



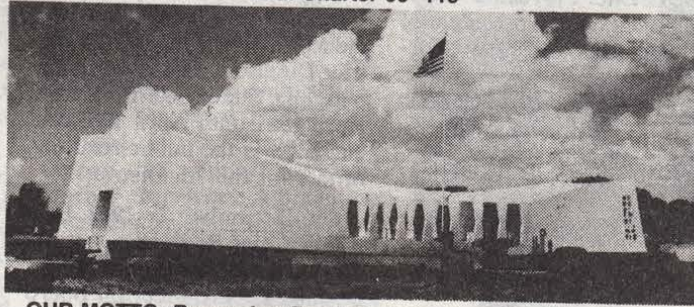
Pearl Harbor - Gram



Federal Charter 99-119

Official Publication Of
The
Pearl Harbor Survivors
Association, Inc.

National Administrative Office
P.O. Box 6244
Gulf Breeze, FL 32561



OUR MOTTO: Remember Pearl Harbor—Keep America Alert

We are dedicated to the memory of
Pearl Harbor and to those gallant
Americans who gave their lives for
their country on December 7, 1941.

Published Quarterly

Our Eighty-Seventh Issue

July, 1986

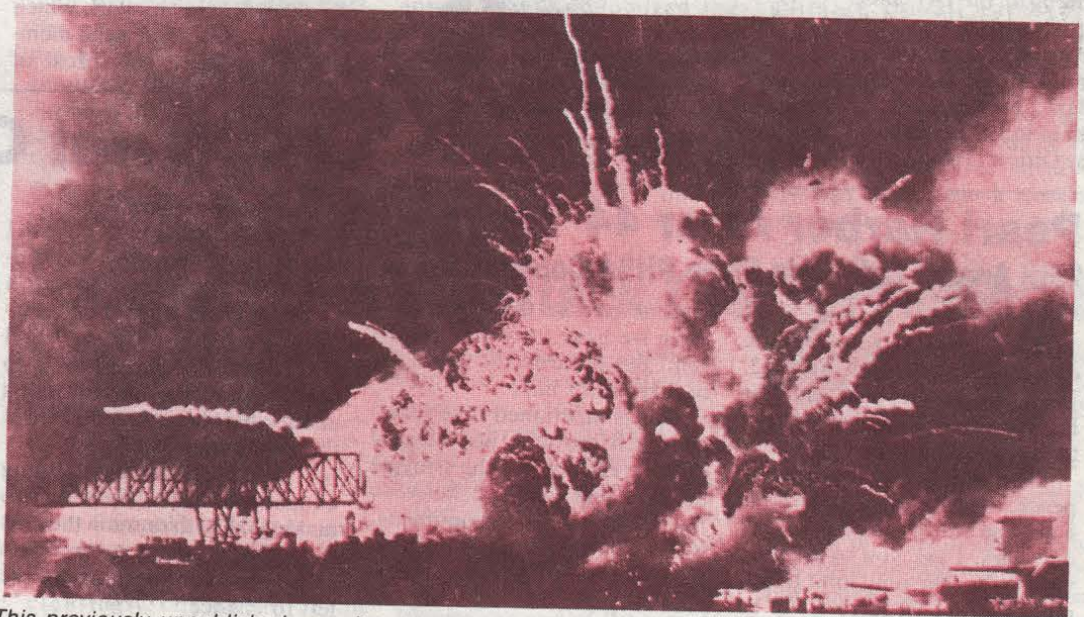
REMEMBER

Pearl Harbor

Reprinted with permission of
Leatherneck Magazine of the
Marines, story by Lt. Col. Mul-
ler, Jr. (USMC (Ret.)), photos
courtesy of U.S. Naval Histori-
cal Center.

The first glorious rays of the
tropical sun flickered over the
blue Pacific Ocean on the morn-
ing of December 7, 1941. A new
day slowly unfolded on the calm
and peaceful island of Oahu,
Hawaii.

The United States Pacific
Fleet had returned from sea.
Task Force Two, which was
made up of the battleships USS
Oklahoma, USS *Arizona*, USS
Nevada, the aircraft carrier
USS *Enterprise*, and numerous
cruisers and destroyers, had



This previously unpublished, eyewitness account was written on December 17, 1941, 10 days after the Japanese attack. It was written by 2nd Lt. William G. Muller, Jr., aboard the USS *Maryland*, where he was temporarily assigned after escaping from the capsizing USS *Oklahoma*.



been operating at sea off the
coast of Oahu for the past week.
We were operating with Task
Force One, which included the
battleships USS *Maryland*,
USS *West Virginia*, USS *Ten-
nessee*, USS *California*, the air-
craft carrier USS *Saratoga*, and
other cruisers and destroyers.
Our operations that week were
much the same as usual.

The *Oklahoma*, to which I
was regularly attached and
served aboard as second in com-
mand of the Marine Detach-
ment, had just finished firing our

short range battle practice. We
were very proud of our score as
we had made an "E" (Navy
merit for excellent) on every gun
of the broadside battery. The
crew and officers were in the
best of spirits and morale was
high because of this excellent
achievement. It meant prize
money totaling several
thousand dollars for the mem-
bers of the gun crews. We were
coming into port to celebrate
our grand practice, and the
officers of the secondary battery

(Continued on Page 10)



CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE

SEVENTH DISTRICT DIRECTOR

Donald J. McCarthy ...

Donald J. McCarthy will be seeking re-election to the office of 7th District Director at the District Convention which will be held in Canton, OH this coming September, from the 19th through the 21st, 1986.

He is a life member of PHSA and has been active on local and state levels. He is a charter member of Lake Erie Chapter; he has also held office within his chapter, and was Ohio State Chairman for four years.

Don was aboard the *USS Medusa* on December 7, 1941 and was discharged from the regular Navy in 1947. He served an additional 32 years in the U.S. Naval Reserves and retired in 1979 as Senior Chief Petty Officer. He is a member of the

VFW, Greater Cleveland Veterans Council, and is president of the Cleveland Chief Petty Officers Association.

He is now retired from Chrysler Corp., and resides with his wife Jo, in Maple Hts., OH.



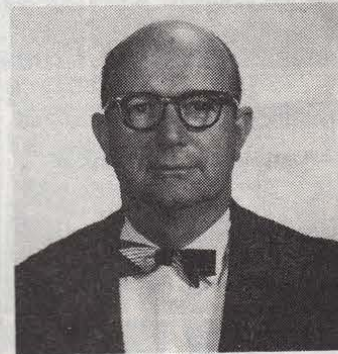
DONALD D. MCCARTHY

Earl H. Selover ...

Earl H. Selover RMC USN (Retired) announces his candidacy for the office of 7th District Director. He served as the Virginia State Chairman from April 1981 until April 1985 and currently is the public relations officer for the 7th District.

On December 7, 1941 Earl was a Chief Radioman serving on the staff of Commander Battleships Pacific Fleet on board *USS Maryland BB46*.

In July 1981, he founded the Pearl Harbor Survivors Amateur Radio Network which has grown from an initial membership of 15 to 180. Most of



EARL H. SELOVER

these survivors heard of PHSA for the first time over the airwaves and, as a result, have joined the association.

Pearl Harbor After 44 Years 25th Annual California State PHSA Convention

By James Reston

WASHINGTON — On the day before he died on April 12, 1945, near the end of World War II, President Roosevelt wrote the following lines:

"The work, my friends, is peace. More than an end of this war — an end of the beginning of our wars. I ask you to keep up your faith. The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today."

It was, of course, a dead steal from Woodrow Wilson's dream of "a war to end all wars," and for Roosevelt merely a switch of words. In his inaugural address in 1933, Roosevelt said in his

famous phrase that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself," but at the end he wrote not of fear but of hope.

This is mentioned here as we approach the 45th anniversary of Pearl Harbor; for the struggle between fear and hope, between the pessimists and the optimists, goes on as usual, partly because Pearl Harbor sticks in the American mind.

Both optimists and pessimists see the destruction of the U.S. fleet at its docks in Hawaii on Dec. 7, 1941, as a disaster, and rightly so. Where they differ is about the lessons to be drawn

(Continued on Page 7)

National Convention

Fellow Survivors

During the week of May 4 I met in Honolulu with the coordinating committee of the 45th reunion under the co-chairmanship of Joe Retson and Joe Niemetz. I am pleased to share with you my observations about what was accomplished at the conference.

1. We have an outstanding committee that is dedicated to making the 45th reunion the best ever. They intend to leave no stone unturned; nothing will be left to chance.

2. They made some changes in the program that make it even more exciting. Our opening ceremony will be a dramatic presentation. For the first time we will have a parade that will be well worth seeing. Arrangements are being made for a wonderful day for our women on December 5. It will include a luncheon, fashion show and shopping excursions. Outstanding speakers are scheduled for our three main events: the Punch Bowl, the Arizona Memorial and the banquet.

While there is no question that this concern for details, sufficiently far in advance, will make our 45th reunion all we want it to be. There are four things that deserve particular attention as the result of our conference.

1. In view of what is taking

place in the world today, it is imperative you make your reservations now to attend the 45th reunion.

2. A host committee of Honoluluans is being formed to welcome our members with an aloha that we have longed for over these years.

3. For the first time you will be able to have a personal momento of your Pearl Harbor presence you will be able to pass on to your children and grandchildren. It is a unique opportunity for each member to be personally interviewed, to have a video tape of that interview and same can be purchased by each participant.

4. If you cannot attend the 45th reunion you will be pleased to know a one hour video will be made of the 45th reunion. It will be shown on national cable TV and reach out to 35 million homes. You will be able to obtain a copy of this video for your own home.

To: All Survivors
From: Russel A. Hartley,
President

TravServe International
Subject: Statement of policies and activities of TravServe International for the forty-fifth anniversary events of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association.

(Continued on Page 19)

PEARL HARBOR GRAM

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Ken Creese, P.O. Box 4665, Lancaster, CA 93539, phone 805/948-1851

25th Annual California PHSA State Convention

More than 625 members from California, and a few from Washington and Oregon, along with national officers and guests from throughout the country, gathered in Redding on May 14 to celebrate the silver anniversary convention of PHSA.

Early registrants were treated to a cocktail party hosted by the Redding Rodeo Association and later invited to watch the final dress rehearsal of the association's mounted drill team and special events such as a twenty-two mule team towing a 2500 pound wagon. The twenty-two, matched, white mules performed to perfection. In addition there were other special features. All of the survivors present complemented the association on their outstanding hospitality. The event key-noted a western theme as the convention was held during Redding's annual Rodeo Week which features a two-day rodeo attended by top cowboys on the rodeo circuit. A block of 220 seats were reserved for the conventioners, some of whom witnessed their first rodeo.

The western theme continued with a barbecue held at the Elks club which featured a country-western band led by Randy Pollard, national senior men's fiddling champion which generated much foot stomping and impromptu dancing on the lawn by many of those in attendance.

The event was hosted by Feather River Chapter 25 and Shasta Chapter 28. Their members worked long and hard to organize the convention. Even so, convention chairman Hank Woodrum of Chapter 28 said after planning for a year to bring off a successful meeting, they still needed more helpers during the four day affair. Chapter 28 alone encompasses some 26,500 square miles, bigger than five eastern states, but has only 45 members.

Saturday morning, 172 members, preceded by massed flags and a banner, marched in a well organized parade, sponsored by a group of Redding businessmen known as the Asphalt Cowboys,

receiving the accolades of the crowd throughout the line of march which made it an event to be long remembered. Though not as large as the crowd in Huntington Beach last year, it was nevertheless just as enthusiastic. During the final convention critique, it was unanimously agreed that support for Pearl Harbor Survivors Association members by the community at large was outstanding.

Those present from the state of Washington included Medal of Honor recipient, Captain Donald K. Ross, U.S. Navy (Ret.) and his lovely wife Helen, who drove from their Port Orchard, Washington ranch to the event. There, they were reunited with Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Zydyrcn, who live in the area, friends of the pair in Honolulu before the war whom they had not seen for many years. Captain Ross was the fea-

New Pearl Harbor Attack Theory Presented

Reprinted from the Richmond Times-Dispatch

WASHINGTON (AP) — Late in the afternoon of Dec. 6, 1941, Adm. Husband E. Kimmel, the commander of the U.S. Navy fleet at Pearl Harbor, considered sending his ships to sea because of fears that an increasingly belligerent Japan might launch a pre-emptive attack on American forces.

But without firm intelligence warnings that Japan might strike the Hawaiian base, Kimmel kept the ships in port, where they were attacked the next morning on the "day of infamy" that brought the United States into World War II.

The series of mistakes and oversights that permitted the American fleet to be caught with its guard down has fascinated historians in the 44 years since that Sunday morning.

Now, a new book paints Kimmel as the unwitting scapegoat and makes the first major attempt to rehabilitate his reputation. It is based on the recollections of Kimmel's chief intelligence officer and more than



PHSA members marching in Redding, CA (Asphalt Cowboys) parade during California state convention.

tured speaker at the banquet which culminated the four day event. He delivered a forthright appeal which epitomized the motto of the Pearl Harbor Survivor's Association — "Remember Pearl Harbor — Keep America Alert!"

Capt. Ross urged members to make school appearances to get the word to students on the reasons why we all believe milit-

ary preparedness is absolutely necessary. He delivered an outstanding address, particularly suitable for all survivors, answered questions from the audience, then ended his presentation by leading the group in the Irving Berlin song "God Bless America," which he said is "the greatest prayer ever written." He was then given a standing ovation.

1 million pages of documents that have been declassified only in the past several years.

The book, "And I Was There," was published Dec. 7, the 44th anniversary of the attack. Its chief author is the late Rear Adm. Edwin T. Layton, who was the Navy's Pacific Fleet intelligence officer from 1940 to the end of the war. He was one of the few men who was present both at Pearl Harbor and on the deck of the battleship Missouri when Japan surrendered in 1945.

Layton died last year as the book was being written and it was finished by his two co-authors, retired Navy Capt. Roger Pineau and British historian John Costello.

Most histories of the Pearl Harbor attack have generally tended toward one of two theories. One is that Kimmel ignored warnings from Washington and was stupidly asleep at the switch. The other is that he was intentionally kept in the dark by the U.S. high command, including President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who knew of the impending attack

and did nothing because they thought it was the only way to get the United States into the war.

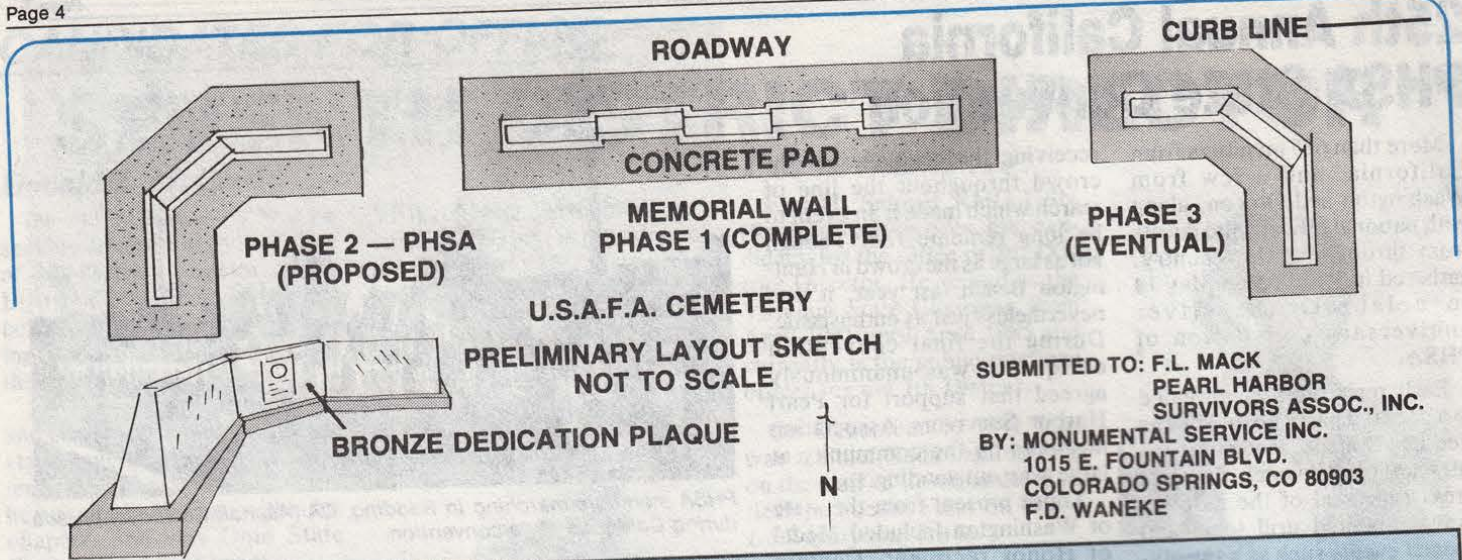
But Layton's book offers a third analysis. Based on the declassified documents, it paints a picture of bitter feuding within the Naval intelligence organization and the service's high command. Layton contends that unknown to Roosevelt, the bureaucratic fighting meant vital intelligence that could have alerted Pearl Harbor was denied Layton — and Kimmel.

Historian John Toland, author of "Infamy: Pearl Harbor and Its Aftermath," said in a telephone interview from his Connecticut home that he had not yet read Layton's book.

Toland said Layton would not talk when Toland was doing his book, but he added, "Layton was in a key position. He knew an awful lot. If he wanted to talk about Pearl Harbor, he would have a lot to say about what really happened."

Pearl Harbor Day destroyed Kimmel's career, according to his son, retired Navy Capt. Tom

(Continued on Page 23)



SUBMITTED TO: F.L. MACK
PEARL HARBOR
SURVIVORS ASSOC., INC.
BY: MONUMENTAL SERVICE INC.
1015 E. FOUNTAIN BLVD.
COLORADO SPRINGS, CO 80903
F.D. WANEKE

SUBJECT: "Status Report" — PHSA Memorial Wall Fund as of 31 March 1986

TO: PHSA National Executive Board

1. The following "Status Report" was extracted from the PHSA Memorial Wall Fund record as of 31 March 1986:

DISTRICT	AMOUNT	REMARKS	*Surviving Spouses
1	\$ 250	*SS	\$10
2	70	*SS	50
3	540	*SS	25
4	135	*SS	0 Missouri Ch. 3: \$50
5	235	*SS	20
6	105	*SS	0
7	335	*SS	0 Penn. Ch. 1: \$100
8	35	*SS	0
Sub Total		\$1705	
FRIENDS	100	11th Bomb Group Ass'n	
	10	5th Bomb Group Ass'n Member	
Total	\$1815		

- At this time the fund is less than 1/20th of the goal. It is now urgent that all concerned take positive action to encourage participation. **MAKE YOUR ENDOWMENT NOW.**
- The committee has received notice that the Sons and Daughters of Pearl Harbor Survivors (SDPHS) is gathering endowments to aid the fund.
- A notice has been sent to the VFW, TROA and the Colorado Veteran magazines announcing PHSA activities: Federal Charter, Remembrance Day, Memorial Wall. It is hoped that we may find "survivors" and friends through this effort.
- The committee thanks one and all for their effort to this moment.

FRANK MACK
USAFA — PHSA Memorial
Committee, Chairman

PHSA MEMORIAL WALL

Attention! Attention! Attention!

Now Hear This! Now Hear This! Now Hear This!

The PHSA Memorial Wall Fund is waiting for your endowment! Contract negotiations are awaiting the Fund! The Air Force Academy is awaiting PHSA action!

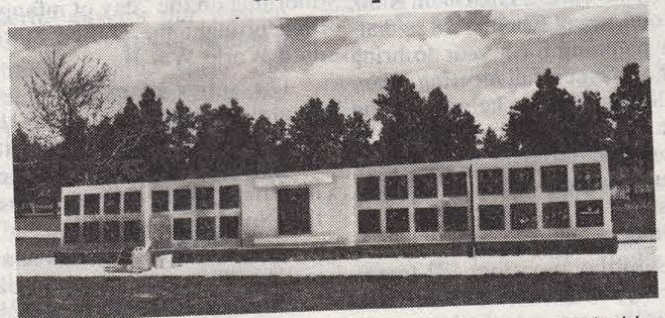
**What are you waiting for?
Your endowment is needed!
Now, Right Now — Today!**

Please send your check or money order payable to the PHSA Memorial Wall Fund to:

Wallace J. Kampney, Treasurer
PHSA Memorial Wall Fund
P.O. Box 6335
Syracuse, NY 13217

Fund Goal: \$30-\$40,000
Fund Status: \$2650 as of 28 May, '86

Know this: if each survivor and spouse endowed the Fund with \$10 the PHSA could place a PHSA Memorial at each service academy.



The existing Memorial Wall at the Air Force Academy. Both sides are now filled with 13 x 13 unit plaques. The last plaque is being installed on the south side.

99TH CONGRESS
2d Session

S. J. RES. 322

To designate December 7, 1986, as "National Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day" on the occasion of the anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

APRIL 15 (legislative day, APRIL 8), 1986

Mr. LAUTENBERG (for himself, Mr. MURKOWSKI, and Mr. CRANSTON) introduced the following joint resolution; which was read twice and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary

JOINT RESOLUTION

To designate December 7, 1986, as "National Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day" on the occasion of the anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Whereas on the morning of December 7, 1941, the Imperial Japanese Navy and Air Force launched an unprovoked surprise attack upon units of the Armed Forces of the United States stationed at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii;

Whereas over two thousand four hundred citizens of the United States were killed in action and one thousand one hundred and seventy-eight were wounded in this attack;

Whereas President Franklin Delano Roosevelt referred to the date of the attack as "a date that will live in infamy";

Whereas the attack on Pearl Harbor marked the entry of this Nation into World War II;

2

Whereas the people of the United States owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to all members of our Armed Forces who served at Pearl Harbor, in the Pacific Theater of World War II, and in all other theaters of action of that war; and

Whereas the veterans of World War II and all other people of the United States will commemorate December 7, 1986, in remembrance of this tragic attack on Pearl Harbor: Now, therefore, be it

1 *Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives*
2 *of the United States of America in Congress assembled,*
3 That December 7, 1986, the anniversary of the attack on
4 Pearl Harbor, is designated as "National Pearl Harbor Re-
5 membrance Day" and the President of the United States is
6 authorized and requested to issue a proclamation calling upon
7 the people of the United States—

8 (1) to observe this solemn occasion with appropri-
9 ate ceremonies and activities; and
10 (2) to pledge eternal vigilance and strong resolve
11 to defend this Nation and its allies from all future
12 aggression.

A Guide for Obtaining Co-Sponsors for Passage of "National Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day" . . .

Once again it is incumbent upon each and every one of us to write or see our congressmen and senators and urge them to co-sponsor Joint Resolution 524 (the House version) or S.J. Resolution 322 (the Senate version) which when passed will designate December 7, 1986 as "National Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day." The Joint Resolution authorizes and requests the President to issue a proclamation calling for the people of the United States to observe this solemn occasion with appropriate ceremonies and activities, and pledge our strong

resolve to defend this nation and its allies from all future aggression.

If you will enclose a copy of the "Fact Finding Sheet" should you write to your legislator, or better yet if you will drop off a copy in person to either the legislator or his or her aide it will have a much greater impact.

Any further information can be obtained from either your state chairman or your district director.

Thank you and good luck,
Thomas J. Stockett
National President PHSA

Fact-Finding Sheet

The Pearl Harbor Survivors Association is asking your help in the passage of House Joint Resolution 524 or Senate Joint Resolution 322 which, when passed will designate December 7, 1986 as "National Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day" on the occasion of the forty-fifth anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

H.J. Resolution 524 was introduced in the House by Congressman James Courter and S.J. Resolution was introduced in the Senate by Senator Frank Lautenberg. The joint resolution also authorizes and re-

quests the President to issue a proclamation calling upon the people of the United States to observe this solemn occasion with appropriate ceremonies and activities, and pledge our strong resolve to defend this nation and its allies from all future aggression.

We Pearl Harbor Survivors would be honored and grateful if you would see fit to co-sponsor this worthy legislation.

With deep gratitude
National Capitol
Liaison Committee

ITEMS FOR SALE

National Storekeeper's Office, PHSA

NATIONAL AND STATE OFFICERS HATS available through LANCASTER UNIFORM CAP CO., 680 S. Imperial St., Los Angeles, CA 90021. Phone 213/626-4661.

P.O. Box 1794, Lake Havasu City, AZ 86403
E. R. Chappell, Storekeeper 602/855-8977

HATS (Serge lined, includes embroidered emblem)	13.00
(Sizes: 6 ⁵ / ₈ , 6 ⁷ / ₈ , 7, 7 ¹ / ₈ , 7 ¹ / ₄ , 7 ³ / ₈ , 7 ¹ / ₂ , 7 ⁵ / ₈)	
Other sizes — Special Order	
DECALS (Windshield)25
LAPEL PINS	9.50
EMBLEMS (Cloth, for hats, jackets, etc.)	1.00
BUMPER STICKERS50
RUBBER STAMPS (PHSA Seal, 1 ³ / ₁₆ " diameter)	4.50
OFFICIAL PHSA FLAG	45.00
GOLD DECAL50
GOLD EMBROIDERED EMBLEM	1.50

(Checks or money orders are to be made payable to PHSA, INC., and mailed to the National Storekeeper's Office.)

USS Tautog, December 7, 1941

United States Ship *Tautog*, Sunday, 7 December 1948, Zone Description +10½.

Remarks

0 to 4 Moored port side to south side of pier No. 2, Submarine Base, Pearl Harbor, T.H.S.O.P.A.: Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Fleet.

/s/ W.B. SIEGLAFF
Lieutenant, U.S. Navy

4 to 8 Moored as before. 0600 Received aboard for use in the general mess from Dairymen's Association Ltd., 80½ pts. of milk; inspected in accordance U.S.N.R., Art. 1214 by O.O.D.

0755 Observed Japanese aircraft
/s/ E.S. CARMICK
Lieutenant, U.S. Navy

Approved:

/s/ J.H. WILLINGHAM, Jr.
Commanding

U.S.S. Tautog

Pearl Harbor, T.H.

December 12, 1941

From: Commanding Officer

To: The Commander-in-Chief,
U.S. Pacific Fleet

Subject: Air Raid on Pearl Harbor,
December 7, 1941

1. On 7 December 1941, *Tautog* was moored at pier Two U.S. Submarine Base manned by one section of Submarine Di-

what later in this attack a second plane was brought down in the same general area, but at longer range. *Tautog* was firing at this plane but it is believed that it was hit by *Hulbert*. Other attacks were too distant for effective machine gun fire from *Tautog*.

2. The following report is submitted:

(a) Battle stations were manned, the ship was rigged for diving, completely sealed except for ammunition access and made ready for getting underway.

(b) One plane was shot down.

(c) No losses or damage.

(d) It is considered that the situation was recognized promptly and the available armament brought into action expeditiously. Lieutenant W.B. Sieglaff, USN, is in charge of the relief crew section, assisted by Ensign R.F. Stroup, USNR, and Ensign R.L. Farrar, USNR, attached to *Tautog*, handled the situation competently until return of the other ship's officers about 0830. Machine guns which brought down the plane were manned by: Mignone, P.N., TM2c, USN; Dixon, I.H., GM1c, USN; Floyd, W.E., EM1c, USN

(e) *Hulbert*, moored at pier 1, U.S. Submarine Base, was first vessel in the harbor observed to open fire. By 1000 all except 10 of the crew of *Tautog* was aboard. By 1700 the ship was fueled, and provisioned for extended operations with all of the crew aboard.

/s/ J.H. WILLINGHAM, Jr.

Tautog — a medium-sized edible blackfish with game qualities common to the Atlantic Coast of the United States, ranging from the Chesapeake

Bay northward.

Tautog (SS-199) was built by the Electric Boat Company, Groton, Connecticut. Her keel was laid 1 March 1939. She launched 27 January 1940, under the sponsorship of Mrs. Richard S. Edwards, wife of Captain Edwards, USN, then Commandant of the U.S. Navy Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut. The submarine commissioned 3 July 1940, Lieutenant Joseph H. Willingham, Jr., USN, commanding.

Tautog conducted trials in Long Island Sound before shakedown training cruise to Puerto Rico, ports of Texas, Alabama, and Georgia, and the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland. Following post-shakedown alterations in the Portsmouth Navy Yard, New Hampshire, she operated out of the submarine base at New London, Connecticut. She again sailed south in February 1941 to base operations out of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands until late April, when she returned to New London to prepare for duty in the Pacific.

Tautog departed New London 1 May 1941 for the Panama Canal, thence via San Diego to Pearl Harbor, arriving 6 June 1941. A taste of realism to come began 21 October 1941, when she put to sea with *Thresher* for the first full-time simulated war patrols made by Pacific Submarines. Prowling waters to Midway, her crew was left bone-weary by wartime conditions imposed during the patrol that found the submarine submerged 15-16 hours out of each of 38 consecutive days of the 45 spent at sea. She returned to Pearl Harbor 5 December 1941 when about three quarters of her officers and crew left her for a well-deserved liberty and recreation, and a repair and refit crew came aboard.

On the fateful morning of 7 December 1941, *Tautog* was tied up to a pier at the Submarine Base on the south side of Pearl Harbor, flanking the flight path Japanese planes would use in attacking battleship row.

It was about 0750 the Sunday morning of 7 December 1941,

(Continued on Page 25)



USS Tautog (SS-199) — *Tautog* sunk more ships in WWII than any other sub.

commencing air raid on vessels in Pearl Harbor, went to Surface Battle Stations and opened fire with all machine guns on attacking planes.

/s/ W.B. SEIGLAFF
Lieutenant, U.S. Navy

8 to 12 Moored as before. All hands at Surface General Quarters repelling an air attack by Japanese aircraft. 1130 Commenced fueling. 1132 Secured from General Quarters, set condition Two.

/s/ N.D. GAGE

Lieutenant, (jg), U.S. Navy
12 to 16 Moored as before.

/s/ N.D. GAGE

Lieutenant (jg), U.S. Navy
16 to 20 Moored as before. 1645 Completed fueling ship, having received 76233 gallons of Diesel fuel oil. 1715 Made all preparations for getting underway. 1737 Underway on various courses at various speeds, shifting berths. 1800 Moored port side to pier Sail One.

/s/ N.D. GAGE

Lieutenant (jg), U.S. Navy
20 to 24 Moored as before. Maintaining complete readiness for getting underway, and anti-aircraft battery manned.

vision Sixty-one relief crew. *Tautog* had returned from a 45-day patrol on 5 December, and only one fourth of the regular crew was on board. At 0750 several men on deck observed three planes flying in the general direction of the U.S. Navy Yard from over Aiea fleet landing. When the first plane dropped a bomb and turned revealing the insignia, it was realized that an attack was being made. General Quarters was sounded immediately and about 0755 the first .50 cal. machine gun was brought into action. Torpedo planes, some of which passed very close astern of *Tautog*, commenced an attack on Battleships moored at Ford Island. At about 0758 the fourth plane in line burst into flames with a loud explosion when about 150 feet astern of *Tautog*. Tracers from the after cal. .50 machine gun and the starboard cal. .30 machine gun were going into the fuselage of this plane at this time. U.S.S. *Hulbert* was also firing at this plane. It is certain that it was hit repeatedly by *Tautog*, no other ships in the vicinity had opened fire. Some-

Ceremony Recalls 1941 Attack by Japanese on Pearl Harbor

Reprinted from The Evening Post.

By H. JANE SHEALY
Post-Courier Reporter

Bobby R. Bagley was just a child in 1941 when the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor brought on full-scale U.S. involvement in World War II.

In less than two hours after the Japanese attack, 3,600 Americans were killed or wounded, and 347 aircraft and 18 ships were destroyed.

Virtually every American was touched by the loss of life in the attack and subsequent war. Bagley was no exception. By the end of the war, Bagley, who was 12, decided on a military career.

An Air Force colonel, he retired in 1981 after 28 years in the service.

On Sunday, he was guest speaker at the Charleston area Pearl Harbor memorial service. Aboard the aircraft carrier *Yorktown* at Patriots Point, Bagley, addressed members of the L. Mendel Rivers Branch, Unit 50 of the Fleet Reserve Associa-

tion of North Charleston, and their families and friends.

His role on the 44th anniversary of the Pearl Harbor bombing, he said, was to help others remember the sacrifices made on their behalf by service men and women through the years.

Some of those sacrifices were celebrated; some were not.

"I can remember the ticker-tape parades, the heroes' welcome given World War II veterans," Bagley recalled. "Of course, we failed to see it in the Korean War and Vietnam War. That was hard on the veterans."

Bagley, a pilot, was shot down over North Vietnam and spent five and half years as a prisoner of war near Hanoi.

During his imprisonment, Bagley said he was treated to a steady diet of news about Americans' disillusionment with the U.S. involvement in Vietnam. "We refused to believe it," he said.

"When we came home, it was a cultural shock. The change in attitude and dress that had transpired since we left was phenomenal."

Bagley said he saw the attitudes as the "beginning of the



(Staff Photo by Stephanie Harvin)

Patriots Point ceremony and wreath recalled Pearl Harbor attack.

breakdown in the family system and the role of church and school in instilling patriotism, dedication, service to God and country."

He might have become disillusioned but for his daughter Vicki, who helped him understand what had transpired. She was 10 when he left for Vietnam and 17 when he returned.

"She had maintained her sense of patriotism, her respect for her mother and me, for God and country," Bagley said. "It was so important to me."

There has been a tremendous resurgence in patriotism since the mid-1970s, Bagley said. "The young men and women who wear the uniforms of our

armed services do so today with a great deal of pride. People in general seem more willing to pay tribute to the flag. The outlook for the future is bright."

Today, Bagley said he spends time working with youth and speaking at commemorative services because it is important to the cause of patriotism.

"I think it's good we remind ourselves of the sacrifices of our forefathers," he said. "We need to be reminded because our past is where we come from. It brings us to today."

"We have to remember the past so there are those who will take on the responsibility of serving our country in the future."

44 Years . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

from that historic calamity.

The optimists point to the reconciliation of the United States and Japan, and to the fact that America's enemies in that war have now become its allies and have avoided a third world war for over two generations.

The pessimists, with equal conviction, regard Pearl Harbor as a symbol of U.S. innocence and weakness in a wicked world that must be corrected by a massive increase of nuclear weapons on Earth and in outer space, regardless of its effect on the economic and social security of the nation and the poverty of the rest of the world.

They are very sure on two points: that the main and present danger to the Republic and the civilization it seeks to preserve is that it could be struck by intercontinental nuclear weapons from the Soviet Union. And second, that the Russians are like the Nazis, determined to

conquer the world by subversion, terror, and, if necessary, by war.

That is to say that Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, with his fantastic misunderstanding of America and his fear of another Napoleonic or Hitlerian invasion from the West, is just a younger and slicker Stalin whose aims are just the same.

This the optimists regard as a wild and dangerous misreading of history. They don't doubt that Gorbachev is trying to divide the Western Allies and trying to catch up with the computer age by borrowing and stealing modern technology.

But they watch him twisting and turning and trying to deal primarily with his problems at home, adjusting to the nuclear balance in Europe, which he said he would never do, agreeing to keep up the dialogue with President Reagan in the

next two years, and calling for a revival of the old policy of peaceful coexistence.

In an odd way, Pearl Harbor is a symbol of the dilemma. It was clearly a crisis, a word the Chinese describe in two written characters of their language — one meaning danger and one meaning opportunity. For Cap Weinberger at the Pentagon, the controlling word is danger to be addressed by more weapons. For Secretary Shultz at the State Department, this is a time for waiting, for a little judicious leaving alone, and for watching.

The optimists do not doubt the need for military defense, but think a balance of power has already been reached and that the security of the nation now rests in balancing its budget, educating and caring for its people and avoiding the coming disasters of the hungry majority of the human race.

They do not believe in an end-

less conflict with the Russians, and believe history is on their side. They point not only to the reconciliation with Japan since Pearl Harbor and to the composure of the ancient enmities of Europe since the last World War but also to the religious wars that went on for centuries and were finally resolved — partly, it's true, by military power, and at last by the patient spirit of toleration.

"There are two ways of looking at this tight world of ours," G.K. Chesterton wrote many years ago. "We may see it as the twilight of evening or the twilight of morning. We may think of anything, down to a fallen acorn, as a descendant or an ancestor."

He, of course, was an optimist, and would probably have regarded the 45th anniversary of Pearl Harbor as a symbol of hope rather than fear.

Ex-migrant Plans To Aid Hispanics

Reprinted from Daily Sentinel
By Nancy Lofholm

MONTROSE — Because a car filled with migrant workers broke down in Montrose back in the 1930s, three dozen local Hispanic children will have a chance to go to college in the 1990s.

From cause to effect, the roundabout tale centers on one man's effort to solve an educational problem.

Valentino Alvarado, 62, wants to cut the high local Hispanic dropout rate by giving students some incentive to stay in school and go to college.

Since September, he's given \$100 a month to a college fund for the 36 Hispanic third-graders in the Montrose school system.

He has promised to continue the donations for 10 years so that when the students graduate as the class of 1995 they should have nearly \$20,000 in their fund.

However, Alvarado has decided that's not enough. The former career Navy man is going to ask all 500,000 men and women in the Navy to help.

By advertising in Navy publications for \$5 donations to help send Hispanic students to college, he hopes to pull in more than a million dollars.

Alvarado has focused his philanthropic efforts on education because of personal experience.

He was born one of 17 children of illiterate migrant parents, and his early education was sandwiched sporadically between work in the fields.

Alvarado said when he was seven his family traveled from Mexico to Wyoming to work sugar beet fields. On the return trip the car broke down in Montrose.

The family stayed there and Alvarado was able to attend school through the eighth grade. Still, he said, he could barely read at the end of that time.

"I used to be out in the fields and I'd stop and wonder how come Mexicans didn't have anybody working higher up than we were. I thought we must be dumb," Alvarado said.

He didn't begin to find out that wasn't true until he joined the Navy at 17.



Montrose third-graders crowd in front of Valentino Alvarado, a former migrant who wants them to get a step ahead of him in another way. He has started a fund as an incentive to help them get to college.

He became a championship boxer and acquired a GED high school certificate, then was turned down when he tried to attend college.

He re-enlisted so he could continue at least a technical education and eventually was in the Navy 10 years.

His big break came after he retired from the Navy and went to work as a grease monkey for the Montrose office of the Bureau of Reclamation.

Through a government Migrant Action Program, Alvarado enrolled in the University of Colorado and earned a bachelor's degree in recreation.

He also earned a citation for academic excellence, a Leader of Tomorrow Award and a fellowship to study for a master's

degree.

He turned down that chance, returned to Montrose and began to buy and sell real estate. He said he made enough so he could retire comfortably and have enough to put into some worthy causes.

Alvarado said he will get involved with the dropout problem in more ways than giving financial aid.

"I talk to the kids. I counsel with them if they're having problems in school. I just tell them why they're stupid if they don't want to stay in school," he said.

Editor: Val was aboard the *USS Maryland* on December 7, 1941 and is a PHS member of "Western Slope" — Colorado Chapter #3.

NOTICE

Dr. Milton M. Kogan would like to hear from any professional personnel such as dentists or physicians who served with him on December 7, 1941.

His address is as follows: 15309 Baughman Dr., Silver Springs, MD 20906.



President Cy Cybulski of Florida Gold Coast Chapter 4, greeting guests at the memorial services on the helicopter deck of the USS Admiral Spruance, Dec. 7, 1985.

Radar Alert Ignored

Reprinted from the San Francisco Star Bulletin.

By Harry Whitten
Star-Bulletin Writer

If a lieutenant at Fort Shafter had heeded a report from two Army privates, the military authorities could have cut the surprise in the Japanese air attack on Pearl Harbor at 7:55 a.m. Dec. 7, 1941, by about a half-hour.

The two, Pvts. Joseph L. Lockard and George A. Elliott, detected on radar the incoming aircraft at 7:02 a.m. and after checking out the equipment they called the information center at Fort Shafter at 7:20 a.m. They were told, in effect, to "forget it."

(Continued on Page 33)



RADAR LOCATION — This bunker, near a naval communications station on Opana Point, near Kahuku, is believed to be the location of the Army Signal Corps radar that detected incoming Japanese planes a half-hour before the attack on Pearl Harbor. — Star-Bulletin Photo by Ken Sakamoto.

Veteran Has No Trouble Remembering Pearl Harbor

Reprinted from The Journal-News Local, Rockland County, N.Y.

By James Walsh
Staff Writer

As his watch crept toward 8 a.m., the 18-year-old Navy radio operator from Johnson City, N.Y., was thinking only of a leisurely swim in the clear waters off the beaches of Waikiki.

Peter Sarantapoulas, the eldest of three sons of a shoe factory worker, had finished a breakfast of sausage and pancakes that December 7, 1941, when clouds of black smoke rose to block the sunlight.

"Then we heard the explosions," said Sarantapoulas, 61, of Bardonia. "And we started seeing the flames . . . Someone yelled it was the Germans, but we could see the meatballs on the planes — the Rising Sun — and we knew it was the Japanese."



PETER SARANTAPOULAS

An American flag will fly at the Sarantapoulas home on the 45th anniversary of the bombing of the U.S. fleet at Pearl Harbor.

The 30-year Rockland resident, a retired engineer with ABC, wants people to honor more than 2,000 Americans killed in that surprise attack, just as the world held memorials to the horror of nuclear war last August in commemorating the bombing victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

"If there were no Pearl Harbor," Sarantapoulas says quietly, "there wouldn't have been a

Hiroshima, nor a Nagasaki."

He joined the Navy on January 27, 1941, after graduating from Binghamton North High School. Fresh from radio training in San Diego, Calif., Sarantapoulas was assigned to the *USS Argonne*, a repair ship bound for Pearl Harbor.

In a pocket diary, Sarantapoulas recorded in black ink the events of a day that would come to fill volumes of history books.

"While stationed at Pearl Harbor," he wrote, "I witnessed the 'stab in the back' by Japan. Out of the beautiful sky zoomed Japanese raiders on the U.S. Fleet . . . Striking without warning, they struck the fleet a heavy blow in the first few minutes . . . From where the *Argonne* was tied up at 1010 dock, I had a ringside seat. I saw the *Oklahoma* turn over, watched the *Arizona* blow up, and saw the torpedo which struck the *Oglala*."

"The *USS Nevada*, a battleship, cut loose from her lines," the sailor wrote, "and made a break for sea . . . She began to sink, and whoever was in charge ran her aground, which was the best thing to do under the circumstances, in order to keep her from sinking and blocking the channel . . . I'll never forget what I saw if I live to be 150."

True to those teen-age expectations, Sarantapoulas has no trouble remembering the morning that swept him from a youthful reverie in a tropical port, into the grim, merciless reality of war.

For days, wounded sailors and the bodies of dead shipmates were brought to the *Argonne's* dock. Machinists labored by day to repair wrecked engines. Night was shrouded in a tense blackout, as the port was wrapped by tight security.

"At first everyone was confused," Sarantapoulas recalled. "And then, when we realized what was happening, everyone was scared. Remember that we weren't even at war at the time

SUBJECT: Pearl Harbor Association Foundation SWEEPSTAKES
TO: All PHSA Members

The drawing for the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association Foundation Sweepstakes was held this date, for those sweepstakes of April 1986.

Two winners were chosen based upon the amount of funds that were received. The winners have been awarded a fully paid trip for one, including airfare, room at the Sheraton Waikiki, transportation to and from the airport and travel to the Punchbowl for the December 7 ceremonies.

The lucky winners are:
MORRIS A. ROSE JOSEPH FEDERICO
P.O. Box 96 2446 27th Ave.
Edgewater, MD 21037 San Francisco, CA 94116

Congratulations to the winners and it is our hope that we can select several more winners in the ensuing drawings.

Yours in PHSA
WALLY KAMPNEY

. . . And then, well, we got mad and started fighting back."

The fighting would take Sarantapoulas around the globe to the invasion of North Africa, and finally to what was to be the last battle of World War II — Okinawa.

One of 10,000 members of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association, as well as the American Legion in New City, Saranta-

poulas has visited the graves of the Pearl Harbor dead three times.

On the pilgrimages, thoughts run to what life has brought him — his wife, Geraldine, their eight children and 14 grandchildren.

"There but for the grace of God," Sarantapoulas remembers thinking at the gravesite, "I would be lying all these years."



P.H.S.A. SILVER ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATIVE BOOK AVAILABILITY

Out-Of-Print Volume Completely Sold Out, But . . .

Recently, Taylor Publishing Company has been receiving a great many calls and letters requesting copies of the PHSA Commemorative Book, which they are unable to supply. However, Jeff Millet of Taylor's southern California office tells the *Gram* that if sufficient pre-orders are received from survivors, they will reprint the book.

With the 45th Anniversary of Pearl Harbor rapidly approaching, this is good news, indeed.

Price is \$39.95, postpaid, with books to be available summer, 1986.

If you missed out on this fabulous, pictorial volume the first time, or want additional copies for family and friends, send your check today to: PHSA Commemorative Book, 2370 Riverside Drive, Santa Ana, CA 92706 or call 714-543-7255 for more information.

Your money will be completely refunded if the minimum number of orders is not received within 90 days.

This large book contains the full story of the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and is illustrated with scores of never-before-published photographs — PLUS — hundreds of biographies and personal stories of the attack as told by fellow survivors.

Order your copies today, and "REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!"



Remember . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

planned a party for that Saturday night.

Task Force One and Task Force Two joined up on Thursday night and formed what composed the main bulk of the U.S. Pacific Fleet. We fired night battle spotting practice Thursday night, and prepared to enter Pearl Harbor on Friday morning.

The entry into the harbor was much the same as we had so often done before, only on this occasion the entire battle line came into port. This fact must be kept in mind in considering the tragic results that eventually followed. Normally one of the two task forces stayed at sea while the other was in port, thus assuring half of our Pacific Fleet on patrol and at sea all of the time. I could think of no reason for the diversion on this particular occasion, as it hardly entered my mind. I remarked about it later, but rather casually. To this day I still have received no conceivable explanation — sometime later I may find the real reason.

As the battle line came into the harbor, the *California* was the first to dock. I might stop here to explain the difficulties encountered in docking one of our steel monsters, "Battlewagons." Unlike smaller ships, they have very little maneuverability, and have to resort to tugs in the final berthing process. Usually two tugs are required to berth a battleship. As each one comes alongside the concrete emplacement, or island, to which it will be moored, the tugs proceed to push her in sideways. Once she is alongside the berth her lines are made secure. It is only through the use of these tugs that a battleship can be moored or unmoored. This fact is important in that it accounts for the fact that our battleships were immobile in the harbor.

The *California* was the first to be moored, and she was secured alongside the Naval Air Station landing. She was the leading battleship in the column. The *Maryland* was the second ship to be moored. She was secured

alongside berth Fox Six. The *Oklahoma* followed the *Maryland* and was docked alongside her by lines. This little incident later proved to be the one thing that saved the *Maryland*, and conversely it was the one thing that bottled her up. Behind the *Maryland* and *Oklahoma*, the *West Virginia* and the *Tennessee* tied up side by side — the *West Virginia* being on the outboard side. Behind these two ships the *Arizona* and the *Nevada* were moored together. The *Nevada* was the outboard ship. (This was not the case. The fleet repair ship *Vestal* was moored alongside the *Arizona*. The *Nevada* was moored by herself, some 20 to 30 feet astern of the *Arizona*. — Ed.) This completed the mooring of the main battle line.

The heavy and light cruisers and destroyers were anchored at various places all over the harbor. The flagship of the fleet, the USS *Pennsylvania* was in the dry dock on the opposite side of the harbor. She had not gone to sea with the rest of the fleet, and had been moved the

citing evening. Inasmuch as the crew had just been paid, and it was our first night in port, most of the men came aboard singing and staggering. I remember the happy smiles on their faces as they stumbled over the gangway to say, "Shir — I report my return aboard." Theirs is a hard life. Living aboard ship and working with them for two years, as I have, has given me an understanding of the sailorman and his sometimes eccentric ways.

On Saturday, the fleet went on with routine work. The *Oklahoma* was conscientiously engaged in preparing for the annual military inspection which was to start Monday morning, and last three days. An annual military inspection is given each ship in the fleet to determine its general condition and fitness for war. It consists of a personnel inspection, material inspection, a landing force operation, a damage control problem, and finally a battle problem. I spent most of the morning supervising the cleaning of our compartments and computing

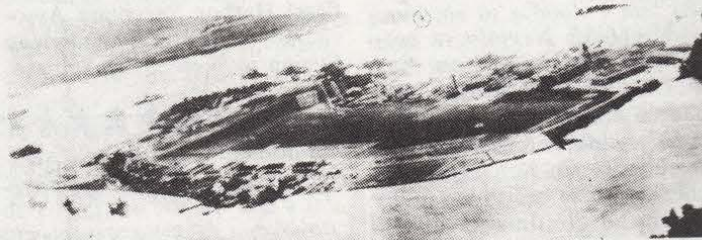
weather and I don't really know how we made it back to the Navy Yard in one piece. When we reached the landing it was around 0230, and since we had missed the last motor boat, we climbed in the seats of adjoining cars and immediately fell into a heavy sleep.

We awoke about 0730 and started down to the landing to catch the 0745 boat. Lt Gaver, Ens Davenport and I were the only three left, as the others had all caught an earlier motor launch. I was suffering from the aftereffects of the night before. None of us looked too sharp. We arrived on board the *Oklahoma* at 0752, and Ens I.J. Davenport, (my old roommate) was officer of the deck. I started to stop and talk awhile with him, but my head hurt so much I decided to go down to my room and hit the bunk for the rest of the morning.

The activity was typical of a Sunday morning. A few men had turned to on holiday routine, and some were writing home; others were just lying around sleeping. Save for an occasional sound of routine work here and there, all was very peaceful and serene. We had just entered the junior officer's mess, which was on the second deck, starboard side, when suddenly a highly excited and frustrated voice broke out from the loudspeaker system installed throughout the ship. I shall never forget those words as long as I live, and as I write this narration, I wonder just how long that will be.

"Air attack, all unengaged personnel seek cover! No s--- fellows, this is the real thing!"

I was thunderstruck at the possibility of such a thing being even remotely a reality, but the tone of his voice convinced me that something was wrong, so I started moving. I turned from the mess and started for my room to grab my automatic pistol, which was a habit of mine by then. After fastening it on, I went to the port side of the ship to go down the hatch which leads to the third deck. I might devote a few lines here to explain that in an air attack, doctrine calls for the anti-aircraft and machine guns to be manned — all other unengaged person-



Japanese photograph showing torpedo hit on USS *West Virginia*. Note the two Japanese aircraft in circles. The *Oklahoma* is just to the right of the waterspout caused by the explosion. Just forward of the *Oklahoma* and *Maryland* is USS *Neosho* (AO-23). The lone battleship to the right is USS *California*. Ford Island is in the center.

day previously from *Ten Ten Dock*. This is the reason the *Pennsylvania* was saved from sure destruction. The *Oglala*, a relatively unimportant maintenance and experimental ship was docked at *Ten Ten* at this time. The USS *Curtis*, a transport, was docked on the other side of the channel opposite the *Oglala*.

The mooring was completed by noon Friday, and the fleet "turned to" on regular port routine, which consisted of general cleaning and training.

I was officer of the deck on the *Oklahoma* that first Friday night in port, having the mid-watch. It was a calm and unex-

our final short range battle scores.

Liberty started for the crew at 1300, but it wasn't until after dinner on the 1930 boat that I was able to leave the ship. All of the secondary battery officers, Lt Birthisel, Ens Davenport, Ens Pride, Ens McFall, 2nd Lt Gaver, and I, were on the boat. We were going to celebrate our fine score on the short range battle practice. It was going to be a festive night and it surely was, but ironically enough, our last together. We started out at the officers' club in the Navy Yard, and ended up at a wild party in Honolulu. Coming home we were all pretty well under the

nel are supposed to go down to the third deck, which is below the protective armour decking. They remain there until the attack is over.

Men were streaming down the hatch into the third deck. I don't believe at the time anyone actually believed that this was anything more than just another drill. As I started down the ladder, the first torpedo struck forward, about 10 feet below the waterline. It resulted in a violent explosion that shook the whole ship like a train which suddenly pulls out without any warning. I almost lost my balance but was holding onto the hand rails leading below. Everyone was thunderstruck. If there were any doubts left in our minds as to whether this was a drill or not, I am sure that first torpedo explosion expelled them.

Water burst forth from the gaping hole it left, and started flooding the lower decks. Another torpedo found its mark a few seconds later. I was just about opposite the communications office on the third deck at this time. The explosion seemed almost in the vicinity of my position, as I was knocked down by the violent concussion that followed. By this time water began to pour into the third deck compartments in torrents. The ship had already started listing badly to port. Before I realized it, the water was up to my knees.

I immediately started to get the hell out. I made my way up the ladder, as the water level had risen to my waist. Hundreds of men were with me in that third deck compartment and few of us were close enough to the ladder to make our escape in time. The only exit was this one small hatch which is less than 4 feet square. There were two other hatches just like this one in the after part of the ship, but I have no idea just how many persons made their exit through these. I do know it was tragic to see those hundreds of men trapped, fighting desperately to gain access to this one small hatch that led to freedom and life.

Just as I reached the top of the hatch, three more torpedoes struck us in rapid sequence — each one followed by a violent explosion. Again the word was passed over the loud-speaker system, only this time it said "All hands man your battle sta-

tions." How ironic and tragic that this word hadn't been passed first, before those hundreds of helpless and doomed men had climbed down into the third deck, only to be entombed alive.

By this time the ship was listing fast to port, and the decks were becoming extremely slick and almost impassable because of the oil, and their inclination. It was too late then to do anything but try and get out of there. The word to abandon ship had already been passed by this time, as it was obvious that the ship was sinking, and fast. The last torpedo struck us at about the same place as the other five. Again this mighty steel monster shook like a boar that had been mortally wounded, and knows that life is slowly ebbing from her. All of this happened in less than six minutes, but to me it seemed a whole lifetime.

I tried to get topside, but the one hatch I managed to find had been closed, or dogged down as we would say aboard ship. By this time the decks were too steep to walk on. We were sinking, and turning over fast. This once proud capital ship was settling into her watery grave.

Two decks of steel below the fresh, priceless air that is God-given life, I saw the fate that was seemingly becoming mine. For the first time since the start of the attack, I suddenly became frightened. That supreme desire to live surged within me with all the strength of my 24 years of life. My escape seemed cut off; all I could think was, I am being entombed alive. Even in the hysteria that was taking control of me, I managed to maintain a certain clarity of mind. A hundred different ideas flashed through my muddled brain, until one finally struck a spark of light. All of this passed within the space of seconds, yet I could count the time in light years.

I remembered the porthole in my room and I knew I had opened it the day before in order to obtain better ventilation. The thought was like a shot of adrenaline in my veins, or like the feeling that comes over you when you find the lost collar button.

I tried to walk on the decks but the ship had inclined so much by this time that it was impossible. Determined, I worked my way over to the star-

board side, by hanging onto the bulkheads and fittings. I finally reached my room and grabbed on to the sides of the porthole, which was by this time almost directly overhead. I might remark here that the standard size portholes on all battleships are only 15 inches wide. On trying to pull myself through the porthole I encountered difficulty in getting my hips to fit. At this point there was no possible chance of my turning back, as it meant either drowning in the fast flooding compartments, or at best the possibility of being entombed. The thought almost made me frantic. I immediately shed my pants, in a vain effort to reduce the size of my hips. I still didn't quite fit, but somehow I

could for the shore. Several machine gun bursts followed me incredibly close. The water was so filled with oil slick that it was almost impossible to swim through it. Also this oil had ignited, and the flames were sweeping down the channel, consuming everything in its path. I think I swam most of the way underwater, in an effort to escape the strafing and keep clear of the fire.

On reaching shallow water, I stood there half-dazed, and surveyed the slaughter that was going on around me. The *Oklahoma* had her bottom above the water now; the *Maryland* was throwing out a deadly curtain of fire and was being subjected to a dive bombing and strafing

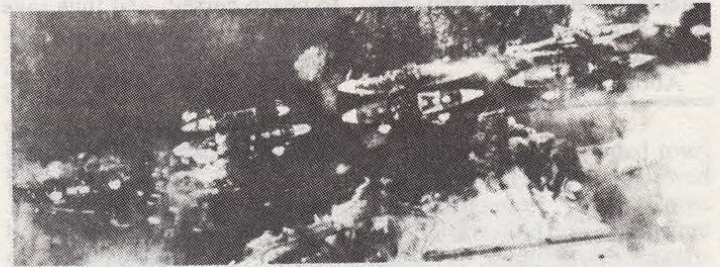


Photo taken from a Japanese aircraft shows Battleship Row, between torpedo and dive-bombing attacks. Ships wholly visible, from the left are Nevada, Vestal and Arizona, West Virginia (top) and Tennessee, and Oklahoma (top) and Maryland. Note the oil slicks spreading from torpedo hits. Ford Island is at the bottom of the picture.

managed to mash my way out of that port. By that time it was either a question of making myself smaller or the port bigger, and I took the more plausible.

The ship was now over on her side, and men were swimming around in the water everywhere. Others were crawling over her sides like ants, and jumping into the oil muck that had now settled over the entire area. I slid down the side and dove into the black water. When I came to the surface, I started swimming up the channel to clear the ship.

I was afraid the suction caused by the sinking of the *Oklahoma* might drag me under. Half-crazed men were floundering in the water everywhere. Some were drowning. Others were being cut to pieces by shrapnel and machine gun fire. Japanese planes were everywhere, strafing the water with a deadly stream of fire.

I could see that I didn't want to linger around here very long, so I started swimming as fast as I

attack. The *West Virginia* was being bombed to pieces by the Japanese dive bombers.

Planes were everywhere, diving from nowhere and dumping their deadly cargo into the battle line. Just then I heard a tremendous explosion, and turning I saw the *Arizona* go up in flames. A bomb had hit her magazine, and there were pieces of her falling 500 yards away. Some 1,170 officers and men went up in that one puff of smoke and flame. The sight was tragic, and sickening, and I pulled myself out of the water onto the oily beach.

Just at that time I saw the *Nevada* getting underway, which was really a remarkable feat for a battleship. I still don't know how she was able to get up her steam so soon. By this time the *Arizona* was engulfed in one huge sheet of flames.

I started up the road when a truck of evacuees picked me up and took me to the dispensary at the Naval Air Station landing.

(Continued on Page 12)

Remember . . .

(Continued from Page 11)

Once there I started to catch my breath, and was sitting down inside the quadrangle when a low-flying Japanese dive bomber appeared immediately overhead. It dropped a bomb which I assume was intended for the *California*. The 500-pound demolition bomb exploded on the far side of the quadrangle a short distance from me. It shook the ground under me, and the concussion was terrific, knocking me down and temporarily stunning me. Again I was saved by a miracle. Examining the crater a few minutes later, I found it about eight feet deep and 30 feet around in circumference. The effects of the shrapnel and fragmentation were everywhere, but I was untouched.

About this time casualties

about 15,000 feet coming over in waves of three. They were horizontal bombing, but I don't think their bombs were very effective. Our antiaircraft batteries were pounding away at them, but the planes were too high to make our fire effective. Also the ceiling was extremely low that morning, which was a big factor in protecting and shielding the Japanese planes.

The battleline was a tragic panorama of destruction by this time. The *California* was ablaze; the *Oklahoma* sunk; the *West Virginia* and the *Arizona* blown to bits. The *Nevada*, which had gotten underway and tried to slip out of the harbor, had been bombed and split in two, just inside the harbor. She managed to beach herself, and thus save the channel from being blocked. The *Maryland* was still relatively undamaged, but she was im-

time. I also managed to get a pistol. I proceeded to gather up a few Marines I could find and started to equip them with what arms we could get together.

Ford Island was a madman's utopia for the first few hours of the attack and through most of that first day. Survivors from the wrecked ships were swarming over the island, plundering and ransacking warehouses, armories and barracks. Their purpose was essentially to obtain clothing and arms, but their means were almost barbarous. It was almost a miniature revolution, as disorder, havoc and fear reigned supreme.

Most of these young sailors had never had a rifle in their hands before, and others knew little or nothing about one. Yet arms and ammunition were issued freely and indiscriminately to anyone who looked big enough to shoot. In the excitement that naturally would follow such an unexpected attack, most of the sailors were "battle happy" and some were even shell-shocked. They created a greater threat to our own security than did a possible Japanese invasion. They shot at anything that had one dimension. Bullets were whizzing everywhere, as these would-be defenders ravaged the island in search of Japs. Some carried automatic rifles, and hadn't the slightest idea how to shoot one. Others were equipped with sawed-off shotguns, pistols, and even machine guns.

What a day! I was more afraid of being ignominiously killed by one of those trigger-happy sailors than I was of the Japanese. I took some of their arms away and at least managed to make everyone I could find

put his safety lock on.

These sailors commandeered every car, truck, motorcycle and vehicle they could find. They were speeding around the roads in all sorts of fashions, and several crashed into posts and ditches. One hit an ambulance in a head-on collision. All this was typical of the confusion that reigned supreme most of that first day.

Expecting that this first attack would undoubtedly be followed by an invasion of airborne troops, I stationed my Marines around the airfield and started digging small but effective foxholes. We had a fairly adequate defense set up when the third and fourth attacks came. We tried hard to bring down some planes, but I rather doubt if we did much more than to keep them from strafing our planes on the ground. We were ready for anything now, as I think all of us had recovered from our initial fright.

Around noon, I went back to the BOQ where I looked eagerly for the sight of dear friends who had survived this initial tragedy. I will never forget the look on those faces as one man after another found his buddy and shipmate. I heaved a sigh of joy each time I saw one of my fellow officers alive.

By that afternoon, I had accounted for 45 of my 77 Marines, took command of them, and reported into the Marine Barracks, Ford Island for further orders. We bunked that evening in the airplane hangar on Ford Island, and provided machine gun and antiaircraft posts to guard the field.

About 2300, planes were heard overhead and the whole harbor opened up with a barrage



USS Shaw DD-373 blowing up in floating dry dock Dec. 7, 1941.

were arriving by the hundreds. The *California* was all ablaze and men were being carried off of her. These poor individuals were burned to a crisp. I will never forget those horrible and gruesome sights of men coming in covered with oil, their skin hanging in shreds, their head and eyelashes burned to a cinder. Their cries were unbearable, and I was sick to my stomach by this time.

I decided to leave and try to gather some of my men together. I naturally expected something else to happen and I wanted to be of a little more help this time. As I started down the road again I noticed waves of high-flying Japanese bombers at

mobile as the sunken hulk of the *Oklahoma* pinned her into the island.

Dive bombers were still pounding us heavily, and our ships were still returning the fire valiantly. I saw a Japanese plane burst into flames and crash a short way from me. I saw other planes crashing nearby, but the attack was beginning to slow down.

I found myself a truck with keys in the ignition lock and drove down to the edge of the beach, picking up survivors from the various ships. I then drove over to the BOQ (Bachelor Officers' Quarters). There I obtained some clothes, as I was clad only in my shorts at this



View of the capsized USS Oklahoma alongside USS Maryland. The Tennessee may be seen on the left of the photo, astern of Maryland. Rescuers cut a hole in the bottom of Oklahoma's hull, saving 32 men trapped inside.

of fire. Two planes burst into flames and crashed a short distance from where I was standing. How tragic! They were our own planes that we had mistaken for the enemy. No adequate recognition signal had been arranged for our returning planes. Everyone was still so excited that if someone fired a few shots the whole damn harbor would open up. What a night!

The day after the attack I mustered my Marines, crossed the channel and reported to the

Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor for duty. There I met Capt Ross, my commanding officer, who had managed to save himself, and turned over the command to him. At this time we had 60 men out of 77 accounted for. We were attached to the 3rd Defense Battalion, where we remained until Tuesday night. From there we received orders to report on board the USS *Maryland* for duty.

The *Oklahoma* was the first ship to be put out of action. She sank in about seven minutes

with some 500 of my shipmates, officers and men, aboard her. The Japanese executed the destruction of the battle line with the utmost efficiency. We couldn't realize or believe what was happening. They caught us totally by surprise and we really didn't have a chance to fight back. Many of the officers were ashore and none of our batteries were manned. The ammunition was locked in magazines and I don't believe anyone knew just who had the keys.

It was tragic and no words will



Capt W.G. Muller, Jr., while serving with the First Marine Division.

ever be able to adequately describe the horror of that Sunday morning attack.

Editor's note: floating dry dock had more than 155 holes from bomb fragments but was repaired and back in service by May 1942. Sotoyomo returned to duty in August 1942 and USS *Shaw* rejoined fleet in June of 1942.

Pearl Harbor Week Observed

Approaching old Marine Corp buddies after 45 years can produce some surprising expressions as faces come into focus. There were quizzical looks, double takes, triple takes and dead pans brightening slightly, then exploding into a mile wide smile.

Introductory conversations could be eye-opening as well; "I was in 'I' Battery, 4th Defense, too, but I don't remember you." I apologized to Ramon Clark of Statesboro, Georgia; "The Hell you don't," he thundered, "I was your Top Kick!"

It happened again as I approached Joe Ciampi of Fort Lauderdale, Florida. "No," he said, "I can't place you, Bill. You see, I went with the 3rd Defense in April '41 — see,

there's a picture of me and Charlie Britt snapping in with the .30 caliber machine gun on the old P.I. grinder!" I responded, "Who the Hell do you think took the picture, Joe?" The resulting recognitions always took the same course — lots of hearty hand shakes, back slaps and "Let's get a drink!"

Looking at each other, we had to agree we were not the same mean and lean lads who made Hilton Head Island safe for luxury living, but proud men in their sixties and seventies, most of whom had laid aside their .03 rifles and pit plate helmets to carve a life in the civilian world after six years and more in the boon docks of the Pacific.

Such was my introduction to a week of meeting old friends and

their wives, buddies of the old Third and Fourth Defense Battalions I had not seen in over 41 years — in a place I haven't seen in over 44 years. It was an experience which could never be put into words; it must be lived at least once!

Forrest Smith, hard working leader of the Northeast Division of Pearl Harbor Survivors Association and ex-belly robber of the Third Defense Battalion, is the man who brought this reunion together — under the most frustrating of circumstances, I must add.

Most of Smith's plans were necessarily tentative from the beginning because of several things; publicity was hard to come by in military publications; members are all of an age when making long range commitments is "iffy" at best, and both inquiries and reservations were slow in arriving.

Forrest Smith worked non-stop, both in his Maine home, then in his room at the Inn in Beaufort. He got the job done! First of all he arranged a block of rooms at Beaufort's one leading hostelry, the Holiday Inn, with discounts for members and a free Hospitality room.

Through many calls and letters to the USMC Public Relations Office on Parris Island, he requested and received guided tours of the Recruiting Station and the rifle range, (including the chances to fire the new M16 model rifle), a greeting by Staff Marine Corps Officers, attendance at a boot platoon graduation — all in all, a great day in our old romp and stomp areas.



Forrest Smith at the stand calling for help.

Another USMC guided tour, again on their bus, was allowed to the Beaufort Marine Corps Air Station, and buses delivered us to the Senior Non Commissioned Officers Club on the base for our Pearl Harbor Day banquet.

The dinner at the Inn, a day or so before, was particularly informal. Photos were taken for the reunion booklet, several VCRs were running and these tapes are now available.

One would think Smitty would relax once at a dinner, but no, he was up and down and running to see everyone was properly served and seated. He sat, only to pop up to the dais to speak, ending with, "Somebody take the mike."

Some interesting thoughts were presented at these dinners. One of particular interest was the idea, (noting the fact none of us is getting any younger), we form a loose association of all

(Continued on Page 33)

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Pearl Harbor Survivors Association

Prayer for the Dead

Eternal rest grant unto them, and let perpetual light shine upon them and may they rest in peace. — Amen.

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Lee's Summit, MO

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USS Cassin
Groves, TX

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Jacksonville, FL

The Question Is . . .

Why is it that since World War II, I see more enlisted men and officers dressed in uniforms whose chest area is covered with more campaign ribbons

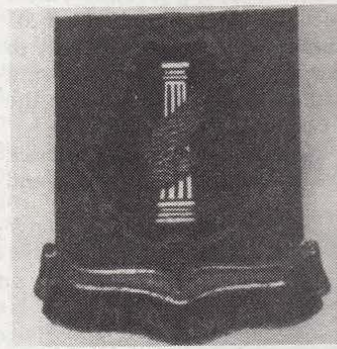
than military events I can think of from the news to justify?

We have not officially been at war since World War II, and, some of the young people wearing all these ribbons weren't even born yet when the war was in process! What in the world did they do to earn them? What in the world do they signify?

Is it that now, a sharp shooter perhaps rates ribbons that were denied to others who gave his life?

I believe that this type of practice "diminishes" the purpose of recognition for valor. In other words, perhaps ribbons do not really mean anything anymore? If this is the case, that's terrible!

All I'm asking is — how can some young officer walk around with a chest full of medals or ribbons who has never been in a real war or probably never heard a gun go off other than when he was out hunting?



Identity of Insignia Unknown — Ernest Rogers of 1389 Chambers Rd., Aurora, CO 80011 is trying to identify this insignia which was assigned to an outfit at Hickam Field between 1939 and 1941. It seems to him the "17th Air Base Sqd." is a likely candidate but he has nothing to confirm his assumption. If you can help Ernest with any information please contact him at the above address.

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Wally Kampney,
National Treasurer

During World War II, I knew hundreds of servicemen who had put their lives on the line day after day after day; yet they did not wear row upon row of ribbons! "Why is this I ask," "What has changed?"

I believe every branch of the service is guilty of this!

I personally feel shocked when I see a young man of twenty in uniform walking around wearing more ribbons on his uniform than were earned by some entire military campaign.

If I am out of line — someone

please provide the answer and I will apologize to those concerned but give me good and valid reasons for this practice. Thank you.

R.S. Hudson
5801 73rd Avenue North
Brooklyn Park, MN 55429

Julius "Jay"
(5th District Director)
and Inge Finnern
Support the **GRAM**

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45th Anniversaries

Henry (*USS Grebe*) and Peggy Klump, 3983 Kendall St., San Diego, CA. 92109 — August 11th, 1986.

Daniel (Com. Sub Base) and Ethel Leach Jr., 3118 Helsel Dr., Silver Spring, MD. 20906 — September 20, 1986.

Robertson C. (*USS Perry*) and Barbara Dailey, 1605 Barnards Cove Rd., Virginia Beach, VA. 23455 — June 4th, 1986.

40th Anniversaries

Jimmy (*USS Tennessee*) and Rosemary Anders, 5310 Prentis, Shreveport, LA. 71108 — June 2nd, 1986.

Mauri (*USS Dobbin*) and Ann Hall, 6612 Spencer St., Omaha, NE. 68104 — May 10th, 1986.

Carl E. (*USS Maryland*) and Lenita P. Tacea, Rt. 5 — Box 198D, Covington, LA. 70433 — April 3rd, 1986.

Victor (*USS Maryland*) and Reta Auble, Rt. 2 8 Box 100, Arnold, NE. 69120 — June 10th, 1986.

John (Det. QM Ft. Shafter) and Geraldine Fields, 713 SW 7, Pendleton, OR. 97801 — May 26th, 1986.

John (*USS Oglala*) and Bette A Fritz, 2010 Kachina Dr., Prescott, AZ. 86301 — November 21, 1986.

Lester (Luke) (251st C/A Camp Malakole) and Marcella LeTourneau, 211 East 29th Ave., North Kansas City, MO. 64116 — August 23rd, 1986.

Earl "Ed" (*USS Oglala*) and Lucy A. Klein, 1585 Pleasant Hill Rd., Lafayette, CA. 94549 — May 29th, 1986.

Walter (QM Det. Schofield Bks.) and Annie Maciejowski, 104 Tileston St., Everett, Mass 02149 — June 16th, 1986.

Edwin C. (*USS Phoenix*) and Kay Krejci, Hwy. 20, Hollister, FL. 30247 — April 13th, 1986.

Joseph E. (*Fort Armstrong*) Roch'es, 71 Maynard Dr., Topsham, ME. 04086 — August 24th, 1986.

Milton J. (1st Def. Bat. USMC.) and Mary Beaudry, 3050 Dixie Brook, Erie, MI. 48133 — August 10th, 1986.

Harold C. (*USS Phoenix*) and Helen Berg, 91 Beverly Circle, Englewood, FL. 33533 — October 19th, 1986.

George D. (*USS Conyng-ham*) and Goldie Overfelt, Rt. 4, Rocky Mount, VA. 24151 — November 16th, 1986.

Leo (98th C/A Schofield Bks.) and Ruth Klein, 1941 South Railroad Ave., Staten Island, NY. 10306 — June 23rd, 1986.

Oscar G. (64th C/A Fort Shafter) and Cleo Street, 4022 South Shelby Lane, Douglasville, GA. 30135 — August 3rd, 1986.

Lindsay R. (*USS Shaw*) and Claire Waters, 111 Hanbury Ave., Portsmouth, VA. 23702 — May 17th, 1986.

Alfred J. (11th Med Rgt. Schofield Bks.) and Nancy Sobolewski, 604 Woodland Hgts., Canonsburg, PA. 15317 — October 6th, 1986.

35th Anniversaries

Max D. (*USS Medusa*) and Harriet J. Chrisolear, 7171 Fal-lenoak Trace, Centerville OH. 45459 — June 16th, 1986.

Joseph H. (*USS Raleigh*) and Jenny Heinzmann, 227 Wayon's Court, Lothian, MD. 20711 — June 3rd, 1986.

30th Anniversaries

Richard (*USS Nevada*) and Velma L. Hansing, Rt. 1, Box 4765, Twin Falls, ID. 83301 — August 4th, 1986.

25th Anniversaries

Merrel W. (*USS Argonne*) and Barbara A. McBride, 158 Johnston Dr., Zephyrhills, FL. 34248 — June 3rd, 1986.

Alvin (34th Engr. Schofield Bks.) and Helen Dins, 33 Terrace Ave., Monessen, PA. 15062 — August 25th, 1986.



Ted Roth and Paul Jean of Alamo chapter 2, San Antonio, TX during wreath laying ceremonies at the Alamo.

James A. Ipock
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Gerald A. Glaubitz,
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Requests for Unit Listings, which contain the names of the current PHSА members from your ship or station, are to be mailed to Mr. David P. Bedell, 14059 Oakview Dr., McKeesport, PA 15131. Your request should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Extra postage should be included for larger units — Hickam Field, Schofield Barracks, etc.

With your request, please give your PHSА identification number found on your membership card.

NEW MEMBERS

The second quarter of 1986 closed with many new members joining PHSA.

Congratulations to all who have helped achieve this excellent increase in membership since the first quarter of 1986.

The *Gram* welcomes each of you to our association.

Due to the unauthorized use of names and addresses of a new member printed in the *Gram*, the full address is not listed. If any member desires to obtain the full address of a fellow survivor, please contact the National Vice President, who is the membership chairman.

Mr. David P. Bedell
14059 Oakview Dr.
McKeesport, PA. 15131

New Members for the period 4/86 to 6/86 . . .

SISCO, Arthur W.
Lakewood, CA. 90713
(*USS Honolulu*)

ADAMS, George D.
Hegins, PA. 17938
(*USS Oklahoma*)

BEATON, John M.
California, MD. 20619
(Rec. Sta. Pearl Harbor)

BRIDGEWATER, William H.
Pelham, AL. 35124
(*USS Oglala*)

COMPERE, Broadus S.
Florence, MS. 39073
(*USS YD-44*)

FISCHER, A. Herman
Mountain View, CA. 94040
(Bishops Point)

HOPEWELL, William V.
Northumberland, PA. 17857
(16th C/A Ft. Ruger)

ALBERTS, Paul
New Rochelit, NY. 10801
(31st Bomb Sq. Hickam Field)

ANDERSON, Dewey O.
Pensacola, FL. 32506
(*USS Maryland*)

ASHERBRANER, Walter
Madisonville, KY. 42431
(*USS Nevada*)

OAKES, George J.
Hudson, NY. 12534
(*USS Narwhal*)

PICKARD, Wallace F.
Ocean Beach, NY. 11770
(4th Recon. Sq. Hickam Field)

RICHMAN, Robert
Tucson, AZ. 85715
(98th C/A Schofield Bks.)

STOUT, Benjamin D.
Aberdeen, MD. 21001
(*USS Honolulu*)

ADAMS, John W.
Union, NJ. 07083
(A/C Warng. Co. Schofield Bks.)

BOECK, Glenn M.
Santee, CA. 92071
(97th C/A Ft. Kamehameha)

BUCE, Jack M.
The Dalles, OR. 97058
(*USS Tennessee*)

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E. Eddington, ME. 04428
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(*USS San Francisco*)

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BENSHOFF, Donald W.
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CHILDS, J. W.
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(*USS West Virginia*)

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(*USS Rigel*)

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Great Falls, MT 59404
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(Marine Bks., Pearl Harbor)

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Carlsbad, CA 92008
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SCHULER, Edwin D.
San Jose, CA 95127
(*USS Phoenix*)

THYS, Charles L.
Bella Vista, AR 72714
(*USS Utah*)

WAGERS, Otis C.
Sequim, WA 98382
(*USS Blue*)

WINSLOW, Jerry G.
Downington, PA 19335
(41st C/A Ft. Kamehameha)

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Hudson, FL 33567
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(*USS Vestal*)

LORENZ, Howard A.
Hesperia, CA 92345
(Ford Island)

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(24th Inf. Schofield Bks.)

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BOWMAN, Carl W.
Fairdale, KY 40118
(*USS Aylwin*)

CLIFTON, Harvey B.
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(64th C/A Ft. Shafter)

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(15th C/A Ft. Kamehameha)

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- RHODEN, Earl M.
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- ROOT, Leland F.
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(*USS Castor*)
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Springfield, VA 22151
(*USS Antares*)
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Peoria, AZ 85345
(18th Bomb Wg. Hickam Field)
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Portsmouth, VA 23702
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(8th F/A Schofield Bks.)
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- GOOLD, Ralph H.
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(*USS Vestal*)
- BLACK, Donald S.
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(*USS Schley*)
- BRADY, William C.
Hayes, LA 70646
(17th AB Sq. Wheeler Field)
- DEAN, Kenneth
Birmingham, AL 35215
(*USS Oklahoma*)
- HARDWICK, W. Doyle
Burnside, KY 42519
(Tow Target Base, Bishops Pt.)
- HOWARD, Ernest F.
Dallas, TX 75218
(19th Inf. Schofield Bks.)
- MARTONE, Frederick A.
Rochester, NY 14606
(Ft. Kamehameha)
- NEGLAY, Stanford B.
Melba, ID 83641
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- OWENS, Allen S.
Portsmouth, VA 23701
(*USS Nevada*)
- REDMOND, Leo H.
Largo, FL 33540
(*USS Ralph Talbot*)
- ROHAN, Clifford P.
Sun City, AZ 85351
(Tow Target, Hickam Field)
- SLOCUM, Jack D.
York, NE 68467
(*USS Phoenix*)
- THOMPSON, Kenneth M.
Macon, MO 63552
(*USS MacDonough*)
- WOFFORD, Charles W.
Raymondville, TX 78580
(A and R Ford Island)
- ROYALE, Jeane
Baldwin, MI 49304
(25th Div. Schofield Bks.)
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Cheektowaga, NY 14227
(21st Inf. Schofield Bks.)
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(*USS Oklahoma*)
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Gladstone, MO 64118
(*USS West Virginia*)
- HILLMAN, Ralph A.
Hastings, NE 68901
(*USS San Francisco*)
- BACIO, Oming B.
Makaweli, Kauai, HI 96769
(34th Engr. Schofield Bks.)
- COINER, David T.
Stauton, VA 24401
(98th C/A Schofield Bks.)
- DUNCAN, Rudolph L.
Lincoln, NE 68506
(14th Sig. Sec. Wheeler Field)
- FOWLER, Raymond T.
Orange Park, FL 32073
(*USS Whitney*)
- KELLEHER, William J.
Malvern, OH 44644
(*USS Montgomery*)
- MILLER, Boyd A.
Omaha, NE 68134
(*USS San Francisco*)
- Olson, Hersel R.
Pahoa, HI 96778
(*USS Tennessee*)
- COSLETT, Audrey G.
Hesperia, CA 92345
(Navy Misc. Atch *USS Enterprise*)
- EHRICH, Carl E.
Blackwood, NJ 08012
(*USS San Francisco*)
- LAUVE, Earl J.
Gretna, LA 70056
(*USS Sumner*)
- BENSON, Conway B.
Slidell, LA 70460
(*USS Tennessee*)
- DANIELS, William E.
Yorktown, VA 23692
(*USS Raleigh*)
- EVANS, Chesley M.
Colorado Springs, CO 80906
(*USS Pelias*)
- GREECHAN, Hugh J.
Umatilla, FL 32784
(15th C/A Ft. Kamehameha)
- KUCEWICZ, Theodore
Buffalo, NY 14211
(64th C/A Ft. Shafter)
- MYERS, J. M.
Kermit, TX 79745
(*USS Honolulu*)
- PITTINGER, Frank B.
Port Charlotte, FL 33952
(98th C/A Schofield Bks.)
- CRAIG, John H.
San Pedro, CA 90732
(*USS California*)
- GOIN, James W.
Colton, OR 97017
(*USS Cassin*)
- PRAZAN, Frank J.
Omaha, NE 68107
(*USS Helena*)
- CASE, Horace E.
Omaha, NE 68104
(*USS Honolulu*)
- DOERFLING, Lawrence
Grants Pass, OR 97527
(*USS Vestal*)
- FOSTER, William G.
Grants Pass, OR 97526
(*USS Pennsylvania*)
- HUNNICUTT, Carl W.
Citrus Heights, CA 95610
(90th QM. Ft. Armstrong)
- LAHTI, Bruno W.
Glen Cove, NY 11542
(64th C/A Ft. Shafter)
- NEWILL, Harry L.
Oakland, NE 68045
(*USS Oglala*)
- SHAW, James W.
Lake City, FL 32055
(27th Inf. Schofield Bks.)

***USS Missouri Begins Voyage to Rejoin Fleet
United Press International and San Fernando
Daily News . . .***

The aging World War II battleship *Missouri*, its decks lined with crewmen standing at ease, sailed from Long Beach, California, for San Francisco and ceremonies that will recommission it back into the active U.S. Navy.

"Goodbye daddy," children yelled as the warship, its nine 16-inch guns pointing skyward, silently steamed out of the harbor this past May.

The battleship had been in Long Beach for refitting and modernization. Three sister ships, the *New Jersey*, the *Iowa* and the *Wisconsin*, also have been reactivated and are in various stages of completion.

"Compared to what she looked like a few years ago, she looks really good," said Lt. Sandra J. Stairs, a Navy spokeswoman, as the slate-gray warship slipped past the 100 spectators gathered at the edge of a jetty.

The *Missouri's* 16-inch guns, capable of shooting 2,700-pound shells 26 miles, are not the only awesome sight on the battleship. Additional firepower, spread across a deck more than three football fields long, includes a dozen five-inch guns and the capacity for 32 Tomahawk and 15 Harpoon missiles.

Stairs said when the modernization is finished and the ship returns to active duty, it will come under the umbrella of the 7th Fleet based in Yokosuka, Japan.

Christened in 1944 by Bess Truman, the wife of President Harry S. Truman, the "*Mighty MO*" was later to participate in battles at Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

In Tokyo Bay, September 2, 1945, the Japanese foreign minister crossed its teak deck and surrendered, formally ending World War II.

Reunions

The *USS Hull* (DD-350) will hold its reunion this coming August in Reno, NV.

For further information please contact: J.R. Schultz — 507 Melrose Ave., Santa Cruz, CA. 95062.

* * *

The *USS Helm* (DD-388) will be holding their annual reunion in Honolulu, Hawaii from December 3rd through the 6th, 1986. It will run concurrently with the PHSAs National Convention.

Please contact: Victor A. Dybdal, 1769 Halekoa Dr., Honolulu, HI. 96821 or phone (808) 732-1545.

* * *

Members of WAVES National Corp. will gather in Albuquerque, NM. from all over the United States for their biennial convention this coming July from the 29th through August 2nd,

1986.

Members of the Roadrunner unit #4 are hosting this convention. For additional information please contact: Trudy Millward, 3000 Azted Rd., NE., #47, Albuquerque, NM. 87107 or phone (301) 876-2689.

* * *

The *USS Henley* (DD-391) will have their reunion near Portland, OR. this coming July from the 18th through the 20th, 1986.

For further details please contact: Roy Anglen SMC USN (Ret), P.O. Box 3, Hume, IL. 61932 or phone (217) 887-2372.

* * *

Marines stationed at West Loch Ammunition Depot and Navy men pulling duty on the confiscated sampans based at Kewalo Basin later in the war, the Pearl Harbor History

Associates would like to hear from you.

Please write, PHHA, P.O. Box 205, Sperryville, VA. 22740.

* * *

The *USS Escambia* (AO-80) will hold their 11th reunion of WW-II crew at the Boardview Hotel, Wichita, KS., from September 25th through the 27th, 1986.

Please contact: Virgil Grier, 2144 South Everett, Wichita, KS. 67213 or phone (316) 943-0526.

* * *

All Units of the 7th Fighter Command WW-II are planning a reunion in Honolulu, HI., during the same time period as the 45th Pearl Harbor Survivors Association reunion. Please contact: James Tapp, 4210 Constellation Rd., Lompoc, CA. 93436 for further information.

The 78th Fighter Sqd., WW-II association will be holding a reunion in Honolulu, HI., in conjunction with the 7th Fighter Command and PHSAs reunions.

Please contact: Clyde Mortensen, P.O. Box 82, Hartland, Wis. 53029 for further details.

* * *

The Pearl Harbor Survivors of Bay Patriots Chapter have been invited by the U.S. Navy to attend the commissioning of the *Bunker Hill*, and *Aegis Cruiser*.

This will be on Saturday, September 20th, 1986. Each member will be allotted two (2) tickets. If wishing to attend this event, please let Charles A. Toohey, President of the Chapter, know as soon as possible.

* * *

There will be a reunion of Battery E — 55th C/A and 750th AAA Gun Bat. which were stationed at Fort Ruger, Honolulu, T.H.

This will be coming up in September, on the 5th and 6th, 1986, in Heuston Woods State Park, located near the Indiana Border.

For full details, please contact: Maurice Grafton, 1108 Hushow, Chillicothe, IL. 61523, or phone (309) 274-4494.

* * *

Fall-In. Servicemen and women and civilians who have served in Armed Forces Radio and Television Service assignments anywhere in the world are encouraged to renew old acquaintances and meet new friends through the Armed Forces Broadcasters Association.

Please write to Robert P. Bubiak, Executive Vice President, AFBA, P.O. Box 12013, Arlington, VA. 22209, or call John Morris, AFBA's president, at (609) 924-3600.

* * *

The U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *USS Taney* CG WHEC-37 will be holding their annual reunion from the 17th through the 19th, 1986 this coming October, in Arlington, TX.

For further information please contact: Harold F. Maybeck, 1508 Arbor Town Circle, #1025, Arlington, TX. 76011 or phone: (817) 469-7289.

Special Rates Extended

The Silver State Chapter 2 of Las Vegas, NV, has informed the *GRAM* that the Palace Station Hotel has extended the special commercial rates for their rooms through the year 1986, to all PHSAs members nationwide.

The account number for the commercial account is: VIP 1922. Out-of-state survivors may call 1-800-634-3101 for reservations. Each is required to identify himself or herself as a PHSAs member and give the account number.

High-Quality Color T-Shirts



Adult sizes only — S,M,L,XL

MY GRANDFATHER IS A MEMBER OF



Children's Sizes S (6-8), M (10-12), L (14-16) Adults Sizes S; and Med.

Blue on Yellow Gold OR Yellow Gold on Blue

SPECIFY COLOR AND SIZE

50% Cotton — 50% Polyester

\$7.50 each prepaid, NO C.O.D. \$8.50 for XXL ONLY

Checks or Money Order Payable To

Lloyd E. Turner

Central PA-Letterkenny Chapter, PHSAs

31 Presbyterian Drive

Mechanicsburg, PA 17055



Alvin Dins with one of his models of the Arizona Memorial. He makes these replicas and has given several of them to deserving PHSAs members. Alvin was attached to the 34th Engineers, Schofield Barracks on December 7, 1941.

AHOY

WORDN SHIPMATES AND MEMBERS — P.H.S.A.

SEE YOU AT PEARL DEC. 7, 1986

RICHARD YOUNG NATIONAL CHAPLAIN

Nat'l. Convention

(Continued from Page 19)

General Policies:

1. Emphasis should be on the national and international recognition of December 7, 1986 as the 45th anniversary of Pearl Harbor Day. Each activity in Hawaii should be designed to acquire maximum publicity to promote general interest in the significance of the event and Hawaii as the central location of all events occurring on that day (week).

2. The Pearl Harbor Survivors Association should be promoted as the instigator and sponsor of all events — nationally and internationally as well as Hawaii.

3. Maximum use of national personalities in the entertainment, military, business and political arenas should be utilized to further the goals of the PHSA in regard to the actual celebrations and commemorative events scheduled as well as the goals of the PHSA Foundation. Such individuals will add considerable prestige and fund-raising capabilities to the PHSA.

TravServe's Specific Functions:

1. Develop one-hour cable television presentation on the **REUNION**, which we anticipate will be shown to no less than 2.5 million viewers and possibly 35 million.

2. A longer version — approximately 1½ hours — for home use to be made available to PHSA members and history buffs for the price of \$49.95 per copy. We envision this film to be available to colleges, universities, high schools, visitors to Pearl Harbor, and individuals in several foreign countries.

3. A one-hour television presentation on **Hawaii**, dealing with the role of Pearl Harbor and the state from prior to WWII through the end of the war. This film will be narrated by Stan Falk, recently retired as head of the US Air Force Department of History.

4. A longer version of **Hawaii** for home use which will be available to the PHSA members for \$49.95.

5. Individual interviews with PHSA members — at the approximate cost of \$125 per person. Each interview will in-

(Continued on Page 24)

PRE-REGISTRATION FORM PEARL HARBOR SURVIVORS ASSOCIATION, INC. NATIONAL CONVENTION DECEMBER 3 THRU 10, 1986

TODAYS DATE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SHIP/UNIT and STATION _____

PHSA CHAPTER NO. _____ MEMBERSHIP NUMBER _____

POSITION IN PHSA _____

FIRST NAME OF SPOUSE _____

GUESTS NAME (s) _____

ARRIVAL DATE _____

DEPARTURE DATE _____

MEDICAL HISTORY AND MEDICINES BEING USED (If none so state)

NAME OF HOTEL _____

PRE-REGISTRATION FEE: \$75.00 per person including banquet
\$50.00 per person WITHOUT banquet

MAKE CHECKS/MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO: PHSA, Inc.

RETURN REGISTRATION FORM
AND REMITTANCE TO:

Pre-Registration Chairman
HILLORY R. JONES
1212 PUNAHOU ST., Apt. 2105
HONOLULU, HI. 96826

HOLD FIRST REUNION IN 40 YEARS

Columbian Recalls WWII Navy Band

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The surviving members of the World War II Navy Band, of which a Columbian, John W. Crawford, 604 South Fourteenth Street, was a member, held a reunion at Finger Lakes, New York recently. It was the first time the band members had gotten together in forty years. Following is a history of the band as compiled by Mr. Crawford. Reprinted from The Columbian.

NEW YORK — Eighteen surviving members of a World War

II Navy band gathered in the Finger Lake region of New York State last week to reminisce about their long sojourn of Pacific duty and their eventual two years duty at Sampson Naval Training Station. This was the first time they had been together as a group for 40 years.

The group had been formed into a 20-piece band at the Navy School of Music in 1940 as band 13 — all such units were assigned numbers. There were about 25 such Navy bands at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack

and the members of this band were young men of 18 or 19 years of age.

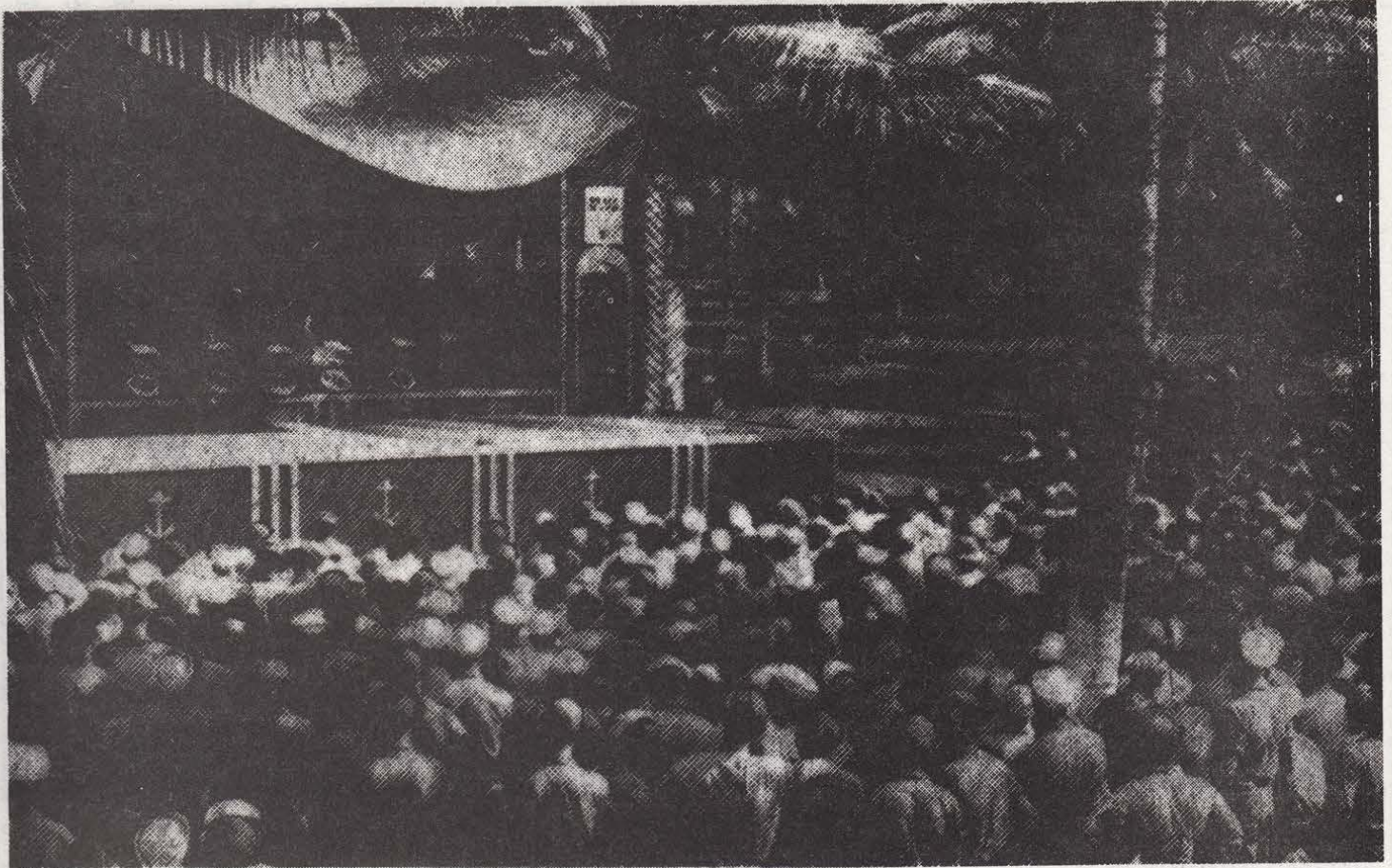
At the outset the band was a strong minded close-knit group who stuck together like glue and through much adversity — Pearl Harbor attack, administrative Snafu's, poor leadership, etc. — the band not only managed to survive but gave a good account of itself by providing music for military personnel at the South Pacific front at a time when the outcome of the war was not too

obvious.

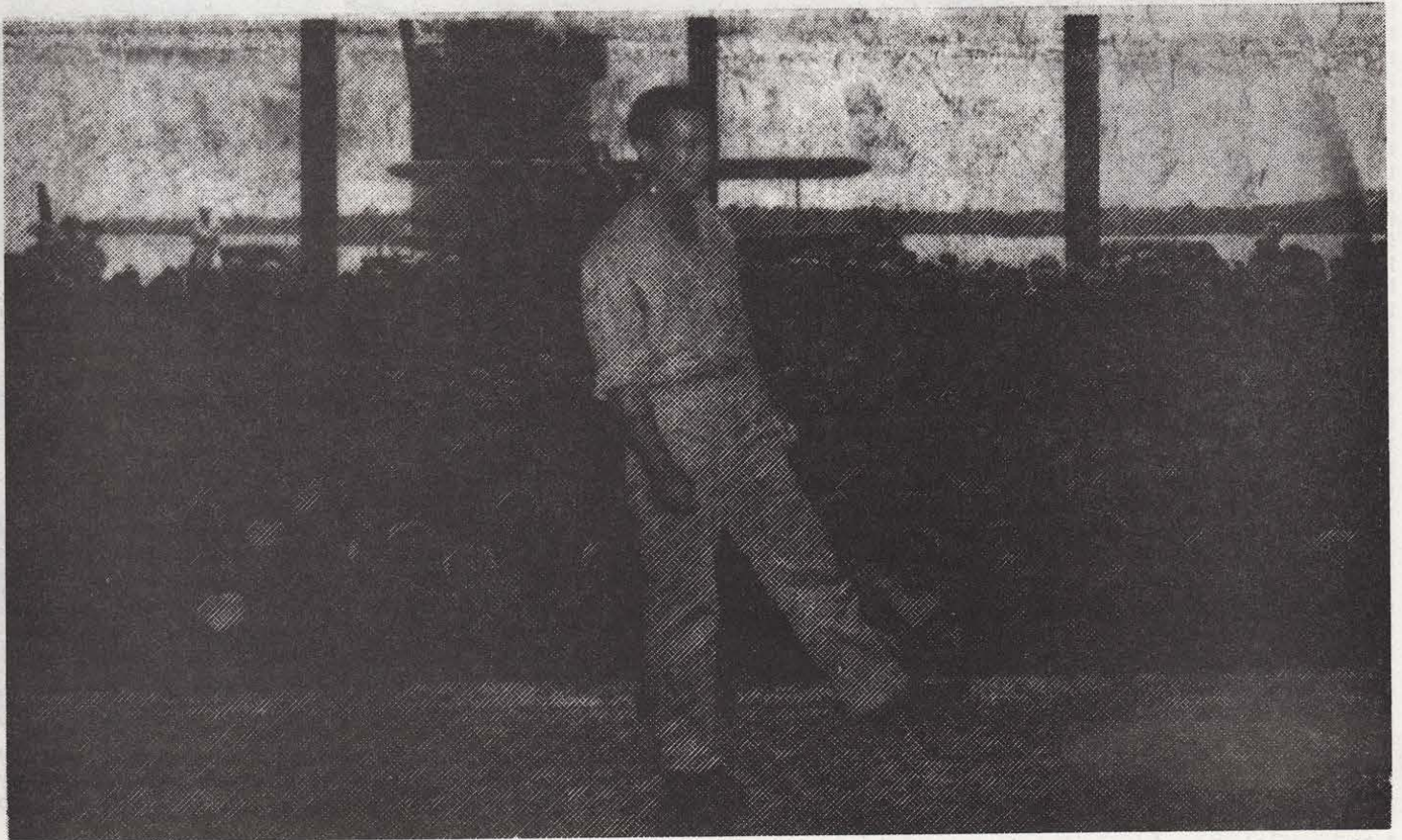
In 1940 the band was attached to Admiral "Fuzzy" Theobald's flag, then on the *USS Raleigh*, a WWI light cruiser. The flag, from time to time, moved to other ships, taking the band right along. The band became well-acquainted with shipboard life on the three ships which the flag rotated to, including the *USS Dobbin*, *USS Whitney* — both destroyer tenders (repair ships) and the *USS Raleigh*, as mentioned.



FRONT ROW: Roger N. Wesley, Agnooni C. Baligan, Richard H. Hansberry, Charlie E. Craig, Merle E. Smith, Gerry W. Sprague, Clair W. Alford, John M. Crandall. BACK ROW: William L. Ousley, Otto F. Hansbery, John W. Crawford, Donald O. Etter, Dale R. Phillips, George W. Miller, Ira J. Schab, Jr., Dr. Richard J. Reynolds, George C. Young. Members still alive but unable to attend for various reasons were Pat E. Mayo, Robert W. Krause, and Ronald L. Waters.

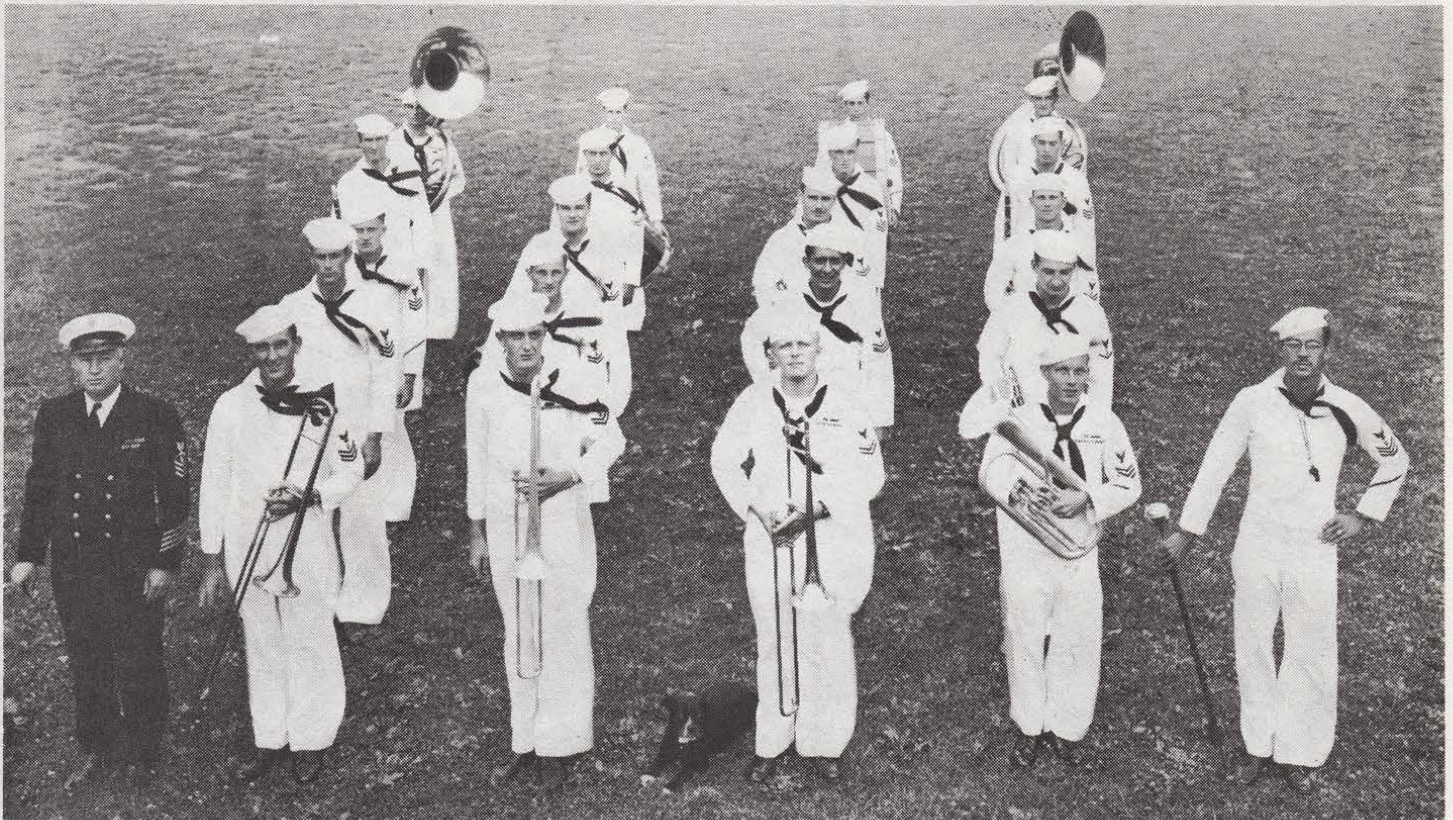


Bandstand, (top photo), on Aore Island, where the Navy Band entertained thousands at a time off the ships in the harbor. The site was affectionately called "Coconut Grove." Movie star Joe E. Brown, (bottom photo), is shown on aircraft tender, USS Curtis. The Navy band played during his visit.





BAND RETURNS TO STATES. After three and one-half years in the South Pacific, the band returned to Sampson Naval Training Station. John Crawford and Don Etter are shown left foreground.



FRONT TO BACK, LEFT TO RIGHT: Cuy Lyda, Director (deceased); Raymond J. Riscal (deceased); George W. Miller; Ralph D. Jensen (deceased); John W. Crawford; Roger N. Wesley; Dale R. Phillips; Merle E. Smith; William L. Ousley; Ronald L. Waters; Robert W. Krause; Richard H. Hansbery; Agnooni C. Baligan; Gerry W. Sprague; Clair W. Alford; Pat E. Mayo; Charlie E. Craig; David Rosoff; George C. Young; Donald O. Etter; Ira J. Schab, Jr.; John M. Crandall, Drum Major. (The mascot's name was Jeff, deceased).

SEATTLE FOREBEAR

Only Revolutionary War Sailor Buried in Arlington National Cemetery

By OSCAR ROLOFF

"You have often heard me recount my suffering, by those de-spots you now oppose, in our long and arduous struggle for those liberties you are now in arms to defend."

—John Follin

Mrs. Leola Marshall, a retired school teacher and librarian of Seattle, recently told me about her great great great grandfather who reportedly is the only Revolutionary War sailor to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery, across the Potomac River from our nation's capital.

His name is John Follin and here's his story: Born in 1761 at Falls Church, Virginia, at age 17 Follin joined our fledgling Navy to help us become free of British yoke. His mother (Bathsheba Hurst) was a descendant from a titled Great Britain family.

Sent aboard the *USS Neptune*, Follin's first year was spent searching out and defeating enemy ships. Alas! One day in 1779, while engaged in battle, his ship was bested and forced to surrender. Follin and his shipmates were shipped to England and imprisoned at the notorious Fortin Prison.

Because Follin was Scotch-Irish, England claimed him as a subject. Given a choice of taking an oath of allegiance to King George or a flogging, Follin, a true patriot, took the latter and was given 39 excruciating lashes on his back. Flogging was a common punishment. Food was poor and the American seamen were near death's door. One day, when a butcher entered the prison, accompanied by a dog, the starving sailors grabbed the dog, skinned the animal and ate it.

Follin and several others devised a way to stay alive. Frequently they'd escape and go to a friendly house for a few days, waiting for the arrangement whereby the owner would notify prison officials he had captured some U.S. sailors. Upon arriving to arrest and again imprison the navymen, officials gave the man his monetary reward.

Several days later the man would return half of the reward hidden in a loaf of bread. Thus

they'd buy food to assuage their thin bodies.

For reasons unknown, Follin was sent out to the Rock of Gibraltar. Here life continued to be rough and flogging increased. After a year there, he was sent to a nearby British ship. One day shipmate Adams tried to escape via a small boat. Recaptured, Adams was severely flogged. He told the British, "I have a wife and children in Philadelphia and if you were in my place would not you too try to get home to them?" For that utterance, the officer screamed, "Lay it on, damn rebel."

One day Adams and two other shipmates did manage to escape and found their way back home. Because of this, Follin was punished more and confined to a below-deck brig.

Follin married, had two wives and fathered thirty children. When the War of 1812 erupted, four of his sons enlisted, one being killed in battle.

At age 80 on 19 May of 1841 Follin died and was buried in the family cemetery. When plans were made to build Dulles airport, Follin's burial site was in the road. Thus removal was made to Arlington National Cemetery.

In 1897, a son Samuel, wrote of his veteran father John, "Constantly neighbors urged



Follin's great great great grand-daughter Leola Olmstead Marshall pays a visit of respect. She placed a rhododendrum blossom on his grave at Arlington.

John to apply for a government pension and other assistance. His reply was 'No, I don't need it. My government is poor and I can get along without it.'

Seems strange two centuries later my own 'war' footsteps would follow Follin to England, Gibraltar, then live in Virginia near his family home and many times I'd visit the cemetery

where he's buried.

Mrs. Marshall, who several years ago visited the site to place flowers on Follin's grave and say a prayer of thanks to him, said she followed the advice of Suzzane Hilton who uttered these words, "No ancestor is hopelessly lost as long as he has a descendant who would like to meet him."

Tokyo Rose Returns to Airwaves

Reprinted from The Stars and Stripes

She was arguably the most famous disk jockey ever. During the dark days of World War II, her audiences were young Americans who turned in to listen to her Top 40 and her seductive platter chatter.

The men on the front lines dubbed her Tokyo Rose, the "Siren of the South Pacific." But after the war, the people back home called her "traitor." That was 40 years ago.

Was she a villain or a victim? After a decade of silence and seclusion, Tokyo Rose has agreed to tell her story. NBC News presents an exclusive in-

terview in *Whatever Happened to Tokyo Rose?*, a series of five 90-second NBC Extra reports 24-28 March on the NBC Radio Network.

After the war, Tokyo rose was convicted of treason. She

later received a Presidential pardon. The interview is the first she has given since the pardon in 1976. Gary Matsumoto traveled to Chicago to secure the interview, where he found Rose running a Japanese souvenir shop.

New Theory ... (Continued from Page 3)

Kimmel.

Kimmel was relieved of his commission 10 days later and a White House commission early in 1942 said the attack was chiefly because of the "dereliction of duty" and "errors of judgement" of Kimmel and Army Lt. Gen. Walter C. Short.

Kimmel and Short retired early in 1942 and there were calls for them to be court-martialed. No formal charges were brought, but later inquiries by the military and Congress generally blamed both men.

Kimmel died in 1968 at age 86, (Continued on Page 25)

National Convention ... (Continued from Page 19)

clude historical footage at the beginning and end highlighting the events of December 7, 1941. Each interview will also be duplicated and deposited for future historical research (at a place to be designated by the PHSA). This will be the perfect opportunity for PHSA members to leave their experiences for their children, grandchildren and future generations.

6. Arrange for and/or develop all television coverage for promotional purposes prior to, during, and after the events — including local, regional, and national news releases, interviews, and special event coverage.

In general, we anticipate a close working relationship with the PHSA, Havey Fund-Raising Management, and other members of the "Team" to make this anniversary event the most significant military reunion and recognition ceremony in the history of the United States. We hope our efforts will add to the development and perpetuity of the PHSA Foundation. Sincerely,
Russell A. Hartley

Sunday December 7, 1986 gives every evidence of being a very special day. You will want to be there. If you cannot you will want to be present in spirit. Naturally we prefer your physical presence and pray circumstances will allow you to join with us, making that event a most memorable one. Again let us fly together, pray together, memorialize and socialize together. In addition may each survivor appoint themselves as a committee of one to:

1. Contact all congressmen and senators to insure prompt passage of joint resolution SJ322.

2. May each survivor support the PHSA memorial wall effort wherein two million people will view the edifice each year long after we all have departed this life.

3. Each survivor request remembrance prayers from the altar or pulpit of all churches of all faiths on Sunday, December 7, 1986.

Back to Base in Hawaii

For "Back to Base" visits for Navy men who were attached to ships in Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, we are planning for reservations on commercial Pearl Harbor cruise boats.

They leave from Kewalo Basin, Honolulu, proceed along the coast of Oahu to the entrance of Pearl Harbor, then sail into the harbor, pass the entrance of West Loch, "Nevada Point," then proceed around Ford Island, passing the seaplane ramp and hangars, then on past the *USS Raleigh* and the *USS Detroit*, the East Loch where the destroyers were moored, on around the island to where the battleships were tied up on that day of infamy. Then past the 1010 dock and on out to sea again and back to Kewalo Basin.

There will be morning and afternoon cruises each lasting approximately three hours. The cost will run about \$10 per person.

Please let us know if you wish to take either of these cruises and the number in your party, so we can make reservations.

Send in requests for reservations to: Joe Niemetz — National Convention Coordination.

KENNETH R. CREESE

Ye Old GRAM Editor

FOR

National Vice President

NOTICE

The 1st District Convention and Election of a district director will take place on December 4, 1986 at 1:00 p.m. at the Sheraton Hotel in Honolulu, Hawaii during the National Convention/Reunion.

NOTICE

The Resolution from California Chapter 23 that was mailed around the country, concerning to defer, delay, or rescind the National Board of Directors action in employing a public relations firm without prior opportunity for reaction of the PHSA membership and forming the PHSA Foundation for the purpose of soliciting funds to finance PHSA through the sale of lottery tickets, was tabled at the California State PHSA Convention in Redding, CA this past May.

All survivors who attend the 1984 National Convention at Grossingers Resort, New York, recall vividly the unanimous passage of Resolution No. 1 which established a process for the creation of a formal PHSA tribute to be given, posthumously, to Adm. Husband E. Kimmel and Gen. Walter C. Short at an appropriate ceremony held in conjunction with the 45th Hawaii Reunion in December 1986. On hand to receive the tributes would be the nearest living next-of-kin of Adm. Kimmel and Gen. Short.

Resolution No. 1 was printed in its entirety on a yellow sheet that was bound between page 36 and 37 of the October 1984 issue of the "Pearl Harbor — Gram." Members present will recall the spontaneous round of applause which followed immediately upon the passage of this resolution!

In the interval, a number of your fellow survivors from va-

rious parts of the Country have worked diligently to locate the nearest living next-of-kin of Adm. Kimmel and Gen. Short. The Federal Privacy Act did not make the job any easier! I am now pleased to report we are, at long last, firmly in contact with Adm. Kimmel's two sons and Gen. Short's son, as well as their children and grandchildren, all of whom plan to attend the presentation ceremony in Hawaii this December.

Needless to say, the PHSA Kimmel-Short tribute ceremony is going to be one of the highlights of the 45th reunion in December in Hawaii. I hope as many of you as possible will be on hand to participate in this tremendously newsworthy occasion!

Respectfully submitted:
Alex D. Cobb, Jr.
Life Member 10762-L
Jacksonville,
Florida

Convention Information

From: Convention Coordinator
To: All Survivors

During your stay in Honolulu for the 45th Reunion and Convention, the park service will reserve seats on every boat during the time between 2-9 December 1986, going to the *USS Arizona* Memorial. If you desire tickets in advance, please contact the following personnel:

Mr. Robert Kinzler (808) 488-2385/or 422-2771
Mr. Richard Fiske (808) 949-1862

We need 50 volunteers to help with the States Parade of Flags. One survivor representing each state will carry a flag. This will be held at the National Cemetery of the Pacific, National Shrine, on December 7, 1986, at the Sunrise Service. More information to follow.

The Aloha Chapter Convention Committee is planning a return to post or duty station on December 8, 1986. We are going to try to get the military to provide bus transportation from Fort DeRussy to the various posts and stations. If the military cannot furnish bus transportation, then we will charter civilian busses.

For planning purposes, we need to know how many are interested in in this program. If you are interested, please contact Convention Chairman Joe Niemitz, PHSA, 3346 Manoa Rd., Honolulu, HI 96822.

New Theory . . . (Continued from Page 23)

still protesting his innocence and arguing that he was unfairly made a scapegoat, according to his son.

"He was very bitter right up to the end," his son said recently. "Pearl Harbor ruined his life and the Navy treated him so unfairly. He talked about it all the time. You couldn't talk to him for two minutes without him bringing it up. It obsessed him."

According to Layton's book, Kimmel did not expect any attack by the Japanese because he and other military leaders believed, based on Washington's analysis, that the first Japanese strike would be in the Far East, most likely on Army Gen. Douglas MacArthur's forces in the Philippines.

To forestall that attack, according to Layton, B-17 bombers were being ferried to the Philippines and Hawaii was being stripped of vital material to support MacArthur, in support of a U.S. policy of building a strong forward base to deter attack.

An example of the intelligence withheld from Kimmel, according to Layton, was the so-called "bomb plot" messages sent from the Japanese consulate in Honolulu to Tokyo.

Those detailed the positions of American warships at anchor at the Navy base and probably would have led Kimmel and Layton to conclude that an airstrike was being considered, but they never relayed it from Washington to Pearl Harbor, Layton wrote.

Kimmel also has been criticized for not conducting better aerial surveillance. But in the

days before the attack, he sent scout planes to the west and south to look for Japanese ships in the area from which Navy officials in Washington said any attack was likely to be launched, Layton wrote. Instead, the Japanese attacked from the north.

After Pearl Harbor, the intelligence feuding continued, according to Layton. Navy cryptographers in Hawaii broke Japanese codes and warned in mid-1942 that the Japanese were likely to strike at Midway Island.

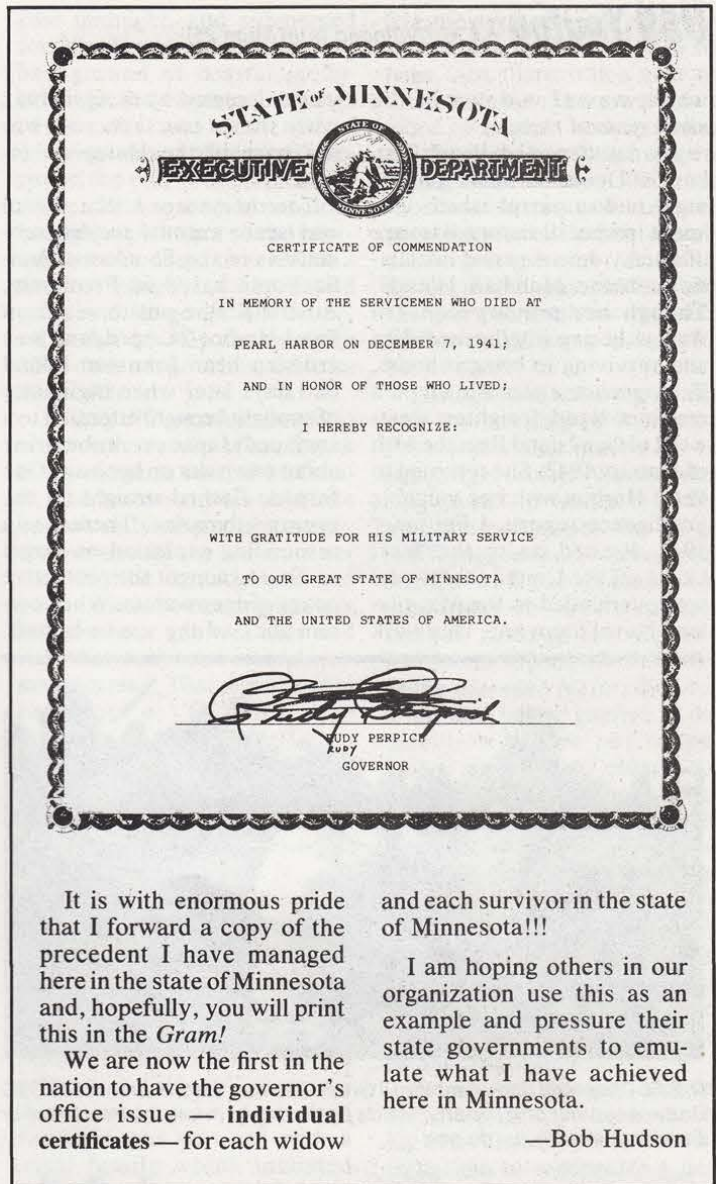
But that was disputed by Navy intelligence officials in Washington, who believed the attack would likely be on the U.S. West Coast or on Johnson atoll.

As it turned out, Adm. Chester Nimitz, Kimmel's replacement, believed his local intelligence officers, leading to one of America's most significant naval victories.

After Midway, Nimitz recommended his chief code breaker, Capt. Joseph J. Rochefort, for a Distinguished Service Medal, but Washington said no. Rochefort, who died in 1976, was later turned down for the medal a second time.

But the service finally rectified its oversight two months ago when Navy Secretary John Lehman signed an order posthumously granting Rochefort the medal.

Layton and his co-authors also assert that Soviet leader Josef Stalin may have known in advance of the Pearl Harbor attack, but did nothing because he wanted the United States formally in the war.



It is with enormous pride that I forward a copy of the precedent I have managed here in the state of Minnesota and, hopefully, you will print this in the *Gram*!

We are now the first in the nation to have the governor's office issue — **individual certificates** — for each widow

and each survivor in the state of Minnesota!!!

I am hoping others in our organization use this as an example and pressure their state governments to emulate what I have achieved here in Minnesota.

—Bob Hudson

USS Tautog . . . (Continued from Page 6)

when several men on board *Tautog* observed planes flying in the general direction of the navy Yard from over the Aiea Fleet landing. When the first plane dropped a bomb and turned to reveal the insignia of the rising sun, shocked submariners raced to battle stations to break out weapons and ammunition. Within minutes, *Tautog's* .50 caliber and .30 caliber machine guns were in action. Her heavier 3-inch deck gun refused to elevate skyward. But her light caliber guns proved just the ticket against torpedo planes passing very close astern to attack battleship row.

Tracers from *Tautog's* after .50 caliber and starboard .30 caliber machine guns marked

the path of hits which plowed into the fuselage of the fourth enemy plane in formation. That target was rocked by explosion and flame as it nose-dived into the channel about 150 feet astern the submarine. *Tautog's* machine guns which brought down this plane, were manned by Torpedoman Second Class P.N. Mignone, USN; Gunner's Mate First Class I.H. Dixon, USN; and Electrician's Mate First Class W.E. Floyd, USN. They brought to *Tautog* the distinction of having made the first single-handed combat kill by a United States Submarine in World War II. *Tautog* gunners also joined two destroyers in firing on a second enemy plane

(Continued on Page 26)

PRICES FOR ADVERTISEMENT IN GRAM

Approved by the National Executive Board at their meeting in Long Beach, CA, July 2, 1985. Went into effect as of Oct. 1985.

Size of Ad	One Issue	Four Consecutive Issues
Full Page	\$350.00	\$1150.00
Half Page	\$175.00	\$ 575.00
Quarter Page	\$ 90.00	\$ 300.00
2-Col., 3"	\$ 75.00	\$ 265.00
2-Col., 2"	\$ 55.00	\$ 190.00
1-Col., 3"	\$ 45.00	\$ 160.00
1-Col., 2"	\$ 35.00	\$ 125.00
Booster, 4 lines max	\$ 7.50	\$ 24.00
Additional Booster		
Lines (ea.)	\$ 5.00	\$ 17.00

SUBSCRIPTION 4 ISSUES \$7.00

USS Tautog . . . (Continued from Page 25)

which was shot down in the same general area.

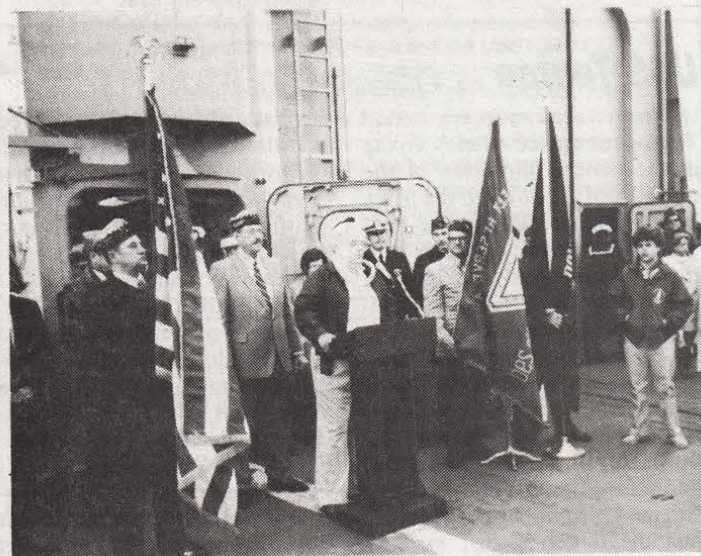
Tautog departed Pearl Harbor 26 December 1941 on her maiden war patrol which was spent in special reconnaissance of enemy defenses and installations in the Marshall Islands. Though her primary concern was gathering intelligence data and surviving to bring it home, *Tautog* made a possible hit on a medium-sized freighter westward of Gea Island Pass the 13th of January 1942. She returned to Pearl Harbor with her valuable intelligence reports 4 February 1942. Routed on to the West Coast off the United States, she was overhauled in the Mare Island Naval Shipyard. This work

was completed by 9 April 1942 when she set course for return to her base in the Hawaiian Islands.

Tautog's second War Patrol was spent enroute to join submarines of the Southwest Pacific Force based at Fremantle, Australia. She put to sea from Pearl Harbor 24 April, and was cruising near Johnston Island two days later when a glimmer of sunlight brought attention to a surfaced Japanese submarine about one point on her bow. One torpedo flashed straight for the enemy submarine. There was a resounding explosion on target as *Tautog* sought the protective cover of deep waters. When certain she had the sea to herself,



N.E.F.I. Chapter 6 President Virgil Green and Kay Tardiff aboard the USS Underwood out of Mayport, Florida preparing to throw the Pearl Harbor Survivors wreath out to sea.



N.E.F.I. Chapter 6 on December 7, 1985 — President Virgil Green speaking from a podium on the helo-deck aboard the USS Underwood after a wreath laying ceremony to honor all our war dead, lest they be forgotten and why we have to keep America strong and free and always on the alert, so there need not be any more World War veterans.

For Sale

Christmas Cards and trivets with the PHSA Logo. 20 Cards and Envelopes \$5.00 plus \$2.00 for mailing. Trivets \$5.00 plus \$2.00 for mailing.

Make check or money order payable to: CHARLES BLAZEK Wisconsin Chapter 1 and mail to: Lee Bryson, Treasurer 5530 N. 107th St. Milwaukee, WI 53225

she surfaced and was soon in contact with a United States patrol plane. The aircraft flew over the scene of the attack, reporting oil and debris drifting on the surface. *Tautog* received official credit for the destruction of a Japanese submarine, then believed to have been R0-30. But post-war evaluation disclosed that submarine had been struck as over-age from the Japanese fleet as of 1 April 1942. The identity of the victim was never learned.

Tautog made landfall on Taroa Island, Maloelap Atoll in the Marshalls 3 May 1942, and was ordered off Truk in the Carolines four days later to intercept any Japanese units which might deploy north from the Battle of the Coral Sea. She let a hospital ship pass unmolested 15 May. She contacted an enemy submarine some 200 miles north of Rabaul at 0534, 17 May, came to attack course while readying two forward tubes, then made a quick dive as her sound operator reported a "pinging" almost immediately aft. She went deep but soon realized that the sound operator had not heard the sound of the enemy firing a torpedo, but *Tautog's* own preparations for attack. The enemy submarine had passed by the time she returned to periscope depth. While tracking on the estimated course of the submarine at 0648, she heard the propellers of another submarine on the same course. Four minutes later, a spread of two torpedoes spun through the sea towards the

enemy. Only one detonation was heard, propeller noise faded and there was no sign of the target. While proceeding on the surface an hour before high noon of the same day, *Tautog* sighted a Japanese submarine readily identified by her marking as the I-28. One of the two torpedoes fired by *Tautog* disabled the 2,212-ton Japanese submarine. Closing the range, the American submarine let go with a single torpedo as the I-28 was shaken by the explosion of a second torpedo hit and went to the bottom.

Near midnight of 22 May 1942, *Tautog* heavily damaged the 5,461-ton Japanese cargo ship *Sanko Maru* in waters off Truk and hotly pursued a second steamer into daylight of the following day when her attack approach was spoiled by marauding patrol aircraft. A submerged periscope attack the afternoon of the 25th sank the 4,467-ton auxiliary *Shoka Maru*. Following attempts to intercept shipping along the northern coast of New Guinea, *Tautog* reached Fremantle, Australia, 11 June 1942.

Tautog spent her third war patrol north off the Malay Barrier and along the coast of Indo-China. She departed Fremantle 17 July 1942 and launched a three-torpedo spread shortly after midnight of 5 August 1942 for two resounding hits on target. When she surfaced at 0200, 6 August, she found an oil slick a mile wide and several miles long, covered with floating debris from the sunken *Ohio Maru*

(5,200 tons). Few contacts worthy of torpedo fire were encountered as she prowled the Saigon-Hong Kong traffic lanes. Eight miles east of Cape Varnevia, 14 August, she took up a determined 145-mile daylight chase of a steamer. That night she surfaced for a high-speed interception, but missed the target. She made landfall on Bombay Reef 25 August, and searched the sea lanes running towards Mindoro and Pansy in the Philippines before return to Fremantle 10 September 1942.

Tautog returned to the coast of Indo-China on her fourth war patrol which commenced out of Brisbane 8 October 1942. She turned Navy recruiter 20 October 1942 when she sank a 75-ton diesel sampan after removing the crew that included four Filipinos who elected to enlist in the United States Navy. These men had swum over to the American submarine after *Tautog* had ordered the Japanese complement into their boats. The Japanese were given water and directed to the nearest land. Ten rounds of 3-inch guns left only the burning bow and pilot house of the sampan above the water.

After riding out typhoon weather for three days, *Tautog* trailed a passenger-freighter into the darkness of 27 October, then jolted the target with two torpedo hits, which sent her to the bottom stern first a little before midnight. The submarine was in broad daylight the next day when she got past two enemy submarine chasers for a damaging hit on an auxiliary tender. Thirty depth charges rained down in the sea from two coordinated attack runs of the enemy above. Some paint chipped off, a few light globes were shattered, the attack periscope power shift broken and sound heads were damaged before *Tautog* managed to escape.

The night of 2 November the submarine surfaced to the south of Cape Padaran to plant 32 mines in the coastal approaches of Saigon. Her work was completed at 0002, 3 November 1942. The first three mines planted exploded prematurely while *Tautog* was a mile distant. But the force of the explosion gave the American submarine quite a jolt as they raised a column of water better than 200 feet in the air.

Tautog missed a target the morning of 5 November, but she found another opportunity the morning of 11 November 1942, while standing toward Makassar Strait. Her single torpedo, apparently rigged too deep, passed under the target. She went to 250 feet in an effort to avoid the hunting escorts and found herself in mortal danger. Her sound gear went dead and even her own propellers could not be heard. Before any action could be taken, propeller noises of the hunting escorts vibrated throughout *Tautog's* hull. The first depth charge exploded as a physical blow, followed by four more explosions almost directly overhead. Men were bodily thrown about, and lights broke to the accompaniment of electrical arcs. The concussion of the explosions caused all hands to "see red", and two feet of water rose in the engine room bilges before control was gained with the drain pump. Chief Radioman C.E. Floyd, despite the terrifying din and jarring physical bounces, managed to get the sound equipment adjusted to the point that propellers of the enemy could be heard within 1,000 yards. His cool response in this emergency enabled his submarine to take up evasive tactics that took her clear of other deliberate depth charge explosions and lose the attackers above.

Tautog returned to Fremantle 21 November 1942. Seven days later, Lieutenant Commander James H. Willingham, Jr., who had commissioned the submarine, was relieved as commanding officer by Lieutenant Commander William B. "Barney" Sieglaff, USN. The latter had been her duty officer on 7 December 1941, as Officer-in-Charge of the repair and refit crew.

Tautog departed Fremantle 15 December 1942 to patrol off Timor Abon, the vicinity of Staring Bay and Saleier Strait. She had been fitted with search radar before departure, but now Christmas Eve dawned and it refused to function properly. She now conducted her patrol by eyesight as she prowled Obami Strait in the dusk. An aircraft caused her to duck under the surface for a time, but she soon continued on the surface. She found the target again two hours

past midnight, and submerged for attack approach. The dark background of coastal mountains blacked out the silhouettes of the target and escort. But a white glimmer of a signal between the pair proved their undoing. *Tautog* homed in close enough to pick up a sound bearing, got the range check with a single "ping", of her sound gear, and let go with a deadly salvo that heavily damaged the 1000-ton cargo ship *Banshu Maru #2*.

Tautog did not stick around to observe the results of her attack in a passage as narrow as Omani. The narrow strait would take her directly under the angry escorts should she continue her course. She turned back and outran the echo-ranging hunters in a ten-hour game of hide and seek that continued into Christmas morning. That night *Tautog* ran afoul a "Q" ship who teamed with a patrol craft for a depth charge workout that held the submarine down past midnight. Practically the whole of Christmas Day had been spent dodging death.

Tautog celebrated the 1943 New Year in relative calm. A novel experience came her way four days later in the form of twelve nervous Mohammedans who hoisted an "explanatory" Japanese flag on board an old sailboat. A "wrong" answer if there ever was one, but *Tautog's* war was not with a tribal family which included four women and a small babe in the arms of an old patriarch with a fez hat perched on his head. A

live rooster decorated the bowsprit where he was tied with six hens, and there was a goat on the forecastle. There was not a word of English understanding on the boat, but Dutch papers dating back to the 1930's had Japanese clearances for the past year that proved the boat merely a sea-going home. A smart Dutch salute was rendered by the old patriarch as the submarine pulled away to hunt for better prey.

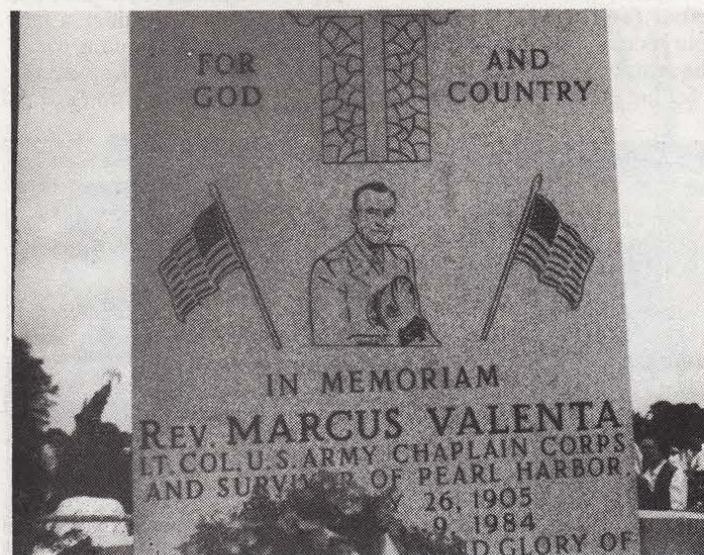
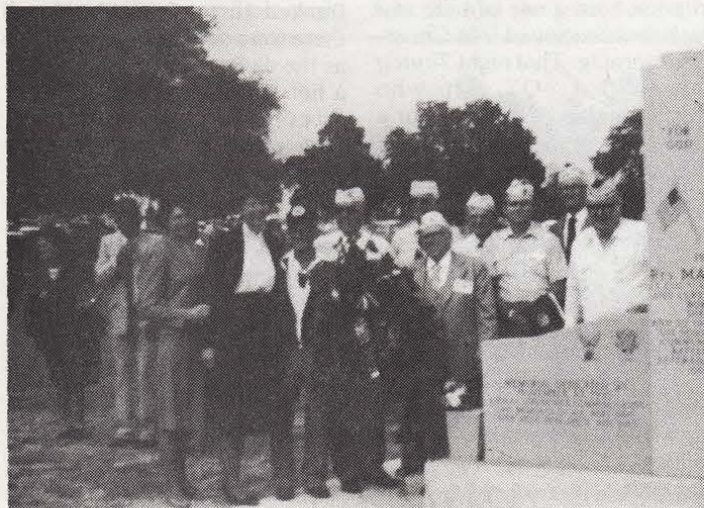
Tautog found a worthy adversary the morning of 9 January 1943 when she moved in to attack light cruiser *Natori*. With long swells of ocean breaking over the periscope, she let go two torpedoes and was soon rewarded with two booming explosions. Two more torpedoes flashed through the sea and there were sounds of another hit as the damaged *Natori* directed a hot and heavy gunfire in the direction of the periscope. *Natori* managed to escape but *Tautog* consoled herself the night of 22 January 1943 when she sank a 1,873-ton Japanese freighter. Four Malayan seamen picked up from a liferaft stated this victim was the former KPM Dutch Liner SS *Miyer*. The natives were given clothing, food, and water, and placed in a rubber boat a mile or so off the coast of Sageang Island.

Tautog had another encounter with a light cruiser the morning of 24 January 1943. She had little time to reconsider a new set up when a fast moving escort came in to spoil her attack

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Minnesota Chapter #2 members present for their 3rd annual Pot Luck Luncheon. From left to right front row: Ted Weeks, Bob Rohrer, Walt Larson, Jerry Sheridan, and Bob Lundquist. Back row left to right: Jim Clark, Paul McMurtey, Don Wilson, Larry Meier, and Louis Copeland.



Dedication ceremonies at the Monument to Father Valenta. Praha, which was Father Valenta's home parish, is a small Czech community located halfway between Houston and San Antonio, TX. These services attract an audience of 2,000-3,000 people. The ceremonies were on a beautiful warm day and in the center of the monument is a likeness of Father Valenta.

USS Tautog . . . (Continued from Page 27)

approach at the critical moment. She hurriedly got off four torpedoes as the cruiser opened with gunfire. Aircraft pounced on *Tautog* with depth bombs and escorts tried to hunt her down with depth charges, but she escaped in a silent run. The last of her torpedoes were expended in this attack. That night she was detected by an enemy destroyer who gave her a good shaking up with eight exploding depth charges which knocked fixtures off her bulkheads and temporarily caused electrical grounds. She was proceeding in the Indian Ocean toward Fremantle at 12-knot speed the night of 29 January when her lookout sighted a torpedo wake abaft her starboard beam. She maneuvered clear of the deadly missile and safely came into Fremantle 30 January 1943.

Tautog spent her sixth war patrol north of the Malay Barrier. She departed Fremantle 24 February and planted 24 mines off the oil rich port of Balikpapan, Borneo, the night of 6 March 1943. Four days later, she sank two fishing boats. A sail boat was destroyed the following day. A grounded tanker was rendered to a useless hulk by torpedo hit from the submarine on the 17th. The next day, she sank a 50-ton two-masted schooner. A small in-shore coastal steamer, and an ore plant were hit with 3-inch gunfire at Pomalla, New Guinea, 23 March 1943.

Tautog attacked a five ship convoy 9 April 1943 when just south of the Celebes, she slammed three torpedoes into the lead cargo ship of the nearest column and let go a single torpedo which missed a guarding destroyer. Two more torpedoes sent on their way toward the lead ship did not hit target. But Japanese destroyer *Isonami* got in the way of this salvo and one torpedo prematurely exploded against her side for damage. The submarine dived away from the counterattacking *Isonami*, outwitted this enemy in a three-hour game of hide and seek, then upped periscope. *Isonami* could be seen listing from slow flooding and headed for the beach of Buton Island. The 5,214-ton Army cargo ship

Penang Maru had run aground there after hits from *Tautog's* torpedoes.

While the Japanese destroyer made temporary repairs, *Tautog* approached for the kill. But her only remaining torpedoes were in her stern tubes. Into the very shallow water went the American submarine. She "turned tail" to bring her torpedoes to bear in the nick of time. *Isonami*, temporarily repaired, was getting underway. But that enemy was only under way for a dizzy spin on her beams end. Three torpedoes from *Tautog* tore into the Japanese destroyer and she capsized in the shallows, a total loss.

A tommy gun in the lap of a single oarsman was standard equipment in each of two rubber boats that put off from *Tautog* 25 May 1943. They carried two passengers, pious Mohammedans who were pro-Allied Japanese agents to be landed on Kabaena Island in the Celebes. The boats safely made shore and safely returned from the very special assignment.

Tautog was off the eastern entrance to Basilan Strait 6 June 1943, when she torpedoed and sank the 970-ton cargo ship *Shinez Maru*. She added another victim to her score the 20th when she sank the 4,474 naval auxiliary *Neiten Maru*. She returned to Pearl Harbor from her seventh war patrol 4 July 1943. She got underway the 7th and reached San Francisco 14 July 1943 for overhaul in the Hunter's Point yards until 8 September. *Tautog* stood out of San Francisco Bay 19 September and returned to her base at Pearl Harbor the 26th.

Tautog's eighth war patrol was conducted off the Palau Islands. She departed Pearl Harbor 7 October 1943, and closed Pais Island on the surface at sunset of the 22nd. Soon five-inch shells were tearing explosive hunks out of a phosphate plant and a radio station. She was off Malakai Passage the early afternoon of 28 October when two torpedoes failed to damage a tanker. An hour later, *Tautog* again attacked the convoy, but a sudden zig of the target took it clear of a salvo of four torpedoes

launched by the fighting submarine. On 4 November she ran across a six ship convoy and heard timed hits in each of two ships attacked. She was officially credited for the sinking of Submarine Chaser #30, but Japanese records examined after the war did not identify this ship as having been sunk. The aggressive submarine attacked a convoy off the entrance to Palau Harbor 5 November for unconfirmed results and again sent her men to battle stations near midnight of 4-6 November when she attacked a three ship convoy guarded by a destroyer. Continuing chase of this same convoy into the night of 7 November 1943, she spent her last remaining torpedo on a tanker without gaining a hit. For two days she continued to trail the convoy, sending out its course to enable another submarine to move in for lethal attack. She returned to Midway 18 November 1943.

Tautog departed Midway 12 December 1943 for her ninth war patrol, which was conducted along the coast of Honshu, Japan. She attacked two ships of a convoy the 27th of December, then spent four hours dodging escorts who dropped 89 depth charges in a vain attempt to destroy the submarine. On 3 January 1944, she tracked the 2,083-ton cargo ship *Saishu Maru* off the mouth of the Kumano Kawi River. That target was only one-half mile from a seawall as the submarine entered shallows, fired a spread of three torpedoes, swung around towards deep water, then ran up an observing periscope. Explosive torpedo hits threw debris high in the air, and *Saishu Maru* was completely enveloped as she blew up in full view of a local town. The sound of high speed propellers and a patrolling aircraft caused *Tautog* to take flight into the deep. The following day she sent the 3,943-ton *USA Maru* to the bottom of the sea. She again gave the enemy a hard time the night of 11 January 1944 when she outwitted two enemy escorts to gain damaging hits on the 6,353-ton weapons carrier *Kogyo Maru*. She terminated her ninth war patrol at Pearl Harbor 30 January 1944.

Tautog's tenth war patrol took her to the fog-shrouded icy

region of the Kurile Islands ranging southward to the coast of Hokkaido, Japan. As she entered her patrol area the night of 5 March 1944, she suffered her only personnel casualty of the war. While the deck gun was being secured, Motor Machinist Mate R. A. Laramie, USNR, was lost overboard when the battering sea swept over the gun platform.

She found her northern islands covered with a white blanket of ice and snow. Her torpedoes first found their mark in the Kuriles 13 March when *Tautog* sank the 1,942-ton cargo ship *Shojin Maru* along with the 1,915-ton cargo ship *Ryua Maru*.

Tautog's homeward course took her south of Erimo Sanki, Hokkaido. She surfaced in that area at 1825, 16 March 1944, after an all day submerged run and commenced re-charging her batteries. Within a half-hour she made contact with a seven ship convoy and commenced a surface track. Her lookouts scanned the night through the icy mist and radar pips aided guidance until the convoy formed dark blotches for the visual lookouts. At 2021, four torpedoes were launched. One found a fatal spot for one black outline exploded in a spatter of flame. She gave a charging escort the slip and soon returned on the surface. She quickly picked up contact by radar for another running attack on the wildly zig-zagging convoy. Closing in rapidly in the dark of night she let go first with bow, then with stern tubes. Flame and explosions again rocked the night. Under the sea went the 5,460-ton cargo ship *Nicheren Maru*. That enemy was accompanied to the bottom of the ocean by the 1,950-ton Japanese destroyer *Shirakumo*. The American submarine pulled clear of the area at 17 knots as an enemy escort churned the ocean astern of her with 14 heavy blasts of exploding depth charges.

Tautog slipped into port at Midway Island 23 March 1944. During refit period, 8 April 1944, Commander William B. Sieglaff was relieved as commanding officer by Lieutenant Commander Thomas S. Baskett, U.S. Navy. She put to sea for her eleventh war patrol 17 April 1944, bound for the Kurile Is-

lands thence to the east coast of Hokkaido and the northeast coast of Honshu.

Cargo ship *Ryoyo Maru* (5,973 tons) was sunk 2 May 1944 in a small harbor between Banjo To and Matsuwa To. At dawn the following morning *Tautog* made radar approach in heavy fog and let go with four torpedoes. But she had difficulty in getting a satisfactory radar contact for a second try. This was explained as gasoline drums, debris and life rafts drifted into view from the 4,935-ton Army cargo ship *Fushimi Maru*. That target was on an altogether new course, bow in the water up to her bridge and her stern high in the air with the screws still spinning. A number of Japanese were fumbling with a deck gun as the submarine pierced through the fog cover and came in view. But *Tautog's* 20 mm gunner kept the Japanese gun crew ducking until she was safely out of range. That enemy soon slid under the sea. The 3,944-ton passenger-cargo ship

Miyazaki Maru was sunk by *Tautog* 8 May 1944. Four days later, she expended the last of her bow torpedoes to send the 1,186-ton *Banei Maru #2* up in a cloud of smoke and steam and down to sea. She terminated her eleventh war patrol with her return to Pearl Harbor 21 May 1944.

Tautog's twelfth war patrol took her along the east coasts of the Japanese home islands of Hokkaido and Honshu. She departed Pearl Harbor 23 June 1944 and intercepted the 887-ton *Matsu Maru* the 8th of July. She folded amidships after two torpedo hits and headed straight for the bottom. On 19 July 1944 *Tautog* sank the 148-ton *Hokorui Maru* as she was enroute from the Bonins to Tokyo with coconut oil. She was about three miles off Miki Saki 2 August when she torpedoed and sank the 1,922-ton cargo ship *Konei Maru*.

Tautog returned to Midway from her twelfth war patrol 10
(Continued on Page 30)

VAV's Awards

Bay Pines VA Medical Center, Florida:

Harold F. Cook, (27th Infantry) Representative 8,000 hour bar.

Lucille E. Cook Deputy Representative 15,000 hour Gold Exceptional Honor Award.

Collie B. Gruber (*USS Zane*) Representative

James A. Haley Veterans Hospital, Tampa, Florida:

Collie B. Gruber (*USS Zane*) Representative 1,000 hour certificate of Devotion to Volunteer Duty.

Willena Gruber Deputy Representative 300 hour Certificate

of Merit.

John L. McClelland Memorial Veterans Hospital, Little Rock Arkansas:

Howard E. Riley, (Fort Shafter) Representative

Bob Hughes, (*USS Tennessee*) Deputy Representative award for Excellence in Leadership by VAVS Representative and certificate from the PHSA National VAVS Representative.

Our appreciation is awarded to all others that have served our nation's veterans in the name of Pearl Harbor Survivors Association.
Sarge Cook

PHSA VAV's Representative Certifications Announced . . .

The following survivors and/or volunteers have been appointed and certified as Veteran's Administration Volunteers for the PHSA as indicated:

James A. Haley — Veterans Hospital
Tampa, FL

Representative, Collie Gruber (Indefinite)
Deputy Representative, Willena Gruber (Indefinite)

Any survivor interested in being a part in the PHSA VAV's program at any VA Hospital please contact Harold F. Cook, 10926 87th Ave., North, Seminole, FL 33562, National VAV Representative.

USS Tautog . . . (Continued from Page 29)

August 1944. Routed onward via Pearl Harbor, she arrived at San Francisco 22 August for overhaul in the Bethlehem Steel Corporation's Submarine Repair Basin. She departed San Diego 17 November and returned to her base at Pearl Harbor 30 November 1944.

Tautog began her thirteenth and last war patrol 17 December 1944 when she departed Pearl Harbor for the East China Sea and the west coast of Kyushu. On 17 January 1945, she sank the 1,500-ton *Vehicle Landing Ship #15*. In the Tsingtao-Sasebo Sealanes the night of 20-21 January 1945, she fired two torpedoes whose explosive hits rent apart the Motor Torpedo Boat Tender *Shuri Maru* (1,857-ton). The last of her torpedoes were expended the afternoon of 21 January 1945, when she heavily damaged the Japanese 10,000-ton tanker *Zuiun Maru*. She destroyed a trawler before return to Midway 1 February 1945. Following refit, she arrived in Pearl Harbor 1 March 1945 for a month of service to the Pacific Training Command.

Tautog departed Pearl Harbor 2 April 1945 for San Diego, California. She entered port 9 April and spent the next five months in special operations for the West Coast Sound School. Operating from the University of California Research Division Pier she continued experimental and testing operations for the

Sound Laboratory until 7 September 1945. She then set course for Tiburon Bay and had limited upkeep in the Mare Island Naval Shipyard until 31 October 1945. On that day, *Tautog* stood out of San Francisco Bay with five other submarines enroute to the east coast of the United States. She transited the Panama Canal 13 November 1945 and entered the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, New Hampshire, 20 November 1945. She decommissioned there 8 December 1945 and was placed in reserve.

Tautog remained in reserve until April 1947 when she was placed in service as a naval reserve training ship for the Ninth Naval District. She based at the Naval Recruit Training Center, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. She continued that duty until her name was struck from the Navy list 1 September 1959. *Tautog* (SS-199) was sold for scrapping 15 November 1959 to Bultema

Dock and Dredge Company, Manistee, Michigan.

Tautog sank a greater number of ships than any submarine in World War II. She was awarded the Navy Unit Commendation for outstanding heroism in action during war patrol numbers 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10 and 11. War Patrol Numbers 2 through 13

were designated successful for award of the Submarine Combat Insignia. She also received fourteen battle stars.

Statistics: (SS-199): dp. surface -1450, submerged -2198; l. 307'; b. 27.0; dr. 13'9"; s. surface -20k, submerged -9k; cpl. 85; a. 1-3", 10-21" TT: -11; cl. *Tambor*.

RESOLUTION

Whereas the Michigan State "E" Board, with State Chairman Jack Aupperlee presiding, met in the Holiday Inn, Grayling, MI, 3 May 1986. A motion by F. Frucci resolved that Wolverine and Motor City Chapters support David Bedell for national president with the approval of the P.H. Survivors at the general meeting. Seconded by N. Bauer, carried unanimously.

Therefore, at the general meeting, the resolution was brought forward to the P.H. Survivors. Motion by H. Spencer to adopt the resolution, David Bedell for national president, with said resolution to be printed in the JULY GRAM. Seconded by N. Bauer, motion carried unanimously.

Howard Ward, Secretary

MI State Chmn.
Jack Aupperlee

Wolverine #1
James Porter

Motor City #2
Gerald Lipscomb

A Buck Private in Rear Rank

By Oscar Roloff

Anyhow, they all started out as military buck privates and at war's end some were still buck privates. The object of the series is to ascertain who had progressed onward and who didn't. In most cases, they did because it was tough raising a family on a private's pay.

My first selectee is a Bothell resident, William Endicott, Sr., who donned his private's uniform during World War II. Here's his story, which is not only unusual but timely.

William has the complete once-top-secret plans for our 1945-46 attempt to invade Japan. This skittish endeavor would have been a horrendous death-killing invasion. William said a Japanese general had later told General MacArthur they knew exactly when and where we had planned to land. The first attempt was to be in November of 1945 and the other in the following spring and they would be ready to blast us to pieces.

William's war plans bring out that our invasion would be opposed not only by all available organized Japanese forces

but by a fanatically hostile population; there would be sacrificial troops well dug in; all landing beaches provided the Japanese with excellent observation posts; we'd be slaughtered by automatic and mortar fire from well concealed blasting positions; land mines would be placed at strategic places; suicide boats loaded with explosives and planes loaded with the same would wreak havoc as they slammed into landing craft and warships.

In the initial planning, Secretary of War Stimson said we would have had at least one million U.S. casualties. Others have raised it to a much higher figure, to say nothing of the three or four million Japanese who would have fought to the last man. They had one million under arms and another three million men available.

General Douglas MacArthur judged it would have taken five million U.S. men to invade Japan and it couldn't have been accomplished until 1947. At that time of planning the atomic bomb had not yet been tried and in August of '45 the U.S. wasn't



William Endicott and part of his plans for the invasion of Japan, which might have ended up being our Waterloo.

aware that Japan was in dire straits.

Back to William and how he had acquired the invasion plans at a cost of \$300. As a member of the Illinois National Guard, in 1942 William as a buck private found his part of the nationalized 33rd Infantry Division. Slugging it out in Pacific Islands all the way to the Phillipine Islands, they slugged ashore on Luzon in May of '45.

(Continued on Page 31)



Northeast Florida Chapter 6 Secretary Fred Guest, receiving the "Man of the Year Award" for 1985, and man of the Decade for 1975 to 1985. Fred received a gold watch, also a plaque for his outstanding service to the chapter.

Mark Anniversary of Oahu Attack

Reprinted from the WIND-SOCK, Wheeler Field, Oahu, T.H., December 6, 1946

Flanked by troops of the Seventh Air Force, Air Transport Command, and Hawaiian Air Materiel Area, American air troops assemble tomorrow morning at Hickam Field in solemn ceremonies to mark the fifth anniversary of the Japanese attack on Oahu.

At the same time the American flag which flew over Hickam Field 7 December, 1941, was to fly again from the same mast for a brief few moments starting at 0755, the exact time of the Japanese attack five years ago.

Stainback Address

With Gov. Ingram Stainback, governor of the territory, scheduled to give a brief address from the reviewing stand leading military and civilian dignitaries as well as the general public were invited to attend the ceremonies. The entire program will be broadcast over all four local radio stations: KGMB, KPOA, KHON and KGU. Meanwhile

arrangements are under way for a nationwide hook up to include the major networks on the mainland.

The flag itself, faded and discolored by smoke, fire and bombs which ravaged Hickam Field, was flown direct from Washington by order of Gen. Carl Spaatz, commanding general, Army Air Forces, to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the attack which drew the United States into World War II.

Following the flag raising at 0755 there will be three five-minute speeches by Governor Stainback, Lt. Gen. John E. Hull, commanding general, AFMIDPAC, and Brig. Gen. John Williams, commanding general, Hickam Army Air Base and Hawaiian Air Materiel Area. Immediately after the flag will be lowered to half mast for a prayer by Lt. Col. Ralph M. Reed, Seventh Air Force chaplain, and the sounding of taps. The flag will then be raised and troops will pass in review.



Front of "O" Club, George AFB, CA, PHSA, Chapter #29. Front row (left to right): Mel Gage (Pres.), Tony Angelo, Bob Byers, Bill Haige, Frank Nutt, Austin Everett, Ron Miller, Ray Bray, Bert Tuck, Bob Lambert, C.R. Wright. Back row (left to right): John Reislung, Don Reynolds, Roy Clark, Fred Ross, George Kendus, Henry West, Ray Huffman, Bill Davis, Harmon Wells.

Buck Private . . . (Continued from Page 30)

This past May William went to Luzon to help commemorate their landing of 40 years ago to again proclaim it Liberation Day for the islanders.

"We were told to expect the loss of more than two-thirds of our division, and as number two rifleman I wouldn't have a chance of surviving," Williams recalled as he delved into the luck of procuring the invasion plans. In reality, they weren't secret to the enemy, as they would later reveal.

"Desiring to locate former Division members and form a reunion," Williams said, "I placed articles to that nature in various national publications, plus asking military officials for old roster rolls. While in the nation's capitol, I was told I could obtain the now declassified plans for the invasion. They would consist of about 660 pages of plans and drawings."

While there, William went through hundreds of military file photographs depicting the utter brutality the Japanese had vented on American and Filipino people.

"It was shocking, to say the least," William said.

What does William plan to do with his find?

"When I retire I have several books I want to write. The first will be a fictionalized account of the landing, using the data I have. (Of course, the book will

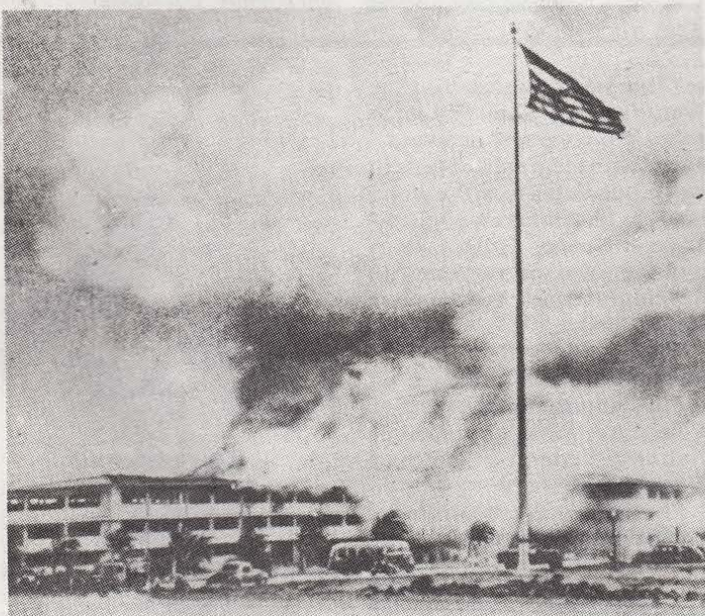
adjust for the fact the invasion did not occur.) No doubt, some movie mogul may buy up rights to the book's data and produce a movie.

Now let's see what's happened to the former buck private. William and his wife Irene have seven children and nine grandchildren. After leaving the service, William spent 20 years in radio and television. After that, he formed his own public relations company, Corporate Communications, Inc., Seattle. One recent day his son William, Jr., who has five years to go to retire from the Navy on a lifetime pension, jokingly said of his dad, "Dad, if you would have remained in the Army you would now be the world's oldest buck private." So you see, some buck privates do forge ahead. His beautiful home off Lake Washington makes my home look like an outhouse.

Now to a sore point with William and probably most of the 16 million who served during World War II.

"The recent great amount of news publicity given about our dropping two atomic bombs on Japan may have been a day of remembrance to the Japanese but it was a day of Thanksgiving for me because it (the bombs) cancelled the invasion and my death," sternly spoke the old warrior. "In recent Seattle

(Continued on Page 32)



This is how the flag looked 7 December 1941 at Hickam Field only minutes after the Japanese struck at 0755. This is the same flag which will fly at 0755 to mark the fifth anniversary of American participation in World War II. Shortly after the ceremonies, it was learned, this very same flag will be flown back to Washington to assume its rightful place among the national treasures. This flag was also raised over General Kenney's headquarters for the Eastern Air Forces on V-J Day. Official U.S. Army Air Forces Photo.



The above members of Miami-Dade Chapter 8 were in attendance for their annual anniversary party and barbecue. From left to right seated: Troy Driver and Frank Nolan. Standing: Mike Kronz, Jack Freeman, Bill Watson, Tony Anzalone, Jim Donaldson, Bob Rosecrans, Dave Leigh and Floyd DeGross.

Unique Bonds Finance Oklahoma VA Hospital

Reprinted from The Stars and Stripes — The National Tribune

Revenue Bond financing has been approved for the construction of a new 250-bed Veterans Center at Claremore, OK, and 51 additional beds at the Talihina Veterans Center. Financing for the \$13 million Claremore project and \$3 million dollar Talihina project has been provided through the sale of revenue bonds issued by the Claremore Industrial and Redevelopment Authority and the Latimer County Industrial Authority.

The revenue bond package was negotiated with the New York City branch of Sanwa Bank. It was signed late Friday, 31 January 1986 by Paul W. "Pete" Reed, III, director of the Oklahoma Department of Veterans Affairs.

"I am extremely pleased that the appropriate agreements have been signed which allows us to complete these important projects for Oklahoma's Veterans," said Governor George Nigh. "Without the support of the House and Senate leadership and the hard work of the

legislative members from the Claremore and Talihina areas this dream could have died. When we work together as a team we can accomplish almost anything," he said.

The 250-bed Claremore facility will be the largest in the state and will provide about 255 new jobs in the Claremore area.

Service will include skilled nursing and rehabilitative care, house based physicians, radiology, pharmacy, laboratory, occupational and recreational therapy to include physical therapy and inhalation-therapy.

The Claremore Center will be located near Rogers State College and is expected to be fully operational July, 1988.

The renovations at the Talihina Veterans Center will provide new ancillary services and 51 additional Skilled Nursing Care beds. Renovations are expected to be completed by February, 1988.

"The longtime dream of all Oklahoma veterans has become a reality," said Reed.

"House Bill 1055, signed by the Governor 17 July 1985, started the ball rolling," he said.

Buck Private . . . Continued from Page 31)

newspapers I have noted countless articles and photographs about how sad it was that the bombs had been dropped. Little was printed, however, about how many millions of lives were saved by our dropping the bombs. I wrote a guest editorial to that effect and sent it to the newspapers. I was not printed," William said.

In our discussion, I brought out no one in Japan castigates their government starting the war. Some have claimed we started it. No one berates their officials that hundreds of innocent Americans were killed or injured at their sneak and dastardly attack on Pearl Harbor, nor of the millions in damage, nor that one cent in reparations or apology has been given to the U.S. They started a war that cost the U.S. \$350 billion and was the most destructive war in human history and misery.

My two brothers and I were slated to be in on the invasion and if the bomb dropping saved our lives by causing 200,000 of the enemy to die, so be it. My life is more sacred and I'll fight to defend it.

So let's not forget who began the conflagration. After the war's end, I toured Japan in be-

half of writing articles for newspapers and magazines. I could not first hand what a calamitous horror the invasion would have been. Daily Japanese school children and women had helped to ground out war weapons to kill us.

Fellow writer and historian William L. Shirer said, "We tend to forget how close Hitler and Tojo came to winning the war and even more how savage a world we would be in had Japan and Germany triumphed and imposed their barbaric rule on the rest of us. We escaped that horror but barely of being defeated and enslaved."

In conclusion over one million people annually visit the USS Arizona Memorial at Pearl Harbor where 1,171 sailors are entombed under the platform. Some were my shipmates. Many of the visitors are Japanese. And what galls me when I visit it, is to see many a former Japanese veteran stand there and exude a smirk of a smile on their face.

William Endicott is right and believes we should call a spade a spade, place the blame where it belongs and grieve for our own fallen husbands, fathers, sons and friends, not theirs.

"This legislation enabled the War Veterans Commission to enter into contracts and agreements with local public trusts to work out details of the bond issue. The Claremore and Latimer County Trust Authorities then worked very hard to develop and sell the bonds," Reed added.

The bonds will be retired through revenues generated by the Oklahoma Department of Veterans Affairs, state appropriations, Federal grants and other legal sources.

"Oklahoma's aging veteran population has caused the demand for skilled nursing care service to skyrocket. Even with the new beds the state will be meeting only 56 percent of the projected need in 1990, compared with the 71 percent it now meets," Reed said.

The aging veteran population is still growing and will not hit its peak until the year 2010. The



Lee Goldfarb,
New Jersey State Chairman

state department currently has 265 veterans on its waiting list.

A recent Veterans Administration report states that the veteran population with an average age of 65 years of age and older will increase by more than 96 percent in the Oklahoma service area by the year 1990, just four years from now.

Pearl Harbor Week . . . (Continued from Page 13)

the old Defense Battalion men, patterned perhaps after the successful 6th Defense Battalion group — we do have much the same background and have turned out some notable people, reportedly to include our Secretary of State, George Schultz and Bill Veck, of the Chicago White Sox, not to mention a number of Marine Corps Generals. Opinions were, and are, requested on this idea.

On the bright morning of December 7, members and their wives were joined by a Chaplain and a Marine Bugler from Parris Island at the National Cemetery in Beaufort for a remembrance ceremony. Again, Forrest Smith officiated.

Regardless of the many dinners, trips and side trips, the CP was the hub of activity. Drawn by its open door at 0800 and its bathtub full of iced beer, the guys and their wives gathered in groups laughing about old exploits or lounging alone searching through the many old photo albums provided. There were calls through the door that someone was leaving for the base PX if anyone would like to go, or, "Got room for four — going to Charlestown Navy Yard — back for chow."

None of the men nor their wives seemed to mind the distance traveled to get back to where it all began. The East Coast, from Maine to Florida, seemed to be the best represented, and special mention must be given to those who drove from Iowa, Illinois and Ohio ... to J.V. Alden, Ray Rose and Joe Walsh (with his former Woman Marine wife) who drove

in from California — Bill Alden from Texas and Lt. Col. C.L. Whitlock from Benton, Arizona. "Closest to the hole" was Hugh Owens, who hopped in from Hilton Head every day — and 'hopping' still came easy at 80 plus.

I was hoping to reunite with a few guys who are outstanding in my personal memories — Bill Cornelius out in Washington State, and Bill Gartside of Savannah, although I can't really get on his case because he's in Hawaii visiting his son in the Marines, and I've been searching for David M. Shirley of Rome, Georgia and Major Hamilton Hoyler of Leonia, NJ for a hundred years, it seems!

Guys like Pete La Neve, Tom Daly, Joe Makowski, Slim Sutliff, Felix Hoffman and others will just have to wait until next time to see pictures of themselves with 30-inch waists!

Personally, this old jar head is delighted he attended his first get together with his old friends and is eagerly awaiting (and saving for) the next; next time I can see hundreds and hundreds of defense battalion men — and Smitty at the head table, white PHSA p-cutter on the back of his head jumping up to the dais and urging, "Somebody take the mike."

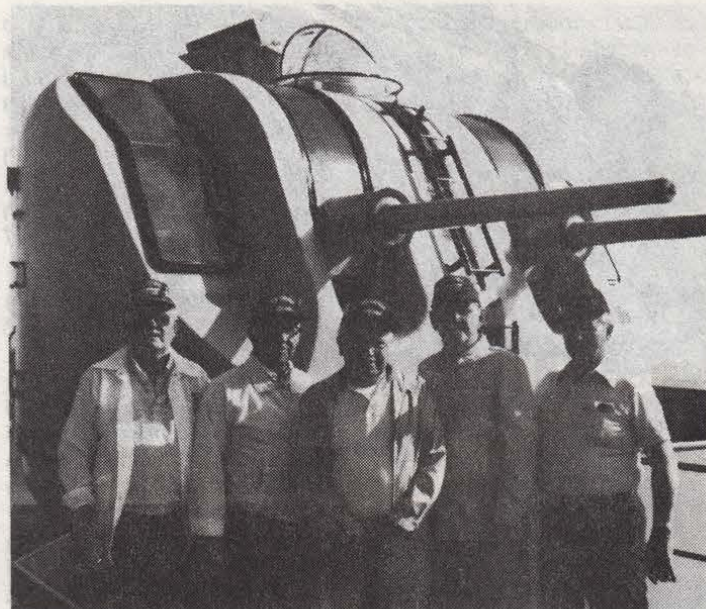
Those with questions and comments or wanting applications to the PHSA can contact Forrest Smith Rt. 2, Box 796, Winterport, ME 04496, or telephone (207) 223-4648, or me, Bill Steffens, 4035 S. School Ave., Apt. 4, Sarasota, FL 33581.

William Bandelin of 303 South Embarras St., Tuscola, IL 61953, sends into the *GRAM* the following information for those who served in the Philippines during WW II and believe they are entitled to the Philippine Liberation Medal.

This is being given by the Philippines government and may be obtained by writing to: Roman P. Maddela, Colonel, PC — Military Attache — Armed Forces Affairs Office — Embassy of the Philippines — 1617 Massachusetts Ave., NW., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Enclose a copy of your discharge papers — especially the backside that shows what medals you earned during the war — and send to the above address.

William served aboard the *USS Nevada*, 3rd Div. during the December 7, 1941 attack and also on the following ships: *USS Phoenix*, 7th Div., *USS Boston*, 7th Div., and the *USS OC 1230*. He would like to hear from any of his old shipmates who remember him. Please contact Bill at the above address.



Missouri Chapter 3 members spent an enjoyable cruise aboard the *USS Cayuga (LST-1186)* as guests of the Navy this past April. From left to right: Bill Locklar, Leonard Webb, Chuck Werntz, Frank Arens and Ben Dei Santi.

Radar Ignored . . . (Continued from Page 8)

The unheeded warning incident was depicted in the movie, "Tora, Tora, Tora."

The place near Kahuku where radar was first used by the United States in military action has been proposed as a National Historical Site.

Representatives of the Hawaii Natural Energy Institute (HNEI) of the University of Hawaii, Hawaiian Electric Co., and Stephen Johnston, a retired Army Signal Corps officer, located a bunker on Opana Point, mauka of Kawela Bay, that is the most likely site of the radar facility.

The site, surrounded by haole koa bushes, is just outside of the Navy Telecommunications Facility — Opana. The site affords an excellent view of the Pacific Ocean north of Oahu.

George D. Curtis, of HNEI, hopes a plaque can be placed at the site. The Hawaii Section of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, has endorsed the historical site proposal.

Because Opana Point is a windy place, the HNEI has located a wind monitoring device there. "The same location so suitable for detecting enemy aircraft 43 years ago is now detecting wind

to produce energy for Hawaii," Curtis says.

The unheeded warning on Dec. 7 resulted from a combination of factors, such as Sunday relaxation, lack of equipment, untrained persons on duty, a report that a flight of American bombers was coming from the Mainland, plus poor judgement.

But Pvts. Lockard and Elliott were on the job, doing their duty.

A full account of the incident is given in the Army Signal Corps History.

The history tells how the two privates switched on the radar at their station at 4 a.m. Dec. 7, expecting to be on duty until 7 a.m. when a truck was to take them back to a post at Kawailoa for breakfast.

Opana was one of the six mobile radar stations spotted around the perimeter of Oahu. In order not to risk burning out the radars, for which there were few spare parts, the radar search was conducted only during the three hours considered most dangerous each day. These were the two hours before dawn and one hour afterward.

"The radio aircraft-detection device, the SCR-270, was very

(Continued on Page 34)



Hand-carved models of Battleship Row on display at the Seattle Chapter Picnic August, 1985. Models were put on display by Joe Szaley who was voted "Man of the Year" in the Seattle Chapter.

Veterans Expendable Twice Is Criminal

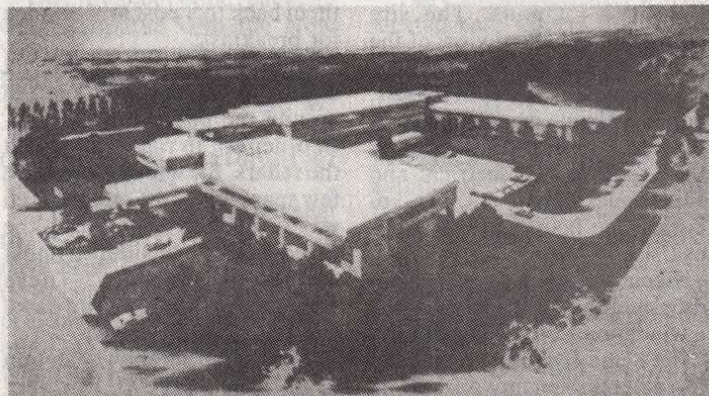
Reprinted from The Stars and Stripes — The National Tribune
By Nicholas Salles

It's a cruel truism that all combatants in wartime are considered expendable. The survival of the participants must be deemed secondary to the attainment of victory and the terrible toll in lives and human suffering becomes the inevitable price of winning a war. The more than one million casualties incurred in our wars and conflicts attest to the devotion and dedication of those who answered the call to arms in times of national peril. Let it be remembered that millions of our living veterans

walked through the same valley of death and earned a debt of gratitude beyond redemption.

Today, a national administration responsible for skyrocketing the nation's debt ceiling to \$2 trillion is floundering about in a frantic effort to achieve a balanced budget. A national administration with a marked proclivity for issuing platitudes on Americanism and patriotism is planning to emasculate time-honored veterans' health care benefits under the guise of necessary economy in the national interest.

Any reduction in the funding of the VA health care system



Artist's depiction of new Claremore, OK Vets Center.

Radar Ignored . . . (Continued from Page 33)

new and very secret," the Signal Corps history says.

For the entire three hours of their scheduled watch, Lockard and Elliott saw nothing out of the ordinary. The truck that was to pick them up at 7 a.m. was late, so Elliott, who was new to the radar device, decided to practice with it under Lockard's supervision.

"At 0702 an echo appeared on their oscilloscope such as neither of them had ever seen before," the history relates. "It was very large and luminous. They reasoned that something must be wrong with the equipment. Lockard checked it, found it in good working order, and observed that the echo was as large as ever.

"He took over the dial controls, and Elliott moved over to the plotting board. By their calculations, a large flight of airplanes was 132 miles off Kahuku Point and approaching at a speed of three miles a minute."

The privates decided to report the formation to the information center at Fort Shafter, which they did at 7:20 a.m. The regular plotters at the center had already gone off duty, but a private and a lieutenant were still there, part of no formal schedule.

The private answered Elliott's call. "Elliott told him a large number of planes was coming in from the north, three

points east, and asked him to get in touch with somebody who could do something about it," the history says.

The lieutenant showed no interest, finally talked with an excited Pvt. Lockard and told him, in effect, to forget it. He had heard a flight of Army bombers was coming in from the Mainland that morning, and assumed the airplanes on the radar were either the bombers from the West Coast, or bombers from Hickam Field, or Navy patrol planes.

Back at the Opana station, Lockard and Elliott continued to follow the flight on radar, losing it when it was within 20 miles because of the permanent echo created by the surrounding mountains. By then it was 7:39 a.m.

Shortly thereafter the truck came to take them to breakfast at the Kawaihoa camp.

On the way, they met another truck, with crew, and their driver blew his horn to signal the truck to stop. The driver paid no attention and kept on going.

The history continues: "The Japanese air attack on Pearl Harbor began at 0755, with almost simultaneous strikes at the Naval Air Station at Ford Island and at Hickam Field, followed by attacks on strategic points all over the Island of Oahu."

will be aimed at the oldest, sickest and poorest of our veterans — those who cannot opt for private care financed by health insurance programs. It's an absolute outrage for the national administration to propose cutbacks in the VA health care system when the number of medically indigent aging veterans is escalating by leaps and bounds.

As a candidate for his present office in 1980, Ronald Reagan told a national convention of veterans; "To me it is unconscionable that veterans in need are denied hospital and medical care because of inadequate funding which has closed hospital beds and cut health care personnel within the VA."

Come now, aren't veterans in greater need of comprehensive health care services in 1986 than

they were in 1980 when you made that statement? What possible justification is there for you to allow your budget mechanics to drive a stake through the very heart of the VA health care system?

The United States of America has negotiated innumerable defense contracts costing untold billions of dollars; none should be considered more binding than this nation's tacit promise to meet the legitimate health care needs of its veterans.

Veterans never balked at being classified "expendable" in wartime. We in the veterans movement cannot allow our comrades in need to be reclassified as such regardless of what it takes to preserve and safeguard their earned rights.

(Continued on Page 37)

In Praise of 'The Star Spangled Banner'

Reprinted from the Stars and Stripes.

By Tom Sellers

I wish they'd stop trying to fix things that aren't broken. Like our national anthem. I doubt if you could count all the campaigns over the years aimed at getting rid of "The Star Spangled Banner."

A professor of music at Brandeis University in Waltham, MA, wants the U.S. to adopt "America the Beautiful" as its official song. Caldwell Titcomb wrote a carefully reasoned argument recently in which he listed all the reasons why "The Star Spangled Banner" has no business being the national anthem of the world's foremost power.

First, the music is by an Englishman, John Stafford Smith, who wrote it as a drinking song

for a social club. Almost no one can sing it properly. And Francis Scott Key's verses are "low quality as poetry," Titcomb says — a point that can't be denied. The third stanza, which contains the line, "Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution," is "particularly offensive," the professor contends in a piece written for the *New Republic* and reprinted in the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*.

All this is right on the mark, as every American who has tried to sing the anthem at public gatherings can attest. By comparison, "America the Beautiful" is a delight; it's "simple and dignified and exhibits balanced phrasing" as Titcomb points out, and as poetry it's far superior to Francis Scott Key's work. In addition,

both the words and music are by Americans, and to make it even more acceptable today, there is no male chauvinism involved in "America the Beautiful." A woman, Katharine Lee Bates, wrote the poem, while a man named Samuel Augustus Ward composed the music.

If national anthems were chosen by music critics or professors like Caldwell Titcomb, I'm sure we'd have dropped the jingoistic "Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light . . ." long ago. But the element of emotion is involved here. Nations are not held together by visions of "amber waves of grain" and "alabaster cities" but by people willing to die for an intangible goal.

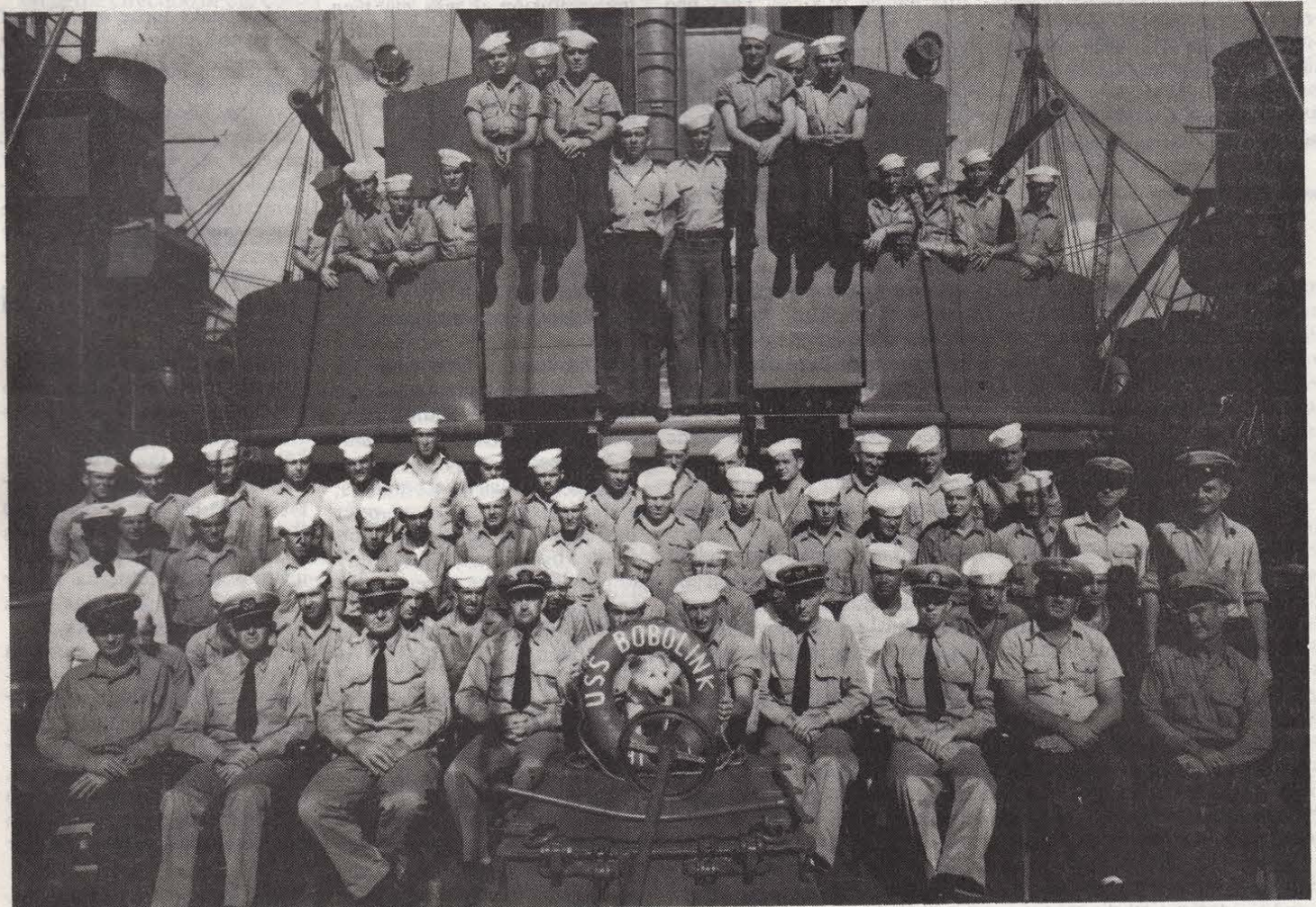
What we're talking about is a song that whips the blood like a gale wind blowing and brings tears of fierce pride splatting down our cheeks. It's not the beauty of a song about purple mountains and fruited plains

and the brotherhood of man that drives men into combat against a tyrant enemy; it's phrases like the following from "The Star Spangled Banner": "Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, and this be our motto, 'In God is our trust'."

Most of the national anthems I know about are not based on sweetness and light. Soldiers of the Southern Confederacy march to their deaths to the music of "Dixie," a black minstrel song which happened to have music that made men fight like demons. France's national anthem, "The Marseillaise," harks back to the bloodshed of the French Revolution.

When it comes to a national anthem, the words or music or both must reach down inside and grab the soul. We're talking fire and blood, swords and cannon, "the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air." We're talking the flag-raising on Iwo

(Continued on Page 37)



OFFICERS AND CREW USS BOBOLINK

The First Shot Fired by the United States in World War II

By DOYLE A. BELL

At 7:40 a.m. on Sunday, December 7, 1941, the speaker system blared the call to muster for Section Three. The sailors at Kaneohe Naval Air Station on Oahu, twelve miles north of Pearl Harbor, struggled to shake off the morning after-effects of their Saturday night liberty. Through the haze of returning consciousness, I knew there'd been some mistake — Section Three did not have the duty, but I knew I'd be better off checking than ignoring the order, so I got up, dressed, and made my way to the muster area outside.

As I approached the Master-at-Arms with my question, the two of us looked up to see ten fighters and nine bombers with bright red Japanese suns on the wings diving down to strafe the base! As the first plane headed toward us, the Master-at-Arms took out his .45 caliber automatic pistol and fired the first U.S. shot in World War II — hardly anti-aircraft munition, but this was typical of the spirit of the American men that day, using anything at hand to marshal a defense against the completely unexpected Japanese assault.

The nineteen planes above us had split off from the first wave of Japanese fighters and bombers headed for Pearl Harbor. Kaneohe was hit first and radioed urgent news of the attack to the Pearl Harbor Navy Operator; the response was "Boy, you sure must have had a big time last night!" Three minutes later they knew it was no hung-over delusion.

Kaneohe instantly became a beehive of activity. As the attacking planes made slow strafing passes at the U.S. planes lined up on the launching ramp, every sailor ran to some post. No one needed to give orders — within seconds the men were grabbing guns from the ordinance shop, climbing in parked planes, swarming through hangars. A couple of us opened up the station armory and handed out all the guns we

had, mostly Springfield rifles and a few Browning machine guns (BAR), and old Lewis machine guns. All of the PBY patrol planes had .50 caliber machine guns mounted on them and they were immediately put to use by the closest sailor.

While the armory was full of men, several bullets came through the large window. I looked around quickly, but didn't see anyone fall, so I continued to hand out guns. By then the planes were coming in faster and turning out over the bay in order to miss some of the ground fire. They were strafing with two machine guns and two cannons. The cannon blew holes in the quarter-inch steel doors of the ammunition storage lockers. The smell of smoke and gun powder was everywhere.

Five pilots drove up to the first hangar in a car. They had barely gotten out when a plane strafed it and it burst into flame. Others were not so lucky. As the planes would catch fire, the gasoline would spread out and catch other planes on fire. As they exploded, the brave sailors operating the PBY machine guns would be killed.

In a short time, a hangar and many planes were burning. One man got into the gasoline truck and drove it out of the burning area — making it to safety! A car racing toward one of the hangars was hit outside the armory and became a blur of smoke and fire — the driver was rushed to the hospital in critical condition, but survived.

Two soldiers from a nearby fort screeched up to the armory in a pick-up truck asking for .30 caliber ammunition. I got in and directed them to the storage area, but en route we saw a fighter coming at us and dove out of the truck into a ditch. A minute later we were back in the truck and pulling up to storage where we loaded many cases of .30 caliber. They were on their way again immediately, wondering why I hadn't wanted them to sign for the ammunition!

As I got back to the armory near the flight line, everything became quiet — no planes, no

Flag Carrier on Iwo Jima Dies

Associated Press — Bakersfield — A Marine who helped carry the flag up the mountain before the famous Iwo Jima photograph was taken has died.

Roy Bazzini was wounded in the chest on Mount Suribachi, so he wasn't around for the photograph of Marines straining to shove the flag upright that won Joe Rosenthal of the Associated Press a Pulitzer Prize in 1945.

But Bazzini, who grew up in Watsonville, CA was in a less-publicized picture of a huge flag surrounded by 15 cheering Marines waving combat helmets and rifles topped with bayonets.

Bazzini, who died of cancer at age 64, never minded missing out on the fame that might have been his had he been in the Rosenthal photograph.

"It was all done during combat, with bullets flying," his son, Michael, said at Bazzini's funeral. "My father said the flag changed hands seven times going up the mountain. Of the original 72, only 28 made it."

Bazzini also was at Pearl Harbor when the Japanese attacked on December 7, 1941, and helped pull wounded men from the harbor.

"In the course of the surprise attack, Mr. Bazzini stood tall," Marine Capt. Anthony Saunders said at the funeral. "Mr. Bazzini was a hero in every sense of the word. We may say farewell, but never should we say goodbye to such a man."

Bazzini made a career of the service, including duty in Korea and Vietnam. He reached the rank of warrant officer and retired in Bakersfield where he had been assigned as a recruiter.

gunfire, just the smoke, the fire, the dead, and a terrible, lingering confusion. I was eighteen and had never imagined that I would see war, or that this would be what it was like. In my naivete, I thought "no one will believe this happened!," not realizing that at that moment it was known around the world.

We started fighting fires and making preparation for the return of the enemy. We had some .30 caliber water-cooled machine guns that were still in cosmoline that we cleaned up and distributed. A patrol plane was moved into the water for takeoff. Attempts to disperse the planes were being made, everyone in a frenzy of action.

The second wave of 80 dive bombers, 54 high level bombers, and 36 fighters arrived over Pearl Harbor. The 36 Zero fighters, led by Lt. Fusata Iida, were to provide fighter cover for the second wave, but since no American fighters came up to meet them, Lt. Iida took all 36 Zero's to Kaneohe.

The 54 level bombers were to concentrate on Hickam Field, Ford Island, and Kaneohe. About 12 of these headed for Kaneohe, arriving shortly after the fighters. This made a total of 48 planes over the air station at one time. The air armada used against the Hawaiian Islands by the Japanese that day was larger

than any previous fleet of war-planes.

Hell broke loose in a blur of noise and chaos, with steady streams of 7.7mm bullets and 20mm cannon shells hitting everything! The patrol plane in the launching process was shot up; several sailors floated near it face down in the water. The concentration of fire was on the planes and hangars, but many targets were hit at random. The sound of exploding gas tanks, ammunition, and bombs filled the air.

Lt. Iida's plane was hit by ground fire, so he crashed it into one of the blazing hangars — an ominous harbinger of the Kamikaze attacks that would take place later in the war. Another plane was hit and crashed into the side of a hill. The planes were at top speed, making strafing runs, then circling back over the bay. Empty cartridge cases were falling from the sky.

The dive bombers came in single file shallow dives, dropping 551 lb. bombs from under the fuselage on the first run, then a 132 lb. bomb from under each wing on the second run, continually strafing with two fixed machine guns mounted in front, and one flexible in the rear cockpit.

The second wave withdrew about 9:50 a.m., and we began

First Shot ... (Continued from Page 36)

preparations for the next. We felt sure they would be back with a landing force to occupy the island. We set charges to blow up the fuel if necessary.

If they had returned, we could have done little to stop them. It was a sickening helpless feeling. But the Japanese did not return. They had not come prepared to occupy, and they felt their mission had been accomplished beyond their expectations by the massive destruction and crippling of Hawaiian military bases that day.

18 SBD dive bombers from the *Enterprise* had approached Kaneohe during the attack; 13 of them landed successfully, but not without some shooting from sailors on the ground! With a battle raging, it can become difficult to distinguish friend from foe. Nine of the aircraft were undamaged, so they were refueled and loaded with a 500 lb. bomb each. At noon, they took off in the direction of the enemy fleet, but never found it. In all the confusion, no one asked the radar station the direction the enemy planes took on leaving!

After the most exhausting day of our lives, we slept anywhere we could. I collapsed on some cloth aerial gunnery targets.

The next day, Monday, De-

ember 8, we were filled with relief to identify the planes overhead as our own bombers coming in from the mainland. Cheers broke out from the men scattered over the landing field. Those white stars on the wings were the most beautiful sight we'd ever seen!

I joined an ordnance crew that drove bomb trucks with trailers to Pearl Harbor to pick up aerial torpedoes for the planes coming in. The sight of the sunken ships, oil spills, shot-up planes, burning buildings, smoke, and destruction was appalling. That vast and impressive naval base had been transformed into a massive ruin.

We were later to learn that U.S. losses were: 188 planes destroyed, 63 damaged. 38 of the 394 planes got off the ground and 10 of those were shot down. 18 ships destroyed. 2,409 U.S. servicemen were killed and 1,026 were wounded. Japanese losses were: 29 planes destroyed, 70 planes damaged. 6 submarines destroyed. 185 men killed.

A tragedy to remember, but it's with pride and love that I think back to the courage of every American man in that battle. Aviation Chief Ordinance man John W. Finn received the Con-

gressional Medal of Honor because he continued to fire a machine gun at the enemy planes after being seriously wounded. But many men went undecorated for similar acts of selfless devotion to defensive combat that day. Men who jumped into parked planes to operate the machine guns mounted on them — making themselves sitting ducks for enemy fire. Men who drove gasoline trucks out of burning areas. Men who helped other men at the risk of their own lives. The same men we had eaten with, laughed with, complained about service life with. Ordinary men who had the inner resources for heroism that were never tapped until that Sunday morning in 1941.

In looking back on that day, it seems impossible that we would be caught so completely off guard and that so much of our fleet would be destroyed by a sneak attack. This was the worst naval disaster in the history of our nation. It resulted in the terrific loss of life, ships, and planes, drastically restricting our ability to strike back. But this very blow succeeded in uniting our country at a time when it was divided by many controversies.

The cry "Remember Pearl Harbor" echoed into the en-

ding war, and, early in the Pacific conflict, Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Japanese Navy, said "I fear all we have done is to awaken a sleeping giant and fill him with a terrible resolve." The Japanese grossly underestimated the spirit of the American people in pulling together on the battlefield and at home to wage a brilliant counteroffensive in spite of odds against them.

We lost that battle in a big way, but we won the war, and now count Japan among our friends only a generation later. I wish the men who fell on December 7, 1941 could witness the outcome of their sacrifice.

Twice is Criminal ...

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If we lose this fight we will be witness to the gradual erosion of all veterans' benefits and the veterans movement will be rendered impotent as an advocate for veterans.

Let us resolve to join in a concerted effort to convince members of Congress that we will never accept anything less than a straightforward pro-veteran stance on the preservation of the VA health care system.

In Praise of ...

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Jima; the news that came out of Normandy when American troops began the battles that ended the war in Europe. We're talking the moment our astronauts first set foot on the moon. We're talking pain and courage; valor and death; the stubborn will of a people determined to be free.

How does one defend a song like "The Star Spangled Banner," which, aside from its artistic demerits, is unashamedly militaristic? My only answer to that is — you can't. But you hang on to it as tightly as you can, and you defend it against efforts to substitute blander music. You stand up and cheer when you hear it, and you're not too world-weary to cry. If you've ever been in the military and helped fight a war, you hang on even tighter.

Something in your heart persuades you it's right.

An Encounter with Madame Pele

By Robert Stephen Hudson

From the days of my early boyhood, I read about legends, superstitions and bizarre happenings in the world of the occult. I read them with interest but never took them seriously.

This attitude prevailed until I personally experienced a strange phenomenon that I cannot explain. It happened on the "Big Island" in early February 1985. An over-powering and terrifying experience!

Ever since December 7, 1941 when my ship was sunk in the attack upon Pearl Harbor, I have held fast to a fascination with the culture of the Hawaiian people. I loved the Isles and often dreamed of living there.

The infamous attack happened over forty years ago and I am no longer preoccupied with thoughts about it. Still, I cannot forget the question that was

asked, one which plagued people from all over the world: "How could it have happened?" The question was never answered to my satisfaction and so I have laid it to rest!

I returned to Hawaii seeking rest from an arduous schedule of work, desiring to rekindle old memories of Hilo and Kona, places that my old ship the *USS Oglala* had often served in 1940.

I still have lapses of memory regarding this bizarre episode in my life and I have talked to doctors about it. Their responses have all been the same — trauma can lead to sudden psychological development of a tentative or lasting character.

As I recall now, it was late afternoon and I descended the Western slopes of Mauna Loa. I was comfortable with my exploration into the crater being

told the Mauna Loa had not erupted since 1880.

I am a little embarrassed to admit that I had gathered some "Ohia Lehua" blossoms and placed them on an out cropping of lava rock in a gesture of appeasing and pleasing "Pele," goddess of Hawaiian legend. I did this in a manner that was cautious, looking around to make absolutely sure I was alone and unobserved, to avoid ridicule. It amused me, however, and I chuckled out loud saying, "Well, at least I have honored the memory of the legend."

It was getting late and shadows crept fortuitously around me with the changing light, shadows that rapidly changed shape and seemed to gesticulate in movement like living creatures!

The lush surroundings of banyan, banana, avocado, cala-

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Madame Pele ... (Continued from Page 37)

bash, coconut, kukui and eucalyptus became a world of tranquility. With some degree of apprehension, I accepted the mysterious movement of shadows as no more than illusions caused by the diminishing light.

I found the pathway and was soon back on the roadway to where I had parked my car. The first thing I remember happening that was unnerving was to see rocks the size of golf balls rolling swiftly past me, dozens of them! Simultaneously, I heard a noise behind me, jarring me out of my preoccupied thoughts of the day's exploration. The noise had a sinister quality; at first I thought it was the wind. But the sound was more like that of a woman sobbing or one who was moaning in agony!

I stopped and turned around to look back and was surprised to discover the presence of two women walking slowly in the same direction I was traveling. They were, perhaps, as close as twenty yards and I could see that one of the women appeared to be very old. The other was quite young. The younger woman was supporting the old lady with her arm.

I stared at them, puzzled, wondering where they had come from and why they were in this remote area at such a late hour. I was appalled to become aware that the older lady had a beautiful face of youth, not a wrinkle, a face of extraordinary loveliness. "It was incongruous!" I thought. The younger woman had to be the most beautiful woman I had ever seen with perfect features, lightly tanned skin, and blonde hair that

flowed around her shoulders. Her facial expression can only be described as one of sheer effervescence!

I hesitated for a moment, aware that I was rudely gawking at them. I tried to decide if I should offer my assistance. Instead, I turned around minding my own business and set out again for my car. *That's when it happened!*

Suddenly the trees beside the road trembled and shook as though they were in the midst of a hurricane! *But there was no wind blowing!* I heard a deafening roar, a thousand times louder than the wildest surf! *Yet I was in an environment of oppressive stillness!* The road beneath my feet began to quake and shudder, so much so that I feared I would fall to the ground. I staggered to a flat rock beside the road and sat, perplexed and terrified at what was happening.

As suddenly as it had started, the turmoil ceased! I found myself in a calm quiet. It was so calm that you could hear a pin drop. The silence was alarmingly shattered by the insane screaming of the old woman! Hysterical, strange and forbidding screams such as I have never heard before. The old lady was pointing a finger at me. She stared at me with eyes that resembled red hot coals of fire!

I was transfixed with fear. I sat there with my mouth agape, staring back at the two women. The younger woman seemed to be trying to calm or dissuade the old woman but to no avail!

They were now standing directly in front of me and even in the dim, fading light I could see them clearly. The old

woman was garbed in tattered clothes, literally rags that appeared to have been in a fire. Her body was that of an old lady, displaying knarled, boney hands and arms. She was bent over in a posture that was grotesque. She had the face of a woman age twenty, lovely and spellbinding to look upon. I was dumbfounded!

The younger woman was, as I have said, the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. I could not take my eyes from her sweet face.

I must have begun babbling some words or uttering questions like some raving idiot until I was fixed upon by a gaze from the old woman—a look so compelling and domineering that I was left in a state of being mesmerized and I became silent. I sat like a statue waiting the worst that could befall me!

The old lady spoke to me "Do you not recognize me?" I shook my head negatively and simply could not speak! "I am Madame Pele, goddess of Volcanos," she said. I found it hard to breathe as she continued, "This is my younger sister Hiiaka."

I was in a state of shock. It was as though I was hypnotized. I continually wondered, "What kind of a diabolical trick is being played upon me here and by whom?" I remained motionless with palpitating heart, frozen with fear and wonderment. My mind reeled with thoughts of myths and legends, nothing was rational any longer.

Pele continued to speak, her voice reached a high pitched crescendo as she accused me of transgressions and a sacrilegious act within her domain!

She screamed, threatening to turn me into a leper! She said I

should die in the caldron of the volcano!

All sense of reality eluded me. I spoke in a faltering whisper asking what I had done to incur her wrath. Pele glared at me with those eyes of a demon from hell and, in truth, I felt all the torments of hell in my body at the moment!

The younger woman named Hiiaka-i-ka-poli-o-Pele spoke to me in a gentle, reassuring manner calming my hysteria "My sister, Pele, thinks you have taken a piece of lava rock from her crater and that you plan to take it with you back to the mainland. This is taboo!"

I'll never know how I acquired the courage for my response but I stood up and found I was yelling back at them, waving my arms wildly: "It is not true that I have stolen Pele's lava rock!" I then turned all of the pockets of my jacket and trousers inside out. I held out my empty hands and said, "Madame Pele please listen to me. I have now been privileged to see you. I believe you. I believe the legend and now I can live out the rest of my life in contentment!"

Hiiaka placed her face close to mine as she brushed a kiss against my ear and in a sweet, lyrical voice whispered, "I believe you Bob. I love you." Then she turned her face to her sister's exclaiming, "He is good and you should reward him."

My body shuddered as I witnessed the change that came over Pele resulting from the words of Hiiaka. Pele's mood, temperament, and entire demeanor changed to that of a guardian angel. She smiled at me and the ground no longer

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Military Police Company • Schofield Barracks, T.H.

—Submitted by George Beegle, Harrisburg, PA.

Madame Pele ... (Continued from Page 39)

shook like an earthquake beneath my feet! I became aware of a fragrance of blooming flowers that permeated the air! I could hear the charming melodious songs of birds singing close at hand. *It was awesome!*

I felt an urge to step forth and embrace Pele. She held up a hand in admonishment reading my thoughts and spoke again: "Hiiaka is probably right again. I am sometimes accused of demonstrating a violent temper but that's not true." Her facial expression changed from a smile to a look of contemplation, "What can Madame Pele do to make you happy Bob?"

My mind struggled for words. I desperately tried to think of something to say but the emotion of the moment was too great. I could not utter a word!

Hiiaka smiled. She held my face in her hands. She looked deep into my eyes as though searching my very soul. "Bob, perhaps you would like to know why the terrible attack on Pearl Harbor had to happen?" Her voice was musical, spellbinding, and her expression one of incredible beauty!

I nodded my head in agreement and waited breathlessly for Pele to react to the wisdom of Hiiaka's words.

It was dark now and I felt a severe chill in the air. I must have appeared to be shivering. Madame Pele arose in a youthful movement from her bent and crippled posture. She began to scoop up pieces of lava rock in her hand. She plucked a Lehua flower closing her hands upon these items. I was astounded to watch her uncup her hands and see incredulous flames of fire drip from her fingers and fall to the ground which at once created a bonfire that warmed my body!

Pele reached into the fire meticulously arranging the glowing embers and the roaring flames leaped higher, snapping and crackling furiously.

She then arose and seated herself beside me on the flat rock. Hiiaka walked through the fire that, by now, had flames leaping waist high. She walked through the blaze as though it didn't exist and seated herself on the other side of me. Hiiaka

placed her arms around me in a sheltering gesture. She kissed me on the cheek saying, "Don't be afraid Bob. Pele loves you. Pele believes you. You are one of the very fortunate!"

Again Madame Pele spoke: Hiiaka has informed me of your wish for happiness." She hesitated, seeming to carefully select her words. She stirred the burning embers of the fire with her bare feet. She said, "I know the truth of why the world was cast into a condition of devastation in the war but I cannot reveal to you the reasons it occurred. I can understand your zeal to find the answer." Once again she held her arms out over the dwindling fire and again, huge flames dripped from her fingers and the flames became hot and nearly six feet high!

Hiiaka stroked my hair, ran her fingers over my lips, and smiled her exquisite smile saying, "Listen to my sister, Bob. Listen and believe what she tells you."

Pele spoke in a somber manner "I will not tell you why the leaders of two great nations tried to annihilate one another

because man has not yet learned to benefit from the past. But I will tell you this and consider my words to be a warning. *Nothing has changed in man's thinking. He is destined to destroy himself and the earth!*"

Frantically, thoughts raced through my mind about the atom bomb. I sat there trembling with fear and apprehension.

Hiiaka, in some mysterious way, sensed the horrors of my thoughts. She drew me close to her body, cradling me in her arms and swayed back and forth. "Bob, hold onto your hopes for the future of mankind. Sometimes my sister becomes very cynical with her words."

Hiiaka began to sing a song in my ear. I vividly recall the words that shook my very soul "E like me ka'u i aloha ai oukou, pela oukou e aloha aku ai i kekahi i kekahi!" These Hawaiian words translated are "As I have loved you, so love ye one another!" I was dazed and tried to comprehend all that was happening.

The fire had died out and only smoldering ashes remained on the spot. I shuddered at the cold of the night, shocked to realize I was alone! Furthermore, in

some peculiar way I found that my body had been placed in a pocket of huge banyan tree roots. My bed was cushioned with a foot or more of ferns. I was like a child in a cradle! I no longer pondered these mysterious events. It was more than the mind could grasp! I got up and set out running down the road towards my car.

I have never told anyone, including my wife Patricia, about this bizarre happening. I tell you that this is not a hoax nor was it a bad dream!

I feel compelled now to reveal what happened to me in the hope that those of you who have doubts about the existence of the Goddess of the Volcano, Madame Pele, may now have some second thoughts! All I can do is chronicle this unexpected incident and leave you to draw your own conclusions.

Since my return to Minnesota I found that I have acquired an inner peace that I have never known before. I am happy and content to grow old. I have a renewed faith for the future of mankind. I remain a devotee to Pele and to Hiiaka. My heart and soul is filled with unparalleled peace and contentment.

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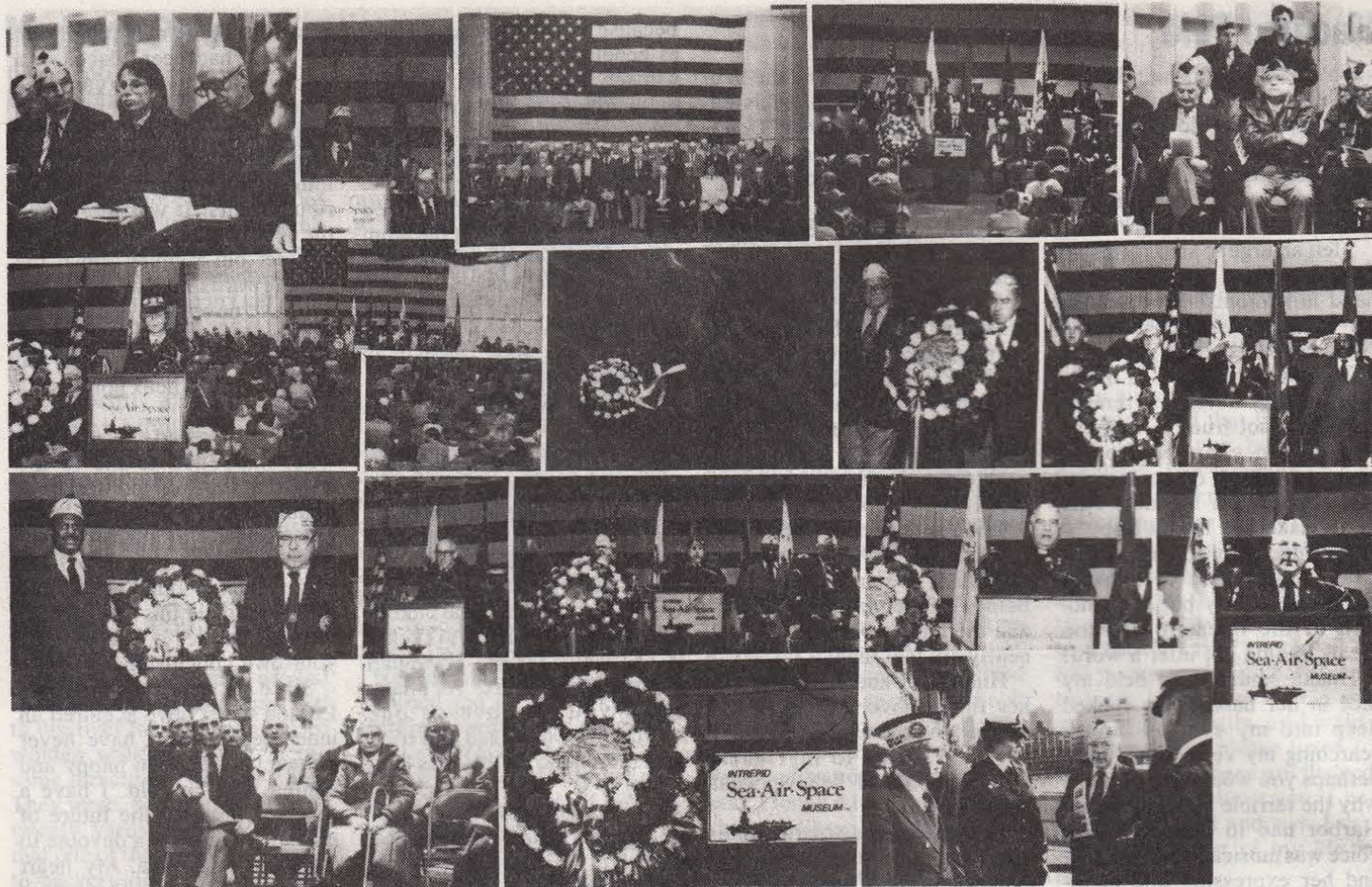
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On December 7, 1985, approximately 50 survivors gathered aboard the Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum (a national historical monument), berthed on the Hudson River. The coordinators of the ceremonies were Daniel S. Fruchter and Clark J. Simmons. The chaplains were Father Peter Jacobs, Catholic chaplain, a veteran of the pacific war, (he wore his pea jacket issued to him by the Navy); Reverend William Kalaidjean, Protestant minister; and Rabbi Linda Henry Goodman, Jewish chaplain, whose father was stationed at Schofield Barracks after the Japanese attack. Keynote speakers were Captain Elizabeth G.

Wylie, USN, and Captain George E. Pierce, USN. Over 250 visitors aboard the Intrepid joined in our services. Participating were the Combined Armed Forces MP Detachment Color Guard and Firing Party. The 26th Armed Forces Band, stationed at Fort Hamilton, joined in the services. The ceremonies were concluded with the firing of 3 volleys and the tossing of the memorial wreath, blessed with water from the forward turret of the Arizona, into the Hudson waters. This has been traditional with the Statue of Liberty Chapter New York 4. At the conclusion, a buffet luncheon was served.

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