet. Now hear this, clean and sweep down fore and aft." The bugle also sounds over the system to call for action, and I think is given a higher degree of respect. Reveille is a loud enough call to fulfill its task of awakening, and by the haste expressed in the torrent of notes, it shows its anxiety to get an unpleasant duty over with quickly. You might think that a piece of brass responsible for rudely awakening 1,200 men would become an object of passionate hate. Not so, because it also announces liberty, the movies and chow. It is more of a melodic companion to the daily routine than an exacting taskmaster.

Just like the men, the bugle watches the clock and doesn't do a bit more work than the plan of the day calls for. So human is it that after a night of insufficient sleep or too much alcohol, it will falter from excess saliva in calling reveille; and during alarms, it becomes as nervous as anyone, but is prompt with either the stutter of general quarters or the scream and gallop of air defense.

And how I love to hear tattoo and taps in the dusk of some moonlit lagoon, or in a godforsaken Aleutian harbor or even in Mare Island Navy Yard above the whine of the gears of the cranes. There's a note of lonesomeness in these calls, and how right that is, for everyone aboard ship or in camps is away from loved ones and is thinking of them before falling asleep.

There goes taps now, 9 p.m., coming through the porthole of my room and echoing from ship to ship. That call gives voice to our thoughts—another day is done.

"Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh; shadows of the evening steal across the sky. Jesus give the weary calm and sweet repose; with thy tenderest blessing may our eyelids close."

10/06/44 — *Mare Island Navy Yard, Vallejo, CA*

I was invited to lunch a couple of days ago in the Quonset hut where two of the enlisted men in the repair division live with their brides. Both of the men, Sharp and Card, while on leave married the hometown gals they had been going with for years. In these huts there is only china and silverware for four places, so Sharp, Card, Loffler (division chief shipfitter) and I sat in style while the gals waited on us. While the feast was in the final stages of preparation, we tackled a couple of bourbon and sodas.

When we sat down, the thought of a blessing crossed my mind for some reason but was quickly dismissed. However, Sharp turned to me and said, "Mr. Schwab, will you ask a blessing?" We received ample blessing that day, for the dinner was of immense proportions. We had huge slices of pork with delicious carrots, peas, mashed potatoes and gravy and corn on the cob. In addition, there was a half pound of butter on the table and white and brown bread, and a bowl of fancily cut radishes, celery, stuffed olives and a salad. Dessert was a huge slice of apple pie with coffee. Card has nicknamed his wife "Tonto" in retaliation for her calling him the "Lone Ranger," and the two of them exchanged a continuous stream of good-natured insults, which kept Loeffler and myself in laughter the whole time.

How thoughtful of these two fine couples to entertain two lonely bachelors!

10/14/44

Then there's laundryman Hamilton, who called to the chief carpenter's mate on the sidewalk in Vallejo and, when the chief turned around, pasted him right in the eye.

Then there is the neurotic type. S——, for instance, who writes the most passionate letters to his wife and yet has just returned from three days AWOL in Reno where the civil authorities want him for attempted bigamy, false claims of divorce, conspiracy, etc. Seems he got mixed up with some woman there. Or there is P——, who tells me that he is engaged, but he got to running around with his girl's married sister, who is serious about the matter and wants to divorce her husband. What about his fiancée? She doesn't know anything about it.

12/15/44

Yesterday the ship held funeral services for a man who died of internal injuries when a wave broke over the fo'c'sle and threw him against a gun mount. The ship's boatswain and the first lieutenant were also thrown about by this wave and almost swept overboard. Hundreds of men turned out for the ceremony, the band played "Abide with Me," and eight of the man's division mates acted as pallbearers, dressed in dress-white uniform and leggings. It is a shame that his family could not be present to see the last rites that, in many ways, probably outdid anything he might have had at a distant future date in civilian life. It was an impressive setting—the ship steaming along majestically with colors flying at half-mast, with all the other ships in the formation also half-masting their colors.

Taking a look at all the men attending, I was struck by the diversity of nationalities represented. There were a couple of Negro mass attendants, Mexican, Greek, French, Italian, Irish, Filipino—a fair cross section of America. I can never think of our present occupation as being glorious, but it is deeply impressive that such a heterogeneous group can learn to work together and worship together. There is something to this brotherhood of man, although it is sadly overshadowed at times by the strife of nations.

The presence of all the man's shipmates, only a few of whom could have known him personally, and the vastness of the ocean into which his body was dropped, lent to the funeral an aspect of universality—living men watching a man's spirit commended to Heaven and his body to the deep—the essence of man's departure from the earth.

12/23/44

"I mold my watch to fit the human concept of time." What is one to think of this momentous statement of my friend Wadsworth? The quote is a good example of what happens to people's minds after being out here a long while. Wadsworth did not make the remark idly; he is actually engaged in constructing a clock based on some ingenious new principle. All I have seen of it so far is a brass tube closed at one end. When he came into my room with it, I happened to offer him a cigarette. He took it and thanked me then sat down with his little tube in hand, dropped the cigarette in the tube, exclaimed, "Fits just right," withdrew the cigarette, fingered it and suddenly looked up to say, "Oh, no thanks, I don't want a cigarette." Poor guy!

He claims the laws of inertia are a hell of a basis upon which to measure time accurately, and anyway there has been no advance in the design of time-

pieces in 150 years, so he is working out some sort of hydraulic approach inspired by the fact that the earliest timekeepers in prehistoric days were based on the flow of water.

01/19/45

The executive officer, as if preparing for captaincy, has recently developed an interesting habit. Whenever one of the coding board officers brings the dispatches to him and presents a #3 pencil for him to initial the message, he breaks the pencil in two, heaves it against the bulkhead and lectures the unwitting officer on how he has told the radio room again and again to use a #2 pencil. High officers hardly seem worthy of their rank unless they have some idiosyncrasies that have to be allowed for.

03/11/45

Reading in some newspapers that have come to us of the raid on Dieppe on the European front of the war reminds me of the Pacific theatre landings on Makin, Saipan, Kwajalein and Guam. From our stations aboard ship sometimes as close as 2,000 yards from the beaches, we have seen the Marines and the Army making their way ashore. It all seems to go very smoothly, just like the reading of a correspondent's account. Close as we are to the scene, we cannot grasp what the war really means to the men on the beach. We cannot see the rifle, machine gun and mortar fire that they have to walk through; we cannot see some of them drop. We cannot realize that some of the men in the little LCVP landing boats that pass us on their way to the beaches will, in the space of a few more minutes, have given their lives for something. I wonder what that something is? They are the ones who pay the price for their courage.

0324/45

In February we steamed with the fifth fleet up to Tokyo from Ulithi. The ship tuned in on Radio Tokyo and listened to a program of setting up exercises, complete with the equivalent of "one-two-three," until it was suddenly succeeded by excited jabbering and then silence, which told us that our carrier planes had reached their targets.

Along with the Tokyo strikes, we were also protecting the landings on Iwo Jima. As an aid to the Marines who were advancing across the island, our ship lay offshore firing steadily at specific targets.

04/03/45

About the 21st of March, our ship, together with a fleet of cruisers, battleships and destroyers, set out for Okinawa, arriving on the 25th. Minesweepers, protected by planes of a carrier force, swept some channels for the heavy ships around Okinawa and Kerama Rett, just to the west of Okinawa. [Retto means group of island; jima or shima means island.] This carrier force, the same one with which we operated on the Tokyo raid and the Iwo Jima bombardment, has just completed a sweep of all the Japanese bases from Formosa up to the main Jap island of Honshu where, in the inland sea, they jumped a major remnant of the Jap fleet.

Okinawa is midway between Formosa and Kyushu, the southernmost of the main Jap islands. The distance is about 350 miles each way. We are out of range of friendly, land-based air support, but we are protected by carrier aircraft enabling us to anchor and take on ammunition in a harbor constructed two days before and within 20 to 40 miles of five major Jap airfields.

The other morning I went up on deck for the 4 to 8 a.m. watch and learned that during the night, our formation of ships (which was on night retirement into the Fast China Sea northward from Okinawa) had shot down between 10 and 17 planes. Our ship had not fired because the planes were coming from a direction where the other ships nailed them first.

The other evening in fog so thick we could hardly see a ship's length ahead, a destroyer scooted past our bow just a couple of hundred feet ahead, creating some heat under the captain's collar.

Iwo Jima was purely a Japanese military installation, lacking towns, houses or even fields. Okinawa and the Kerama Retto group were different. From a few miles off, Tokashiki Island looked like a Corot landscape. The steep hillsides were terraced into long, horizontal strips of farm fields. The undeveloped ridges and gullies were dark, shadowy green, and the fields were a hundred variations of lighter green, sometimes tinged with yellow—a beautiful sight. After looking at this harmony of color through my binoculars, I ran my eye along the highest crest of the island. Up there, outlined against the sky, was one of those magnificent low, widespreading trees that are so closely associated with Japanese art and scenery. That single tree seemed very significant; it meant that we were hitting at Japanese home territory, not at obscure and almost uninhabited Pacific islands on the waters of a vast ocean.

We are now involved not in the blasting of coral and coconut trees and the displacement to other islands of native populations, but in the destruction of towns and the driving into the fields of civilian population. Small as Okinawa

may seem on the map, it has about 450,000 population!

War sure is a disgraceful occupation for humans. I will think more of the truth of this as the Pacific war becomes like the European war has been for some time—a concerted effort to wipe out a nation's means and will to resist. What a mess Germany must be now! The same fate seems imminent for Japan. About a month ago, Naha town on Okinawa was visited by carrier aircraft dropping incendiary bombs. This raid wiped out the town, completely obliterating the main city and port. From our ship we can clearly see the gutted ruins empty of life—a frightful sight and cause for thought.

A few minutes ago, I was in the wardroom eating my dessert of pie a-la-mode. Every minute or so, our guns would let out a salvo; we are shooting at some kind of enemy concentration of troops or material on the edge of Machinato town. The executive officer and first lieutenant are playing cribbage. Paulk and I are listening to the radio news from the Philippines. Every now and then, in the background of the radio program, we hear the observers on the island directing our shooting, “up two hundred, right two hundred.”

Cribbage and shooting and pie and Japs and radios and burning towns, the ship just drifting on a smooth sea, artillery shells flying overhead, a beautiful sunset and a Filipino news program talking about Russia's three votes at the San Francisco Security Conference (memories of Nob Hill, The Presidio, Market Street, the Opera House), and talking about the Americans at Bremen (memories of Rhine wine and smoked eel when I visited relatives there in August 1939). What a life!

04/07/45

As I went to watch duty, our anti-aircraft batteries started an awful din. The horizon in all directions was filled with the black smoke of burst shells. After a temporary lull, more Jap planes attacked and ahead of us a plane dove on a destroyer, clipped off part of her mast and fell into the water. Off to starboard, a plane went after another destroyer and smashed right into her. About five minutes later another plane spotted the cripple, flew through a hail of gunfire and nosed right into the damaged ship. What a sickening sight. As night settled down, the last we heard was that the destroyer was still afloat and thought she had the flooding under control (but what of the dead and injured?). It is hard to believe that planes will deliberately crash a ship, yet it is not a new Jap tactic, and one has to believe one's eyes. Those Jap pilots are not taking a gamble; they have decided on death.

04/08/45

This morning, shortly after I went on watch at 4 a.m., I spotted a plane coming in at us on the starboard bow. It was very dark, and all I could see was the exhaust flame of his motor. He was so low I could hardly believe it was a plane at first. In the time it took me to alert the gunnery control station, the plane hit the water about 300 feet away. A few seconds later the navigator called out, “Torpedo wake,” and by the time I looked, the wake was under the bow and threading out to port. Our luck was almost unbelievable—that the torpedo missed, and that the plane flew so low that he tripped into the water. The ship hadn't fired a shot. A few minutes later, we felt an underwater explosion, probably the torpedo at the end of its run (some Jap torpedoes blow themselves up when they get tired out).

07/02/45

Old roommate, Jim McInteer, stopped in last night to read some poems out of *One Hundred and One Famous Poems*. He is well practiced in the Scotch dialect and had us doubled up with laughter at Robert Burns's “Letter to a Young Friend”:

*Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom cronie;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to onie:
Conceal yoursel as wee's ye can
Frae critical dissection:
But keek thro' every other man
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection . . .*

08/26/45 — *Subic Bay, The Philippines*

A couple of evenings ago I had dinner aboard a large, British aircraft carrier. Three of their officers asked our officer of the deck for three officers to have dinner. Stan Henson, Buck Dyess and I went. Before dinner we had a couple of rounds of Australian whiskey (first one straight, the second with ginger ale), then two rounds of Scotch whiskey after a tour of some of the spaces on the ship.

Dinner started off with delicious tomato soup, then roast lamb with mint sauce, boiled potatoes and delicious, cooked onions. With the main course, came a glass of sherry followed by large glasses of white wine with bottles standing by to keep the glasses filled. A “savory” of salmon spread on biscuit (crackers to us) was followed by ice cream and a glass of port wine.

On our way back to the wardroom, we poured ourselves a demitasse, as if to sober us up. But then we started off again with two rounds of creme-de-menthe, the second of which we bottomed-up and were in condition to think nothing of it. We were engaged in animated chatter about one thing or another all this time, which led eventually to a couple of rounds of Van-der-Hum. When these were finished, it was high time to call a halt to after-dinner liqueurs and start drinking again: Australian beer, whiskey and ginger ale until we were poured into a boat to return to the 100%-dry USS *San Francisco*.

The best we could do for the Britishers the next day was a routine dinner in the wardroom, a songfest on the fo'c'sle and a movie.

09/16/45 —vicinity of Port Arthur, Manchuria (not Texas!)

Just received a letter from Meg Miller, nurse at the boarding school I attended years ago, with sad news about many friends: a beloved teacher who died an untimely death from a coronary thrombosis; classmate, Chuck Silliman '36, nearly blinded at Aachen, Germany; classmate, Bill Fox '36, just home from two years in a German prison camp but suffering a psychosis.

On the lighter side, Miss Welton, the chubby school secretary, got married in the school chapel to an Army private 15 years her junior. At the request of the bride, Meg played "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind, Forgive our Foolish Ways" on the organ, which gave out with an awful squawk halfway through, leaving Meg to finish with the chimes.

10/18/45

I was awakened this morning at seven by Lieutenant Gorman, who told me we were going to get underway as soon as possible. Thirty-two years in the Navy have given Gorman the habit of being up and about at 6:30 a.m.—a laudable practice which I have not seen duplicated except by other up-from-the-ranks "mustangs." The anchor detail was called away, and I went to my station on the fo'c'sle. I wondered what all the fuss was about; someone said that there was going to be a war starting today.

We were anchored at Chefoo, a Chinese port on the Yellow Sea, and as I looked toward the entrance to the harbor, I beheld a most amazing sight. Coming toward us was a tin pan armada composed of a couple of diesel-powered fishing boats, three tugboats towing one or two wooden fishing junks each and a broken-down, old coastal steamer. All of the boats carried the flag of the Kuomintang government, and some of them carried the U.S. flag in addition. One of the fishing boats, which apparently had the officer-in-charge aboard,

had the U.S. flag on the starboard yardarm and the Chinese flag on the port yardarm.

Our ship and one destroyer were the only ones anchored in the harbor. The new entrants steamed in to where we were and hove to in our shadow. All the boats and junks had a full load of troops. They waved at us as the boats milled about in uncertain pattern with their whistles screeching. A couple of representatives came aboard from the fishing boat and went into conference with our admiral. Then they left the ship, climbed aboard their boat and the whole group headed on farther into the harbor.

We up-anchored and left. It seemed that the Kuomintang forces would try to land and take Chefoo from the Chinese Communists. The whole affair seemed ridiculous. I can't imagine Chiang-Kai-Shek getting together with his military advisors and deciding to send this pathetic amphibious force to take the town. Perhaps they were counting on our taking part in their little plan!

So much for our part in international politics.

12/06/45 —on the way home

We have been underway since November 27 and heading east. We are crossing the international date line this evening and confusion is rife as to what date it is. The official answer is that today is our second Thursday, the 6th. So far the trip has not been uneventful. Off Okinawa we passed what I hope is the last floating mine that the ship encounters.

The steering plant has developed a couple of casualties, the running lights have developed short circuits, and one of the reduction gears started throwing oil, causing us to slow for half an hour. One of the gyro compasses burned out a motor and an inexperienced helmsman, trying to get the ship to the proper heading relative to the dead compass, had the rudder hard over and the ship going around in circles.

These were minor troubles. The major concern was that some cracks developed in the ship's hull near the bow. It took all the shipfitters plus volunteer welders from our passengers two days of continuous and dangerous work to patch up the leaks. The poor old USS *San Francisco* is tired, and who can blame her? Except for the half hour slowdown to repair the reduction gear and the more extensive slowdown to reduce the water pressure on the cracked bow plates, the ship has never had to slow down for anything. So now it happens on our homeward-bound voyage!

Chapter 6

Charles A. Silliman '36

In 1940, with the war in Europe spreading and the chances increasing for U.S. involvement, I completed work on earning a commission in the U.S. Army Reserve following four summers at Citizen Military Training Camps (CMTC). I was called to active duty as a 2nd Lieutenant - Infantry in July 1941, and served for a couple of years with an infantry combat team guarding beaches along the Atlantic Coast from New Jersey to the Maryland-Delaware state line.

In 1944, I went overseas as a replacement officer in the European theatre of operations and was assigned to an infantry company in the 9th Division. I was with them at the time of the breakout from the hedgerow country at St. Lo, France, and continued on through Belgium and into Germany where I was seriously wounded, losing one eye and being blinded in the other for about six months, among other wounds.

It happened at a little town called Schevenhutte, Germany, which my outfit had taken and, in so doing, had advanced beyond supporting units on our right and left. We dug in to wait for the others to catch up and prepared for counter attacks, which came frequently during the following days. Finally, on the morning of September 22, having failed to dislodge us, the Germans launched a fierce bombardment and attack by veterans of the Eastern front.

My platoon sergeant and I, sharing the same fox hole, awaited the end of the artillery barrage and then sprang into action. We had two 60 mm mortars in our position with shells fused and ready to go. I yelled for my men to get on the mortars, but no one moved; so I told the sergeant to take one, and I took the other. Since the attack was coming from the right of our position, I swung my mortar around, aimed it at the point of attack and started dropping shells down the tube. I had used up most of my supply of ammunition when I was hit in the back of my left shoulder with what felt like a sledgehammer. It knocked me flat;

I later decided it must have been a civilian sniper shooting from a house in the village.

As I lay on my stomach, my left arm useless, trying to collect my thoughts, some member of the attacking force broke through our perimeter defense and started firing at me. Fortunately, he was a poor shot because it hit my mortar and fragments ricocheted into my left eye, jaw and chest; whereas, if he had been sharper, I would have been a goner.

Suddenly, I heard a voice beside me say, "Lieutenant!" I turned my head to see who it was, but the sight in my good eye was blurred; then I heard the bullets thudding into the man next to me who gave a long sigh and fell on top of me. I later found out it was my machine gun sergeant who had died trying to save my life. He was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

The attack was eventually stopped, and aid men were able to get me out of there and back to an evacuation hospital. I was in and out of consciousness for the next many hours but remember waking up on the operating table with the surgeon looking down at me. He asked me if I had any other wounds below my waist, and I said no. He said my one eye was gone but the other seemed to be okay. Actually a small fragment had penetrated it too and caused a vitreous hemorrhage, which did not immediately become obvious; I could see some, although things were becoming cloudy.

The surgeon said, "Do you know who this nurse is over here?" I looked and darned if it wasn't a girl I had known back in Delaware. When she got off duty she came in to see me, and I asked her to write my mother and father and tell them I was going to be all right. I knew they would be getting a dreaded war department telegram and wanted to save them as much anguish as possible. Her letter actually arrived several days before the telegram and thus broke the news more gently. The doctors did a great job on me, and I'm still going strong at 77 years of age.

Chapter 7

George E. Brown '37

In the Spring of '40, Italy invaded France from the South (where else), and I knew I had to find a decent berth or I would be hayfoot-strawfooting it all over Europe in a very short time. So I enlisted in the first class of "ninety day wonders." The First Class of the V-8 program held on the USS *Illinois*, a Great White Fleet Battleship (18948) moored up the Hudson at about 135th Street.

Although I wasn't aware of it until lately, C. Edward Wolfe '37 and I were classmates at the First 90-Day Wonder School on the U.S.S. *Illinois* (later changed to the *Prairie State*) in August of 1940. We graduated as ensigns and went to sea, he in the U.S.S. *Nevada* and I in the U.S.S. *Chester*, a beautiful clipper bowd heavy cruiser. I spent the year before the war started on her operating out of Pearl Harbor.

I graduated as an Ensign in late September '40 and was assigned an East Coast Cruiser as per my request. I finally located her in the Virgin Islands (I can't verify this because they wouldn't let me Ashore). Three hours after I came on board she hooked me up and headed for the Panama Canal and I spent the next year and a half in Hawaii. But you must remember the Navy kept its promise. I boarded a Cruiser on the East Coast.

In later November 1941 our Task Force delivered 50 planes to Wake Island. We were due back in Pearl Harbor at 0800 on December 7th. However, Adm. Halsey on *Enterprise* decided that his cruisers did a lousy job refueling his destroyers on the PM of December 5th and made us go through the exercise again on December 6th. This unscheduled activity delayed us by two hours. So instead of being in a constricted channel at 0800 when the Japs hit Pearl we were still 30 miles off and undetected by the Japs. (I was saved by the delay since I was the main battery fire control operator—five decks down and MOT (middle of the target). A sure pigeon! That was our first task of uncommon good luck.

Our second taste came when some jerk ordering us to proceed Southeast (180 degrees from the attacking Jap force). There was no way we could have stood up against a force that size. I made the initial raid on the Gilbert Island in early February 1942. After returning to Pearl to repair damage from a bomb hit, I received orders to report to Sub School in New London, Conn.

While in school, I became a Zebra—Stripes yet! (LTJG). Upon graduation in June, I shipped out to Australia and joined the U.S.S. *Sculpin* SS 191 in Brisbane. I made five war patrols in *Sculpin* sinking ten Jap freighters and tankers plus one "Q" ship. (Freighter loaded with beer barrels so she wouldn't sink if hit by a torpedo and she was loaded with depth charges and guns behind false cabins.) We hit her with two torpedoes; but instead of sinking, she turned and came over and depth charged us. So we maneuvered around to her stern and gave her one up the flue! This took out her rudder screw and demolished her engine room. She couldn't sink, so we left her there burning—a pretty useless hulk which would never again trap an unwary sub.

In November of '43, we ran into trouble with a Japanese destroyer off Truk. After a gun battle which severely damaged *Sculpin*, I succeeded to command after the captain and exec were killed on the bridge and in the conning tower. I scuttled *Sculpin* and 40 men and three officers were picked up and taken to Truk. After beating the hell out of us for ten days, they divided us into two parties and put us on two converted aircraft carriers for passage to Japan. On the way, our sister ship U.S.S. *Sailfish* (formerly *SQUALUS*) sank the other carrier and I lost another 20 men and two officers (one man survived). So 20 men and one officer (me!) arrived in Ofuna, a secret questioning and intimidation camp outside of Tokyo where I spent the next year and nine months. One month before the war ended, I was transferred to a real prisoner-of-war camp and officially registered as a POW. This camp was originally for submariners and Marine Corps flyers—the ones that the Japanese hated the most. Pappy Boyington, Commander of the Black Sheep Squadron, was at Ofuna, too. [When freed, George weighed 108 pounds.]

Chapter 8

John C. Parry '37

When WWII Began

In the summer of 1939, when I was 19 and was soon to start my Junior-year at the University of Pennsylvania, my father arranged for me to take a six-week trip to the Baltic Sea on board an ex-WWI "Hog Island" freighter, converted to carry about 30 passengers. This was a reward for my getting a B+ average my Sophomore year at Penn. The ship was the *S/S Scanstates* of the American Scantic line, which ran a regular route to the Scandinavian countries: Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland, plus occasional stops in Russia, Germany and the port of Gdynia in the disputed Polish corridor, which had been taken from the Germans by the Treaty of Versailles.

My cruise was to stop, in order, at the following ports: Gothenburg (Sweden), Copenhagen (Denmark), Stockholm (Sweden); Rauma, Kotka, Helsingi and Viborg (Finland), Gdynia (Poland), and Copenhagen before returning to New York. I had two roommates, two brothers from Ohio. I was the middle in age of the three.

We left Staten Island about 1600 one afternoon in late July and steamed at a slow speed (about 12 knots, I think) for the Orkneys, transiting Pentland Firth without incident. By that time, Hitler had overrun the Saar, Austria and the Sudetenland; he had violated the Treaty by rearming; had signed the Pact of Steel with Mussolini; and was then rattling the sword against Poland, with his eye to annexing Danzig and reclaiming the Polish Corridor, which separated Germany proper from East Prussia.

Each day we read with interest the RCA Radiogram news dispatches, which looked increasingly ominous. One of our passengers was a retired four-star U.S. Admiral, Henry B. Wilson, who had been in command of the U.S. Naval Forces

in Europe at the end of the World War. He followed developments on his charts and gave us interesting background on each new event. (At Stockholm, he was not to be seen; I later learned that he and his charming wife were being entertained by an old friend, King Gustav V of Sweden at the royal palace!)

In each country the people were very complacent about Hitler, and no one seemed too think there was much danger of his challenging the Allies enough to risk a second world war. There were very few uniforms in evidence in Denmark, Sweden or Finland—the Finns were away, manning their new Mannerheim Line, anticipating (correctly!) the Russian invasion in November 1939—but when we got to Poland it was a different story.

It was near the end of August 1939. (You may recall that the Wehrmacht invaded Poland at dawn on September 1, after staging a fake border incident by "Polish troops.") In Gdynia the atmosphere was tense but calm; there were Polish sentries all over the port area, and the border was patrolled, though unobtrusively, so as not to antagonize the Germans, who were looking for any excuse to invade. We tried to talk to a very young and nervous Polish reservist marching in a free port with a fixed bayonet, but he understood no English, and we no Polish.

The next day we had signed up for a bus tour to the old port city of Danzig (which had already been annexed, in all but name, by Hitler). We boarded a Polish sight-seeing bus, with Polish names and markings painted on it, and drove across the border to nearby Zoppot, where we were to have lunch at the fancy casino.

Crossing the border from Gdynia to German Zoppot was an education. On the Polish side were tow lone sentries, who raised the striped wooden pole that served as a border gate, and sent us through with a friendly wave. Their rifles were not in evidence (probably in a sentry box). On the German side, however, there was at least a regiment of armed troops, resting in small groups on the fields and hillsides as far as you could see. No tanks were visible, but you had the firm feeling they were nearby. Two soldiers searched our bus, inspected our passports, and forbade us to use our cameras. (Like a fool I obeyed!) Those lying in the field nearest us yelled something and waved. As they were smiling, I took it for a friendly gesture. The troops seemed to be about 17-20 years old, and thoroughly enjoying themselves, as if they were on a picnic or camping trip. But each one had his rifle and full kit, with his helmet on the grass beside him... Their uniforms were field gray-green. I remember that I had a small U.S. flag insignia in my lapel buttonhole.

It was at Zoppot that I saw my first honest-to-God Nazis: a group of senior

army officers and SS officials, swaggering up the broad marble staircase of the casino, three or four abreast, in jackboots, with their left thumbs hooked in their shiny leather belts, broad red-and-black swastika bands on their sleeves. It was just how Hollywood would depict Nazis in later movies! They were laughing and seemed to be in excellent spirits. (I later learned that they were there with the German Chief Justice to celebrate the Russo-German nonaggression pact, which Hitler had signed that morning, August 23, with Stalin, thus securing his flank from Russian attack while he gobbled up Poland. Perhaps they thought the presence of the Chief Justice lent a measure of legitimacy to the seizure of Danzig!) I had to scurry out of their way to avoid being trampled underfoot!

After lunch we stopped at a gas station, festooned with about a hundred small Nazi flags and one lone flag of the Danzig Free State. I tried to buy the Danzig flag, but the middle-aged attendant was afraid to attract attention by taking it down. I had no desire to buy a swastika flag. . .

Danzig, an ancient city of the Hanseatic League, was very interesting, but many of the people seemed unduly arrogant, and some of them spat when they saw our bus. Two obsolete German pre-dreadnought battleships, veterans of Jutland and the Kaiser's High Seas Fleet and designated "training" ships, were at Danzig on a "goodwill" visit. The *Schleswig-Holstein* and *Schlesien* with their eight 11-inch guns could have sunk the entire Polish Navy (and a week later did sink most of it!).

When we rebounded the bus for the return trip, we found it surrounded by Hitler youth—kids from about six to twelve years old, wearing short pants and brown shirts. As we started off, they began throwing stones and clots of dirt at the bus, spitting at us and cursing, probably mistaking us for Poles. (The Polish bus driver was understandably eager to get back to friendly territory!) One of the smallest of our attackers was making nasty faces and a lot of noise as he threw his rock at us. Fortunately no one was hurt and no windows broken, though the bus did suffer a few dents.

It was an enlightening send-off from German territory, but we were to learn even more about Hitler's Thousand Year Reich when we sailed from Gdynia that evening. We passed the Polish station-ship *Baltyk*, an unarmed former French cruiser, anchored at the harbor entrance the Polish submarine *Orzel* (Eagle) passed us, sortieing on the surface—one of the few Polish warships to escape the Germans. (She was sunk on war patrol the following June.) While we had been sight-seeing in Danzig, a dozen or so Jewish refugees had boarded the *Scanstates*, filling up every empty stateroom for our return voyage. They had some hair-raising tales to tell, and had paid dearly to secure passage on the last U.S. ship to

leave Poland in peacetime.

Next stop was Copenhagen, where several passengers disembarked, and their spaces were promptly bought up by more Jewish refugees. The war clouds were getting darker by the day, so we wasted no time loading our cargo and getting underway. By now, U.S. flags had been painted on the sides of our ship, and the flag at our mainmast was illuminated at night by spotlights, as we passed through the Kattegat and Skagerrak north of Denmark, into the North Sea.

The Royal Navy had been mobilized and the British Home Fleet had left its bases under sealed orders. We passed through the midst of it that night in the North Sea, completely blacked out while we were lit up like a Christmas tree! I could see the slim dark outlines of British destroyers passing on each side of us, heading east. I spent an hour in the radio shack listening to all the radio traffic, which of course was in British code. One message was in plain language—a jubilant "Winnie is back!" announcing the return of Winston Churchill as the First Lord of the Admiralty. Admiral Wilson was in his element. . .

When we reached the Atlantic, all ships were observing radio silence. The war had started, and we saw no ships except the giant *Queen Mary*, which was returning to England at full speed (too fast for submarines). She was only in sight for a few minutes, passing us at a combined speed of over 30 knots. The liner *Athenia* was torpedoed on the night of September 3, the first passenger ship to be sunk in the war, but we were too far away to even look for survivors. Another big British ship, the White Star liner *Samaria*, passed us near Sandy Hook, zigzagging blacked-out into New York harbor the night before we arrived.

World War II, which was to last nearly six years, was five days old.

Admiral Wilson wrote a fine letter of recommendation for me, which I'm sure helped get me an ensign's commission, after my graduation from Penn in 1941. I shall never forget the look of those young German soldiers in the fields by the Polish border. They were fine-looking young men, my age, healthy and tan, the very cream of German youth. Most of them were no doubt killed during the war they began that unforgettable Summer of '39.

I never got to any interesting places in the Pacific—just isolated atolls and islands no one wanted. There were a lot of combat operations, but they lasted only a few days each, as far as I was concerned, and the time between was deadly boring: training in amphib landings, loading troops and equipment, reprovisioning, drills, drills, drills, and nothing around worth sight-seeing. I did

have one experience in the Aleutians during the Attu invasion in '43, and my sole claim to "fame." The brass was unhappy about the battle taking so long, and after a few days, ordered the two-star Army general in charge relieved of command. Our admiral asked for a volunteer to take this dispatch up to General Brown in the front lines. He was in a foxhole about a mile up Massacre Valley, and I was to take the decoded message in my boot and have him sign for it in person. The only hitch was that the Japanese had infiltrated our lines between the beachhead and the General. It was a bitter cold and foggy night; I left at about 2330 hours with a rifleman escort who knew the way. We almost ran into a patrol (Japanese or GI's, I'll never know for sure) but dropped flat before they saw us—either one would probably have shot first and asked questions later. I reached the General about 0100 and woke him up. He read the message without comment, signed for it, thanked me, and I went back to the beach without incident (all downhill, with a second escort).

So my dubious claim to fame is having been the hapless messenger who helped ruin a promising military career of a fine officer who was relieved in the field during combat. He was a soldier and gentleman of the old school, but he just didn't like to see his troops slaughtered by a ruthless enemy of unknown strength who disappeared into the fog before you could draw a bead on him. Did you know that the Attu operation was the U.S. Navy's first successful amphibious attack and landing of WWII? And, I believe General Albert E. Brown was the first general officer relieved in the field. We took the General back to Adak with us, and I think he wound up in charge of Fort Ord, Calif. Later the brass admitted they had been too quick to give him the axe, and I don't think he was ever court-martialed. C'est la guerre!

Regarding the U.S.S. *DuPage* being hit by a kamikaze: I attended the ship's 50th anniversary reunion in Chicago, and heard again firsthand accounts of many of the survivors (about 100 showed up). Three of them had carried an unexploded 500-pound bomb that landed in the after welldeck and thrown it over the side. Luckily it didn't explode, though the plane, a "Nick" bomber, did explode (about 15 feet from me; I was at my GQ station on the Signal Bridge); it was 1915 hours and *DuPage* was acting flagship and guide leading three columns of attack transports out of Lingayen Gulf (P.I.) while zigzagging. There were 35 killed and 136 wounded; we buried the dead at sea off Luzon. Our expert helmsman didn't panic, or we could have piled up 12 ships, which kept on zigzagging, without missing a turn. The ship astern said we looked like a fireball; five men were blown overboard and picked up by escorting destroyers. Though I was

covered with blood, I did not have a scratch (it was from a 20mm gunner next to me). Why are some guys so lucky?

Our grandchildren haven't a clue as to what the War was like and how it changed all our lives. It was something that had to happen, and thank God we were on the right side. What a waste of life and treasure.

Augustus S. Trippe, II '37

My war career was long—1939 through 1946—but as an early arrival, I spent the entire war training others. So I never fired a shot in anger. I started with the New York 7th Regiment, the oldest regiment in the United States.

I was a private in the famous Seventh Regiment which I joined in 1939. They were federalized, I think, in late 1940 by which time I had made corporal. I finished up as a major commanding the 1st Battalion, 11th Regiment, 5th Division, which was under orders to proceed to the Far East for the assault on Japan when the war, thankfully, ended.

Chapter 9

George S. Welch '37

By Buzz Speakman '38

The first year that George Welch came to St. Andrew's School, I was captain of the 125-pound football team. At that time, every boy of our 75 maximum enrollment had to go out for football. We had three teams in those days: 125-pound, JV and varsity.

George came to me and told me he couldn't go out for football because he would break his collarbone. Some of the guys from Wilmington who knew him said that he had broken his collarbone when pushed over a bed. I told George I had nothing to do with excusing him from playing football, that the School doctor would be the one to do that.

The upshot was that he had to come out for the team. He practiced with the rest of us. The first game of the season he was on the receiving team; the first play he came trotting over to me with an arm across his chest held by the other arm. "May I leave the game? I've broken my collarbone." I was dumbfounded but led him over to the bench; he had broken his collarbone. George became waterboy for the varsity.

George graduated in 1937 and went to the University of Indiana. We would see each other on vacations in Wilmington. Christmas of 1940, George and another friend from Wilmington, Billy Shoemaker, had been accepted as aviation cadets having completed their two years of college. Bobeye Smith '38, myself and another friend from Wilmington whose parents were away had an all-night party for George and Bill. We put them on the train for Texas the next morning.

The next we heard of George was in every paper in the country after Pearl Harbor.

I was home on leave in the spring of 1942 when I ran into George at 10th and Market in Wilmington, all dolled up in a white Air Corps dress uniform.

He was on a big bond tour of the U.S. We repaired to the Brandywine Room, and George told me what had gone on at Pearl over several drinks.

One, he and Lieutenant Kenneth Taylor were on weekend leave at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and had not been to bed as *Air Force* magazine contends. They commandeered a taxi and drove around Pearl City to a gunnery field on the North Shore at Haleiwa, a grass strip, where his squadron had a few P-40s.

Lieutenant Welch is generally credited with shooting down the first Japanese aircraft in the Pacific War, followed seconds later by Lieutenant Taylor's initial victory.¹

George was fresh from Washington, DC, where he had been decorated by President Roosevelt with the Distinguished Service Cross. George said General Hap Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Corps, told him that he would have gotten the Congressional Medal of Honor but we were not at war with Japan at the time. George was credited with four confirmed victories but said it was more like eight, as the others were over the Pacific and could not be confirmed.

In 1942, George was assigned to the 36th Fighter Squadron, 8th Group, flying P-39s in New Guinea. Lacking maneuverability, rate of climb, and altitude capability, the P-39 was no one's choice for air combat. Despite those handicaps, George shot down a Zero and two "Val" dive bombers on December 7, 1942, the anniversary of Pearl Harbor.²

The P-39 was one of the worst planes we had to fight air combat. On Guadalcanal, when they knew a Japanese raid was on the way, the P-39s took off and scattered to avoid being shot down or destroyed on the ground.

In New Guinea, Pappy Gunn converted the P-39s with a beehive bomb rack used to bomb the Japanese on the Kagoda Trail over the Owen Stanley Mountains, together with the P-39s 37mm cannon. One book I read credited George and his P-39s with a large help in stopping the Japanese in front of Port Moresby. For him to shoot down three planes with the P-39 was a tremendous feat of airmanship.

Better things were to come. For his third combat tour, [George] joined the 8th Group's 80th Fighter Squadron, equipped with P-38s. On June 21, 1943, he destroyed two "Zeke" fighters over Lae, then two months later, downed three "Tony" fighters near Wewak. Now a captain, [George] was moved to 8th Fighter Group Headquarters. His biggest day came on September 2, 1943, when he dropped three Zeros and a "Dinah" bomber. With 16 victories, George Welch ended his combat career among the top 35 Army Air Forces aces of World War II and stood 10th among aces in the Pacific. He was one of the few pilots to score victories flying three different fighters.³

Before his third tour, George wrote that the P-38 was a dream—all you had to do was shut down one engine and the plane would slow roll across the sky—hands off!

George became a test pilot for North American Aviation, not as a military pilot, but was stationed at Edwards AFB where he was known as a character.

I heard from people in Wilmington that on the big public test of the new F-100, George brought the plane flat out right over the runway—in front of a large assortment of “big wigs,” generals, etc.—breaking the sound barrier and shattering all the glass panels and beams (at 29 Palms, CA, a North American test facility with a new flight center of hand-hewn beams and large tinted glass windows). He damaged the building totally!

On October 12, 1954, George was killed testing the F-100 Super Sabre in a compressibility dive—the wings folded back over the cockpit and made exit impossible. He will be remembered by many only as the first Air Force pilot to shoot down an enemy plane in the Pacific War—one of the great heroes of Pearl Harbor. Fewer know of his later combat tours, marked by the same courage, skill and determination he displayed as an untested pilot during his country's first hour of World War II.⁴

^{1,2,3,4} AIR FORCE Magazine, “Valor,” by John L. Frisbee, May 1993, p. 150.

St. Andrean First To Break Sound Barrier?

With assistance from Ed Horkey and other North American Aviation (NAA) vets, Al Blackburn is writing a book (*Macho a Macho Above the Mojave*) that claims George Welch '37, not Blackburn's friend Chuck Yeager, may have been the first to break through the sound barrier.

Horkey is aware of several men who heard Welch “boom Muroc before Yeager” in an XP-86. Horkey says: “Welch's first child was born October 7 of 1947, and his wife called her mom and told her of both events one week before Yeager's X-1 flight.”

Blackburn is a former test pilot who has flown more than 200 aircraft; Horkey, who as North American's first aerodynamicist, had a major role in designing the B-25 and P-51.

Chapter 10

William R. Cory '38

My war material, in a sketchy form, goes something like this: Joined Maryland National Guard 110th FA 29th Div., 1938. Happy at W&L and planned to do Quantico (Marine platoon class - Pete Richards '37 was in this; killed at Guadal along with 90% of 2nd lieutenants) each summer for a commission upon graduation, when my favorite (and only) brother who was through St. Johns and in law school at Maryland, and a lieutenant in the 110th, informed me I was not going anywhere but Ft. Meade, and damned fast. So ended my glorious one year at W&L.

From Ft. Meade I went on usual pre-war maneuvers to the Carolinas; then having made progress (?) from private to 1st sergeant, I was sent to OCS (Feb.-May '42). I surely thought it would be Ft. Sill, but no, Ft. Knox. I didn't even know where Kentucky was in those days. Graduated in a full 90 days; assigned to 7th Armd Div., Camp Polk, LA; stayed a short time when reassigned to Ft. Knox for cadre duty to help form the 12th Armd Div. at Fort Campbell, KY. Spent a minimum time there before shipping out for Scotland in search of the 1st Armd Div. Missed them (too bad it wasn't for good as you'll see when the story unfolds) and was assigned to 805 TD Bn II Corps in Southwest England.

Shipped out of Scotland in October '42. Torpedoed in Bay of Biscane; limped into, or rather towed into, Gibraltar for repairs and funerals of those lost in the action. (I had a large group of British soldiers under me at the time and had my first experience of a British military funeral. When it comes to parades or this sort of thing, no one can come close to matching their show.) Regrouped and landed D-Day, Nov. 8, at Algiers. After a short interval in the Casbah! moved to the Tunisian front where Rommel took our measure rather rapidly—too little—too green against superior forces of three years' fighting in the desert. In perfect Oxford accented English, my captor gave the standard version: “For you the

War is over." In this engagement, we were supporting the 1st Armd Div. units at battle of Faid Pass, the forerunner of Kassarene where our General was sent home, MG Fredendahl, and replaced by Patton.

I was by then two weeks in the bag, en route to Poland via Sfax, Sousse, Tunis—by air JU 52s at 80 miles per hour from Tunis to Naples. In May, I later (after the War) heard we shot down 80 in one day in the same area. When we were being "engaged" by the Desert Fox, we saw only Stukas, no allied craft at all. Various POW camps, Italy and Germany, before settling in at Szubin, Poland (Feb. '43). We always traveled First Class in 40 & 8s where the view was limited.

In Germany, I made a lasting friendship at Rothenberg Am Fulda POW Camp with a New Zealander named George Brown who had been there two years, having lost a leg fighting on Crete. Nine years older than me, we gave each other something quite intangible—hope for him that the U.S. was serious in helping, and wonderful for me as he taught me the ways of coping with prison life. We have kept up all these past 50 years.

My years at OFLAG 64 in Szubin, Poland, were spent mostly digging in the tunnel. Our group initially were 225, and this swelled over the years to 1500 at the end, although we didn't get any more POWs until well after Anzio/Salerno. We had War Dept. word (now declassified) not to attempt any escape to the East, particularly during the Warsaw uprising. Obviously, our people in Washington didn't know, or trust, what the Russians might do, as they were just sitting on the east bank of the Vistula letting the Germans destroy the uprising Poles without so much as lifting a finger to help. For us it was frustrating as we had grandiose plans to break out and take the route eastward away from the enemy (Sept. '44). In any case, there we sat; and when the Russians finally crossed the Vistula, there was nothing to stop them from routing the German Army. This precipitated a mass exodus of POW camps in the area under forced marches back into the heart of Germany. Four of us convinced our superiors "behind the wire" to let us seal ourselves down in the tunnel rather than take a forced march out from the camp in 35 below, wet, damp, snowy conditions (Jan. '45). The Germans searched for us for hours to no avail, and we ended up in an easy escape two days later, having arranged with a couple of our own who remained in the local hospital as they were too far gone to make the march, and we supposed would only be a burden to the Nazis.

We met up with Russian troops about ten days later. We thought all was sugar and spice until at each rear echelon it became evident the Commissars were the bosses, not the military. At one point in Lvov in southeastern Poland,

we were put in the local jail for a few days until a Russian newspaper correspondent who had some contact with our Navy at Murmansk convinced the local Commissar to free us using simple logic: "If you discover that they really aren't Americans, you can always shoot them. And if you find out they are what they say, it just might be a feather in your cap to treat them a bit better."

We then got a hotel room, first hot bath in two years and some good food of which we were sure the locals never saw. A couple of nights later, we were told that 45 Americans arrived at the hotel. Thinking they would be more escaped prisoners, we were overjoyed even more to discover them to be our Air Force from Poltava in the Ukraine, 1500 miles to the east of Lvov. Within 2-3 days, we were on our way. It was Washington's Birthday. There were only three of us as we had left one guy in the hospital in Warsaw with dysentery. From Poltava, which was at this juncture a supply base for the run from Persian Gulf Headquarters at Teheran to Moscow but previously a refueling base for shuttle bombing from wherever. Poltava was set up as a shuttle bomb base with 15th Air Force in Italy. The Russians sabotaged the only run—let the Germans bomb all our planes (Nazis claimed their most successful bombing in WWII).

We came home via Teheran, Lydda, Cairo, Tripoli, Casablanca, Azores, Bermuda, Miami A-1 Priority Secret Orders, etc., and when we requested next plane for Washington, were told priority ceased on U.S. soil, and that next train left from 36th Street Station. Had a lovely ride standing up between cars on a full-troop train! Mother and Dad met me at Union Station (Feb. 28, 1945). [Bill was home early—the POWs who survived marches from the camps were being liberated as late as May 1945.] Short war, easy trip home.

Chapter 11

Edwin L. Sibert, Jr. '38

After graduation from St. Andrew's in 1938, I wanted to go to Annapolis but was unable to obtain an appointment. Although most of the appointments were controlled by Congressmen, a few were awarded each year to Navy enlisted men on the basis of a competitive examination. To become eligible for this, I enlisted as a seaman in the Naval Reserve in the summer of 1938. I spent the winter of 1938-39 studying for the examination and drilling with the Naval Reserve.

Having passed the entrance examination with high enough grades to win a Naval Reserve appointment, I entered the Naval Academy in June 1939. During my first year, it was decided that we would be graduated a year early because of the increasing threat of war. Shortly before graduation in June 1942, I received orders assigning me to a new destroyer, USS *Pringle* DD 477, then being completed at the Navy yard in Charleston, SC.

During the summer of 1942, I attended antisubmarine warfare school in Key West, FL, and torpedo school in Newport, RI. After that, I reported to Charleston in time for the commissioning of the *Pringle* on September 15, 1942. Torpedo officer was my first shipboard assignment. We had a short shakedown cruise off Casco Bay, ME. This was followed by a North Atlantic convoy run in the middle of the winter. We saw no enemy action on this one, but the weather was terrible.

After the convoy duty was over, we were ordered to the South Pacific by way of the Panama Canal and Pearl Harbor. In the spring of 1943, we arrived at Noumea, New Caledonia, where we were assigned to escort some supply ships to Guadalcanal. On the way, we were subjected to an air attack—our first enemy action. We suffered no hits and didn't knock down any planes.

At Guadalcanal, we left the transports and joined a force consisting of light

cruisers and destroyers based at Tulagi. During the next several months, we made numerous nighttime forays into Japanese-held territory to interrupt their supply lines, conduct shore bombardments and cover landings. Occasionally, we were subjected to air attacks or engaged enemy surface forces at night. While this was going on, I became the ship's gunnery officer.

As we moved into 1944, we covered the landing on Bougainvillea and lent support to the troops that were in a beachhead at Cape Torakina. When that operation was wound up, we returned to Pearl Harbor to prepare for the Marianas campaign.

In early June 1944, we covered the initial landing on Saipan. We saw some air action and took some fire from enemy shore batteries. Mostly we provided gunfire support for the marines. Later we took part in the landings at Tinian and Guam but didn't see much action there. At the conclusion of the Marianas campaign, we were ordered back to San Francisco for a ship overhaul. The ship was in pretty bad shape.

When the *Pringle* arrived at San Francisco in September 1944, I received orders to a new destroyer, USS *Miles C. Fox* DD829, which was under construction in Bath, ME. After a brief leave, I joined the *Fox's* pre-commissioning detail in Norfolk, VA. While there, I ran into our classmate Bob Crane '38, who was a newly commissioned ensign. The *Fox* was commissioned in Boston in the spring of 1945, and I was her gunnery officer. After a brief shakedown cruise, we made our way out to the Western Pacific where we joined a fast carrier task force off the coast of Japan. The bomb was dropped, and the war was over.

A few days after the war ended, we entered Tokyo Bay and were there when the surrender ceremony took place. Shortly after that, I had a chance to go ashore for a look around in Tokyo and Yokohama. The devastation from our bombing was awesome.

After several weeks had elapsed, the *Fox* received orders to return to the United States. The crew was elated. At about the same time, I received orders to leave the *Fox* and report to a destroyer minesweeper, USS *Doran* DMS41, which was based in Kobe. I spent the next eight months sweeping mines in Japanese waters. Finally, in the summer of 1946, we returned to San Francisco. We hadn't been back long when new orders arrived for me. I was to be the executive officer of a brand new destroyer, USS *William C. Lawe* DD763) which was being completed in San Francisco.

The *Lawe* was commissioned on December 18, 1946. We were based in San Diego for a couple of months while we underwent shakedown training. Then we took off for a world cruise in company with an aircraft carrier and one

other destroyer. The cruise was a wonderful opportunity to see the world and show the flag. By the summer of 1948, we were finally back in San Diego. Orders were waiting for me assigning me to Princeton University to teach navigation in the NROTC unit. After two years at Princeton, I had made up my mind that I was not militarily ambitious, so I resigned from the Navy and embarked on a banking career.

This is probably not the best composition that you have ever read. I hope that the ghost of Bill Cameron wasn't looking over my shoulder.

Chapter 12

Walter "Buzz" W. Speakman '38

I went to the University of Virginia for three years but figured I wouldn't be able to finish without being drafted. So I enlisted in the Air Corps in Sept. of 1941, after I had been turned down for cadets' physical—never have figured why, as I passed so many after that. I was sent to aviation mechanics school at Keesler Field, MS. I was one of the first there and construction was like in a boom town. In December, 1941, I reapplied for Cadets and was accepted. But they only took the civilians that they had signed up. I didn't get to go for another nine months. I had graduated from mechanics school and was sent to Mobile, AL, to wait and wait.

Finally, I went to Maxwell Field in Montgomery, AL, for Pre-Flight where I met a fraternity brother from the University of Virginia—so we roomed together through advanced flying school. Primary was at Helena, AR; washout rate was high. Basic was at Gunter Field in Montgomery, AL. We heard they were washing out single engine cadets in advanced flying schools at a terrific rate, turned out to be 45%. I didn't believe it and went to Craig Field, Selma, AL; our rate was 55%. I ground looped a P-40 on my first solo and was in the majority that washed out.

On to Smyrna, TN, a B-24 school for graduated cadets. There I flew as aerial engineer with some guys from Primary and Basic. I ran into Bill Somervell '39 who was a flying instructor in B-24s. I was a mechanic/aerial engineer with the rank of private, and he was a captain. I had last run into him at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in the spring of 1941. I was there with the UVA lacrosse team. I only had two rather short conversations with Bill. The school squadron lost 8 of 11 B-24s in accidents in a very short period—all fatal.

So the Air Corps decided to replace all instructors and send them overseas.

They loaded them all on a B-24 and we saw them off; we were by the runway. The instructors all crowded around the waist-gunner windows. This changed the center of gravity on the plane, and they all had to rush forward to keep from crashing during takeoff. According to the crew who flew them, it was a close call.

Bill was sent to India to fly the Hump. He was flying the transport version of the B-24, flying gas over the Hump. He was killed when his plane exploded in the air right after takeoff.

I saw liaison pilot training notice on the bulletin board and ran all the way over to HQ with my log book, and I was on my way to Waco, TX. In Waco, we flew L-4s, practiced circular and short field landings and takeoffs. My graduating class was 43-L-14, Oct. 14, 1943. I ran into Bobeye Smith '38 in a hotel in Waco. He was a graduate of OCS in tank destroyers in Camp Hood, TX. We sat up half a night catching up on what had happened since the summer of 1941.

We were sent to Lamesa in west Texas for advanced liaison pilot training. The train we got on must have been left over from WWI. It was a steam locomotive that spewed cinders through our open windows; the seats were cane. At noon, the train stopped and they told us we would eat lunch across the street, which was dirt and about 100 feet wide—it was the only street and one-sided. We all, civilians and GI's, went across to a large building unpainted. Inside was a long bar on one side, tables and a dance floor. They placed a large thick plate in front of us with a nice thick rib-eye steak, black-eyed peas and another vegetable, coffee and biscuits. Dessert was a large slice of apple pie. Service was quick and food was good. I asked the waitress how much the meal was and she said, "Two bits." I asked, "You mean 25 cents?" "Yes." I've never forgotten it!

We flew L-5s at Lamesa, civilian flying school. The country was a flat mesa with not a tree in sight. When the wind blew, the tied-down L-4s and L-5s would lift off the ground and be flying restrained only by their three-point tie-downs. I went to Statesboro, GA, with the 127th Liaison Squadron—more like a pilot pool. This was the first time we ran into guys who came in with civilian time, guys close to 40 and some married (old-old). We stayed in Statesboro in two liaison squadrons, the 127th and the 156th. They were sending some guys to Burma. We got fed up when they sent a bunch of liaison pilots to glider pilot school.

After the glider pilot school fiasco, nine of us that called ourselves the "Raunchy Nine" told the 1st Sergeant we wanted to be on the next list to be shipped out. We were sent to Thermal, CA, not far from Palm Springs, and became part

of the 4th Fighter Recon. Squadron, a wonderful outfit that had been in existence since WWI. After a short sojourn in the desert, they shipped the whole outfit to Lakeland, FL. There we became part of the 3rd Air Commando group. Hundreds of liaison pilots from all over the country were included in this group.

Two or three weeks later they put the "Raunchy Nine" on a train to Raleigh-Durham Field, Raleigh, NC, where the 163rd Liaison Squadron was stationed. From there we were sent to Aiken, SC, in Oct. 1944. Finally they decided to round up all the liaison pilots everywhere and sent us to combat training at Brownwood AAB in Texas, and Camp Hood, TX. We really shot short field landings, dog leg road landings and we really piled up the hours. Finally shipped out to Hunter AAF, S.C., then off for ETO on a Dutch liner for England. Then on to Germany with the 153rd Liaison Squadron as replacements. By this time, the war was winding down. Before the end of the war, I flew to a former German air base at Wetzlar which was a base for a P-47 group. I was sitting on the tire on my L-5 when a jeep drove by; it was driven by Curly Rogers and there was instant recognition between us. He was in my cadet class 43-E and we had seen each other last at Advanced Single Engine at Craig Field in May 1943. In less than two years, Curly had become a full Bird Colonel! We talked and talked; he said he got to be group commander because he was the last one left. I know it was more than that, but he really had some stories to tell.

In July 1945, I was detailed to fly an Intelligence Officer from the 29th Division to all the prison camps in the territory we were giving to the Russians on Aug. 1. He told me he was a teacher at Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Va., a prep school. I said, "You had to know Lukey Fleming who came to my school, St. Andrew's, from EHS." He asked me if I had known a Horst Roloff '39. I said yes and that I had his address in Berlin but the street is bombed out, and I couldn't find it. His reply: "He's dead!" It appears he was questioning the 29th Division POW's—the first batch of real Waffen S.S. that had been captured. When the line got to his table, Horst spoke in perfect English. When questioned about how he spoke such perfect English, he said he had gone to a small prep school in Middletown, DE. The officer didn't really believe Horst, so he asked him to name the masters at SAS. When he named Lukey and Pat Fleming, he knew he was telling the truth. His peers (fellow S.S. men) that were standing in the line began muttering. So the officer said, "I want to talk to you later. I'll get back to you." Later he heard some shooting in the cobblestone courtyard of the Caserna. They had made all the S.S. men squat in this square with armed guards. On checking on what had gone on, it appeared that one of the S.S. had stood up and started shouting about "the decadent Americans," the

usual blather that the S.S. mouthed even in combat against the U.S. troops. The fellow happened to be Horst. The officer knew that it was peer pressure, the way that the Waffen S.S. discipline! The guards were combat vets and from the 69th Division. The guard who killed Horst had a brother that had been massacred at Malmedy. I gather nothing was done to the guard. Horst's picture is in the War Room of St. Andrew's with the Iron Cross around his neck in a Wehrmacht uniform, not in S.S. uniform.

Earlier I was at our flight field at Leipsic, one of the few with concrete runways. Out on the runway, I saw a German man. I went out to the man who was about 50 or 60 years of age and asked him what he was doing there. He told me he was waiting for his son who was flying in. This was one night that all the Germans who could get out of Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia were flying anything out, even shooting people to get out. Of course, we didn't know that at the time. At almost dusk, I heard an airplane. A FW190 came down and landed on the other end of the runway. I could see a pilot hop out, unfasten a panel on the fuselage and help a guy out. Then he fastened up the panel, got back in the airplane (he had left the engine running), and took off past us. I wasn't about to fire at him with my 45. Sure enough the old man ran up and hugged his son and off they walked. We never figured out how they knew how to make connections, but things like that were happening all the time.

It was a hell of an interesting time. We had very little supervision for quite a while, especially if you were out on detached service. I flew everywhere, landed everywhere. I went to Berlin and Vienna and even got to Budapest and Copenhagen. I was finally shipped to Wetzlar AB and on my way home. It took 19 days on a liberty ship in the rough North Atlantic.

Chapter 13

Powell Pierpoint '40

I enclose a piece I wrote about my fun and games at Okinawa. I joined the ship [USS LCS (L)(3) 61] at Pearl Harbor (after a year in the Mediterranean, which I will refer to later) so the part before that was hearsay. I did not write the appendix, but there is much more than can be said about our short tour as flagship of the third and fifth fleets.

Like Spruance, his staff was very abstemious; like Halsey, his staff was not. I was the executive officer of the 61 and got invited to the reception in the wardroom of the K.G. 5. Halsey, who had been made an honorary member of the mess, marched across the room to the bar, slapped his hand down and said, "my name is Halsey. Give me six gins." Halsey's chief of staff was a vice admiral named Mick Carney, later Chief of Naval Operations. On our trip back he somehow got up on our bridge, not a mean undertaking in his condition because it involved a climb up a 12-foot vertical ladder. As we approached the *New Jersey*, which had lights all along its rail, in a somewhat inebriated and reverential voice he said, "Look at that ship. That's the most beautiful god-damned thing in the world."

I also got invited to the seance in Halsey's wardroom after we got back to the *South Dakota*. I don't remember Halsey saying anything about "blue jerseys." What I do remember is that, as the captain and I came into the room, Halsey said, "Well, how many of the slant-eyed, yellow little bastards did you kill?" Harold Stassen was then a three-striper on Halsey's staff; they called him "Mr. President." All in all it was a colorful and ribald evening.

The *South Dakota* was tied up at a pier in the Yokosuka Naval Base, and we were tied up along side. When we first went ashore we didn't know what to expect and carried side arms. Within two days there was a large sign on a building opposite our pier that said, "Yokosuka Geisha House - Welcome - Seamen

and 3rd-Class Petty Officers Only." No more side arms.

On the beach and by sheer chance, I ran into Tom Bright '40, who was a Lt. (j.g.) on a Coast Guard combat loader. We somehow commandeered a jeep and drove up through Yokohama to Tokyo. It was an astonishing trip: mile after mile of vacant lots resulting from the fire bombing, with each block containing four or five little burned-out iron safes from the shops that had lined the road. We also ran into John MacInnes (SAS faculty and assistant headmaster '30-'51) who was a three-striper on Admiral McCains' staff. He obviously felt himself too important to pay much attention to a couple of j.g.s like Bright and Pierpoint.

Shortly after our trip out the King George V, I got relieved as the exec of the LCS61 and went off to Shanghai where I became captain of the LCS59. Our first duty was to follow the mine sweepers around the straits of Formosa and blow up the Japanese mines as they were cut and came to the surface. If we got close enough to hit them with .30 caliber carbines, we soon learned that we were within shrapnel range, so we used up a lot of 40 mm ammo on them. Within a couple of days we lost a blade out of one screw and limped back to Shanghai, where I managed to keep us in a Chinese dry-dock for almost a month. We had a ball. I had a jeep for me, a weapons carrier for my other officers and a 6x6 truck for the ship's company.

Shanghai in November and December of 1945 was a remarkable city. For anyone of any sensitivity, it seemed reasonably clear that the communists would eventually take over. Much of the Chinese population was starving. While we were in dry-dock, I got a crew of about 10 Chinese to paint the ship, inside and out, using our paint. What we paid them, and they were happy to get it, was the ship's garbage. By contrast, for \$3 we could get a five-course steak dinner, including French wine, in the best restaurant in town. The town was actually run by Russians who had escaped the revolution after World War I. For example, the chief of police was a White Russian. I spent New Year's eve of 1945 at the Russian Club and it was quite an evening with lots of vodka, lots of dancing and lots of balalaika music. I have often wondered what happened to all of those people after Chiang got kicked out.

Shortly after New Year's day we started home. We kept losing experienced crew members for the big atomic exercise at Eniwetok, and by the time we got to California, we were down to a skeleton crew. The engines on the poor old 59 were pretty worn out, so I left here there and went home to get discharged. Thereafter, I went directly to law school in New Haven in the summer of 1946. This was not the end of my military career, but more about that later.

Let me now pick up the story of my life in the Navy before the Pacific. I had joined the USNR in 1942. Most of my classmates got put into V-12 and stayed in New Haven through 1943. By some stroke of luck I got put into the remains of V-7 and went to midshipman's school in Chicago in the late summer of 1943. I emerged as a 90-day wonder just before Christmas, which I had at home, and then went to Little Creek, Virginia to learn how to run a LCC (Landing Craft Control). This was a 50-foot steel boat that was full of radar and electronics and was designed to find beaches where landing craft carrying troops, guns and tanks could go ashore. They carried two officers and 10 men, and by virtue of a slightly lower serial number, I was the captain. After a couple of miserable months, we were deck loaded on a Navy tanker and were off to Oran. After several weeks there, we were deck loaded on a liberty ship and arrived in Naples a week or so after the Army took it. We had three twin .50 caliber machine guns mounted on the boat and, in an air raid off Sicily, we did our first shooting at the Germans, during the course of which we shot a top mast off the liberty ship. This led to several rather acid exchanges between myself and the Merchant Marine captain of the liberty ship.

From Naples we went down to Salerno where we were stationed for the next six months. At this point Dick Trapnell '36 joined us. He was a two-striper whose P.C. had been sunk by a mine. We had a lot of fun together and much later he was in my wedding. We were originally scheduled to find the beaches for a landing of three Army divisions (the 3rd, 36th and 45th) in Southern France to take place at the same time as Normandy. Since we then had no Navy left in the Med to bombard beaches, I was supposed to be a surprise effort on very narrow beaches at night. It may or may not have worked, but the event got called off, and we didn't do Southern France until later when we had a lot of cruisers, etc., back from Normandy to prepare the beaches. We got shot at a bit early on, but the beaches were easy to find, and it was mostly a piece of cake.

Cannes was taken by the 101st Airborne Division, and they liked it so much that they put out road blocks on either side of town and wouldn't let anyone else in. Trapnell and I hitched a ride into town concealed in the back of an ambulance, and I must say it was colorful. Unlike Normandy, everyone on The Riviera was happy to see us, and I never had to buy a drink. I fell in with a lot of movie people in a bar in town, and all they wanted to do was hear about "Gone With the Wind." I eventually wound up somewhat the worse for wear to spend the night at an RAF fighter strip, and they were very nice to me.

Thereafter, by various means, it was back to Uncle Sugar, and I had Christmas of 1944 at home. This time my gold braid was quite green from sea water.

From there I took off for Pearl Harbor and there joined LCS61, with the results set forth in my "History of The War Cruise."

I turn now to my subsequent, quasi-military career. In February of 1961, by a series of events I will not go into, I became General Counsel of the Army, a position I held until July of 1963, when I went back to my Wall Street law firm. Silly as it may seem, my simulated rank was three stars. During the war I had not acquired a very high regard for the professional naval officers I had dealt with. There weren't many Academy graduates attracted to the amphibious service, and those who were tended to belong to the awkward squad. As a consequence, I went to the Pentagon with a bit of a chip on my shoulder about the professional military. I got over this attitude very quickly. I knew a few, a very few, two-star generals who were jerks. I knew a few three-star and even four-star generals with whom I didn't agree, but I knew no three- or four-star generals I didn't respect.

In July 1961, my wife and I made an official tour of the Far East. Our companions were the Under Secretary and his wife and the Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel (a three-star general) and his wife, together with aides, etc. We had Harry Truman's old airplane, *The Independence*, and were quite comfortable. One of our stops was Saigon, and on the way down from Hong Kong, General Vittrup looked out the window at the Vietnamese jungle and commented, "Look at that bloody jungle. We could put four divisions in there and never see them again." Since he was an infantry man who had served in the Southwest Pacific, I later found his view persuasive.

Waldy and Edith Pell were then in Saigon, and I made sure that they got invited to all the official functions. I don't think the Army liked this very much. They believed that Waldy had subversive views and was harboring subversive people in his "three parishes of the Mekong." We had an evening alone with the Pells, and my memory of our conversation suggests to me that the Army was probably correct.

My one haunting memory of Saigon is of sitting in President Diem's office and listening to him talk for three solid hours. I don't remember what he had to say, but I was not impressed. We also met his brother, who ran Diem's version of the CIA, and he scared me to death. This was, of course, long before they were assassinated—indeed, it was well before we had any combat troops in Viet Nam.

I have just read Bob McNamara's book *In Retrospect*. He was one of the most remarkable men I have ever known, and I'm sorry his book has been the subject of so much nasty comment. Like Bob, but for slightly different reasons,

I was originally in favor of what we were up to in Viet Nam. However, I got off the train before he did. After I left the Pentagon we had meetings in Washington of the Army Secretariat alumni. I believe the last one was held in the summer of 1966. We were given a briefing by Bill DePuy, a very bright three-star general, who was Westmorland's operations officer in Viet Nam. He very candidly admitted that the Viet Cong could still operate in platoon strength, and frequently in company strength, within South Viet Nam. Upon reflection, this convinced me that we had lost a war, and thereafter I was strongly in favor of getting out as rapidly as possible, whatever the international political cost might be. As McNamara has pointed out, that cost did not eventually turn out to be very high.

As I'm sure you know, Hamilton M. Hutton (SAS faculty '31-'48, history and mathematics) stayed in the Army after the war and was a chicken colonel in the Pentagon when I got there. He stopped by the office one day and couldn't have been nicer. I had him to lunch in our fancy mess a couple of times, and he and Dixie came to our house for dinner once. Then he had a heart attack and died. His funeral at Fort Myer was the full military bit with the black horse and the reversed boots. I still get a bit of a shiver when I think about it.

I will record just one more vignette of my Army career. In the fall of 1961, I made my first trip to the Army-Navy game as a member of the Army Secretariat. We had a special train up to Philadelphia, and it was a very cheery trip. I had stayed in the Naval Reserve after the war but was as inactive as I could manage to be. I didn't want to get on the top or the bottom of any pile, so I answered every other letter I got from the Navy. On the Monday after my first public appearance on the Army side of the stadium, I got a letter signed by Admiral Arleigh ("Thirty Knot") Burke, who was then Chief of Naval Operations. The gist of the message was that, due to lack of interest and consequent failure of promotion, I was being dismissed from the naval service, but I should not be downhearted because many men who had failed of promotion in the Naval Reserve had gone on to successful civilian careers. The rub was that an identical letter was received by LCDR John F. Kennedy at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. The fellow who signed Arleigh's name to that one must have spent the rest of his naval career in Alaska because Arleigh was not able to hold his head up around the Pentagon for some weeks thereafter.

P.S. I never had Bill Cameron as a teacher—my class had four years with Don Large—but Bill was my advisor and we kept in touch and saw him several times after the war. We were going to visit them in Ireland, but we never got there because they both died.

Chapter 14

The History of the War Cruise of USS LCS(L)(3) 61

by Powell Pierpoint '40

This first trip to sea was notable chiefly for the waste of provisions and the effort by the ship's cook. The trip was not too rough, but performances by various members of the ship's company at the rail were gaudy to say the least. San Diego was a round of inspections, training and working parties. The captain got married and was seen infrequently.

On January 12, 1945, the ship sailed for Pearl harbor, and all hands started counting the days and weeks and months, confidently expecting to be home again in 18 months. Once again, the production of second-hand lunches was prodigious. It was on this trip that our first crisis was successfully met. About six days out of San Diego, C. R. Wisc, Fl/c came down with an acute case of appendicitis. After taking doctors aboard underway in fairly heavy seas, the captain received permission to leave the convoy and head for Pearl Harbor at flank speed, arriving 21 January. Wisc was transferred to the hospital and rejoined the ship a few weeks later, sans appendix.

All hands fought the battle of the small boats in West Lock at Pearl Harbor, with the exception of one, short, pleasant period of availability in Kowalo Basin, with a bar across the street, and Waikiki a mere hop, skip and jump away. Also, at Pearl Harbor most of the people who couldn't take the life aboard an LCS were transferred, and the crow that was to acquit itself so well in action was

virtually complete.

And so the LCS61 went to war. February 16 she stood out of Pearl Harbor to be greeted by LCT's, hundreds of fat, little LCT's, as far as the eye could reach, all waiting to be escorted to Guam at the terrifying speed of 4.5 knots. As a matter of fact, there were only 36 of them, with an escort of five LCS's (the 61, 81, 82, 83, 23 and 25), four Y_S's and six LCT's for column leaders; at the time it seemed like more.

The first stop was at Johnson Island, a minute sand spit entirely covered by an airstrip. We anchored the night of 22 February and sailed for Majuro in the Marshall's the next day. Majuro, where we arrived 5 March, was a very fine, little atoll. The Naval garrison was extremely friendly; there were trees a little grass and even a USO Show. It didn't look like much at the time, but we were to come to look back upon Majuro as an ideal spot among atoll we have seen.

The next port of call was Eniwetok, a forbidding, barren, sun-baked wasteland that we endured from the 15th to the 21st of March. Guam came next, and though it was big and had trees, no one got ashore except the working parties. After only three days, we sailed the first of April for Ulithi. It was at Guam that we left our little friends, the LCT's. Their performance had been remarkable. During the entire trip, they had only one breakdown, kept excellent station and rated cheers from all hands for a difficult job well done.

Ulithi, where we arrived the third of April, was another Eniwetok, only worse. Rumors about our ultimate destination were so thick the mess cooks demanded a six-man working party to help down the chow hall. We had missed Iwo Jima completely, and it looked very much as though we had missed Okinawa. LCT's were cursed fluently and frequently by all hands. At Ulithi we had a few days availability alongside USS *Mindanao* and acquired a group commander, LCDR Vogelin of Group 12, Flot 4. When the news came we were to sail for Okinawa, it did not particularly impress anyone. The assault was over, and though we saw a few damaged DD's in Ulithi, barge busting looked like the duty we were slated for.

We sailed on the seventh of April in company with two DD's, an ARL and an ARD with two tugs to tow it. The trip was quiet and uneventful. Our destination was Keramma Retto, and our first indication that the laughs were over came as we steamed in. Without any warning, two bogies came out of a cloud and made a suicide run on one of our escorting DD's. She got them both, but one of them almost got her—shrapnel and flying debris killing four men and wounding others aboard. We had had our first serious G.Q., seen our first suicide attack and were to have a few more of the same, please, before we said

goodbye to Okinawa.

That was the afternoon of 16 April. We spent the night snug in Keramma Retto, whiling away the time by looking at all the damaged destroyers scattered here and there about the harbor and firing at a little grass shack on the beach.

The next morning we sailed for the Hagushi anchorage, off the assault beaches of Okinawa. As we steamed in, the cruisers, battleship and destroyers were pouring shells into the hills south of the beaches. The first thing we saw was a fire-blackened LCS, down by the stern and towed by a fleet tug. Later we went alongside LCS(1)(3)84 to greet our regular group commander, LCDR Montgomery, and for the first time heard of Radar Picket Stations.

The sea stories were strange and wonderful to the ear. Suicide planes, suicide boats, suicide swimmers, more suicide planes—salvage and survivors. For a fact the laughs were over.

The first night in the anchorage held its first taste of action. We dutifully started our smoke generators and lay at anchor, smoking for dear life and hoping for a bogie. Finally one was caught in the lights, and we fired. The range was extreme; however, he flew off unscathed, another came out of the smoke over stern and was gone in an instant—no chance to fire. In the morning we got our orders—Roger Peter Two, Suicide Gulch, with nothing but water between us and Japan and bogies as thick as flies.

Aside from the main drama of attack and maneuvers, Radar Picket Duty brought with it a minor show that was played on the Voice Radio circuits day and night. The destroyers we worked with we knew only by their voice calls. Their names were for the log only. Each ship and station took on the personality of its radio talker. In the case of the DD's, there were two of them—one on the I.F.D. circuit and one on the private circuit for the station. If the talkers were hesitant, or didn't speak well, the destroyers went down in our estimation. If they spoke well and had a sense of humor, it went up. The circuit was fascinating. It was the life-line of the Picket Stations, and it lived up to the drama of its task. Over it passed the orders, instructions and information which implemented the coordination of plane and ship, picket and anchorage. Through it we heard of friends in triumph or trouble and were warned of trouble to come to us.

Roger Peter Two was relatively tame after the buildup it had been given, but it carried promise of things to come. There were raids all around us, and the D's frequently opened fire at night at targets we could not see. On 19 April, we saw our first AP, floating in the water with his legs nibbled off by sharks. On the, we found another one, in better condition, but he carried no papers and after a few of the crew had cut buttons off his coat for souvenirs, we then threw him back to

the sharks. On the night of the, we chased an elusive radar target but had no luck; he was much too fast for us. The next night we went off by ourselves to patrol around Ahoy Shim and had no excitement beyond a few alerts. On the in the afternoon, the SS *Benin*, which was to become one of our favorite destroyers to work with and which already was one of the most successful D's on the Picket line, suffered a very near miss by a suicide plane. Her starboard motor whaleboat, in fact, was caught by the wing tip of the attacker and was smashed. Close, very close indeed! We were ordered back to the anchorage on the 25th, and the same night were sent to Roger Peter One.

The first few nights we spent on a little patrol of our own about two-thirds of the way out to the main station. Just after midnight on the morning of 28 April, a bogie made a run on us from dead ahead. He passed over the ship and was driven off by the after 40 mm gun, but the whole thing was over so quickly, we could not tell whether we had hit him or not. At first light we joined the formation at the main station. That night we shot down our first bogie.

Roger Peter One had been alerted for a good part of the night, and the DD's had taken bogies under fire several times. It was an active nightfall over the Picket Line, and we had been at red and green for a long period. Our private bogie had not been reported to us by any source until our own radarman, A. H. Bleiler, Rdm. 2/c, picked him up and tracked him in. LCS61 was second ship in a column of three, and the bogie was closing from ahead, from right to left at an angle of about 20° to the axis. The lookouts and fire controlman sighted him visually while he was still on the starboard side of the column and started tracking. Fire was not opened until he cleared the ship ahead. The number 2 40 mm gun with Larry Fabbroni, FC2/c, at the director was right on from the first shot. As soon as he realized he was being fired on, the Jap turned in toward the 61, but he was much, much too late. We had him on fire before, and he fell within 100 yards on our port beam. Eighteen rounds of 40 mm ammunition were expended. And that was that! The OTC investigated the wreckage, discovering two bodies. Just as easy as falling off a log. We had vision of our talking running into the dozens; we were soon to be disillusioned, but our first conquest gave us a world of confidence. Bring on the bogies. We were ready and waiting for them.

On the 29th we were relieved and went back into the Magushi anchorage for a period of smoke duty, logistics and anti-skunk patrol. The 61 found skunk patrol extremely dull, mainly because she never found any skunks. It was definitely a chore, with minesweepers, cruisers, destroyers, LCI(G)'s and all manner of other small craft to dodge, not to mention the natural hazards of the course, such as shoals, sandbanks and buoys.

And so, on 1 May, we went back to the Picket line, to Roger Peter Seven. This station had a spotty reputation. It had had its share of action, but it was not the bogie highway that some of the others were. In the first few days it lived up to its reputation. We had alerts and even raids, but all around us the other stations were catching unadulterated hell. During evening twilight the ships of Roger Peter Seven retired from their daylight position to one closer to Keramma Retto. On the evening of 2 May, as we steamed in to our night station, the USS *Sangamon*, a CVE with two destroyers sortied from Keramma Retto. We were at G.Q. at the time, there being bogies in the area. Just at dusk two of the Kamikaze boys rode their divine wind down on the carrier. One of them was knocked down early by five-inch fire from the DD's, but the other, despite a fountain of automatic weapons' fire, hit the *Sangamon* dead center at the base of the island. The ships of Roger Peter Seven immediately headed for the carrier at flank speed to render assistance. When we arrived, she was ablaze from stem to stern, with ammunition, pyrotechnics and bombs exploding and debris flying everywhere. As the 61 came up, a DD went along the starboard side of the *Sangamon* to put water on the hangar deck. However, damage control parties on the flight deck were pushing burning planes overboard, and one of them landed on the fantail of the destroyer and she immediately moved clear. Another jettisoned plane narrowly missed us as we moved into replace her and we, too, were forced to stand off a short way. At this time, our own damage control parties had the 61 in maximum condition of readiness to assist the CVE. All fire lines were streaming, and we were ready to handle survivors. In this connection, it should be noted that until the ships from Roger Peter Seven arrived on the scene, men were abandoning the *Sangamon*. However, when help arrived, they gave us a cheer, and we saw no one else go over the side.

After our first attempt to get alongside, we went under the *Sangamon's* stern and found that the damage control parties there had no contact with the bridge. Accordingly, we went up the side of the carrier to the spot in which the captain of the *Sangamon* had set up his command, the bridge being gutted by the fire. There we were requested to try to get water on a fire under the bridge. Once again we came alongside, but the bridge was now on the leeward side and the smoke was extremely heavy—too heavy for us to see enough to direct our water effectively. By this time the men of the *Sangamon* had gotten the terrific fires on the flight and hangar decks partially under control, the explosion were much less frequent, and we stood off about 50 yards from the carrier to render any assistance she might ask for. The last job we did for her was to read and report her draft. The men of the *Sangamon* did a truly magnificent job. When we first

came up to her, no one would have bet a nickel on her chances of survival, but her crew stuck to her; with stubbornness and guts, saved their ship. It was a grand and inspiring performance.

After the *Sangamon* was safely on her way back to harbor, LCS 61 went back to Roger Peter Seven. The night of the 3rd was a busy one—G.Q. all night and the destroyers firing off and on throughout the night. However, we got no shots at the attackers. Until the 10th, the station was relatively quiet—never more than two attacks per night and three hours of sleep in a night was getting to be a treat. On the evening of the 10th, just after dark, a Betty came past us very low and regretted it. We took her under fire, scored many hits and though we did not see her go down, one of the destroyers on the station did, and we got credit for our second kill. On the 12th, we were relieved and went in for an engine overhaul.

During this period in the anchorage, we saw the USS *New Mexico* take a suicide plane in the gun tubs under her stack. The personnel loss was very heavy, although the damage was relatively light. One other plane was shot down in this raid, but no planes came in range of our guns. After our overhaul period (all two days of it), we went skunk hunting with no result until we shoved out for Roger Peter Fifteen.

We got to our station on the evening of 20 May, from the time we got there until the time we left, we were under almost constant attack during the hours of darkness. It was without doubt the warmest station we ever inhabited.

One of the roughest nights was the 23rd. Our fighter director destroyers gave up trying to spot raids and simply told us in a weary voice, "many, many bogies." We were steaming in a diamond formation with three other LCS's, and the one behind us, LCS 121, suffered a near miss by a fragmentation bomb. We had the bogie under fire and assisted the 121 in splashing it. Several men were killed and more wounded on the 121, and she went back to the anchorage to get emergency treatment for her casualties.

The 24th was the same thing all over again—many, many bogies and the DD's firing overhead all night. We fired at anything we could see, which wasn't a great deal as it was the blackest sort of a night. At one time there were seven raids directly above us, and the number one director was endeavoring to keep three planes under fire at the same time. It was a wild night and a lot of planes were shot down—quite a few by our night fighters. Whether we got any or not, we shall never know, and none of us cared much. We were still in one piece, which, for the moment, seemed sufficient.

On the after noon of the 25th, one of the destroyers, USS *Stormes*, took a

Kamikaze on its fantail but extinguished the fire very rapidly and came back on station practically immediately without requiring any assistance. It was a sudden, unexpected attack, out of range for us and very few shots were fired. Needless to say, however, the incident did not act as a sedative for the lads on the 61.

On the 26th the rains came, and we got 24 hours of blessed peace. Our C.A.P. got a few kills, but nothing came near us and we actually got some sleep. The 27th, however, was a different story. Once again it was many, many bogies, and once again the 61 had its horseshoe along. It was a night few of us will forget.

The victim this time was LCS(L)(3)52, not 150 yards ahead of us in formation, who was nearly missed by a suicide plane which we assisted her in splashing. As we moved up to aid her, another bogie closed us flying low, and we fired every gun on the ship at it to drive it away. The 52 had suffered both material and personnel casualties, and we were ordered to escort her back to the anchorage.

There were bogies all around us during the trip back, and as we approached the Hagushi area, one came at us from ahead very low. It was a Betty, and we took her under fire as he passed down our portside. He turned and made his run on us from astern. At the last possible moment the captain put on a hard left rudder at flank speed, and the bogie fell not more than 20 feet on our starboard bow. At first everyone was sure we were hit as we had a high list from the turn, and there was water and gasoline all over everything. Joe Columbus, BM1/c was knocked down and out by a piece of the tail surface of the plane. The pilots parachute we found still in its pack on the foredeck. If we had turned to the right or not turned at all, we would have been hit dead center. If the plane had carried a bomb, the 61 would have been minus a bow and her casualties would have been heavy. As it was, we had one bos'n's mate with a bad bruise on his back, and the 61 had another plane to her credit. The bogie had been hit repeatedly by the after 40 mm and was on fire as he passed over the conn, but he kept coming.

We had another bogie closing us that morning before we reached the anchorage, but he stayed out of range, and we got in without further incident. After that night the rest of the Okinawa campaign was anti-climactic. We went out on other Radar Picket Stations and saw other bogies and another ship hit, but never again did we get a chance to fire our guns in anger.

On the first of June, LCS 61 went around the island to Buckner Bay for anti-skunk patrol and general anti-aircraft duties. Excitement there was limited. On 4 June, we sent a landing party ashore on a small island in the bay along with men from the LC(FF)786, to search for a Piper Cub pilot reported forced down.

Some of the party was fired on and the search had to be abandoned on account of darkness. We were not permitted to land again. On 10 June a destroyer was hit by a suicide plane outside the anchorage but required no assistance in controlling the situation. Another plane was shot down over the harbor, but was far out of our range.

After her tour of duty in Buckner Bay LCS 61 took a short side trip to Iheya Shima, spent a day on Radar Picket duty with a destroyer, found another pair of dead Jap pilots floating in the water and went back to Hagushi for maintenance and drydocking for repairs to one screw.

On 21 June we went back to Picket duty, this time to Roger Peter Five. Our C.A.P. shot down some bogies here, but the ships never opened fire though we were at General Quarters almost constantly. It was while here that the Okinawa campaign was declared over by the command on 22 June. We went back to Hagushi on the 24th, then to Roger Peter Sixteen on the 28th, back to the anchorage on 1 July, and out to Roger Peter Fifteen on the 5th. On the 7th we came back to Okinawa for the last time.

On 10 July we sailed in company with the rest of Flotilla Four for Leyte, beer and liberty. A recap of our achievements of Okinawa is, perhaps, in order. Out of a little less than three months there, LCS 61 spent 40 days on the Radar Picket Line. She shot down five enemy aircraft and damaged others. She assisted in the saving of the USS *Sanganon*. In recognition of her services, she has been recommended for the Navy Unit Commendation by the commander LCS(1)(3) Flotilla Four and her captain, LT James W. Kelley, USN, has been recommended for the Silver Star by the commander LCS(L)(3) Group 11 and the Commander Carrier Division 22.

There were many ships which shot down more Japs at Okinawa than the 61; but I do not believe that there is any LCS which saw more night action or got as many under the difficult conditions of night firing as did the 61.

And so we reach the end of the story. The war is over and most of us will soon be going home. With us we can take the assurance that when, in future years, we start off our sea stories with "Well, when we were on the Picket Line at Okinawa," we will speak with authority and also with the knowledge that we will be heard respectfully.

APPENDIX TO LCS(L)(3) 61 SHIPS HISTORY

On 15 August 1945, the day the Japanese first announced to the Allied powers that they were willing to surrender, USS LCS(1)(3) 61 was anchored in Leyte Gulf completing availability and overhaul after the arduous Okinawa campaign.

The announcement was the signal for a colorful celebration by the ships collected in the harbor. Searchlights played on the clouds, whistles and sirens sounded for hours and all ships made earnest efforts to expend their supplies of pyrotechnic ammunition.

A press announcement that LCS 61 was to be among the ships to take part in the initial occupation of the home islands of Japan started the rumors of imminent departure flowing from numberless sources.

In the interim, the 61 marked the end of our stay in Leyte by winning the softball championship of Flotilla Four. The series was hard fought from start to finish, and in the final games, we were called upon to face an aggregation made up of the best men from all the ships of Group Twelve. The trophy, a handsome plaque, was well and truly earned.

On 3 September, we took departure from Leyte in company with the rest of Flotilla Four for Tokyo Bay. The eight-day trip was uneventful except for a typhoon scare which never materialized. Upon arrival in Tokyo Bay, we were assigned duty carrying liberty parties to and from the battleship and cruisers anchored off Yokosuka.

The 61 was assigned permanently to USS *South Dakota*, Admiral Halsey's flagship, as long as she was here, and then to her ships in the Bay. It was while we worked for the "Sodak" that we had one of our biggest thrills of the war.

At 1845 on 18 September 1945, USS LCS(1)(3) 61 became flagship for both the Third and Fifth Fleets. Admiral Halsey and his staff came aboard from the USS *South Dakota* and Admiral Spruance and his staff from the USS *New Jersey*. Then, with the four-star flag fluttering at our truck, we got underway to carry the admirals to HMS King George V for a farewell party given by Vice Admiral Rawlings, R.N.

Officers and men from the 61 were invited aboard the British battleship and were treated in the most hospitable fashion imaginable. The trip back to the American ships was marked by high, good spirits on the part of all ranks and rates.

Later, over coffee in the flag quarters aboard the *South Dakota*, Admiral Halsey told the captain and executive officer of the 61, in reference to her action at Okinawa, to "break out your blue jerseys. Your boys are first string." This is the highest compliment we could get.

Up to the date of the appendix, our duties still consist of carrying liberty parties to Yokosuka, Yokohama and Tokyo for warships in the harbor. All hands have been ashore and are unanimous in their opinion that it is about time we went home.

Chapter 15

Arthur B. Dodge, Jr. '41

War is Hell

War is defined as "fighting between nations"; also as "the extension of diplomacy by other means . . . the force of arms." That is called "The Big Picture."

"Combat" means to fight. "Close Combat" is when you see the faces of the enemy.

The closer a person is engaged in combat, the smaller his/her field of vision. Thus, when a person is asked to describe experiences or impressions of war, much depends upon perspective . . . you heard that word at commencement.

Ted Burton '42 and I were in combat as infantry soldiers with the 88th Infantry Division. Were Ted here, his story would differ from mine in countless details. Dog faces have a worm's-eye view.

During WWII, over 14 million U.S. citizens were in uniform. The Army had about 100 divisions, infantry and armor; the Marine Corps had, I believe, ten. An infantryman is at the bottom of the pile. Fewer than 5 percent, 700,000, actually fired weapons at an enemy.

Combat is a melee and a melange of sensations: sights, sounds, smells in an operatic range; a bloated body in the only well and you hadn't water for (*The Ancient Mariner* . . . "the very deep did rot Oh Christ . . ."); acrid cordite filling eyes, nose, pores; ears deaf by concussion; the pack cut off your back by machine gun fire. Thus it has been for the GI for thousands of years. Wars differ; life and death for combatants do not—a bullet or arrow through your entrails are equals.

WWII started rather like WWI, but more mobile: tanks and planes and lots more ships. The entire nation was at war. Korea differed with "business as usual" and Viet Nam was a mess from the start.

For me, it all began on the banks of the Noxontown.

As the war in Europe erupted in September 1939, I was beginning the V Form year at St. Andrew's School. During 1937-39, three German students had been at SAS and several of us had been to Germany for one or more terms. To us, the war was distant . . . over there . . . maybe even as far away as it is to you now.

As the raid on Dunkirque failed, the RAF triumphed over Britain and Paris fell, even we knew that time was running out. My first real success "of the war" was to plan to VI Form dance with Ben Cutler's orchestra from the Rainbow Room. We doubled the charge, raised \$50 for the "Bundles for Britain," got a thank you from Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador and our pictures in *Life* magazine. I got a censoring from the Senior Master.

Pearl Harbor, the "day that would live in infamy" saw me at Williams with four other St. Andrew's classmates, one of whom was to die in the RAF. As the USA entered the war in December 1941, we knew that our protected lives were soon to be history. The early battles in North Africa and across Russia diverted our attention from classes. By December 1942, I finished sophomore year and went into the Army. As a headstrong young man, I went into the infantry.

An infantry career began with 13 weeks of basic training: marching, drill, weapons, map reading, mines, digging, night exercises, etc. The key was discipline; order; everything exactly in its place; be ready. As weeks and months passed, the question became "Where will we go?" Finally, we moved to the POE, a long train ride from Ft. Sam Houston, TX to Hampden Roads, VA. I recall passing through Memphis at suppertime. John Tibbles beside me saw, not far away, his mother cooking in her kitchen. The MP's had to hold him.

After three weeks at sea in a convoy of over 100 ships, we landed in Morocco. Overland to Algeria, Sidi bel Abbea, the Foreign Legion . . . how romantic. On to Italy: the Bay of Naples, Capri and, oh yes, Cassino and rain and mud, rivers of mud. Try to dig a hole in mud. It's a fulfilling exercise.

Life (or wounds or death) for an infantryman changed little since the War Between the States:

Distances from the enemy were often greater, but for a bayonet to work, it was actually some inches less—ours were shorter.

The first 100 yards to five miles of med-evac were just as slow, hand-carried and no helicopters.

Clothing was a bit lighter in weight but cold is cold, wet is wet and hot was hot as hell.

Many weapons, save for the Air Force's, were those designed for the trenches of 1914-1918. I first "qualified" with a 1903 rifle, bolt-action and throughout

the war served a model 1918 Browning water-cooled machine gun.

The boredom, the fatigue and the gut-wrenching horror remain the same, be one in mountains or jungle or desert or city. Without benefit of battle, you can never conceive of the numerous ways in which the human body can be dismembered. At the site near Pittsburgh of the recent USAir disaster, the rescue workers said they had never seen such destruction. They had not experienced Cassino or Anzio or Stalingrad or Tarawa and points in between.

War is about people, trying to harm each other or to help. When you do not know the language, people tend to become dehumanized—wogs or chinks or cong. If one is lucky, as I was, there can be moments of peace, in a chapel like the Episcopal church in Rome or with friends, newly found or from the past, like the Contessa di Carpegna, who arranged for me to have an audience with Pope Pius XII. Moments of friendship do wonders to restore a measure of sanity to a mind in an insane situation. Your buddy is closer than brothers.

As I was not briefed on what I should say or what was wanted, I can tell you many stories or grim reality: like being one of three men standing in a semicircle when a shell came by leaving only a pair of boots at one spot . . . with the feet still inside. Or, perhaps, tales of humor like that of Sam DelBianco, an Italian-American, but only two years American . . . sought by the Carabinieri as a draft dodger from the Italian Army! Perhaps you can feel the joy at seeing a young man in an American uniform dash from a marching column to a house where he saw his grandmother. Can you sense the pathos in a man, 32 years old and estranged from his wife, writing at every opportunity, "Dear Ruth, I don't know what to say, but I love you." Months later he was killed within one yard of me. Can you believe that three men could be in a ditch about a foot deep, one to be killed by a bullet through his throat, another to have his dog tags cut in half and the third to live . . . to meet six years later the sister of the deceased and have to explain.

General William T. Sherman said, "War is hell"; I disagree—war is a thousand paths to hell. If by chance you are on one of those paths, and you are given an opportunity to lend a hand, to feed, to clothe or to help in any way one miserable person, you will surely see a light that will banish darkness and defeat all the hells. Wars will persist so long as the animal in men holds their attention. There is likely not to be another conflict of the magnitude or scope as we saw in WWII. I am not a pacifist; I served in the Army for ten years as a civilian soldier. While I pray that none of you will ever have to fire in anger, I must also state that military service is an honorable duty for a citizen. The price of freedom is eternal vigilance. If you have a question or two, I will try to respond.

Appendix A

Alumni Who Served in World War II

CLASS of 1934

David E. Cain, II *
Caleb Cresson, VI *
James H. Hughes, III
Lawrence A. Kirkland, Jr.
Jerome D. Niles, Jr.
Robert H. Orr
Philip C. Patterson
Francis J. Townsend, Jr.
Edward R. Trippe

CLASS of 1935

Malcolm Crocker *
James A. dePeyster
Donald L. Driscoll
Charles S. Felver
Donald G. Hanby
Franklin Hawkins
Robert C. Justis
Scott H. Lytle, II
William L. McLane
Lansing Michaelis
Nelson Miles
George B. Patterson *
E. Richmond Steele, Jr.
Robert C. Stetson
Francis D. Wetherill, Jr.
W. Hollingsworth Whyte, Jr.

CLASS of 1936

Alan T. Baldwin
Chester E. Baum, Jr.
John N. Compton, Jr. *
George W. S. Cumpston
Irving O. de Shong *
William B. Evans
William R. Fox, III
Charles F. R. Mifflin
Walker L. Mifflin, Jr.
Winthrop D. deV. Schwab
Charles B. Scott *
Charles A. Silliman
Edward F. Swenson, Jr.
Richard W. Trapnell, III
John S. Whelen

CLASS of 1937

George D. Baldwin, Jr.
Thurlow W. Barnes, Jr.
George E. Brown, Jr.
Norman A. Jones
Rodney M. Layton
Thomas M. Longcope, III
John W. Moor
John C. Parry
R. Peter Richards *
James N. Slee, Jr. *

Appendix A

CLASS of 1937 cont.

Edward T. H. Talmage, Jr.
Augustus S. Trippe, II
W. Laird Warwick
George S. Welch
C. Edward Wolfe, Jr.

CLASS of 1938

Frank L. Bate
Alexander R. Bumsted
Charles Clucas
William R. Cory
Robert K. Crane
Quentin Crocker
Morris R. Eddy, II
De Lancey F. Fairchild
Kilbourn Gordon, Jr.
David T. Harris
William G. Hopkins, Jr.
Harry T. Keen
William E. Maccoun, Jr.
Richard R. Mayer
Charles D. Murphy, Jr.
Edwin L. Sibert, Jr.
Robert S. Smith
Walter W. Speakman
Andrew W. Turnbull
Burdette S. Wright, Jr.
David B. Wright

CLASS of 1939

Norman E. Abbott
Thomas V. W. Ashton
Leonard R. Brooks *
John A. S. Brown, III
George B. Buckner, II
William P. O. Clarke, Jr.
C. Horace U. Davis *
Thomas A. Dent, III
George A. Dunning, II
Kenneth Ervin
Walter W. L. Fotterall, Jr.
Horace W. Harrison
Lawrence Johnson, Jr.
George C. Jones, IV
John T. Menzies, Jr.
Michael C. Mitchell
Frederick C. Moor
Jesse Nalle
William H. Naylor, Jr.
Allan T. Norris
Vernon E. Ragland
William W. Reade *
Horst Roloff *
Reed Shoemaker
William D. Somervell, Jr. *
Frank H. Stevens, Jr.
John E. Wason
Dehn S. Welch
Frank E. Williams, Jr.
Stanley D. Woodworth

*Died in WWII.

*Died in WWII.

CLASS of 1940

Ulrich Birkholz
 John H. Boyden, Jr.
 Thomas C. F. Bright
 Peter M. Brown
 Arthur S. Brown-Serman *
 Thomas Oliver Canby
 John H. O. Clarke
 Robert S. Compton
 Thomas Donaldson, Jr.
 Henry C. Gibson, Jr.
 Ogden C. Gorman
 Alexander Hemphill
 Benjamin F. Houston, Jr.
 Edmund Johnson
 James H. E. Johnston
 C. Rickert Lewis
 Charles S. Masterton
 Thomas M. McIlvaine
 John Pennywitt, Jr.
 Daniel B. Phelan
 Powell Pierpoint
 Frank B. Pilling
 Thomas A. Rave, Jr.
 Heinz Sander
 Joseph W. Sargent, Jr.
 William C. Sibert
 Franklin S. Smith
 Peter Torrey
 Joseph R. Truesdale, Jr.
 O. William Van Petten, Jr.
 Albert K. Wampole, Jr.
 Joseph T. Whitaker *
 Paul D. White
 Stephen B. White, Jr.
 William T. White, Jr.

* Died in WWII.

CLASS of 1941

John C. Ball, Jr.
 James A. Bentley
 George A. Broadbent
 Frederick Y. Butler
 William B. Churchman, III
 Frederic S. Clark, III
 Ridgway J. Clark, II
 Robert E. Cooper
 Kentwyn DeRenne
 Robert D. DeVitt
 Arthur B. Dodge, Jr.
 Thomas G. Dovell *
 William Z. Earle
 F. Weston Fenhagen
 Richard W. Fiske
 Nicholas B. Green
 Samuel Hazard
 R. Stockton B. Hopkins
 James M. Kay, Jr.
 Henry L. McCorkle, III
 Peter B. Nalle
 Gordon B. Ong
 Anthony R. Parrish
 Donal H. Phillips
 Robert E. Reese
 James Thomas
 Donald M. Tucker
 William L. Van Leer, Jr.
 Wayne S. Vetterlein, Jr.
 Steven C. Voorhees
 Robert Whyte
 Jonathan S. Wilford, Jr.

CLASS of 1942

John R. W. Batten
 Roderick W. Beebe
 George C. Buzby, Jr.
 Edward A. Carey
 George N. Emory, Jr.
 Malcolm Ford *
 James A. R. Gibson
 Thomas M. Gooden, III *
 John V. Holman *
 Robert E. King
 Frank Lambert, Jr.
 Joseph F. Littell
 Andrew C. McFall, Jr.
 Ralph F. Munyan
 Donald Murray *
 Walter E. Mylecraine
 Stephen H. Parry
 John L. Ray
 William F. W. Reeve
 Samuel M. Rinaker, Jr.
 Thomas R. Saunders
 William L. Sibert, II
 R. Scott Snead, Jr.
 Johannes B. Van Mesdag *
 Albert A. Van Petten
 Loudon S. Wainwright, Jr.
 John W. Washington
 Thomas W. Wilcox
 George B. Wood, Jr.
 Victor H. Zelov

* Died in WWII.

CLASS of 1943

Welling W. Adams
 John M. Alden
 Alfred W. Atkins, Jr.
 James G. Barklie *
 Robert H. Boyer, Jr.
 James W. Crichton
 Noel C. (Austin) Dalton
 Frederick W. Deck, Jr.
 William L. Dodge
 Edward G. Echeverria
 Paul W. Fitzpatrick
 George H. Frazier, III
 George M. Gillet, III
 Bruce C. Graham
 Clayton H. Griffin
 John M. Hemphill, II
 Robert W. Hopkins
 John J. Johns, Jr.
 John C. Kinahan, Jr.
 Phillips Lounsbury, Jr.
 Morgan B. MacDonald, Jr.
 Peter E. Michael
 Horace B. Montgomery, Jr.
 John J. Morris, III
 Overton L. Murdock
 Richard E. Pilling
 David J. Reinhardt, III
 John S. Reynolds
 Marion C. Rinehart
 John J. Saunders, III
 Samuel L. Shober, III *
 John G. Stockly
 Charles A. Stoddard *
 Benjamin S. Story, Jr.
 Charles B. Straut, Jr.
 Howard P. Sullivan
 David A. Walker
 Howard Willets, Jr.

C L A S S of 1944

Donald B. Barrows, Jr.
 Frederick C. Berg, Jr.
 William H. Brownlee
 Richard B. Chapman, Jr.
 S. Woolworth Colton V
 Leigh B. Cornell
 John K. Cowperthwaite
 William A. Crump, Jr.
 William F. Davis, Jr.
 Johnathan D. Dunn
 Donald E. Fuller *
 John P. Garvey
 Charles E. Hall
 Sigurd N. Hersloff, Jr.
 Duncan McCulloch, III
 H. Lawrence Parker
 Roger Edison Perry
 Frederick S. Smith
 David M. Stewart
 Prentice Talmage, Jr.
 Thomas M. Tucker
 Samuel W. Van Meter, Jr.
 Donald H. Vetterlein
 Davis A. Washburn
 Arthur L. Wills, Jr.

C L A S S of 1945

James A. Bacon
 Thomas B. Baker
 Alexander R. Beard
 Marion H. Dashiell
 Dwight M. Dunlevie
 Robert H. Gardner, Jr.
 William H. Hobart
 Thomas M. Jervey
 Gaston V. Jones, Jr.
 Levin M. Lynch
 William D. MacDonald
 George W. McIver, III
 Beauveau B. Nalle
 Alfred B. Parsons
 Daniel R. Patch
 Richard G. Patch
 Walter T. Perry
 John H. Rood
 Alexander N. Stoddart
 Charlton M. Theus, Jr.
 Philip Van Deventer
 Theodore L. Weatherly
 Charles H. Welling, Jr.

C L A S S of 1946

Charles H. Keyes, III
 James M. Perry
 James Trippe
 Philip E. Valentini

C L A S S of 1948

Richard E. Broome

*Died in WWII.