

The Cutter

The Newsletter of the Foundation for Coast Guard History

28 Osprey Dr.

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Bill of Lading

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From the Chairman

I am happy to announce that the second edition of *The Coast Guard* book is now in print, and many copies are already in the hands of eager individuals. It is a great looking book crammed full of pictures and prose. All those who contributed to this edition are saluted for the effort they put into this project. I can't mention all those responsible here, but special mention goes to Tom Beard, the author; VADM Howie Thorsen, the "reviewer in chief"; and Jim Muschett, of Rizzoli International Publications, Inc. Without them, it would not have happened.



Presentation of autographed copy of "The Coast Guard" to Coast Guard Commandant ADM Bob Papp, Monday 4 October 2010.

L-R: Coast Guard Historian Dr. Robert Browning; author Tom Beard; ADM Papp; Foundation Chairman VADM (ret.) Jim Hull

Many of you may not know this, but the book is the major source of funds that support our efforts, beyond membership dues and individual contributions. Each time a book is sold we receive benefit. It is worth noting that the Coast Guard Exchange System—thank you, CAPT Ed Eng,

Continued on page 2

The Foundation for Coast Guard History



www.fcgh.org

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CAPT Brian Kelly and RADM Dan Neptun—made an initial book purchase of 3000 copies. We are well on our way on those, with recent sales at the Coast Guard Academy Homecoming in New London, Connecticut, and from sales and book signings at Coast Guard Headquarters.

I also am happy to report—as portrayed in photos in this *Cutter*—that ADM Allen and ADM Papp both have been provided with individual, signed copies. As you will read in the book, ADM Allen documents where we have been, and ADM Papp highlights where we are going. Even the Deepwater Horizon Oil Spill is briefly mentioned—literally, an insert was added as the book was rolling down the printing presses—but the full accounting of that will have to be taken up in the next edition.

ADM Papp, the new Commandant, invited several of us to lunch, and we were able to have a wide-ranging discussion on Coast Guard History and how we can preserve it. He is a Life Member of the Foundation and a real fan of our efforts, and I look forward to further reporting on the way ahead.

I would welcome any comments regarding where we are going and how *The Cutter* is doing in serving your needs. Rob Ayer is doing a great job in putting the magazine together and in getting it out on time—no small feat. Our website is up and running and has received very good reviews; “hits” are up. And, most importantly, our initial strategic plan is up for all to see. Again, any comments are welcome as we try to make the organization better, more responsive and with a vision in sight.

And finally, I would be remiss if I did not say something about membership. We *are* growing, but I feel that what you’ve seen lately is just the beginning. Take the time to encourage people to join and participate. I have a personal goal of the numbers I would like to see...but since this is all done by volunteers, I will not, at this time, provide a target. However, I will tell you when the time is right if we have met the goal! Everyone, now—two more members apiece! Have a great fall.



Photo on left

*Presentation of the new
“Coast Guard Book” to
retired Commandant
Admiral Thad Allen by
Foundation Chairman
VADM Jim Hull, 1 Octo-
ber 2010*

*Photograph courtesy of
CDR Connie Rooke,
USCG, Executive Assis-
tant to ADM Allen*

The Wardroom

From the Executive Director

It has been a very busy time for us since the last issue. In this issue, you'll learn about the publishing of our "table top" book, the selection of our annual awards winners, the publishing of our strategic plan, and the updating of our website.

Elsewhere in this issue you'll read more about the roll-out of the Foundation-sponsored book, "The Coast Guard." This has been a huge undertaking that couldn't have been accomplished without the extra effort of those who worked on it. It also has positive implications for the Foundation, as we receive a percentage of the book sales for our preservation efforts. We have a plan in place to promote the book sales, and the Coast Guard Exchange System has graciously given us some prime real estate in its stores to encourage sales. At \$29.95, we think we've got a great price point which will lead to good volume. Remember, the holidays are right around the corner, and this book would make a great gift for anyone who appreciates our history!

Our annual awards have been announced, and we're pleased with the results. We have books about lighthouses and the rescue craft of the Life-Saving Service, as well as the results of research about the Coast Guardsmen who worked with the O.S.S. conducting little-known and even-less-recognized intelligence operations during World War II. For the unit awards, the awards committee selected two whose noteworthy accomplishments came about because they participated in bringing often-unknown and -unmentioned Coast Guard history to light. USCGC *Acushnet*, the Coast Guard's only active cutter which dates back to service in World War II, has worked to capture the history of the cutter, and then, mostly importantly, actively worked to share it with shipmates, the local community and the rest of us by updating the ship's "web presence" via Wikipedia and Facebook. Likewise, the Office of Aviation Forces in Coast Guard Headquarters has coordinated a group of volunteers who are actively searching for the wreckage of the J-2F4 Grumman "Duck" amphibious aircraft piloted by LT John Pritchard that was lost in Greenland on a SAR mission. Their

efforts have not only increased our awareness of this notable World War II mission, it goes a long way toward the recovery of lost American servicemen.

And I'd be remiss if I didn't publically thank the awards committee members for their volunteer work. The awards process is intentionally independent of the Foundation itself. While we sponsor the awards, John Galluzzo, my counterpart at the U.S. Life-Saving Service Historical Association, runs the program and invites judges to participate. This year we were again privileged to have a great group of volunteers with wide experiences and backgrounds. In addition to John, a Bravo Zulu goes out to: Mike Vogel, Dick Richardson, CAPT Russell Webster, USCG (ret.), and Suzanne Finney.

The strategic plan has been posted to the web. I'll let you look at it for yourself, but it generally provides more specifics on our goals than I wrote about in the Spring edition of *The Cutter*. In general, the organization is in good shape, but we have room to improve, and the plan gives us a trackline to proceed and measures by which to determine our set and drift. However, most of our goals require volunteer participation. Both Dr. Browning, the Coast Guard Historian, and Dr. Rosen, the Pacific Area Historian, are in need of volunteers to conduct oral history interviews. I recently participated in several with Dr. Thiesen, the Atlantic Area Historian, and found them fun to do—I learned a great deal by just listening to the stories of those Coast Guard veterans. I encourage you to try it: it will have a very positive impact on our history program, and I guarantee that you'll have fun listening to our veterans share their careers with you.

With that, I'll report that we're on our P.I.M. Make all reports to the bridge—we await further guidance and tasking from the membership.

Regards,
OPS: CDR Gary M. Thomas
Executive Director, Foundation for Coast Guard History
www.fcgh.org / GMThomas@aol.com / (757) 375-1816

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From the Editor

By Rob Ayer

I am happy to announce that the first annual Cadet Coast Guard History Writing Competition, a joint effort of your Foundation and the Alumni Association, is underway. Entries will be accepted from cadets throughout the fall (when the Maritime History course is taught, which should produce many of the entries, although any cadet may enter), with judging and the awarding of prizes to follow early in the new year. Expect to see some of the winning entries in the pages of *The Cutter*.

Foundation for Coast Guard History Annual Awards for 2010

Book Awards: Lighthouse History

Osmers, Henry. *Living on the Edge: Life at the Montauk Lighthouse, 1930-1945*. Outskirts Press.

Henry Osmers, c/o Outskirts Press, 10940 S. Parker Rd – 515, Parker, CO 80134

This excellent book was described by one reviewer as "full of original material, capturing two important oral histories and fusing them, relating the dire days of the Depression and World War II as they played out at the light."

This year's competition was exceptionally close, with several other books featuring lighthouses from around the country being judged by our thoroughly knowledgeable panel of readers.

Book Award: Coast Guard Heritage

Wilkinson, William D., and CDR Timothy R. Dring, USNR (Ret.). *American Coastal Rescue Craft: A Design History of Coastal Rescue Craft Used by the United States Life-Saving Service and the United States Coast Guard*. Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 2009.

Mr. Wilkinson is deceased.

Timothy R. Dring, 19 Wycklow Drive, Robinsville NJ 08691

This excellent book was described by our judges as "an invaluable resource that will be maintained for decades to come."

This year's competition was exceptionally close, as well as the largest ever conducted by the Foundation for Coast Guard History. Other books judged this year ranged in scope from the story of Michael Healy to the *Pendleton* disaster to the Coast Guard's role in World War II. The judges, though, citing its "unprecedented contribution to the field of Coast Guard history," deemed this title to be the best of the lot.

Unit Award: Large Unit

USCGC *Acushnet* (WMEC 167), 1320 Stedman Street, Ketchikan AK 99901-6698

For the past year, the crew of USCGC *Acushnet* has made a concerted effort to preserve the cutter's history as the sole remaining World War II-era cutter on active duty in the U.S. fleet. Preservation efforts include: the compilation of images and documents dating back to World War II when *Acushnet* served as USS *Shackle* (ARS-9); the inclusion of history articles in the unit's quarterly newsletter, *The Shackle*; the encouragement of visitation by local school groups; the writing and supervision of content for website pages on the unit's homepage, Wikipedia and Facebook; and more.

Unit Award: Small Unit

Office of Aviation Forces, 2100 Second Street, S.W., Washington DC 20593-0001

The Office of Aviation Forces continues its quest to locate and document, and possibly recover, the remains of LT John Pritchard, RM1 Ben Bottoms and CPL Loren Howarth, lost

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during a search and rescue effort on Greenland on November 29, 1942. The efforts thus far have included the gathering of key research details from the National Archives, museums and active units across the United States; ice penetrating radar sweeps of suspected areas where the J-2F4 Grumman Duck supposedly went down; and more.

Achievement Award:

LCDR Michael Bennett

Nominated by: Robert C. Ayer, CAPT USCG, Senior Military Professor, U.S. Coast Guard Academy, 27 Mohegan Avenue, New London CT 06320

LCDR Bennett has brought great recognition to the Coast Guard through his in-depth research on Coast Guard intelligence history. His accomplishments include publication of the article entitled "Guardian Spies: The U.S. Coast Guard and O.S.S. Maritime Operations in World War II" in the Central Intelligence Agency publication *Studies in Intelligence*, December 2008, Volume 52, Number 4; publication of the same article in *American Intelligence Journal*, Fall 2009 and Summer 2010; design, development, writing, editing and publication of the website www.guardianspies.com on Coast Guard intelligence history in World War II; discovery of Coast Guard Unit 387, the small cryptologic unit responsible for all western hemisphere clandestine traffic during World War II; and a presentation on the topic for the Center for Cryptology's October 2009 Cryptologic History Symposium.

Baggywrinkle

The Precedent of Service with the Navy: At the outbreak of the Quasi War with France in the late 1790s, President John Adams lacked a Navy except three partially built frigates—and the revenue

cutters. Congress in 1797 ordered the cutters—those that were beginning to replace the original ten—to be reinforced and their complements increased, and authorized the president to use them to defend the sea-coast and repel any hostility. When the Treaty of Alliance with France was abrogated by Congress on July 7, 1798, the revenue cutters comprised one third of the United States fleet at sea. Navy Secretary Benjamin Stoddert that winter developed a plan to sweep the French from the West Indies, and the President ordered Treasury Secretary Oliver Wolcott to place the Treasury fleet at the Navy's disposal. A few months later Congress ratified this action: the cutters were to cooperate with the Navy whenever the President directed. The cutters had already been at sea for two months with Navy Commodore John Barry: the *Governor Jay*, *General Greene* and *Eagle* on the Havana Station; the *South Carolina* and *Diligence* at Prince Rupert's Bay; and the *Virginia* at St. Kitts. They made frequent cruises through the islands, convoying American merchantmen on their way home with cargoes of sugar, rum and molasses and guarding supply ships on their way to the West Indian Squadron. In the summer and fall of 1799, twenty vessels under the French flag, privateers and others, were captured by the four fleets, and of these sixteen were made prizes by vessels of the Revenue Marine, unaided, while they assisted in the capture of two others. Altogether, between 1798 and 1800 84 vessels were captured by the American fleets.

Main Prop

MCPOCG Charles Bowen Retirement Speech

Recruit Training Center Cape May, 21 May 2010

I don't normally title speeches, but today if I were to do that, the title would be, "The Words to Semper Paratus."

I don't normally dedicate speeches either—but I think I will today. This past March, Herb Collins (LT USCG, ret.), the last surviving Guardian who had been stationed at Pea Island, passed away. All who attended his funeral could not help but be moved by the man that he was. The principal thing that I remember from my very short association with LT Collins was his inspirational *a capella* rendition of Semper Paratus. Herb lived and breathed Coast Guard—so today this speech is for him.

I've always had a difficult time with the words to Semper Paratus: not because they are not meaningful, and not because they don't reflect our heritage; it's probably because I can't carry a tune. For me the difficulty lies in the fact that many of the lyrics do not easily match the melody; and because there are so many versions with different words, the song is not easily sung. Over that past 32 years I have learned—but it's not been easy.

Our Commandant, Admiral Allen, differs with me on this, and for good reason. He knew every word to every version of Semper Paratus before he could read. He knew the words because his father, DCC Bill Allen, taught them to him; and because, believe it or not, Admiral Allen can sing!

Don't get me wrong: my heart beats Semper Paratus, and each verse and every version has meaning. But to me, the deepest meaning belongs to the words in the chorus. These words sum up everything significant about our Coast Guard:

*We're always ready for the call,
We place our trust in thee,
Through surf and storm and howling gale*

High shall our purpose be.

*Semper Paratus is our guide,
Our fame and glory too.
To fight to save
Or fight and die
Aye Coast Guard, we are for you.*

Let's look at these words closely:

Always ready

A few years ago our former Commandant Admiral Jim Loy coined the term "Preparation equals Performance." It is the defining characteristic of our service. In 2005 the entire Coast Guard proved it was ready for the call when we came together to save 33,000 people in the ten days following Hurricane Katrina's passing. Today we see that same spirit of readiness in our response to the cataclysmic oil spill in the Gulf.

For the Call

What call? A call for help? A call to war? A call to protect borders? A call to enforce laws? A call to protect the environment? Douglas Munro was ready for the call during September 1942 at Guadalcanal when he placed his landing craft in harm's way and blanketed the area with protective fire against a large force of attacking Japanese in order to save a battalion of Marines. He responded to the call and paid the ultimate price, sacrificing himself so that others could live.

We place our trust in thee

Place our trust in...God? Country? Service? We place our trust in a cause beyond ourselves. Nate Bruckenthal put his trust in a cause beyond himself when he and his boat crew placed themselves between a vessel carrying a waterborne improvised explosive device and critical infrastructure so important that peace in the Middle East might well have depended on it. He and his Navy shipmates Michael Pernaselli and Chris Watts did not die in vain. Challenges remain—but Iraq is a much different place than it was in 2004.

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Through surf and storm and howling gale

When I think about this line I think about Bernie Webber: with a 36-foot motor lifeboat he and his crew battled through 60-foot seas to save 32 survivors off the stern of the motor vessel *Pendleton*. There is a famous picture of Bernie and his crew at the Chatham fish dock taken just after they offloaded the survivors and before the boat crew departed the boat. Look closely at Bernie's face in the picture: in his eyes you'll see a reflection of surf, and storm, and howling gales.

High shall our purpose be

The Coast Guard's missions are noble: safety, security, protection, defense. On 25 March 2007 Guardian Ron Gill did not know that the security patrol he was embarking on would be his last; but without a doubt he knew that his purpose was high—and his course was true.

Semper Paratus is our guide

Semper Paratus means "Always Ready." On 4 September 2008 the crew of CG6505 was conducting readiness training when their helicopter crashed into the sea in the waters off Honolulu. Then, on 29 October 2009 CG 1705 crashed after a mid-air collision with a Marine helicopter. Between the two accidents the nation lost eleven Guardians and two Marines. Coast Guard crews operate in hostile environments all over the globe; there is no "safe" mission. We are "Always Ready".

Our fame, our glory, too

Coast Guard crews *don't* do this for fame or glory; if we did we would be constantly disappointed. On a small, uninhabited island adjacent to Station Neah Bay lie the graves of two surfmen who perished in 1902. Over one hundred years have passed and no family or friends are even aware that the graves of these heroes are there. But we still remember.

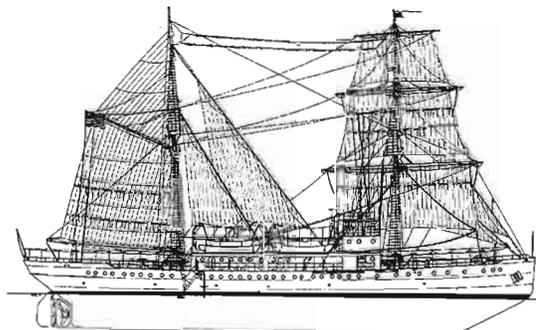
We'll fight to save

To execute our missions we fight against many enemies. But the one constant "enemy" across all mission sets is the environment itself. David Bosely, Matthew Schlimme, Clinton Miniken and Benjamin Wingo understood that when they responded to a sailing vessel in distress during a stormy night off the Washington coast in 1997. They fought to save—but only one made it home.

Or fight and die

LT Jessica Hill
BM2 Stephen Duque
PS3 Ron Gill
Captain Thomas Nelson
LCDR Andrew Wischmeier
AST1 David Skimin
AMT2 Joshua Nichols
LCDR Che Barnes
LT Adam Bryant
Chief Petty Officer John Seidman
AET2 Carl Grigonis
AET2 Monica Beacham
AMT2 Jason Moletzsky
AMT3 Danny Kreder

Aye, Coast Guard, we are for you



U.S. Coast Guard Cutter
NORTHLAND
1927 - 1947

Main Prop

The Piracy Mission—Then and Now

By Dave Rosen, Ph.D., Coast Guard Pacific Area Historian

Two Coast Guard cutters separated by nearly two hundred years of history have one thing in common: they led the way in combating piracy that threatened American vessels. This story begins with the *Louisiana* taking on the pirates of the Caribbean and resumes in the Gulf of Aden as the *Boutwell* takes on pirates of another kind.

Piracy in Early America

Cutters of the Revenue Service helped suppress piracy in the Caribbean in the early 1800s. In Caribbean waters about five hundred merchant vessels worth \$20 million were seized illegally, far more loot than was pillaged by the Barbary Coast buccaneers. One reason was the shelter the Caribbean pirates found in the newly independent Latin American nations. They first plundered wealthy Spanish traders, then American ships.

1819-20: The USRSC Louisiana

In one banner year the new Orleans-based cutter *Louisiana* wreaked havoc on the privateers. She had already freed the schooner *Felicity* from privateers in 1805 and fought off pirates near Belize in 1812.

On August 31, 1819, the *Louisiana*, under Captain Harris Loomis, stopped the pirate frigate *Bravo* under Jean Defarges by firing a shot across her bow. Working with the USRSC *Alabama* under Captain Taylor, the *Louisiana* boarded and captured the *Bravo*. *Louisiana's*

crew suffered four injuries. The cutters also freed a captured Spanish schooner, the *Filomena*, which had been transporting flour and a dozen passengers, who had been robbed and stripped of their clothing. This successful interdiction occurred just north of the Dry Tortugas. Fifteen of the buccaneers were later hung from the yardarm of a naval vessel in New Orleans harbor as punishment for their crimes.

The *Bravo* was owned by Jean Lafitte, the pirate who had helped Andrew Jackson win the

Battle of New Orleans. Lafitte won a temporary reprieve for Defarges from President James Monroe, which delayed his execution.

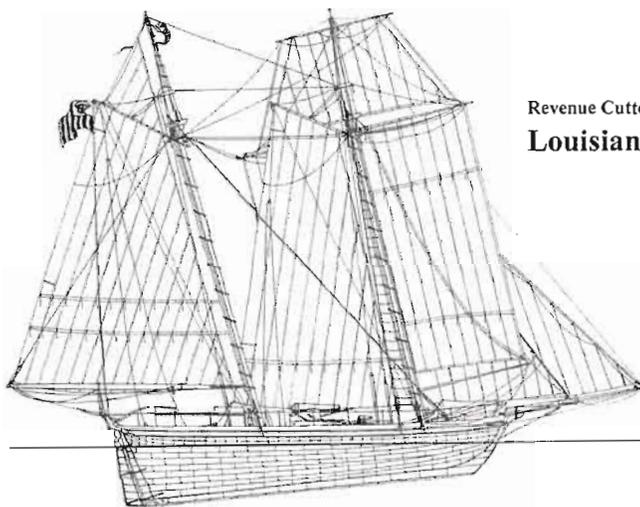
On April 16, 1820, the Caribbean pirates were dealt a severe blow by the Revenue Cutter Service. The *Louisiana* worked with the *Alabama* to destroy a key pirate base near Bretons Island, burning their houses and rendering the camp useless.

Soon thereafter Captain Loomis and the *Louisiana* netted four pirate craft off Belize.

Two years later, under a new skipper, Captain John Jackson, the *Louisiana* worked with the American and British navies to capture five pirate ships off the Cuban coast. Finally, in 1827, her crew arrested thirty pirates harassing the ship *Isabella* off Vera Cruz. The menace to American trade had been obliterated, and would no longer be a major threat to U.S. shipping—until nearly two centuries had gone by....

2009: CGC Boutwell

Nearly 200 years later the Coast Guard is engaged in anti-piracy missions off the Horn of Africa. A drastic spike in piracy late in 2008 prompted the formation of Coalition Task Force 151 the following January. CTF 151 is



Revenue Cutter
Louisiana

The Revenue Cutter Louisiana (U.S. Coast Guard image)

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the operations arm of an international naval group called the Combined Maritime Force under Vice Admiral William Gortney of the U.S. Navy's 5th Fleet

During the period from January to July 2009 the Coast Guard Cutter *Boutwell* joined the 5th Fleet Strike Group under the flagship USS *Boxer* on an anti-piracy mission off the coast of Somalia. The *Boutwell* met up with the Strike Group in Oahu and made several stops, stretching from Malaysia to the Maldives.

En route to the Gulf of Aden, the *Boutwell* stopped in Karachi to participate in a 30-nation maritime exercise under the framework of Operation Enduring Freedom. The cutter worked primarily with the British and Australians and also transported marines for guard duty in the Pakistani port.

Piracy Off the Somali Coast

The counter-piracy mission is complex. The Gulf of Aden is full of tankers, container vessels, bulk carriers, dhows and pleasure boats as well as hundreds of legitimate local fishing vessels of all sizes. Naval ships from NATO, Russia, China, Japan, et al., receive a steady stream of SOS radio signals from trading ships which have sighted pirates or suspicious craft. The panic attacks are often a matter of "stampeding buffaloes," in the words of Lieutenant Chris Parrish of the *Boutwell* who, as operations officer, must try to distinguish between actual and perceived threats from pirates.

Less than one percent of the vessels targeted by the pirates are US-flagged, as we import much of our oil from Mexico, Canada and Venezuela, as opposed to the Middle East. Aside

from one recent and highly publicized pirate attack involving the *Maersk Alabama*, most of the distress calls are from non-U.S. carriers.

A Successful Interdiction

On April 28, the *Boutwell's* helicopter crew was on a routine patrol when it saw a skiff attacking the merchant vessel *Skaftafel*, a container ship under the Gibraltar flag. Although the helo was unarmed, the pirates broke off their attack and sped off toward Somalia. Covered by an armed Navy helicopter, the *Boutwell's* helo descended to 500 feet and photographed the pirates, according to



Suspected pirates surrender to crew members of the CGC

a first-person account from aircraft commander LCDR Tyson Weinert.

Meanwhile the *Boutwell* headed directly for the skiff, launching the new Over The Horizon Boat (OTHB), capable of a speed as high as 50 knots and a range of 250 miles. The approach of the OTHB forced the Somalis to ditch their weapons and surrender.

Conclusion

In an ever-changing world that has seen the Life Saving Service and Revenue Cutter Service combine to become the Coast Guard, and seen the Coast Guard reside within the departments of the Navy, Treasury and now Homeland Security, the importance of the mission and the dedicated people of the service has remained constant. The story of the Coast Guard's engagement in the anti-piracy mission is just one example of how the service has remained Semper Paratus for more than two hundred years.

Sources

Main Prop

Boutwell interdiction: Interviews by Dr. Rosen with: Coast Guard aviator LCDR Tyson Weinert; LT Chris Parrish, Boutwell; and CDR Cary Porter, former Coast Guard liaison to NAVCENT.

Louisiana: Donald Canney's *The U.S. Coast Guard and Revenue Cutters, 1790-1935*; Stephen Evans' *The United States Coast Guard, 1790-1915*; and Irving H. King's *The Coast Guard Under Sail*.

Forwarded courtesy of Founder and Executive Director Emeritus Fred Herzberg

Appeared previously in Coast Guard COMPASS

LT Thomas James Eugene Crotty: Mine Specialist, Demolitions Expert, Artilleryman, Marine and Coast Guardsman in the Battle for Corregidor

By William H. Thiesen, Coast Guard Atlantic Area Historian

One may become a leader in a variety of ways. Some learn the skills over the course of a lifetime, while a rare few are born with the talent to lead others. This is the story of Thomas James Eugene Crotty, an extraordinary leader, who became an outstanding Coast Guard officer. As a Coast Guard lieutenant, Crotty participated in Philippine combat operations in 1941 and 1942 as a member of U.S. Navy, Marine and Army units and distinguished himself in a variety of missions against an overwhelming enemy force. During the Japanese invasion of the Philippines, Crotty relied on his innate leadership skills time and again in the defense of Bataan and Corregidor.

Born in 1912, "Jimmy" Crotty was the youngest in a family of five boys and a girl. He grew up in the old Fifth Ward of Buffalo, New York, and devoted his childhood to playing as well as managing and coaching team sports in South Buffalo. William Joyce, one of Crotty's childhood friends, later wrote Jimmy's mother,

Helen Crotty, and reminisced about "those wonderful days when we were boys, athletes, and friends together." Crotty competed for three years on the American Legion junior baseball team and, in 1929, his senior year in high school, he managed and coached the team to win the Legion's junior national championship. Many of the trophies and photographs from Crotty's winning teams remain on display in an American Legion post on the south side of Buffalo.

By 1929, Crotty's senior year at Buffalo's South Park High School, he applied for entrance to the U.S.

Coast Guard Academy. In the essay examination for the Academy, Crotty put down in words his opinion regarding the nearly ratified London Naval Treaty of 1930. He prophetically noted that the United States "accepted a



"Jimmy" Crotty as a young man. (USCG Photo)

compromise with England and Japan which gave to these two countries exactly what they wanted . . . while [the] United States gained nothing which was necessary for her to regain her power in the sea." Later in the essay, he wrote, "War, that deadly horror which spreads destruction and ruin to many innocent and harmless countries, must be abolished."

As an Academy cadet, Crotty excelled in athletics once again, participating in basketball for three years. He competed in football all four years, serving as the team captain his senior year. During his time at the Academy, Crotty also served as class vice president and, during his senior year, as class president and company commander. In the 1934 Academy yearbook, *Tide Rips*, the editorial staff wrote: "He will be missed by all of us when we come to the temporary parting of ways, but the future will be enlightened with thoughts that we will serve

Main Prop

with him again. Bon Voyage and Good Luck.” Yet for most of Crotty’s friends, graduation would be the last time they would see their classmate.

After graduation, Crotty had a brief but promising Coast Guard career, which hardened him into a mature leader. For six years, he served on board cutters based out of New York, Seattle, Sault Ste. Marie and San Diego. His career included duty on the cutter *Tampa* during its famous rescue of passengers from the burning liner *Morro Castle*, and a Justice Department appointment as special deputy on the Bering Sea Patrol. Throughout these years, Crotty continued to play on and coach Coast Guard sports teams.



Cadet Crotty hitting the books at the Academy. (USCG)

In the late 1930s diplomatic tensions increased in the Pacific between the U.S. and Imperial



Cavite Navy Yard in flames after the surprise attack by Japanese bombers. (US Army Photo)

Japan, and the American military began sending additional personnel and units to overseas outposts. These tensions and military moves set Crotty on a collision course with tragic events unfolding halfway around the world in the Pacific.

In 1941, LT Crotty’s career took a unique turn as he began training with the U.S. Navy for specialized service in mine warfare. Jimmy

Crotty probably embraced the opportunity to cross-train with the U.S. Navy. As one of Crotty’s commanding officers indicated, Jimmy was “forceful and always enthusiastic about engaging in new problems; sometimes ‘too’ willing to attempt things when perhaps, maturer judgment would suggest further consideration.” In April 1941, Crotty received orders to undertake studies in mine warfare at the Navy’s Mine Warfare School in Yorktown, Virginia. With additional training at the Navy’s Mine Recovery Unit at the Washington, D.C., Navy Yard, Crotty became the Coast Guard’s leading expert in mine warfare, demolition and the use of explosives.

On October 28 Crotty arrived in Manila and the Navy attached him to In-Shore Patrol Headquarters at its Cavite Navy Yard. By that time, overall theater commander General Douglas MacArthur expected an attack by the Japanese military during the first half of 1942. However, on December 7, 1941, without warning or provocation, the Imperial Japanese Navy launched a surprise attack on military installations at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

In early October, Crotty received orders from the commander of the Navy’s Asiatic Fleet, Admiral Thomas C. Hart, to sail for the Philippines and join a Navy mine recovery unit at the fleet’s homeport in Manila. On September 2, Crotty saw his family for the last time after a visit to Buffalo. By September 5, he departed San Francisco on board the passenger liner *S.S. President Taylor* on a one-way trip to the South Pacific. The thirty-year-old officer thought his deployment would last six months—but he would never return from the Philippines.

The next several months tested Crotty’s mental and physical limits. On December 10 Japanese aircraft bombed and destroyed most of the facilities at Cavite, and advancing enemy ground forces necessitated the movement of American personnel behind fortified lines on the Bataan Peninsula and on the island fortress of Corregidor in Manila Bay. By December 26, the Navy had transferred the Sixteenth Naval District Headquarters from Cavite to Fort Mills, located

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inside of Corregidor Island.

After the destruction of Cavite, Crotty served a variety of roles with several units. In mid-December he moved on board the minesweeper USS *Quail* (AM-15) as second in command and came to be known as "T.J.E." by his shipmates.



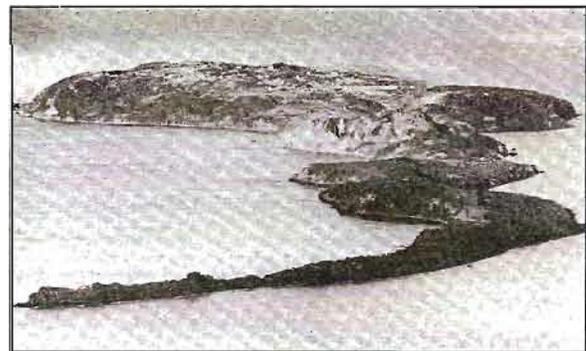
Crotty as a young Coast Guard officer. (USCG)

Meanwhile, he supervised the demolition of strategic civilian and military facilities to prevent them from falling into enemy hands. These assets included the fleet submarine USS *Sea Lion* (SS-195), which the enemy had damaged during the December 10 air attack. Crotty had the sub stripped of useful parts, filled it with depth charges and blew it up sometime around Christmas Day. Sources indicate that Crotty participated in further demolition work at Cavite and neighboring Sangley Point Naval Station throughout December, before the enemy closed in on the bases.

While serving as second in command of *Quail*, Crotty would disappear for days at a time, not only for demolition missions, but wherever his services were needed most. By January, the Japanese ruled the skies over the Philippines, so naval aviator Commander Francis J. Bridget assembled approximately 500 unattached marines, naval aviators and sailors and converted them into an infantry unit that came to be known as the Naval Battalion. In early January, the Japanese had landed troops on the undefended beaches of Longoskawayan Point behind Bataan's American lines. The Japanese hoped to cut supply lines and flank American and Filipino forces. Bataan's command assigned Bridget and the Naval Battalion the mission of surrounding the Japanese infiltrators

and pushing them back to the sea. Crotty rotated over to Bataan during this time to serve in the Bataan jungles with Bridget. Late in the month, the two men boarded the *Quail* and, on the morning of January 27, they used the minesweeper as command ship to coordinate a land and sea bombardment that wiped out some of the Japanese force hidden in the jungle and in coastal caves. The next day, Filipino infantry took over from the Naval Battalion and finished the job a few days later.

During the rest of Crotty's time as second in command, *Quail* provided vital anti-aircraft cover and likely shot down several low-flying enemy aircraft. *Quail* also swept the Navy's expansive minefield seeded around Manila Bay. This minefield and one planted by the U.S. Army ensured the survival of American forces by denying the Japanese navy access to Manila Bay; allowing passage of American water traffic between Bataan, Corregidor and other island defenses; and ensuring that U.S. submarines could surface at night to deliver goods and remove critical personnel. On a number of occasions, Crotty assisted in the minesweeping process, which required two motor lifeboats, a chain and rifles. With the chain suspended between them, the two watercraft proceeded along a parallel, predetermined course through the minefield. The chain would snag the mines, and the boat crews would raise them to the surface and shoot holes in them until they sank. This process

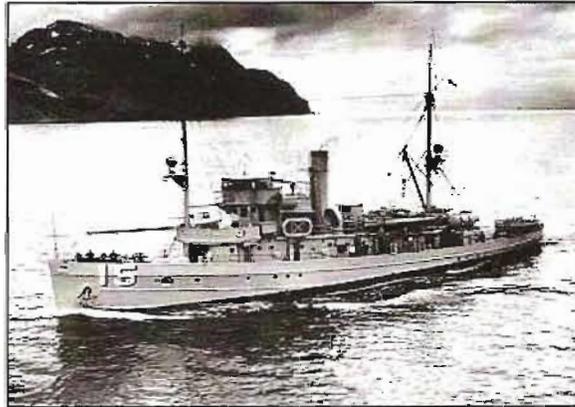


The island fortress of Corregidor as seen from the east. (US Army Photo)

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helped clear between ten and twenty mines, and only a few of them detonated during the operation.

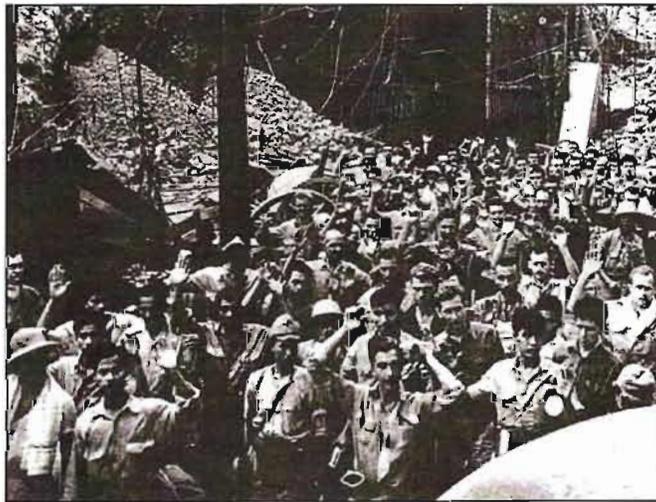
The month of April proved a pivotal one for Crotty. On April 1 he sent out the last message his family would ever receive. On April 9 the diseased, starving and exhausted American and Filipino troops besieged on the Bataan Peninsula finally surrendered to the enemy. By mid-April, Crotty left the *Quail* and, for the rest of the month, served as adjutant to the headquarters staff of the Sixteenth Naval District at Fort Mills. In addition he served as a member of the Marine Corp's Fourth Regiment, First Battalion, which defended the narrow strip of the island stretching from strategically important Malinta Hill to the eastern point of the island. Of the four battalions defending Corregidor, only the First Battalion would engage enemy invasion forces, which landed on May 5. An eyewitness report indicates that Crotty supervised army personnel manning a seventy-five millimeter field howitzer dug in on top of Malinta Hill, the small mountain that protected the island fortress's underground command center. Crotty's field piece faced east, toward the oncoming Japanese troops, and he served up until American forces surrendered on the afternoon of May 6.



Minesweeper USS Quail before the war. (US Navy Photo)

With Corregidor's capitulation, Crotty became the first Coast Guard prisoner of war since the War of 1812, when the British captured certain U.S. Revenue Cutter Service vessels and their crews. The Japanese loaded Crotty and his fellow prisoners into vessels bound for Manila, where the POWs awaited railroad shipment to a prison camp in northern Luzon. Eyewitnesses indicate that the prisoners had to stand up throughout the entire lengthy trip, and many of the weak and infirm who entered the boxcars never survived to exit them. Fellow prisoners reported that Crotty arrived at Camp #1, Cabanatuan Prison, and lived in a barracks reserved for officers with the rank of lieutenant.

At Cabanatuan, prisoners remembered Crotty for his sense of humor and positive attitude. One of them recounted his "continued optimism and cheerfulness under the most adverse circumstances. He was outstanding in this respect at a time when such an attitude was so necessary for the general welfare." But



American and Filipino troops surrender in front of Corregidor's command center, 6 May 1942. (Japanese Defense Agency)

Crotty's character alone could not sustain him in July, when a severe diphtheria epidemic swept through the camp. By mid-month, he contracted the illness. Eyewitness accounts indicate that with the prison camp's lack of proper medication and health care, he passed away on July 19, only three days after getting sick. A burial

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party gave Crotty his last rites and buried him in a mass grave outside the prison walls. In a subsequent letter to Mrs. Crotty, fellow prisoner and Marine Corps major, M. Dobervich, wrote that “[Crotty’s] friends were heartbroken over the suddenness of his death, but we had to carry on, the same as you do.”

Back home in Buffalo, Crotty’s situation remained unknown. At South Buffalo’s St. Aquinas Catholic Church, parishioners were asked to remember Crotty in their prayers. Meanwhile, Helen Crotty had received no word of her son’s situation since April 1, when she last heard from him. According to his older sister, Mary, Mrs. Crotty watched and waited for the mailman every day, and she seemed to fail visibly with each passing day. The family finally contacted Washington, D.C., for any information regarding Jimmy’s location or condition. Little was known, however, until late summer, when a few escaped prisoners began to filter back to the States.

In October 1942 Coast Guard Commandant Russell R. Waesche met with, and then received a letter from, Navy intelligence officer Lieutenant Commander Denys W. Knoll. On May 3, Knoll had boarded USS *Spearfish* (SS-190), the last submarine to depart Corregidor before the island fortress fell into enemy hands. In the letter, Knoll recounted his recollections of Crotty’s character and service in the defense of the Philippines: “Lieutenant Crotty impressed us all with his fine qualities of naval leadership which were combined with a very pleasant personality and a willingness to assist everyone to the limit of his ability. He continued to remain very cheerful and retained a high morale until my departure from Fort Mills the evening of May 3rd.” LCDR Knoll concluded his letter to Commandant Waesche: “Having

seen Lieutenant Crotty undergo all the trials during my five months in the Manila Bay area, I feel sure that the rigors and trials of a prisoner of war will produce little if any change, and I look forward to the return of Lieutenant Crotty to active duty, for I am sure he will continue to perform his duties in keeping with all the traditions of the Naval and Coast Guard Services.” By the time Knoll had penned these lines to the Commandant, Crotty had been deceased for several weeks.



Taken the night of the last submarine escape by USS Spearfish, 3 May 1942. (US Army)

The story of LT Crotty has been lost and forgotten, like those of so many of his fallen comrades from Bataan and Corregidor. In January 1945, the army’s Sixth Ranger Battalion liberated Cabanatuan Prison, an event glorified in books and movies. Liberation came too late for Crotty, however, whose body remains buried alongside thousands of other American and Filipino heroes who perished in the insufferable conditions at Cabanatuan. No one knows the exact location of Crotty’s gravesite, and he will likely remain the Coast Guard’s final and only MIA. Records indicate that LT Crotty was the only active duty Coast Guardsman who fought the Japanese at Bataan and Corregidor, operations that merited authorization of the Defense of the Philippines battle streamer for the Coast Guard. Even though Crotty earned a battle streamer for the service, he received little individual recognition for his heroic efforts during those desperate months of 1941 and 1942.

LT Crotty performed exceptional duty under trying circumstances and distinguished himself through his various combat roles. The official U.S. Marine Corps history for the defense of Corregidor concludes that those who fought in the ranks of the Fourth Marine Regiment, “whatever their service of origin, were, if only

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for a brief moment, Corregidor Marines.” In a May 2010 Armed Services Day ceremony in Buffalo, New York, LT Crotty received posthumous recognition from the U.S. Coast Guard for his heroic exploits. The various medals and ribbons awarded to the Crotty family included the Purple Heart Medal, Presidential Unit Citation and Bronze Star Medal.

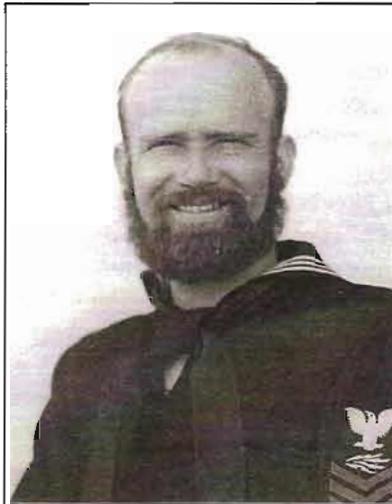
Thomas James Eugene Crotty served his men and his country to the best of his ability under the most cruel and inhumane conditions. In a letter to Helen Crotty, Jimmy’s boyhood friend, Bill Joyce, concluded, “He left this world a better place than he found it, and I am more than thankful that I was honored to know him.” Jimmy Crotty not only practiced the Coast Guard’s core values of honor, respect and devotion to duty—he lived them.



POWs marching under the scorching sun at the Cabanatuan prison camp. (Macarthur Memorial Library, Norfolk, Va.)

The Continuing Hunt for a Missing WWII Air Crew

By CDR James Blow, Office of Aviation Forces



The Office of Aviation Forces (CG-711) continues to make headway in locating and returning home to U.S. soil the remains of our long-lost shipmates, LT John Pritchard, RM1 Ben Bottoms and Airman Loren Howorth (L-R, above).

More than 67 years ago, on 29 November 1942, LT Pritchard and RM1 Bottoms set out to recover the remaining survivors of an Army Air Force B-17 that had crash-landed on the Greenland icecap near Koge Bay. The day before LT Pritchard and RM1 Bottoms had successfully rescued two survivors before weather

required them to return to the CGC *Northland*. The next day LT Pritchard and RM1 Bottoms successfully picked up CPL Howorth and took off down the fjord. They were enroute CGC *Northland* when they encountered formidable weather conditions that reduced visibility to near zero. Unable to reference the necessary

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landmarks to visually navigate, LT Pritchard began a shallow turn in an attempt to climb above and out of the fog and establish a line of bearing to the cutter. It is suspected that while performing this maneuver, the J2F-4 Grumman "Duck" with LT Pritchard, RM1 Bottoms, and CPL Howorth impacted the ice cap at approximately 2300 feet above sea level and approximately ten miles from where they took off.

Overflights in the days following the mishap confirmed that the J2F-4 Grumman "Duck" had indeed crashed and there were no surviving personnel. Due to the difficulty in reaching the crash site at the time, no expeditions were successful in reaching or recovering any remains. All signs of the aircraft disappeared under the ice and snow sometime in the 1960s, and the aircraft remains under the ice today.

In February 2008, with inspiration from The Ancient Order of the Pterodactyls and retired Coast Guard members, the Office of Aviation Forces took on the responsibility to locate and recover the lost aircraft and return these WWII veterans to their rightful resting place on U.S. soil. Since this undertaking began, extensive research across the country has uncovered countless little-known details of the events that unfolded that day in November 1942. Through historical research, enough information was obtained to provide a starting point for an initial search area.

Given advances in sensor technologies, the Office of Aviation Forces worked with the Naval Research Lab, VXS-1 (the designation for Scientific Development Squadron One, a Navy squadron flying P-3s out of Naval Air Station Patuxent River, MD), and NASA's Jet Propulsion Lab to obtain sensor and ice-penetrating RADAR sweeps of the suspected area. While not conclusive, the sensor and RADAR returns did reveal a few irregular objects beneath the snow and ice within the search area. The following month a ten-person team, including Aviation Forces representatives, visited the site with GPS markers and a portable Ground Penetrating RADAR (GPR). Again, the results were

inconclusive, but the returns did reveal anomalies beneath the ice in the approximated position, which was promising.

Armed with this information, the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command (JPAC) approved a mission to probe the site for positive confirmation. Unfortunately, competing demands from other, equally-important repatriation missions consumed available funding, further delaying the mission to positively confirm the suspected site.

Despite budgetary constraints and the temporary setback, the Office of Aviation Forces wanted to continue moving the project forward. In mid-August 2010, North South Polar (NSP) Recoveries was contracted to assist the Coast Guard in doing just that. NSP Recoveries employed the latest in GPR technology, a gradiometer, remote micro-camera technology, and an innovative non-invasive hot water boring device. This equipment, along with a carefully assembled team including a geophysicist, NASA engineer, Arctic specialist, media reps and Coast Guard personnel, departed the U.S. for Greenland on 27 Aug 2010 for a week-long site survey to relocate and corroborate the anomaly suspected to be that of the missing "Duck" and Crew.

The team arrived in Kulusuk, GL, via an AirSta Elizabeth City HC-130J on 28 Aug, amid excellent weather. A regional air carrier provided further transport to the remote ice cap on the 29th where the camp was established in a base area of exposed rock approximately three hundred yards from the primary site of interest.

Work immediately began, with emphasis on relocating and marking the anomaly discovered during the 2008 NRL P-3 overflight and 2009 "Air Pirates" expedition. The primary anomaly and several secondary anomalies were confirmed on the second day approximately 105 feet below the ice surface. By the end of the 2nd day, the hot water probe device was configured for boring through layers of ice to the suspected targets. The device took approximately

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one full hour to bore down 115 feet beneath the surface. At the anticipated depth of 105 feet nothing solid, such as wood or metal, was encountered. The probing was expanded outward from the initial hole in a circular, 360-degree pattern. Large air bubbles were seen at the surface when the probe passed through the anomaly's depth, raising expectations the target of interest had been reached. However, subse-



quent investigation with a remote-operated fish-eye micro-camera confirmed nothing but ice at the location; the air had probably been trapped within voids in the ice and was released when the probe passed through them. Eight holes total were probed around the initial bore site without contacting anything solid, which would have been indicative of an



airframe structure.

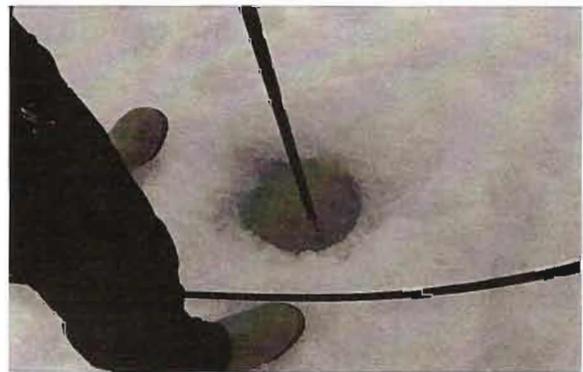
The weather closed in on the 2nd day, bringing consistent heavy rain, winds, fog and low ceilings. Temperatures averaged 35F at night/45F during the day. The weather-glazed ice, coupled with the crevassed terrain in the area, pre-

vented exploration and subsequent validation of the secondary site.

The team confirmed the aircraft was not at the primary site, as had been hoped. However, despite not locating the aircraft, a great deal was completed and learned on the ice cap, which will be of considerable value going for-



ward. This experience has already been applied in development of a concentrated search area for a second NRL P-3 overflight which the Office of Aviation Forces just coordinated with the Defense Prisoner of War/Missing Personnel Office (DPMO). Information obtained from



this upcoming over flight will be corroborated with other independent sources in an effort to further narrow the Duck's location.

The tenacious support and backing of Coast Guard retirees, family, friends, and the general public continues to gain momentum. Congressional interest has grown, as evidenced by the

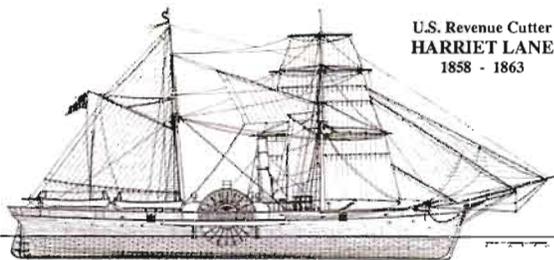
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recent passage of the National Defense Authorization Act for FY2010 which imposed additional requirements for accounting for armed forces personnel missing in conflicts and the recent influx of inquiries on behalf of vari-



ous constituents. This, coupled with the determination of the Office of Aviation Forces and flag support, will keep the effort alive to locate the Coast Guard's J2F-4 Grumman "Duck" and bring her crew, LT John Pritchard, RM1 Ben Bottoms and CPL Loren Howorth, home.

Additional thanks for this article to CAPT Michael Emerson



Radioman Reminiscence

By William Seibt

When I attended Radioman School from January to June 1967, it was six months long and held in Groton, CT, affectionately known as Rotten Groton By the Sea. The subject matter consisted of radio procedure theory, Morse code practice, typing instructions, radio watch-standing procedures, and electronic theory. For the first four months or so we could not go off base at all, then we could go out on Wednesday nights (back by 9 p.m.), if our grades were good enough, and on weekends (back by midnight Sunday). We used Wednesday nights to go into town and do laundry, just to get off the base for a bit.

We lived in a barracks, six to ten men per room, with no civilian clothes, irons, cooking equipment, radios or playing cards allowed. The Coast Guard operated under the theory that we were there for one reason only, and we had better be concentrating on that. Inspections were held weekly, and if contraband items were found they were confiscated and you got extra duty after class for two, four or six hours, depending on how upset the inspector was and how hard he had to work to find the items. Extra duty consisted of sweeping, mopping, waxing or cleaning something; the old saying was, "If it moved, you saluted it; if it shined, you polished it; and if all else failed, you painted or cleaned it."

In addition to attending class we had duty, which consisted of serving as a roving patrolman (called a "stomper") with a flashlight. There was a Detex clock into which we had to put a key at various points on our rounds. The keys were numbered and the clock had a timed, rotating paper disk, so they could see what time we hit each station or if we skipped some. We walked our patrol for several hours, went back and got a couple hours sleep, then got up and went to class.

If our grades slipped, we had mandatory study time. If we really started failing we got shipped out as a non-rate to a floating unit or an iso-

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lated duty station—and the Coast Guard had lots of both at that time. Standing the radio watches all day long was a lot of fun, and they had us divided up into various teams with prescribed messages to send and receive. I really enjoyed it.

I reported aboard the CGC *Westwind*, which was in drydock in Curtis Bay, MD, near Baltimore. They had just gotten new racks to sleep in, a metal box frame about twelve inches deep or so, with a sort of lid that the mattress lay on. The lid lifted up and you had a storage compartment for your gear. [Ed.: called a “Northampton” bunk, I believe] No civilian clothes, no irons, etc., allowed. The crew was really happy to get those racks, as up to that point they had been sleeping on a piece of canvas stretched and tied off to a rectangular frame made of heavy duty pipe. We still only got one sheet and one blanket.

Life for a radioman in port was darn boring, as there was nothing to do pertaining to the rate, so we did a lot of chipping off old paint and laying down new. There were three duty sections, so one night out of three a fellow had some kind of duty. For RMs it was the Quarterdeck Watch, logging people on and off the ship, taking down weather, stuff like that. Going ashore really wasn't that great anyway, as we were way out in the boondocks and most of us unmarried guys (no females on ships back then) did not have cars, so a guy had to take a bus everywhere, and then you had to get back on the last bus or take a cab (very expensive), or wind up being late for morning muster—and then you really had trouble. I think I was making about 90 bucks a month then as an E4 (petty officer 3rd class), so money had to be managed carefully. There also wasn't that much to do in Baltimore, so it was kind of a lose-lose situation all the way around.

Once we got underway life got more interesting: learning how to stand a real watch in the radio room, copying messages from the Navy broadcast, typing them up and delivering them. We stood duty four hours

on, eight off; one third of the crew was always up. So, for example, a fellow would stand the 8--12 AM watch, have chow, come back for afternoon training or field day, have evening chow, watch the movie on the mess-deck or read or whatever, then stand the 8-12 PM watch. The worst watch to stand was the 4-8. The watchstander would be awakened at 0330 to get up in time (this was for the entire duty section, no matter where they worked), relieve the watch at 0345 (relief always commenced 15 minutes early, to get the passdown), then stand the watch 0400-0800. Off for chow at 0800, get back for some training or whatever, chow at noon, get some tasks accomplished, get some sleep from around 1400 to 1530, then up and stand the watch again. Saturdays were field day (cleaning) and inspection. Sunday we were off except for the watchstanding. On Sunday afternoons, dog watches (a normal four-hour watch split in two) allowed us to rotate the watches, since (as noted above) some were less desirable than others.

The Radio Room: Picture standing in a room by the entrance door and facing the port (left) side of the ship. On your right (towards the bow) there are two chairs that rotate, bolted into the deck along a countertop-type table that runs the length of the radio console. Receivers and other equipment are in the console; the three transmitters, about six feet tall, are on the left. Each station has a typewriter (no video screen, but no power requirement either!) to maintain the radio log and type messages. The chairs have seatbelts, for good reason: an icebreaker has a round bottom. The ship's hull was designed to ride up on top of the ice and then crush it through brute force and ignorance—the way a lot of problems get solved. But it would roll in a 10-knot breeze, and when we hit strong storms it really got interesting trying to sit, walk, sleep or eat.

Standing the watch: We had two people per section in the Radio gang. One RM manned the radios for the various emergency frequencies: a pair of headphones with one frequency in one ear, another frequency into the other ear, and a

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third and fourth radios coming out of loudspeakers. The other RM manned the communication circuits: traffic for a unit was sent to a Navy radio broadcast station, which sent the traffic out at set times. We would tune two different frequencies and pipe one to each ear, so that if one faded the other might still get through. The RM would listen for the ship's call sign and then begin copying when the message started. Great pride was taken in the accuracy of the transcription and the speed. In addition to normal pride of performance, the CO, CAPT Thuma, had been a Radioman in the CG during WWII, which added an additional incentive to perform well. When the ship had traffic to send out, the RM would have a list of various Navy and CG stations to try to contact to get the message out, and here we took pride in our sending ability ("He has a good fist"). The Radioman School emphasized "Reliability, Security, Speed," and the fact that I still remember that is testimony to how well they taught it. In the field, Security wasn't as big a deal for us as it was for the Navy, but we really pumped up on the Reliability and the Speed.

We left Curtis Bay after Labor Day 1967 and went down Chesapeake Bay, then through the Panama Canal. We got liberty on the Pacific side; three duty sections meant three days in port. Then off to the next stop, the Fiji Islands, then Christchurch, New Zealand, about a month later. One can imagine how routine the sea duty would get when followed week after week after week. Because of the boredom we really looked forward to crossing the equator due to the all-day-long initiation; same thing for the International Dateline. It was quite intense; at one point it involved being blindfolded and led to a plank and walking off it, falling into a 20-man life raft filled with water. I leave it to your imagination.

After Christchurch (again, three duty sections, three days) we headed for the ice. That was truly a remarkable experience. We worked with another CG icebreaker escorting supply ships through the pack ice, breaking out the ice from Winter Quarters Bay so they could get into McMurdo Sound and offload their supplies.

Breaking ice consisted of backing up, heading toward the ice pack edge at a blazing one to two knots, riding the bow of the ship up on it, then waiting for the ship to break through. I remember ice at least 12 feet thick in the bay. On good days we would make 1 to 2 miles a day. I can tell you that sleeping in the bow of the ship and being woken up for the first time when it rides up, then crashes through, can really enliven your evening.

Communications are very interesting down in the south polar region, and the RM really had to understand propagation conditions, signal paths and frequency selection to get the traffic out. When we were close enough to McMurdo we could shift our guard to them: all traffic from the states came to them, and then they sent it out to us via radio teletype (think computer with a very noisy keyboard, no video screen and a printed paper output). Working teletype was an art in itself, because the station would send on several frequencies and we would use two radios, patched to a device that would constantly choose the best signal and send that to the teletype. The RM had to individually tune each radio and observe a display and the teletype to get the best tuning. Once both radios were tuned he patched them both to the discriminator and that to the TT. It was an art.

In addition a good storm might coat the ship and the radio antennas with thick ice, even on the long wires stretching from the crow's nest to the bow—and then our comms went to nothing. The only cure was to knock off the ice with a baseball bat. That meant at least two people (the second for safety), tied off to the ship with line, in a bad storm, the ship pitching and rolling all over the place, going out to knock off the ice. Comms would then be good for several hours—until the ice built back up again.

While at sea we would copy the news via Morse code (AP or UPI still had broadcasts then) and put out a ship's newspaper. Two or three hours of copying code, then another 1/2 hour to an hour to type it up on mimeograph

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paper, then mimeo it (if this technology is unfamiliar to you, you'll have to ask someone to tell you about that—the explanation requires hand gestures). We did this off watch, as the watch standers had their duties.

Well, we did that for a couple of months, going into and out of the pack ice, picking up a ship, getting it through, then getting it back out again. For summer down there, it was darn cold. But that didn't stop us from having a picnic on the ice, playing volleyball and having two beers—the maximum under the regulations.

Finally we came out of the ice, and the compass pointed to 000 degrees—boy, did that look good! We hit Tasmania, Melbourne, Sydney, then Hawaii, Panama, Puerto Rico and home (well, Curtis Bay). We got back in June or July, if I remember right.

Then a few months later we shipped out for Greenland and broke ice up there so supply ships could get into Sondestrom and Thule Bay where the Air Force had bases. We also broke ice for a telephone cable-laying ship, the *Cyrus McCormick*, I think. The Thule AFB NCO club (not the general mess hall, but the club) had fresh steaks flown in twice a week (we were told), and we really looked forward to pulling in there the several times that we did. Plus USO shows!

Communications were interesting towards the top of the world, as well. Enroute and while up there we tried to use radio teletype more, with the main CG Radio station in Washington, D.C., but it didn't work out too well because the signals just were not strong or steady enough.

Again, life consisted of 4 on 8 off, training, cleaning, painting and more of the same. We had an interesting initiation crossing the Arctic Circle and at the end of it most of us had to shave all our hair off.

After about four months of that we returned to Curtis Bay. A few weeks later I heard that the

Southwind was short an RM, so I volunteered for that. (Port duty was really boring for me.)

On that ship we went back to Antarctica, following the same routine as before, only now I was giving instead of receiving the initiations (equator, dateline, Antarctic). We hit Wellington, N.Z., which I just absolutely loved, and stayed for a week. After a month or so in the ice a big chunk of ice broke one of our propeller blades (you can't imagine how big one of those blades is until you see it close up) and had to go back to Wellington for repairs, staying two full weeks. Then back to the ice.

We finished our job there, then got diverted around to the Australian research station, where their supply ship could not get in, and spent an extra week or so getting the ship as close as possible, then moved all of that supply ship's supplies to the research station using our small boats and helicopter. If we had not been able to get in the scientists and crew there would have not lasted the winter. There was no runway for a plane, and no way a rescue party could have gotten overland in time. Then out of the ice to Perth, then three ports in Africa on the Indian Ocean side, and finally around the tip and home (well, Curtis Bay).

Because I had made the deal that I would do the trip but not stay for the dry-dock, once we arrived in homeport I shipped out for Oregon and went to the lifeboat station in Charleston, Oregon (near Coos Bay, if you have a map). Communications were totally different there: all voice, all urgent, people's lives at stake. We stood eight-hour watches there, and the equipment consisted of several high-frequency (HF) radios, several VHF-FM sets (VHF-FM was just getting popular, and not a lot of boaters had those radios yet), a 24-line switchboard, and two teletypes (TTs). HF radios are darned noisy with static, yet you can't turn them down or you might miss a call. The radio room would get really noisy with a couple of HFs blasting out, the teletype clattering away and the phone ringing. Very stress-inducing. We were the group control over about five other stations, so one TT line was for them and the other ma-

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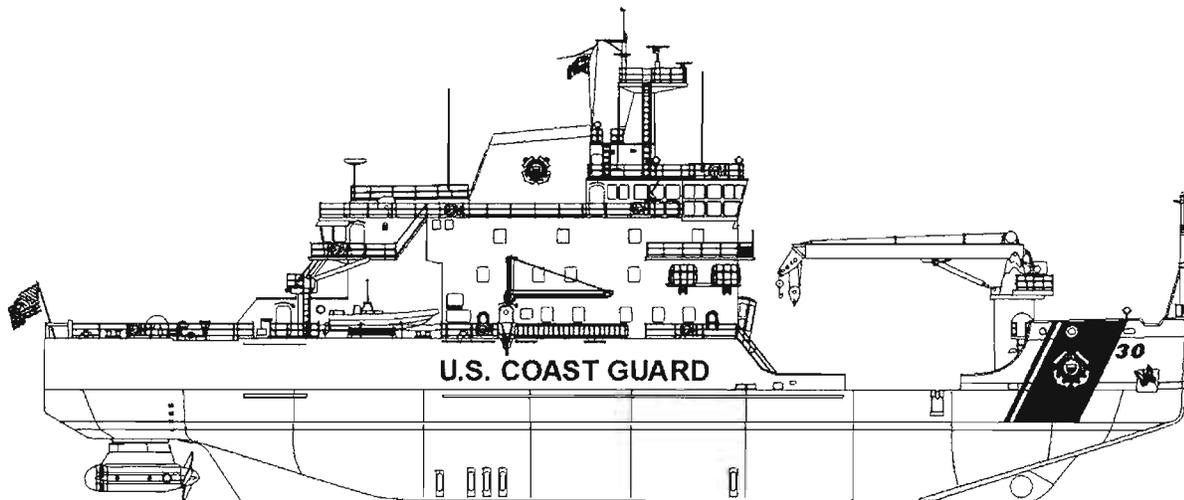
chine was for our upper chain of command and group stations. I'm telling you, once a boat started sinking and the call went out, things got real interesting real quick. The watchstander would be talking on the phone to the Group Commander if it was after hours, talking to our boat on one radio, the distressed vessel on another radio, teletyping another unit, answering the switchboard and keeping the radio log. I'm not exaggerating when I say that this was a common mode of operation, especially during the opening of crabbing season, halibut season or the recreational boating season. It was an interesting year.

As a side note: each time a new guy would check in, the crew would take him to the local bar that was right by the station. That way the bartender, waitress and locals knew he was a Coastie, and if he was under 21 that just didn't matter. In those days, there was no way a bar in a fishing community would refuse a Coastie a glass of beer.

One really heartbreaking case occurred when a group of students from central Oregon came out for a field trip and were walking on the beach. A sneaker wave came in and dragged several of them out. They didn't survive, and I had to tell the parents of one that we had finally given up the search.

Note: The rest of my career was in aviation electronics: working on the avionics on the ground and serving as communicator and navigator in the air.

[Ed.: See also *CGC Southwind Memories*, in this issue]



U.S. Coast Guard Cutter
MACKINAW
WLB-30

CGC *Southwind* Memories

By Bill Seibt, RM2, 1968-1969

Along with ET2 Lionel Booker, I had been stationed on CGC *Westwind* for Deep Freeze 68 to Antarctica, a nine-month cruise, and then Arctic East to Greenland for several months. A few weeks after our return to the CG Yard at Baltimore we heard that CGC *Southwind* needed a Radioman and an Electronics Technician for her next cruise, which was scheduled to circumnavigate the world.

I was actually standing the Quarterdeck Watch when the Comms Officer from the *Southwind* came to visit our Comms Officer, and I overheard *Southwind's* need for an RM. Being single, under 21 and stationed on a ship in the yards, I immediately volunteered to go. Booker was also selected to go.

Lionel was on leave in Ohio at the time and I wanted to visit some friends in Philadelphia in a week, so it was arranged that he and I would fly out of Baltimore and meet the ship at Rodman Naval Base in the Panama Canal.

When Lionel returned from leave we met up and caught a flight to Miami, then transferred to some South American airline and flew all over Central America, then landed at the Panama Canal around midnight. Whereupon we learned some things...

- Wool dress blues were the required travel uniform at the time, and getting off the plane in that heat and humidity, even at midnight, made us wish we could have worn civilian clothes—*lightweight* civilian clothes.

- Our next discovery, indicated by the really big fires in the distance and the extremely well-armed military personnel at the airport, was that there was a coup d'état in progress.

- Our third discovery was that the airlines had lost our seabags on one of the many Central American stops we had made enroute.

- Our fourth discovery was that it was going to

cost fifty 1968 dollars for a cab to take us to the Navy station. (To give you a sense of how much money this meant to us, I was making roughly \$90 a month at the time.) Enroute we were stopped twice by military jeeps with .50-cal machine guns mounted in the back and questioned about our being in the middle of a jungle road at 0200.

- At the Navy station the OOD first informed us that an order had gone out that no personnel were to arrive utilizing the civilian airport. He also advised us that he did not have the *Southwind* on his roster of ships transiting the Canal.

The Navy quartered us in an open-bay barracks with the old-style big veranda and giant, screened windows. For the next few days we lived for when the club would open up, so we could get into an air-conditioned space for at least a few hours.

After several days of this the *Southwind* did indeed arrive and we reported aboard. Three days later we departed, but just before we pulled in the brow a QM from the Navy OOD office showed up with our seabags, having worked with the airline to track them down. Man, were we glad to see them and get some clean skivvies!

After leaving the Canal we were underway for approximately one month before arriving at Wellington, N.Z. I had gotten settled into Operations Berthing, in the aft end of the ship, below the Engineers Berthing area, and was standing the Radio Watch with a partner. With some sea time under my belt, I didn't have to go through the initiation for crossing the Date-line or the Equator, which I didn't mind missing at all.

On the *Westwind* we had stopped at Christchurch, N.Z., but I never got past the Navy support base there. This time I visited Wellington, and it was just a fantastic experience. The people were very nice, the bars and restaurants very pleasant to go to, and I made several friends. I remember us staying there for approximately one week, and I truly think it was

Main Prop

one of many highlights of the trip.

Then we left for the ice, and the routine was pretty much the same as on my previous trip on the *Westwind*: rendezvous with a cargo ship; escort it through the outer ice pack; break a channel into Winter Quarters Bay—ramming ice day in and day out. I seem to recall some good storms when we were in open water, also.

One night, after getting off the eight-to-midnight watch, I was spending some time in the AG (Aerographer, or Weather) Shop. Around 0200 or so we heard one heck of a mechanical crunch, and the ship came to a dead stop. My friends and I looked at each other and knew “This can’t be good”. It turned out that the thick ice had broken one of the three blades off one of our props. It was on my watch the next day that we sent out the message saying we needed to go to drydock, and that the damage would take three days to repair, if I remember correctly.

We made our way slowly back to Wellington (!) and got put into drydock. We commenced life in port. I was allowed several days leave, so headed into the city and stayed with my friends. What an enjoyable time that broken prop provided us. Oh, we were there slightly longer than three days.

After repairs had been completed we headed back to the ice and resumed our icebreaking and ship-escorting duties.

After several months of that our duties came to an end and it was time to head home—except that we received a call for help to aid in resupplying the Australian research station, as the *M/V Thala Dan* could not make it through the ice to them. There was no way an airplane could land to pull the people out, and no way the *Thala Dan* could make it any further in, so the situation was pretty critical. Therefore we headed around the continent. In the radio room we had one heck of a time trying to keep our local clocks accurate for the right time zone! It was interesting to me that we were helping the *Thala Dan* because the previous year on the

Westwind we had helped the *M/V Magda Dan*, a tourist ship that had run aground.

In any event, with the use of our LCVP landing craft and our helicopter we managed to get all the supplies off the ship and delivered to the research station, then escorted the ship out of the icepack. Accomplishing these tasks provided a great feeling, in that we were doing what the Coast Guard does: aiding and assisting folks in trouble.

[Ed.: See also **Radioman Reminiscences** in this issue]

Our next job involved building a satellite tracking station on Heard Island and we stayed there a few days doing that. The one memory I have was our attempt to take on fresh water using our fire hoses running from the ship to island streams. But giant sea lions chewing through the hoses put an end to that, so we continued with our fresh water shortages. (No laundry, sea showers of 2 minutes or less, etc.) Some of the guys tied their clothes into the cotton ditty bags we all had and towed them behind the ship, to show us how it was done in the “Old Guard”. One nameless individual had the rope part and he lost all his clothes – ending that little experiment.

After leaving Heard Island we went to Perth (actually Fremantle), on the east side of Australia, on the Indian Ocean, for what I believe was 7 days. One of the chronic issues on the ship was the lack of freshwater for laundry (it was needed more elsewhere, for cooking and so forth). So getting to Perth proved fantastic if only for being able to take our laundry to a cleaner and get it taken care of. Another great benefit was getting out to restaurants. Chow on this ship was great compared to what I had experienced on the *Westwind*, but getting fresh food and different meals, and fresh salads sure do improve a person’s morale. In Perth we held an open house for the public and had lots of people come aboard and look us over, which was nice as this provided a chance to meet them too. Our crew made many acquaintances and the folks proved more than happy to help

Main Prop

show us around the town. I don't recall getting very much sleep for that in-port period and have many fond memories of our stay there.

Next we headed across the Indian Ocean to Port Louis, Mauritius for a 3 day stay. Here the skipper hired local workers to paint the exterior of the ship and I thought that was really something. On the *Westwind* we came out of the ice in Greenland and stayed 3 days in St. Johns, New Foundland and our crew painted the hull, while the weather misted and rained the whole time. Two guys would be over the side, one guy wiping an area with a cloth, the other guy putting down some paint. At Port Louis we anchored out in the harbor and took "bum boats" in to the city, small boats run by the local folks. Several of us hired a cabby for the day and he took us around the island sight-seeing and shopping. The shopping experience proved an eye-opener. For example, I saw a thick silk ladies floor length night gown with cloth loops for the buttons, elaborate Chinese decorations, dragons and such, which I wanted to buy. The shopkeeper stated a price and I haggled just a little, then agreed. The cab driver stopped me and said "no no, you pay too much" and made me haggle some more. The shopkeeper was OK with that so around we went again. I got it for twelve bucks.

This was my first experience in Africa and I was surprised at how many Chinese people were there and with the friendliness of everyone. We had a great time there.

Now, the reason for the whole trip in the first place, which had been kept quiet from most of the crew for the whole cruise and was also the reason we had been trailed by a Russian vessel ever since we left Perth: We were going to be the first U.S. vessel to visit Dar Es Salaam (Port of Peace), Tanzania, in 12 years, since they had revolted and thrown every body out.

No one knew what to expect or how it would go, but we had high hopes for a good visit. Which is exactly what we had. The folks there were great and glad to see us visit and I was surprised at how many spoke English. One of

my radio partners spent most of his money on souvenirs and then came back to get stuff on credit from the ship's store so he could go trade for more. Our pewter ashtrays with the engraved ships silhouette were highly valued by the local folks as were cigarette lighters with the ship's emblem, and I came home with some very nice wood carvings of animals.

The only downside to this visit was that out of concern for the safety of the crew we could only have Cinderella Liberty. Everyone had to be back on the ship by midnight. But based on my experiences, this port was no worse than some others I'd seen and actually quite a bit nicer as far as dealing the people was concerned.

This counted as a real highlight because of the uniqueness of the experience, for me.

Finally we stopped in Lorenzo Marques, Mozambique towards the tip of Africa for a couple of days. Because of the political turmoil going on at the time I elected not to go ashore except to visit the Radio Officer of a cargo ship tied up next to us. He had come aboard for a visit our first night and invited me to dinner with him and his wife. His company allowed officers to have their wives accompany them during their at-sea time. The officers ate in a dining room (not a galley) and had waiters serve them and that lifestyle sure looked tempting to me as a possible career move if I left the CG.

Finally we rounded the Horn and were in the Atlantic, headed home. Because of some engine and lubrication issues it looked as if we might have to stop and take on more oil before reaching home, but in true CG fashion ("more with less"), a different solution appeared.

We had a cargo handling crane on each side of the ship and the boom was horizontal, and had cables running from the tip up to a pivot, then down to the engine and pulleys, essentially forming a triangle. Inside this triangle the crew stretched cut-to-fit canvas and swiveled the cranes to the outboard of the ship. Thus creating the last of the windpowered icebreakers!

Main Prop

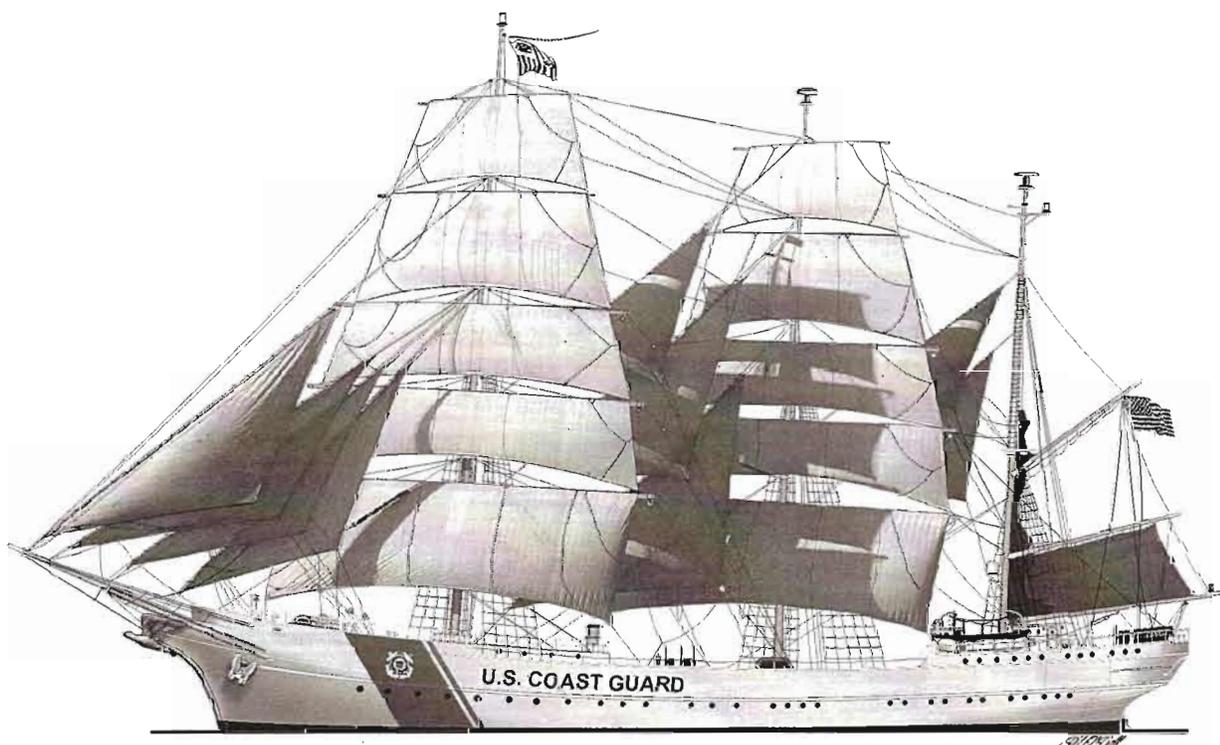
The CG hadn't seen something like that since the *Bear*.

We finally arrived back in Curtis Bay and I stepped off the ship with orders to CG Group Coos Bay, in Oregon.

To me, the whole trip was a highlight. The CO allowed us to keep civilian clothes on board, the galley served good food, the ports we visited, the job we accomplished, the crew I served with. Everything counts as a grade A plus to me.

Baggywrinkle

Paying for Lighthouses: In the category of, "Why are we not surprised today?" some colonial lighthouses were built by lotteries. After the first lighthouse was built at Boston, more were constructed by several colonies, a total of eleven by the end of the colonial era. Of these, several, notably New London and Sandy Hook, were built with the proceeds of lotteries. The problem of upkeep was usually solved by the imposition of a fee on vessels entering and leaving port.



U.S. Coast Guard Cutter
EAGLE
Acquired 1946

Baggywrinkle

A Family Tiff – 1817: On the afternoon of August 2, 1817, the Revenue Schooner *Gallatin*, at Charleston, S.C., returning from a trip over the bar with guests on board, was fired upon by Fort Jackson, to bring her to under quarantine regulations. The *Gallatin* returned the fire and "a smart fire was kept up between them until the revenue schooner passed beyond range of the guns." No damage resulted.

Speakings

Silver Ancient Mariner Change of the Watch

By CDR Gary Thomas, Executive Director, Foundation for Coast Guard History

On August 26, 2010, I had the pleasure of representing the Foundation at the Silver Ancient Mariner Change of the Watch, at which Master Chief Petty Officer Steven Hearn relieved Master Chief Petty Officer Richard Vobornik as the 10th Silver Ancient Mariner. The Silver Ancient Mariner is the active duty enlisted member who best personifies the dedication and professionalism of the Coast Guard with the earliest date of qualification for a permanent Cutterman's pin who also has a minimum of 10 years sea service.

Master Chief Hearn is currently the Officer in Charge of USCGC *Kankakee*, homeported in Memphis, TN. Interestingly, his father, CAPT John R. Hearn, Jr. USCG (retired), was the Gold Ancient Mariner from 1985 to 1987, make them the first father and son to have held both the Gold and Silver Ancient Mariner titles.

With USCG Commandant Admiral Robert Papp, Jr., the current Coast Guard Gold Ancient Mariner, presiding, I presented Master Chief Hearn with our limited-edition print of the USCGC *Northland* under sail.

Painted by renowned maritime artist and retired Coast Guard Chief Warrant Officer William H. Ravell, III, the print was commissioned by the FCGH specifically and exclusively for presentation to present and future Gold and Silver Ancient Mariners. USCGC *Northland* saw distinguished service in times of both peace and war. She sailed from ports on both the west and east coasts. At the insistence of old Arctic hands, *Northland* was built with a full set of auxiliary sails, making her one of the last of her kind to carry cuttermen on operational missions beneath the majesty of tall masts and billowing sails. *Northland* was crewed and commanded by some of the most famous cuttermen in Coast Guard history, including Captain Charles W. Thomas, Captain C. C. von Paulsen, and Rear Admiral Edward "Iceberg" Smith.

Following the Change of Watch, Master Chief Richard Vobornik retired after thirty years of distinguished and honorable service.

CAPT Dave Gershowitz, CG Helo Pilot #7

By David.S. Rosen, Ph.D., Coast Guard Pacific Area Historian July 2010

CAPT Gershowitz was one of the early helicopter enthusiasts, along with Frank Erickson and Stewart Graham (Pilots #1 and #2). Originally a Coast Guard Fireman from Brooklyn, NY, he trained as a pilot in Pensacola from August 1942 to May 1943. Dave returned to CGAS Brooklyn under Executive Officer Erickson at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, the CG test site for Sikorski helicopters. De-



spite skepticism and hostility from CG leadership, Erickson convinced HQ to allow Sikorski to supply helos for training purposes.¹

In World War II Gershowitz flew helicopters on shore patrols over convoys leaving for England. Additionally, he was tasked by the Department of Agriculture to spray DDT over farms in the Northeast; these were test applications for anti-malaria spraying in the Pacific War.

From Floyd Bennett Field, Dave flew several

Speakings / Memorials

of the earliest SAR cases using helos, including airlifting an inhalator to an icebound ship in Long Island Sound.² After he hoisted a doctor to a rowboat in the *Ambrose Lightship* SAR case, Gershowitz achieved national renown as a CG hero. He became known as the *Flying Rabbi* or *O'Hara*, since people had difficulty pronouncing his last name.

Order of the Penguin

By 1946, Gershowitz already had five hundred hours of flying time. CDR Erickson recommended that the CG send him to the Naval Test Pilots School at Patuxent, MD, the largest Naval Air test center in the U.S. Gershowitz was not only the first CG pilot to graduate, but he was responsible for the Rotary Wing Test Project. He demonstrated the helicopter to Congress by landing at the Capitol Building after circling it repeatedly.

Afterwards, LT Gershowitz served as one of three pilots on the icebreaker *Northwind* as part of "Operation High Jump" under Admiral Richard Byrd. His helo, called the *Flying Penguin*, flew ahead of the *CGC Northwind*, seeking passages through the ice floes. Flying conditions were extremely dangerous, as fog blotted out sight and sound.

"High Jump" lasted from December 1946 to March 1947, incorporating eleven ships and four thousand men. CAPT Charles Thomas of the *Northwind* called the helicopter "the best piece of equipment ever carried on ice vessels."³ Two penguins journeyed back to the US, overnighting in Dave's home bathtub. He received the *Order of the Penguin* for crossing the Arctic Circle.

U.S. Air Medal

As a pilot, Dave logged three thousand hours of total flight time in a career lasting from 1942 to 1974. Serving as a SAR pilot in Port

Angeles from 1954 to 1958, he was awarded the U.S. Air Medal for multiple successful SAR cases. Later, he served as Captain of the Port in Honolulu and in Seattle; Chief of Intelligence in D14; and Chief of Reserves in D14, D9 and D13.

Notes

¹ Percy, p. 58.

² Beard, p. 58.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 129.

Sources

Beard, Tom. *Wonderful Flying Machines*.

Gershowitz, Hazel. Additional documents.

Waters, CAPT John, Jr. *Rescue at Sea*.

Pearcy Arthur. *Coast Guard Aviation*.

Supplied courtesy of Founder and Executive Director Emeritus Fred Herzberg

Appeared previously in *Wings of Gold* and the *Chiefs Bulletin*

Remarks at the September 27, 2010, Ceremony Honoring Douglas Munro

Cle Elum, Washington

By Doug Sheehan

Thank you all for coming. You have all done the right thing to take the time to attend this ceremony today.

I have been attending ceremonies honoring my uncle for sixty years, and I would like to share my perspective with you today on this particular ceremony, and how it came to be. We first conducted this ceremony on September 27, 1999, and it was a very special day. Before I can tell you about it, I need to set the stage to describe what had happened for many years before.

Many of you have only known a Coast Guard in which Douglas Munro is a household name. It wasn't always like that. When I attended

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Coast Guard Officer Candidate School in 1969, there was no mention of him anywhere in the curriculum. There were a number of people who certainly knew about him, and they drove events such as the naming of Munro Hall at the Academy, Munro Hall at Cape May, the creation of the statue at Cape May, and a number of other events. However, most people in the Coast Guard were focused on the mission at hand, and the Coast Guard's history, heritage and traditions were not something that people spent a lot of time on. Many of you remember the exhibit in Munro Hall at Cape May, but it may surprise you to know that the exhibit was only dedicated in 1999, only about a month after the first of these ceremonies here in Cle Elum.

In 1982, I attended a ceremony in Winterhaven, Florida for the 40th anniversary of the Guadalcanal Campaign. I was a Lieutenant Commander in the Coast Guard Reserve, and I was escorting my grandmother, who was the guest of honor. It was particularly memorable to me, because it was the first and only time in my life when I met face to face with Admiral Dwight Dexter, who was my uncle's commanding officer at Guadalcanal. I had known of him for most of my life, and I knew that he had written a famous letter to my grandmother after Douglas Munro was killed. You may have seen the letter at the Coast Guard Museum in Seattle. He gave me his personal log from Guadalcanal, and I still treasure it to this day. I said to him, "Admiral, I have wanted to ask you a question that has bothered me for many, many years, and I am glad that I finally have the opportunity to ask you about it. I am well aware of how much paperwork it takes to get anything done in the Coast Guard, given our substantial bureaucracy. In 1942, you were on a tiny, little Coast Guard base on Guadalcanal, over 10,000 miles from most Coast Guard units. So, I have to ask you: Where did you find the form to recommend my uncle for the Medal of Honor?" He just smiled and chuckled. He said, "You know, all I ever did was write that letter to your grandmother." (As if that was a little thing.) He always suspected that his yeoman made a copy of the letter and

gave it to the Marines. They didn't have copy machines in those days, so it meant that the yeoman had to re-type the letter. That was the only explanation he could think of for the letter being quoted in the documentation for the Medal of Honor. A few people simply decided to do the right thing.

In 1998, I was in New London, Connecticut, for the dedication of the monument honoring the men who served on the APAs during World War II. The APAs were troop transports that were manned by the Coast Guard, and one of them was the *Hunter Ligget*. My uncle was assigned to that ship, and his picture is engraved on the monument. One of the speakers at the ceremony was Vince Patton, the Master Chief Petty Officer of the Coast Guard. He told a story about attending a military dinner in New York in his dinner dress uniform. He sat next to a corporal in the Marine Corps, who thought Vince was a chief in the Navy. Vince corrected him, saying, "No, I am a chief in the Coast Guard". The corporal perked up, and said, "The Coast Guard!!! That is Douglas Munro's service." He then spent about five minutes telling Vince the story of how Douglas Munro saved the lives of 500 Marines at Guadalcanal. Vince said how impressed he was with how well he had told the story, but said: "I have to ask: how do you know that story so well?" The marine said, "They teach us that story at Marine Corps boot camp. Douglas Munro saved the lives of Marines, so as far as we are concerned, he is one of us. Besides, the Coast Guard used to be the Revenue Marine. And once a Marine, always a Marine!!!!"

That's when Vince realized that the Marines knew the story of Douglas Munro better than the Coast Guard knew it, so he set out to change that. When he became the Master Chief Petty Officer of the Coast Guard, he announced that his theme and focus for his four-year tour would be to get people to focus more on the History, Heritage and Traditions of the Coast Guard. His message caught on like wildfire, particularly among the Chiefs in the Coast Guard. Master Chief Evans at Cape May decided to create the exhibit in Munro Hall to tell

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the story to all the new recruits in Coast Guard Boot Camp. He set out to raise the money needed for the exhibit, and Vince asked my Mom for as many pictures as she could find to use for the exhibit. She probably sent them over 100 pictures, and the planning began in early 1999 to create the museum-quality exhibit.

Sometime in the spring of 1999, the phone rang in the Coast Guard District Office in Seattle. A Coast Guardsman answered the phone, and the man on the other end of the line said: "My name is Mike Cooley, and I am the post commander of the VFW post in Cle Elum, Washington. I was wondering if the Coast Guard could pay to install a light in the cemetery in Cle Elum at the gravesite of Douglas Munro. If we had a light, then I would not have to raise and lower the flag here at the cemetery every day, because the light would shine on the flag. I'm 82 years old, and I won't be able to do this much longer. And after I am gone, I doubt that anyone else will." The Coast Guardsman asked: "How long have you been doing this?" Mike calmly replied: "Forty years." Every day, rain or shine, he raised the flag in the morning and took it down at night. He had come home from World War II alive, and he knew that his boyhood friend, Douglas Munro, had not. He simply decided that it was the right thing to do to honor his friend by taking on this task. This story spread immediately among the Chiefs in the District Office, and it appeared in the *Seattle Times*. The Chiefs got together and called Vince Patton in Washington, DC, and they all said, "Guys, we have to do something!!!!"

They immediately started raising money and planning to install the light. The city of Cle Elum heard about this and said: "We need to create a memorial to all the men and women of Cle Elum who have served in our nation's wars and put it in the cemetery." Dozens of volunteers started working on these projects, and it was decided to dedicate everything together on September 27, 1999, the anniversary of my uncle's death. The one sad thing was that Mike Cooley died about a month before that ceremony. However, he died knowing that

everything was well underway, and that his request was going to be honored. Later, his ashes were placed in the gravesite with my uncle, my grandmother, and my grandfather, which was the right thing to do. There is a beautiful plaque honoring Mike Cooley over there on the gravesite.

The ceremony was wonderful. Seven hundred people were here. The schools in Cle Elum let their students out early that day so that they could attend the ceremony. Vince Patton was here, as was Master Chief Evans from Cape May, and a representative of the Coast Guard cutter *Munro*. The Marine Corps sent a drill team. The mayor of Cle Elum was here, and many people from this wonderful community. The main speaker was Admiral Blaney, who was the District Commander in Seattle. He gave a wonderful speech that told of my grandmother's service in the Coast Guard after my Uncle's death in World War II. I went up to talk to him for a few minutes before the ceremony. He was clearly a little upset about something, and he said, "I tried to tell them they didn't have enough chairs!!!" There were about fifty chairs over there. I told him that I didn't think anyone was concerned about that, and I don't think anyone had any idea there would be so many people here. He said that he had assigned a project officer to the ceremony. You probably realize that admirals like to assign a lieutenant j.g. as a project officer to make sure that all the i's are dotted and t's crossed for a ceremony like this. He said that shortly after he assigned the project officer about five chiefs came into his office and said, "Admiral, we really appreciate all your support of this ceremony, but could you please butt out, because this is our ceremony!!!!" He said: "So that's what I had to do!!!" He told the project officer to stand down.

The point of all these stories is that it is wonderful when people simply decide to do the right thing. The Chief Petty Officers' association of Seattle decided to make it their mission to make sure that this gravesite is taken care of, and that people remember to honor the history, heritage and traditions of the Coast Guard. The

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Coast Guard enlisted association has now joined them in that mission. In particular, we all want to remember someone who demonstrated the core values of the Coast Guard at least as well as anyone ever has.

So as you have lunch with your shipmates over the next year, and stand watch with them, please tell them about this ceremony. Tell them that, at least one time in their Coast Guard career, they should attend this ceremony. It is the right thing to do.

The Class of '62 Murals Projects

By Gary Thomas, Executive Director, Foundation for Coast Guard History

In 2007, the Foundation recognized the United States Coast Academy Class of 1962 with the Foundation's Special Recognition Award. The citation read, in part,

for your tireless efforts toward completion of the Class of 1962 mural project. That project continues the depiction of Coast Guard history in murals which will be displayed as an integral part of the Cadet Reading Room. The murals will cover Coast Guard operations from World War II to the present...

In the time since we presented the award, the art work portion of the project has been completed, with 15 murals done. Unfortunately, the second half of the project—building a cadet reading room at the Academy library to display all the paintings—has been delayed, in part, by the stalled National Coast Guard Museum effort, as the current museum space at the Academy was intended to be converted to the proposed reading room. You can see their current status here:

<http://www.uscga1962.org/mural/ProjStatusSep09.pdf>

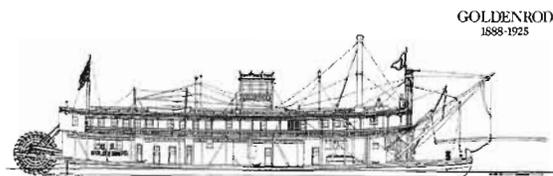
Additionally, there is a great article by Tara

King in the Coast Guard Academy Alumni Association magazine which details the entire project:

www.uscga1962.org/mural/2009/Bulletin_MuralProject_Oct_09.pdf

While we are happy that they have completed the painting portion of the project, and proud that our awards committee selected what obviously was a great choice, I wanted to highlight another aspect of the project: the volunteers from the class of 1962—men who went from being history spectators to history participants. In speaking with one of the artists, Tony Falcone, he noted that without his “champion” – a volunteer who helped ensure the authenticity of the mural – “I simply could not have accomplished what we did. The champions were crucial.” In meeting with Elmer Sorensen, Jr., the champion for the Omaha Beach mural depicting LCI 94 landing troops, I discovered that his father had been a Senior Chief engineer on LCI 94. As part of his role as champion, he met with other members of the LCI 94 crew and members of Flotilla 10, the unit LCI 94 was attached to. He noted that the most interesting part of the project was getting to meet and listen to those who had served alongside with his father.

While the “champions” in this project often traveled to meet with the artist, do research, or meet with veterans familiar with the subject, volunteering to help preserve history doesn't always have to involve far-flung travel, nor large amounts of time. And not only does it have a tangible benefit for the Coast Guard by adding to the body of works that comprise our organizational history, you get to actively participate, learn and share history, and potentially meet some great people.



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Bringing APALACHEE Home: New USCG Museum on the Horizon

By C. A. (Sandy) Schwaab, FCGH Regent

Introduction

Unlike the U.S. Navy, the U.S. Coast Guard is favored with very few floating museum ships—none of which are fully operational. *But that is about to change!*

In January 2009, the Coast Guard Tug Association (CGTA) was fortunate to acquire the former USCGC *Apalachee* (WYTM 71) to be restored and transformed into an active USCG museum and training platform. She will be based, at this time, in Cleveland, OH. Founded in 2003, the CGTA is a non-profit, 501 (C) 3 Coast Guard veterans organization dedicated to creating and sustaining the history and heritage of the often-unsung, black-hulled fleet of Coast Guard icebreaking tugs, the white-hulled Fleet tugs, and the men and women who have served in them. Our scope and membership also include the inland pusher-tugs that work Aids to Navigation on the Western Rivers. From the museum point of view, we intend to: establish and maintain a database of historical information and artifacts regarding these ships, including the *Apalachee* herself; and to collect, catalogue, and display those artifacts at designated locations, available to members and the general public, to perpetuate the legacy of these vessels. We are currently proceeding to register *Apalachee* as a National Historic Vessel, becoming a member of Historical Naval Ships Association (HNSA), and acquiring Federal and State Historic Landmark status to better support local tourism, economic development, and educational initiatives in the City of Cleveland, OH, or at another similar location of our ultimate home port.

Our current business plan describes a full restoration of the *Apalachee* to her mid-1980s configuration, prior to decommissioning (as shown below), conversion into an active USCG museum ship, and transformation into a vigorous maritime training platform. We intend to support such organizations as the Naval Sea Cadets, Sea Scouts, NROTC, USCG Reserves, and Coast Guard Auxiliary with pertinent, group-specific, hands-on training programs and an operational venue. Our forward hold will be converted into a classroom space, complete with desks, chairs, and up-to-date technical systems for training purposes. The berthing space, suitable for eighteen persons, will be made available for overnight or longer-term voyages for these groups.



APALACHEE in the early '80's

History

In 1934, President Roosevelt ordered the Coast Guard to develop a class of vessels designed specifically for domestic icebreaking, an effort intended to extend the winter shipping seasons in the Northeast and Great Lakes. The result was the initial, 110-ft, steel-hulled *Calumet* and *Raritan* (“A”-class) tugs, of which four were constructed and named for various Native American Indian tribes. Three of these tugs (*Raritan*, *Arun-del*, & *Manitou*) served as icebreakers and support vessels on the

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Greenland Patrol in the early, pre-war 1940s. The “B” & “C” class tugs progressively incorporated changes that rendered them desirable for duty on the Greenland Patrol, including fire-fighting and life-saving systems, and internal access to all spaces. The “C” class vessels of the seven-ship *Apalachee* class, incorporating all these changes, contracted for on 8 June 1941, emerged in the early 1940s.

Apalachee was “born” on 26 November 1943 at Ira S. Bushy Shipyard in Brooklyn, NY, and commissioned the first U. S. Coast Guard cutter of those seven, “C”-class, 110-ft icebreaking tugs. She “weighed in” at 385 tons, 110 ft. LOA x 26’-5” x 11’-6”. Her single propeller was powered by a 1,000-HP electric motor. Electric power was generated by two, 500 Kw Elliot Company electric generators, driven by two, 8-cylinder, 600 HP, Type S, Ingersoll-Rand main diesel engines. Originally homeported in Baltimore, MD, she served as an icebreaker in Chesapeake Bay, and provided additional support for Search and Rescue (SAR), law enforcement, and fire fighting. Notable firefighting events in the cutter’s history include actions from 11-12 June 1965 when she assisted in fighting the fire aboard the Colombian motor vessel *Ciudad de Nieva*, near Baltimore. On 13 February 1968 she assisted in fighting a fire on Pier 5 in Baltimore. On 4 June 1969 she assisted in fighting the fire aboard the Motor Vessel *Province Town*, again near Baltimore. These firefighting efforts resulted in one USCG Unit Commendation and two USCG Meritorious Unit Commendations.

Transferred to South Portland, ME, on 17 September 1984, the “Apple” lived out her days breaking ice in the Penobscot River and conducting SAR and fisheries patrols on George’s Bank and Cape Cod Bay until her decommissioning on 11 April 1986. The cutter remained in dockside storage in Portsmouth, NH, until sold as “excess” into commercial service in 1987. The tug then moved to the Great Lakes and remained in commercial service, homeported in Oswego, NY, until donated to the CGTA in January, 2009.

Today the *Apalachee* is the last “pristine” vessel of the seventeen 110-ft tug fleet—still in Coast Guard colors. Others have been sold into commercial service (as was *Apalachee*), re-configured, re-engined, sold as scrap or converted into reefs. Most have met watery graves.

Acquisition

A long, drawn-out process of attempts to acquire an operational 110-ft tug, beginning in 2005, culminated with our obtaining the *Apalachee* in 2009. Originally, our efforts were focused on two ships, the *Snohomish* (WYTM 98) and *Yankton* (WYTM 72)—both “C” class sister ships. But in 2005 a preliminary survey by CGTA personnel of *Snohomish* indicated that both main diesel engines were seized solid from water entering them over several years. This would have meant a restoration effort we were not prepared, or funded, to undertake; she was later purchased, both main engines were overhauled, and she is now in commercial service in MI. The *Yankton* was in good condition, but was sold before we could acquire the necessary funds to purchase her. On her first cruise after her purchase she proved to have a defective main shaft bearing, which has since crippled and caused her to be inoperative, short of a complete dry-docking.

Then, along came the “Apple.” She was placed up for sale in late 2008, negotiations with the former owner proved successful, and the ship was donated, for tax considerations, to the CGTA for eventual use as a museum. The ship was nearly fully operational, despite some 23 years of long-standing lack of engineering and deck maintenance (no paint or deck steel work, engine oil or filter changes, sanitary system, etc.). To date, numerous maintenance efforts have been undertaken to bring her back up to speed (see *Restoration* section).

Voyage

On May 27, 2009—a chilly, windy Wednesday morning in Oswego, NY—the “vintage” crew of eleven sailors prepared to move the former

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USCGC *Apalachee* from Oswego to Cleveland, OH—a daunting task for a ship that had retired from USCG service in 1986, and for crewmen who hadn't shipped in a 110-ft tug in 30-40 years, as well as some new guys! The crew members ranged in age from a retired BMC aged 71 to a young, active-duty seaman of 24; most were in their 50s and 60s. All volunteers, these men (some assisted by spouses) brought a total of over 165 collective years of Coast Guard service to the mission. The anticipation was overwhelming. The ensuing five-day cruise invigorated these sailors, allowing them to carry out an historic voyage.

The voyage followed months of planning and weeks of cleaning, preparation, repairs, and loading stores, culminating in two weeks of hard-core preparation in April and May 2009. This included life-saving and firefighting equipment overhaul, compartment cleaning,



Casting off from Oswego

bridge set-up, and engineering start-ups and testing. Finally, *Apalachee* was ready to get underway. At 1000, the lines were singled, then slipped; the spouses waved good-bye; and the ship sailed out of Oswego—just like the “old” days. Thus began the voyage of the *Apalachee*.

After about twelve hours underway, our radar bit the dust; despite all the efforts of our EM3 and ET3, it was “cooked.” So on we went, dead reckoning our way along the old-fashioned way—with the modern aid of GPS. In addition, two minor engineering casualties sprung up over the first two days. The first, a backup of

our sanitary system, was quickly solved by pumping out gray water (in accordance with environmental regulations); the second, the loss of a ship's service air compressor, which drives the main engine governors, was fixed in five minutes by cross-connecting the back-up compressor to the first and bringing air pressure back on line (a quick repair for the Chief Engineer, who had had the same casualty occur while breaking ice in 1970). The engine plant was, again, operational.

Up-bound through the Great Lakes, we crossed Lake Ontario westward. The Welland Canal moved us up some 500 feet from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie, and from Canada back to the U.S.; managing the eight locks of the Welland Canal were a major effort for eleven guys. We entered Port Colburne, Canada, almost into the U.S. waters of Lake Erie. After a stopover for chow and some rest in Canada, we entered Lake Erie on Saturday morning, enroute to CG station Erie, PA. The welcome at Erie was fantastic: we were met by the station's 47-footer and crew, tied up, and began an evening of barbecued steaks with all the trimmings, thanks to our cook/medic; showers, shaves, and cleanups were offered by the station OinC. The next morning found the crew revived and ready for our final leg to Cleveland, about eight hours away. But standing out of Erie, we were met by a rolling, four-foot sea, not a particularly extraordinary event—unless one is in a 110-ft “bathtub” that tends to roll vigorously when taking a quartering sea. In this case the rolls were 25 to 30 degrees. Needless to say, a few of our less-“salty” members succumbed to the swells.

Our ETA at Cleveland Coast Guard Station Moorings was 1500 on Sunday, 31 May. Having made better time than anticipated, we slowed to about four knots on one main engine and took our time approaching the city. As we entered the harbor, we were met by several CG Auxiliary vessels that had followed our progress from Erie and a 25-ft RHIB from Station Cleveland. On the dock were some wives, friends, the Base CO, and several linehandlers from the Auxiliary. When we tied up, the first

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phase of our epic journey was over. We bid farewell to most of our crew and wives, and some sought a good night's rest in a local motel (leaving a night watch aboard). Then began the process of finding *Apalachee* a permanent home.

Museum Plans

The initial plans for our move to Cleveland involved the renovation of the former USCG Station on Whiskey Island, decommissioned in 1976, a well-known local sight and registered as a National Historical Landmark. Entrepreneurial groups were involved in this effort, and *Apalachee* was to be a part of the renovation and a functional display. The entire operation was intended to enhance the revitalization and renaissance of the Cleveland waterfront area. As many may know, the Great Lakes were rich in the heritage of Coast Guard 110-ft cutters (*Ojibwa* in Buffalo, *Kaw* in Cleveland, *Naugatuck* in Sault Ste. Marie, *Raritan* in Milwaukee, and *Arundel* in Chicago), breaking ice and extending the Lakes shipping season beyond what nature allowed; the USCGC *Kaw* (WYTM 61), a "B"-class sister, was stationed in Cleveland from the '40s through the '80s until replaced by the 140-ft CGC *Neah Bay* (WTGB 105).

Unfortunately, the renovation of Whiskey Island was not to be! Politics aside, the area has reverted, in parts, to the City of Cleveland and Cuyahoga County. There is insufficient water depth on the western face of the pier, our destination, to accommodate the ship, and no funds or time is available from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to dredge the site. As of now, this is not to be...

However, we have recently been in touch with officials of the Toledo (OH) Maritime Museum partnership, due to open in May 2012. A combined effort of the Great Lakes Historical Society of Vermilion, OH, the Toledo Maritime Center, and the Great Lakes freighter museum *Willis B. Boyer*, it may provide the space, depth, and opportunity needed for *Apalachee*; we are pursuing this prospect. Alternatives to Cleveland and Toledo may include Wisconsin,

Buffalo, and points on the East Coast.

Restoration

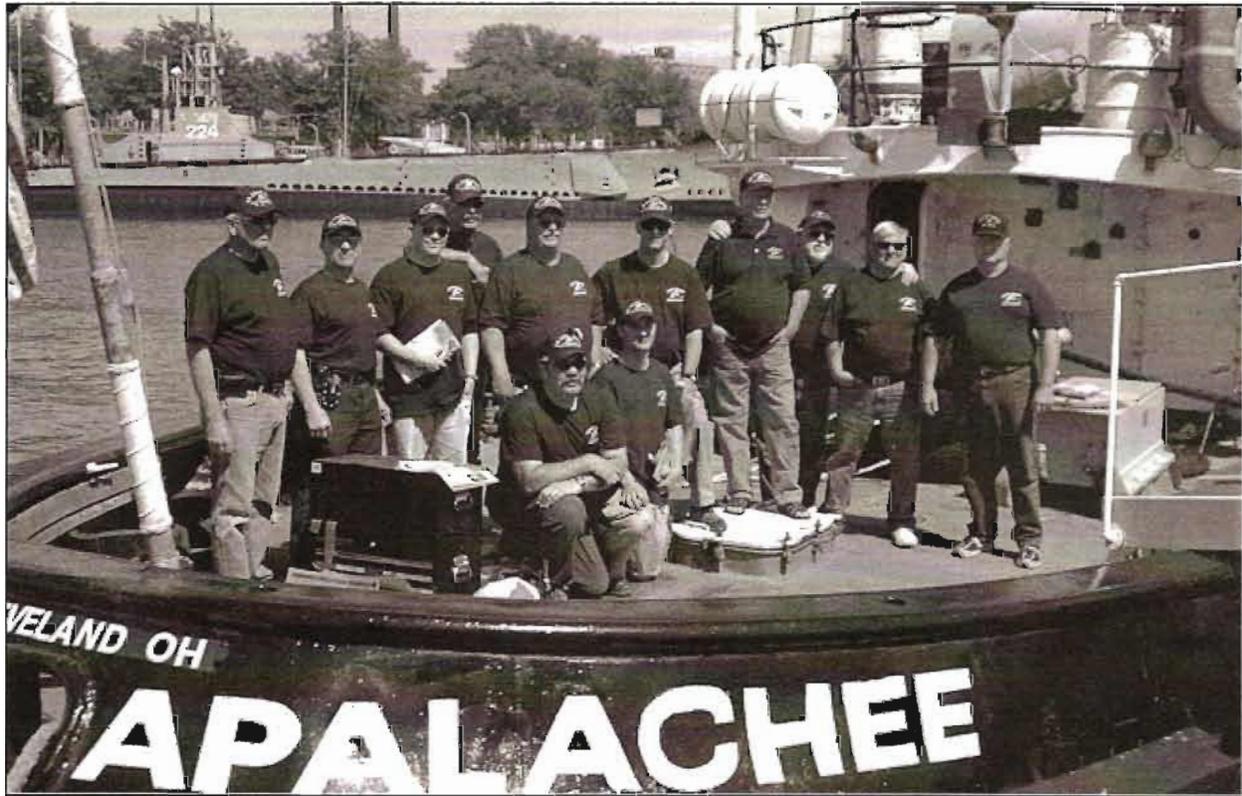
Thanks to the support of the Cleveland Ship Repair Company, *Apalachee* is currently moored some three miles up the Cuyahoga River. With ample dock space and draft, a 220-volt, 200-amp electrical shore tie, and fresh water supply, we are able to live aboard (albeit somewhat spartanly) when necessary, so as to work on the basics of getting the ship back in prime condition. Since June 2009, we have logged over 1500 hrs of personal volunteer time and thousands of dollars in material donations and contributions for the restoration of the ship. Still, this is insufficient to the ultimate goal (again, see our website).

Over the last year, all main and ship's service engines have been placed in fully operational order (tune-ups, oil and filters remain); switchboard and ship's service generator elements have been repaired; starting batteries have been replaced and storage racks refurbished; fresh water and hot water systems are operational (currently with only one operable head and shower); fresh water and heating system piping repairs are in process, thanks to *pro bono* work from the local pipe fitter's and plumber's unions; and engine room cleaning is moving along. On the deck side, all excess materials have been removed from storage areas; poor carpet has been taken out of the crew's berthing; the galley is cleaned and fully operational (with the exception of break-out reefers); and cleaning, priming, and painting of the ship's exterior superstructure and components is nearly complete. Steel work has returned the starboard quarter-bitt and deck to normal (after a collision several years ago, which left the bitt bent and the deck cracked); the main mast has been painted, its halyards replaced, and its pitch re-tuned; the jackstaff/anchor davit, broken many years ago, has been repaired and re-installed. The work goes on...

With the exception of refurbishing the main deck, repairing the hull /superstructure, and painting, most of what remains to be done is

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internal work. The entire interior requires painting and re-stenciling; replacement of carpeting in the crew's berthing and main deck areas; repairs to the sanitary and fresh water systems; and, ultimately, the addition of curatorial aspects for the Museum. Hopefully, within the next year, these items will be accomplished, a final homeport will be determined, and the ship will open to the public.



The Vintage Crew

Conclusion

Apalachee needs your help! She still requires steel work, material, volunteer services, routine maintenance, painting, and engineering services. Photos, DVDs of the voyage, registration forms to join the CGTA, ball caps and T-shirts, means of donations and endowments, and contact personnel are available at www.cg-tugs.org. Please help us perpetuate this icon of USCG history.

Mr. Schwaab is a retired USCG CWO3 (ENG), the current President of the CGTA, and Curator of the APALACHEE Maritime Museum. In addition to his 20 years of Coast Guard service, ashore, afloat, and in Marine Safety, he holds a Master's Degree in U.S. & Maritime History, has interned at the USCG Museum, and taught history at the University of Rhode Island and the Coast Guard Academy. He also holds a Merchant Mariner's License as Chief Engineer.

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Introduction by Gary Thomas, Executive Director of the Foundation for Coast Guard History: "This two-page article from the magazine America in WWII...[is] a nice article and the CG Museum curator, Ms Jennifer Gaudio, does a great job portraying what we have. But how truly sad is it that the article finishes with: 'Like the service it represents, the U.S. Coast Guard Museum isn't flashy, but it does its job.' Having met with her, I know personally that she is sincere in her efforts, but woefully under-resourced. That we do well with what we have—kudos to Ms Gaudio—isn't sufficient. We must rally and organize those who share the vision that we should honor our past. Really, those who served and went before us deserve more."

Little Museum, Big Story

By Eric Ethier

Beneath an oppressive Pacific sun on September 27, 1942, U.S. Coast Guard Signalman 1st Class Douglas Munro signaled four Higgins boats to follow his own toward a chaotic Guadalcanal beach where 500 marines waited, trapped. The grateful marines scrambled aboard the boats. Then, "in order to draw the enemy's fire and protect the heavily loaded boats," reads a citation, Munro "valiantly placed his craft, with its two small guns, as a shield between the beachhead and the Japanese." As the boats churned away from shore, Munro fell mortally wounded, asking, "Did they get off?"

The only member of the U.S. Coast Guard to receive the Medal of Honor, Munro is one of the best-known members [Ed.: see related story in this issue] of an unheralded outfit that has done its job reliably and often heroically since 1790. Established to enforce tax collection and prevent smuggling, the Coast Guard operated first as the U.S. Revenue Marine and then as the U.S.

Revenue Cutter Service. In 1915, it inherited the U.S. Life Saving Service and received the current name. New responsibilities came with the 1939 addition of the Lighthouse Service, and still more with World War II's onset.

The Coast Guard fully crewed more than 350 Navy ships in addition to some 800 of its own during the war. Coast Guard vessels patrolled American ports, ferried supplies across the Atlantic, and delivered thousands of marines and army troops to Pacific beaches. During the June 6, 1944, Allied invasion of France, skilled Coast Guard coxswains piloted hundreds of landing craft onto Normandy beaches, backed in part by Coast Guard Commander Miles H. Imlay's LCI(L) (Landing Craft, Infantry – Large) gunboats. Behind them, Coast Guard rescue boats cast about for GIs and sailors floundering in the churning English Channel surf.

To learn more about the Coast Guard's unheralded wartime role, history buffs should consider a trip to the U.S. Coast Guard Museum in New London, Connecticut. Here,

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high above the Thames River in the Coast Guard Academy's Waesche Hall, a collection of historic artifacts, paintings, and models tells a story for which the "coasties" get too little acclaim. "They made sure the landing troops got where they were going, made sure supplies got where they were needed, and protected vulnerable ships in convoy," says curator Jennifer Gaudio. "As an army travels on its stomach, and planes can't fly without fuel, I'd say they were pretty important."

Short on funding, publicity, and glitz, the Coast Guard Museum chronicles the service's history through carefully selected objects rich with significance. Its WWII collection, for instance, begins with a sword and a figurehead. The sword—a 16th-century Japanese blade—was given by Vice Admiral Hisachi Nito to General Douglas MacArthur during surrender ceremonies aboard the USS *Missouri* on September 2, 1945. In a gesture that ruffled Navy feathers, the pipe-chewing general subsequently donated the sword to the U.S. Coast Guard Academy in thanks for Coast Guard service in the Pacific. The figurehead is the gilt original from the USCGC *Eagle*—the former German training vessel *Horst Wessel*, taken by the United States as a war prize in 1946. With the swastika removed from her bow, and renamed the *Eagle*, the bark became the Coast Guard's official sail training vessel, a position she retains to this day.

Much of the museum's WWII collection is in "A Few of Many Heroes," an exhibit that honors some of the service's most-decorated members. Here, along with Munro's Medal of Honor, is the Distinguished Flying Cross of Lieutenant John A. Pritchard, a Coast Guard aviator who disappeared while trying to rescue a B-17 crew stranded on Greenland in November 1942 [Ed.: see related story in this issue]. Here, too, is the helmet worn by Lieutenant Commander Edward G. Allen, Jr., who emblazoned it with a history of his travels aboard the transport USS *Leonard Wood* (AP-25/APA-12).

Other highlights include four-foot-long models of the Coast Guard-manned USS *Joyce* (DE-317), which helped sink the German submarine *U-550* off New York in 1944, and the USS *Campbell* (WPG-32), which, along with a Polish destroyer, sank *U-606* in February 1943. Pacific war relics include an M-1 Garand rifle and an M-1 carbine (standard marine weapons); 20 and 40mm shells; and shrapnel and shell casings picked up on Kiska, in Alaska's Aleutian Islands, which Japan invaded in 1942.

WWII material shows up in nearly all of the museum's exhibits, regardless of theme. "Needing Good Navigators," for instance, includes Miles Imlay's personal first aid kit and a two-foot-long model of *LCI(L)-87*—the commander's flagship in the Mediterranean and the English Chan-

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nel. Chief Boatswain's Mate William Goadby Lawrence's painting *From the Bridge*, which depicts an 83-foot patrol boat in action during the Normandy landings, is also there.

Offering an array of Coast Guard-related film posters, the "Fictional Coast Guard" exhibit features promos for 1943's *Don Winslow of the Coast Guard*—a series of shorts starring Don Terry—and the 1936 flick *The Sea Spoilers*, which featured a lanky John Wayne in his first starring role. The "Some Who Served" display boasts the original uniform of WWII Coast Guard veteran and *Roots* author Alex Haley. A WWII coastie alum made famous on TV is pictured, too: Alan Hale, Skipper on *Gilligan's Island*.

WWII pieces drawn from the museum's collection of combat art, posters and artifacts reach display cases as time, space, and conservation efforts allow. Soon, Gaudio hopes to display reproductions of a huge, WWII-themed painting by Coast Guard artist Ken Riley and original watercolors by Jacob Lawrence, an African American artist who served aboard the Coast Guard's first integrated vessel, the cutter *Sea Cloud* (WPG-284). For now, visitors intent on seeing objects not currently on display should schedule a visit with Gaudio.

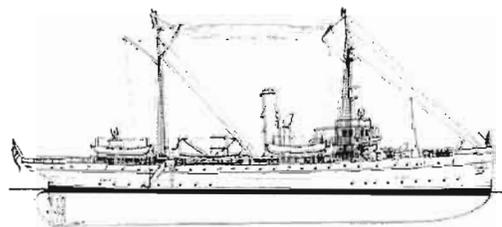
The museum currently draws 2,000 to 3000

visitors annually. Gaudio hopes to increase that by someday re-designing the display space to incorporate "a concise, updated history of the Coast Guard with interactive educational components" and temporary exhibit space to allow in-depth treatment of specific topics.

William H. Thiesen, the service's Atlantic Area historian, says historians have long overlooked the Coast Guard's WWII role. "The Coast Guard also pioneered ethnic and gender diversity during the war and developed technological advances, such as the helicopter and the LORAN navigational system. These events, unfortunately, don't make headlines like major land battles and air warfare."

Like the service it represents, the U.S. Coast Guard Museum isn't flashy, but it does its job.

Appeared previously in America in WWII, April 2010. Eric Ethier, a contributing editor to that publication, writes from Narragansett, Rhode Island.



U.S. Revenue Cutter
SENECA
1908 - 1942
1918 configuration



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