



ONE AMONG MANY

**THE MEMOIRS OF
DOUGLAS M. PIERPONT
BM2 238-513
USCG
3 DEC 1941 - 4 FEB 1947**

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INTRODUCTION

First of all I would thank my brother Norman and his wife Joan for suggesting that I attempt to write these memoirs and then keeping after me to continue work on them. They had just recently completed a project writing our genealogy on the Pierpont family and that experience was a great help to me. Norman and Joan visited when they came north from Florida to see their families and would stop in to discuss page layout, content, and make changes I wanted to make. They were the editors and I was the author. The combination seems to have worked out well and I am pleased with the way it turned out.

These memories of my service in the U.S. Coast Guard during the time of WWII were written with very little historical research and most of the facts I found in small notes made by me during my enlistment.

There will always be someone who will disagree with the facts as I have written them but I assure you that they are as accurate as this old brain can remember them.

The branch of the Armed Forces that I enlisted in was the U.S. Coast Guard under the direct jurisdiction of the U. S. Treasury Department, (noted by a white shield on the sleeve of a typical Navy uniform), and was transferred to the Navy Department during a national emergency. This is a big reason why you don't hear or read much about the Coast Guard's role as a combat force. For example, the men that manned the first five ships that were fitted out solely for the purpose of landing troops on foreign soil, with the use of Amphibious Landing Craft, were Coast Guardsmen. The USS Leonard Wood was one of those first five Amphibious Troop Transport Ships (APA-12). There is a plaque honoring the ship and her crew at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, CT.

I am not the writer of horror stories but I hope my family can read between the lines and decide for themselves that War, no matter how large or small, cannot be won by anyone. The cost of human life, on both sides, cannot be justified in any way.

Some hard work, a few kind words and a smile is the only "fix" that the human race requires. God bless, and may your future be brighter and more peaceful than the past.

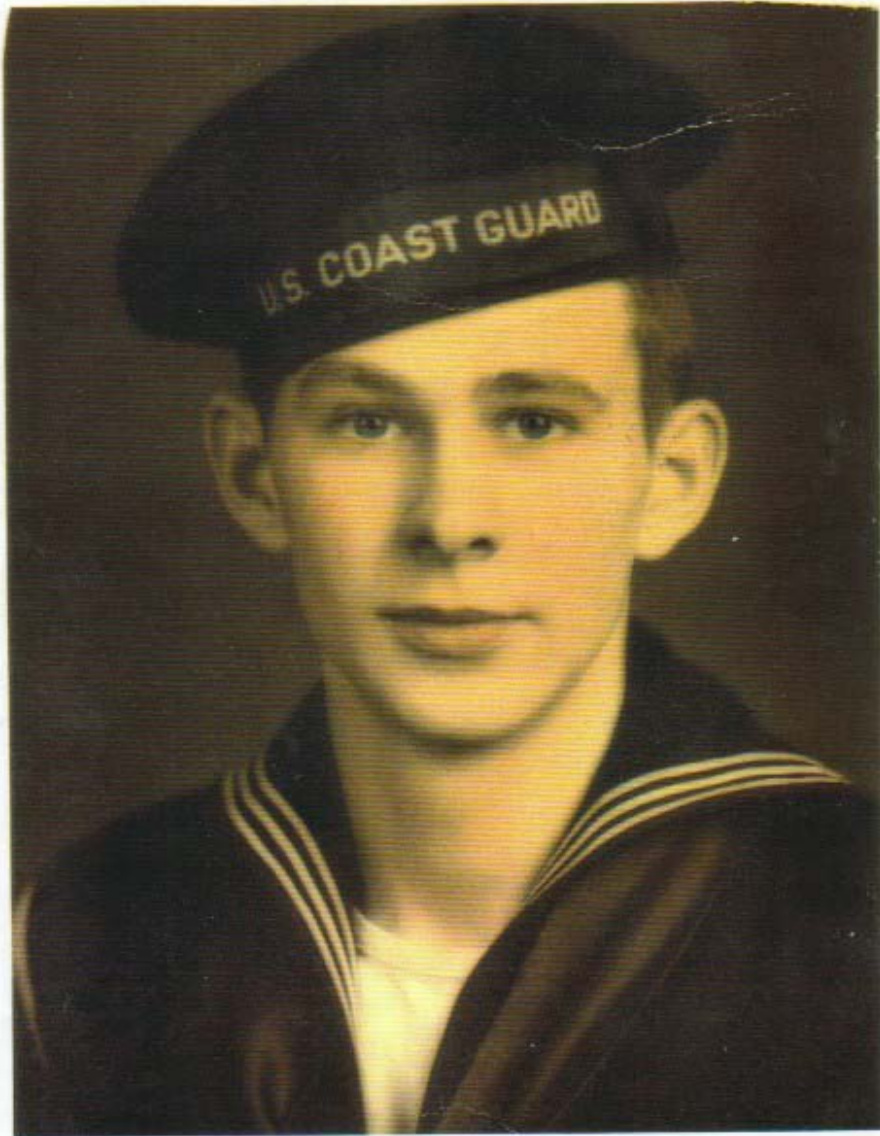
Luv Y'all,

Doug

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DOUGLAS M. PIERPONT, JR.
Photo taken after Boot Camp
December, 1941

BIOGRAPHY
Douglas M. Pierpont, Jr.
USCG 239-513

I was born on 10 August 1922 in New Haven, CT and was the third child (first son) of Douglas M. Pierpont and Edna Thomas Pierpont and was followed by three more sons and one daughter. Making a very happy family of a Mother, Father and seven children raised in the Spring Glen section of Hamden, CT.

My schooling started in 1927 at the Kindergarten level and continued on until graduation from the eighth grade in 1937. Then on to Hamden High School for more education. In the summer of 1941 I requested enlistment in the U.S. Coast Guard Reserves when a friend decided to turn his yacht over to the Coast Guard for patrol duty. The yacht was turned down and I changed my request to the regular Coast Guard. One Among Many will tell of my experiences from 3 Dec 1941 - 4 Feb 1947. I was married to a fine young woman from Philadelphia, PA on 4 Dec 1946. We raised three sons while we were living on the west side of Hamden, CT from 1947 - 1954.

When I was discharged from the Coast Guard I went to work at the Snow-Nabstedt Gear Corp. as a tool designer, in which I had no experience, but I had a good boss and he taught me what I needed to know. Soon I graduated from Tool Design and started working with a terrific Russian engineer on new design projects. One of these projects included the government non-magnetic Minesweeper program for Lend Lease use by foreign countries to clean up the seaways left dirty by stray mines planted by the Allies. I give a great deal of credit for this education to my Dad who just happened to be the Chief Engineer and later, Vice President of the company. I lasted about 22 1/2 years at this company before it was sold and moved to New Hampshire. During this time my family and I moved from the west side of Hamden into a nice little ranch style home in North Haven, CT. The next tour of duty was with the National Pipe Bending Co. as a Draftsman and Sales Engineer. The job finally developed into a pretty good, but hectic, position as Manager of Engineering, Manufacturing, and Quality Assurance.

I lost my wife to cancer in the fall of 1982 and began to lose interest in what was going on around me and I retired from National Pipe Bending Co. in the fall of 1983. In the meantime my three sons had all gotten married and started families of their own and today I have three married sons, seven grandchildren, and six great grandchildren.

After retiring I lived alone until the summer of 1989 when I discovered that I wasn't maintaining my house the way a house should be taken care of and my oldest grandson had gotten married and wanted to know if I would sell it to him. I did, and moved in with my youngest son in Deep River, CT until a Senior Housing rent became available. After some time nothing seemed to be getting close to becoming available so I decided to move to my middle son's home in Guilford, CT where I am now.

From 1991 my health started going down hill and I have been battling cancer with its ups and downs since then. Feeling pretty good now and able to get around with crutches. That's where I am today at 79 years young.

Chester Valley

CLOTHING ISSUE SLIP

1 Bag, Sea	1.07	1.07	1 Jumper B. Dress	7.00	7.00
1 Belt, Black	.20	.20	2 Jumpers B. Undress	4.50	9.00
2 Blankets, Woolen	6.50	13.00	3 Jumpers W. Undress	1.00	3.00
1 Broom, Whisk	.15	.15	1 Leggins	.75	.75
1 Brush, Scrub	.15	.15	1 Mattress	8.25	8.25
1 Brush, Hair	.45	.45	1 Neckkerchief	1.00	1.00
1 Brush, Shoe	.25	.25	1 Overcoat	13.50	13.50
1 Cap Ribbon	.15	.15	1 Overshoes, Rubber	.80	.80
1 Cap Cloth Blue	1.75	1.75	1 Pillow	.45	.45
1 Cap Watch	.55	.55	1 Raincoat	10.50	10.50
3 Clothes Stops	.10	.30	2 Shirts, B. C.	.55	1.10
1 Comb	.05	.05	2 Shoes, Low	3.75	7.50
2 Covers, Mattress	.80	1.60	1 Shoes, Tennis	.80	.80
2 Covers, Pillow	.20	.40	5 Socks, Cotton	.15	.75
4 Drawers, Nainsook	.25	1.00	2 Towels, Large	.35	.70
1 Gloves, Woolen	.75	.75	2 Trousers, Blue	6.00	12.00
2 Handkerchiefs	.05	.60	3 Trousers, White	1.20	3.60
4 Hats, White	.50	2.00	2 Trousers, Dungaree	.80	1.60
1 Jackknife	.30	.30	1 Trunks, Bathing	1.00	1.00
1 Jersey	2.00	2.00	4 Undershirts, Cotton	.25	1.00

TOTAL . . . \$111.02

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RECEIVED BY *Indas M. O'Connell*

FIRST MIDDLE LAST

ONE AMONG MANY

by

Douglas Montgomery Pierpont, Jr.

As a teenager I was a bit of a "Renegade" and, as some kids today, I defied authority. After a long talk with my Dad we decided that I should get away for awhile so he found me a crew job on a private yacht headed for Florida in the fall of 1940. I had always been partial to boating and jumped at the chance. This experience got me accustomed to being on my own. On this trip I saw some picket boats patrolling parts of the Intracoastal Waterway and I figured riding around in a patrol boat might be fun. The following events started one year later with the blessing of my family and the grace of God.

I ENLISTMENT SUMMER 1941

In August of 1941 a fellow from Waterbury (I can't remember his name) and I applied for enlistment in the USCGR (US Coast Guard Reserve). We heard they were taking private yachts for patrol duty and he decided to donate his 40 footer. The owner of the boat would enlist as a Chief Bos'n Mate and his crewmember would enlist as a 1st class Seaman. It sounded good to us so we thought we would try it.

Near the end of October of 1941 we were notified that they would not be taking any more boats for patrol duty but we could apply for enlistment in the regular Coast Guard as "Boots" and go off to their training camp at Curtis Bay, Maryland. For some reason he backed out and I enlisted.

Soon I was notified to report to the RONY (Recruiting Office, NY) at Battery Park in southern Manhattan on the morning of 3 Dec 1941 for swearing in and transportation to Boot Camp. After being sworn in we were given a talk on what we could expect and what would be expected of us. All the nervous joking and fooling around ceased at this time and the room was full of pasty faced, bug eyed, scared little kids that would rather be home with their Mothers. We were to be paid \$21.00 a month, \$10.00 on the 1st and \$11.00 on the 15th less a few dollars for life insurance.

On this same day we boarded a bus for an unknown place called "Boot Camp" at Curtis Bay, Maryland.

II BOOT CAMP 03 DEC. 1941

We arrived sometime right after noon and were assigned to the group we would be training with. Our new fearless leader, probably six months older than our youngest boot, showed us where our quarters would be and instructed us in when, where, and how we would muster and then turned us over to Supply to be issued a

\$1.07 sea bag and \$109.95 worth of clothing that should last forever. We had to purchase replacements for any worn out clothing. We didn't get any clothing allowance until some time in 1942 when the government decided we were part of the armed forces.

The next day we had our first official muster in work uniforms: dungarees, chambray shirt, white hat and pea coat. I goofed up; my white hat had a very light smudge on the brim so I was assigned to the mess cook detail for a week. I think this was a good way of selecting volunteers.

Early on Sunday morning 7 Dec. 1941 a few of my newfound buddies and I were shooting pool in the Recreation Hall when an announcement was made over the P.A. system. "Pearl Harbor has been bombed by the Japanese this very morning". You could hear the butt ends of the cue sticks hit the floor one at a time and then complete silence. I don't think anyone was even breathing. The description we received made chills run up and down our spines as none of us expected to be at war with Japan or anyone else. Complete panic broke out in the Military Organization so that no one knew what was supposed to be done next. To keep us busy we had some close order drill with broomsticks and threw sand-filled tin cans around for grenade practice. We couldn't figure out what the Coast Guard would do with grenades. No weapons were available for drills at this time due to the disarmament program after WW I. The Japanese really caught us flat footed.

The panic lasted about two weeks so I sneaked some leave papers in with one of the cook's and went home for four days. (This was unheard of in boot camp). When I returned on the morning of the 24th I found out I was being transferred to a Surf Station at Beach Haven Terrace, NJ at 1300 hrs this same day. Just enough time to pack and get on the bus. Goodbye boot camp!

III SURF STATION 24 DEC. 1941

Prior to the outbreak of WW II the Coast Guard was a division of the Treasury Dept. and was made up of two branches.

The "Revenue Cutter Service" patrolled the high seas with patrol boats and gunboats of 78 to 125 feet and did off shore rescue work and kept an eye open for illegal smuggling of any kind. I was not part of this in my early training.

The "Surfmen" patrolled beaches and did life saving operations from self-bailing pulling boats. I was assigned to the Surf Station at Beach Haven Terrace on a barrier island off the New Jersey mainland. It consisted of an old private three-story house with an enclosed Captain's Walk that we used as a lookout tower. I don't remember the exact living arrangements but they were comfortable for the 16 or 18 men stationed there. We also had our own cook and the food was great.

The pulling boats we used were approximately 20' long. They were made of wood and so constructed that any water that came over the side would run out through the "scuppers" at the level of the upper decking that was sealed off from the main hull. The round bottom type of hull made the boat act like a little round bottom clown I had

SURF STATION
BEACH HAVEN TERRACE, NJ
Former private residence on barrier island off the New Jersey coast



SURFMEN
1942
Douglas M. Pierpont, Jr. standing 6th from left



when I was a kid. There were 8 oarsmen, and 1 cox'n who gave all the orders on how to maneuver the vessel. I got considerable training in this.

We had to launch the boat from a wooden, hand pulled trailer, that had four large pneumatic tires so it would roll easily on the beach, as long as there were eight men "bug-a-lugging" it. If we really got bogged down they would send a truck to help us. We removed the trailer's front wheel assembly and launched the boat into some rather heavy surf and rowed seaward 300-400 yards, rolled it over by standing on the gun'l and pulling on a line attached to the opposite side. Quickly we climbed up the thwarts as the boat stood on its side and pulled the high gun'l toward us to complete half the roll. The rest was fairly easy because when you got onto the bottom of the boat it would right itself as it was built to do. Then we had to row back through the heavy surf and hand winch the boat back onto the trailer, replace the front wheel assembly, and pull it back to the station.

In the meantime I was standing 4 on 8 off watches, consisting of 2 hours walking the beach at night checking for lights or any other activity that should not be taking place along the shore during war time. The other 2 hours were spent in a watchtower calling in plane and ship movements.

Submarines sank a considerable number of oil tankers as they traveled along the East Coast and the beaches were covered with heavy oil. The wind blown sand would cover the thick tar like oil and make it difficult to walk the beaches. You had to wear knee high boots for this part of the watch and you came back after your patrol about 4" taller than when you started. Thick oil and sand coated the soles of your boots so it was difficult to walk.

Some nights you could see a glow in the sky showing us that another ship had been hit. We were always on the lookout for casualties but our section of beach never found any while I was there.

I believe I'm leaving this station for small boat training somewhere in North Carolina very soon.

IV AMPHIBIOUS TRAINING 31 MAR. 1942

This station was known as the 1st Marine Division Training Camp at New River, NC, now known as Camp Lejune. This was one of the largest training camps for Marine, Navy, and Coast Guard personnel

We were put into a large hanger type building with single cots awaiting the completion of our quarters that would be a barracks with 16 double-decker bunks about a mile from everything. We ran to the mess hall for all meals, ran to the inlet where the landing barges were moored, and had to run to any place we wanted to go.

While we were learning how to handle the barges we would chase Marines through the swamp while they were training in rubber rafts. They practiced low altitude parachute jumps from less than 500'. Small chutes would pop open and seemed to be pulling the men out of the plane and they would descend rather rapidly into the jungle. They were supposed to find their way back to camp on foot and in rubber rafts. We would locate them in the swamp, run our boats around them for a while and then tow them back near their camp. Fun and games for all.

Chuck Sutfin and I hand sewed the canvas to cover the deck and the ropes on a new boxing ring the Marines built. We never got to see any boxing matches while we

were at this station.

Our actual landing practice was done on Oslo Beach just outside of the New River Inlet. This area is open to the Atlantic Ocean and the weather can turn nasty in a few hours. The beaches were nice fine sand with a gradual slope that turned out NOT to be typical of the beaches our landings will be made on. The boats we trained on were 36' LCVP's¹ and 50' LCM's² and are actually rather easy to operate. The hull forms a tunnel so when the propeller is in reverse the sand is washed away from under the hull to assist in floating the boat and allowing you to back off the beach.

From here I think I'll be going on to Ordinance Training School.

V ORDINANCE TRAINING 01 MAY 1942

This training school is located in Dam Neck, Va. near the Naval Air Station. I was only here for a few days and was taught how to maintain and fire the 50 cal. and 30 cal. air-cooled machine guns used on the landing barges and the 20 mm anti-aircraft guns used on the Troop Transports to fire on incoming enemy planes.

We fired the machine guns at floating targets anchored off shore, and the anti-aircraft gun at wind socks towed by old biplanes and at planes on a movie screen in a theater much like the TV games of today.

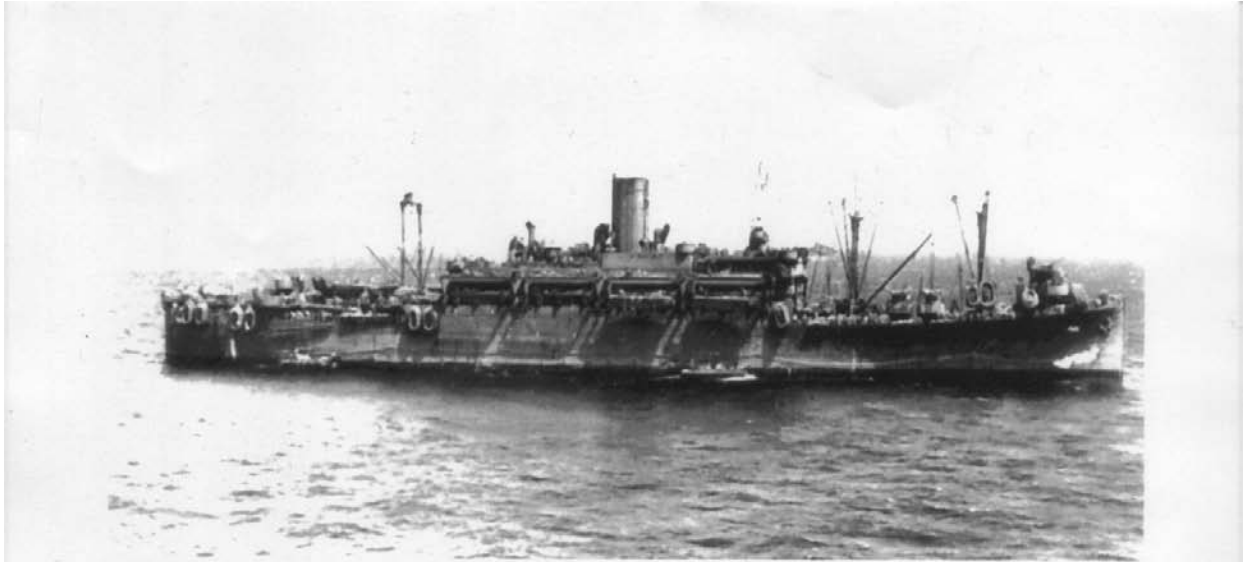
The Navy also experimented with a 4 barreled high speed 1.1" anti-aircraft "pom-pom" gun that was not included in my classes. I was told that I did rather well overall in this instruction of ordinance that I would be using. From here I believe I will be headed for sea duty on a Troop Transport. I'm not sure which one it will be as yet. My orders should be along soon.

VI TROOP TRANSPORT 08 MAY 1942

My orders finally arrived and I'm headed to the Naval Operation Base (NOB) at Norfolk, Va. to go aboard the USS Leonard Wood #APA 12. This is an attack transport all rigged out for beach landings on enemy territory. She's 535 ft. long and has a crew of 667 men with an over abundance of officers, it seemed. It was a good thing we were only required to salute an officer at the first encounter each day while

¹ Landing Craft, Vehicle and Personnel. A single engine 36 ft long wooden landing barge that could carry personnel and small vehicles such as Jeeps and small trucks.

² Landing Craft, Medium. A twin engine, all steel, tank lighter that could carry personnel and larger vehicles including some medium size Army tanks and larger trucks.



U.S.S. LEONARD WOOD APA-12

(AP-25: dp. 21,900; l. 535' ; b. 72' 6" ; dr. 31' 3" ; s. 17.5 k.; cpl. 667; tr. 1,926; a. 4 3"; 4 40mm; cl. Harris)

Leonard Wood (AP-25), ex-Nutmeg State and Western World, was built in 1922 by the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company, Sparrow Point, Maryland; purchased by the War Department in 1939 and renamed Leonard Wood; served as an Army transport until acquired by the Navy 3 June 1941; and commissioned 10 June, manned by the Coast Guard, Commander H. G. Bradbury, USCG in command.

After debarking troops at Bombay and Singapore, she returned, entering Philadelphia Navy Yard in March 1942 for conversion to an attack transport. She was redesignated APA-12 on 1 February 1943. She departed Hampton Roads 24 October carrying almost 1,900 fighting men from the 3rd Division and slipped in close to beaches at Fedhala, French Morocco, on the night of 7 to 8 November. The next morning she sent her boats ashore and provided gunfire support while also rescuing survivors from torpedoed sister ships.

Departing 17 November, she arrived Norfolk on the 30th for repairs and more amphibious warfare training. The transport sailed 3 June 1943 for the assault on Sicily. At the dawn of the 10th, her gunners fired at an enemy bomber which dropped bombs 200 to 300 yards astern and kept up an antiaircraft barrage throughout the day, helping to splash three planes. With unloading completed and damaged landing craft salvaged, the ship got underway for Norfolk, on the 12th, arriving 4 August. Three weeks later she departed Norfolk for San Francisco, embarked troops, then steamed for Honolulu, arriving 27 September.

Leonard Wood spent the remainder of World War II in the Pacific, distinguishing herself in seven amphibious landings. In the Gilbert Islands and Marshall Islands operations the ship gained experience, especially in cargo handling, which proved invaluable when Leonard Wood later took part in the first push toward victory with the landings at Saipan, Leyte, and Lingayen Gulf.

Leonard Wood departed Pearl Harbor 29 May 1944 bound for the capture and occupation of Saipan, Marianas Islands. Arriving Eniwetok, Marshall Islands, an atoll Leonard Wood had helped to secure just 3 months before, the ship fueled, watered, and provisioned before departing 11 June for her assigned anchorage off Saipan.

After Saipan, the ship made transport and training runs between Pearl Harbor, Eniwetok, and Guadalcanal until she sailed from Guadalcanal 8 September for the capture and occupation of Angaur Island, Palau Island Group. Completing unloading 21 September, and departing for Manus Island 27 September. For the next week Leonard Wood prepared for further operations in the Philippine Island, departing Sansapor, New Guinea, 30 December 1944 for the assault on Lingayen Gulf. Many Japanese suicide planes attacked the formation and Leonard Wood helped down them. Arriving Lingayen 9 January 1945, she again unloaded troops and cargo while firing at enemy planes before departing the same day for Leyte.

Leonard Wood took part in her last amphibious landing with Mindoro Island assault 9 February 1945. Debarking her troop and cargo in less than 5 hours, she steamed for San Francisco via Leyte, Ulithi, and Pearl Harbor, arriving 27 March. After repairs at San Francisco, Leonard Wood began transport duties between the United States and the western Pacific, making two runs to Manila and one to Tokyo. The ship's Coast Guard crew debarked 22 March 1946 when Leonard Wood decommissioned and was redelivered to the Army at Seattle, Washington, pending transfer to the War Shipping Administration. The ship was sold to Consolidated Builders, Inc., for scrap 20 January 1948.

Leonard Wood earned eight battle stars for World War II service.

aboard ship. We were carrying 32- 36' landing barges and 2- 50' tank lighters, many 20mm anti-aircraft guns and 1- 5", 50 surface gun.

As a landing barge operator I was assigned to the 9th division which included all the cox'ns and machinist mates in the boat division. Our quarters were in the after section of the ship just above the "shaft alley" that enclosed the two main shafts between the boilers and the propellers, "very noisy". These quarters were rather crowded with just enough room for 100 men, bunks and lockers. The bunks were stacked three high and were made of a pipe frame with a canvas bottom without springs and a 2" hard packed cotton mattress. The lockers were designed to hold one sea bag of issued clothing, if rolled properly, and a handful of personal belongings.

The crew's mess hall was rather large with a long stainless steel hot plate serving table and all the food was served on trays with compartments to keep the food separated. That only worked if the food was served, but they slopped everything with large spoons and who knew where it would land. All in all the food was good but the coffee would melt a cast iron spoon. They served three meals a day to all 450 men in a very short time. Officers had their own dining room and were served by white-coated waiters. The Officer of the Day had his meals with the crew to assure us the food would not make us sick.

The 9th Division lavatory, better known as the "Head" was one large room with multiple shower heads on one wall, fresh water in port and salt water at sea, rows of sinks and mirrors on another wall. The third wall had a long trough with continuous running water and a few toilet seats for whatever needed doing. Two hatchways were on the last wall with rows of hooks for clothing and towels.

Now that we are familiar with our quarters, mess hall and head it's time to get to work. We are introduced to our 9th Division officers, both academy graduates in different years. They seem to be O.K. They gave us a little talk and basically said, "Do your job and help us do ours and we will get along fine".

The regular deck crew took care of all of the in-port watches except for the stand-by boat crews that would carry officers ashore and to other vessels for meetings, etc. At sea, half of the crew manned watch stations such as lookouts and gun crews. This kept the ship on a 50% alert. General Quarters was called when conditions were considered "emergency" or "urgent" affecting the safety of the ship or crew. During this condition 100% of all watch stations must be manned by all available crewmembers.

Each landing barge was assigned a four-man crew consisting of a Cox'n, a Motor Mac, and two Seamen. These four men were responsible for the upkeep of their boat. For instance, full fuel tanks, complete emergency lifeboat supplies and proper maintenance of the machine guns and ammunition. Everything must be in good working order and was periodically inspected by our division officers.

Now comes the training in war games. The ship would get underway early in the morning and steam out into the Chesapeake Bay to an area about one hour north of Norfolk, VA. The call to general quarters was sounded on very loud klaxon horns and all personnel would take their positions. Soon the words, "Stand by to lower boats" was heard and the crew changed to boat launching and landing stations. The boat crews got aboard their landing boats and were lowered into the water regardless of the sea conditions. This was a new experience for all hands and was a little sloppy at first.

The boats would proceed to an "Assembly Area" a short distance from the ship and wait to be signaled in by a blinking light calling for the type landing craft required. They would then proceed to the loading station, alongside the ship, which was marked by a flashing colored light. We did not take on any cargo for this first training session. The next step was to proceed to a "Rendezvous Area" at a spot quite some distance from the ship and marked by a "Control Vessel". After all the boats in a particular "Wave", usually nine, got together in this area they would circle until other waves arrived. At a designated time each wave would head for the "Line of Departure", a few hundred yards off the beach, adjusting their speed to arrive at this attack position at a specified time. From here to the beach it was "V" formation and full speed ahead and hit the beach hard, drop the ramp, wait a few minutes (as if unloading) start backing off and crank up the ramp, turn the boat seaward and get back to the ship as fast as possible to join the boats in the assembly area and be ready to do it all over again, again, and again. We finally got to the point where it could be done automatically without a thought as to why we were reacting the way we were. Repetitive training makes you work like a machine.

From this point on every spare hour of every day there will be some kind of training going on. How fast can the crew complete a General Quarters alarm? in the daylight? in the pitch dark without any lights? at sea? or in port? We practiced this problem until we could get to our station in our sleep. If some one snored real loud half the crew would be at their gun station before they realized what was happening.

The ship could carry about 4500 troops with all their gear. The first time we took on troops for training maneuvers we found out what a crowded ship was like. The troops quarters were in the areas of the cargo holds where heavy equipment could not be stowed. They slept there in bunks stacked four high. Long lines at the head and the chow line, which was separate from the crew's mess hall, were typical. Troops were fed only twice a day due to the lack of space and limited exercise, as they were only allowed on deck in small groups for short periods of time, each day.

The training program was similar to the maneuvers we did with empty boats except now we would load troops and material into the boats. Then we'd transport them to the beach where they would practice setting up beach positions and stage mock battles. After they were through with their fun and games we would evacuate them, load them back on the ship, and head back to Norfolk VA.

After getting back into port it was the individual boat crew's job to secure their boat and get it ready for what ever would come next.

The troops would disembark and their equipment was unloaded and the ship was put back into sea-going shape.

A debriefing session was set up to discuss what went wrong, what went right



U. S. Coast Guard, Official

U. S. Troops Go over the Side into Assault Boats for the Bougainville Landing

Manned by a Coast Guard crew and filled with battle-equipped Marines, one LCVP (Landing Craft, Vehicle and Personnel) has just got under way, headed for the rendezvous circle. Following a schedule like a railroad timetable, this boat and others will charge the beach in waves (page 8). The 36-foot craft, designed by Andrew J. Higgins and made of wood, is armored on the sides and has a steel ramp. In the background two larger LCMs (Landing Craft, Mechanized) with grill ramps, stand by for tanks or vehicles.

TYPICAL LOADING OF TROOPS PRIOR TO
ANY BEACH LANDING

and how to improve the landing technique from the "working man's" view of things. As the wait in the rendezvous area was quite long and sometimes very rough we kept track of the sea sick troops and the medics would suggest different types of treatment to prevent this, some things worked very well.

This type of training maneuver was carried out two or three times a month until we were ready to leave port for parts unknown with a full load of troops and supplies. By this time we had trained thousands of troops and some new crewmembers in the finer points of transport life and landing techniques.

We also did some experimental work with the engineers from the companies that were building the landing boats. At the start of our training aboard ship the Cox'n stood in the open on the afterdeck so that he could see over the large ramp in the bow. This was a very dangerous position to be in while under enemy fire and, if the cox'n got shot could lead to improper control of the landing boat without a trained operator on board. The controls were moved to the port side between the gun'l and the engine compartment. A much safer place for the cox'n to be. All of our landing boats were replaced by the new design for the protection of the crew and troops.

The new LCVP's were built of plywood with double planked bottoms, heavy steel ramp, and steel plates on each side about two thirds the length of the hull. All hands felt much safer in this design. They were powered by a 671 G.M. diesel engine³ that was the same as the one later used in most of the diesel buses for mass civilian transportation after the war. Remember the odor of the diesel fuel? We loved it. It meant our boat was still running.

Some of the experimental work we did was with night vision equipment such as large aircraft searchlights with ultra-violet filters for scanning beaches during landings. With a special pair of binoculars the beach would be lit up with a yellow-green glow and movement of troops and fortifications could be seen quite clearly. These experiments went on month after month along with training of troops and crewmembers. We should be ready for something beyond these maneuvers in the very near future.

I now have the feeling that something is in the wind. The ship has not been away from the pier for nearly three weeks and we are taking on supplies, a little at a time, nearly every day. Lots of scuttlebutt without any verification. Other ships are showing up in port during the night and also taking on supplies.

Early one morning the troops began to arrive. I never saw so many men dressed in olive drab clothing, every one looked alike, and they just kept coming, some to our ship and some to every ship in port. I'm now sure that we won't be tied up to the dock much longer.

The fear of the unknown is now beginning to set in and some times the imagination gets mixed up with reality so I will try to stick close to notes I made during this first trip and just fill in some of the details as I can remember them.

Scuttlebutt has it that the convoy will consist of Aircraft Carriers, Battleships, Destroyers, 34 Troop Transports, Supply Ships, Cruisers and Seagoing Tugs. We expect to join more ships and contact more convoys after we get underway. It has

³ A 6 cylinder, model 71, diesel engine

been mentioned that there will be 150 ships in the convoy prior to reaching our destination.

Norfolk, Va. to North Africa

24 Oct. 1942 We passed through the submarine nets leaving Norfolk Va. at 0850 for an unknown destination. Submarine nets are large steel nets suspended from floats and installed across the entrance of a harbor to prevent enemy craft from entering the area used for supplying our ships. A rather small section of these nets could be opened by a tugboat to allow our friendly ships to pass through.

We were told, a few hours out to sea, that our destination was French Morocco on the northwest coast of Africa to make a landing to start retaking some of North Africa from the Vichy French and the Germans. The Vichy French were a large contingent of French troops that were sympathetic to the Nazi troops with Adolph Hitler as Supreme Commander.

25 Oct. 1942 The boat crews were shown aerial photos and drawings of beaches we are to land on and the operation was explained in some detail. It sounded very much like the maneuvers we had been working on all summer. All hands have been working to equip the boats as lifeboats and for invasion duty.

26&27 Oct 1942 Everything going along smoothly. Crew standing 4 on 8 off sea watches with general quarters called every day one hour before sunset until one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise until two hours after sunrise, the favorite times for air raids.

28 Oct. 1942 Contacted 30 more ships enlarging the convoy to about 80 ships. We've had some foul weather and fairly heavy seas. So far so good.

29 Oct. 1942 Nothing new. We're still afloat. It's amazing how so many ships can all zigzag in unison without a major foul up. In very foggy weather a special buoy is towed approximately 200 yards behind each ship. This buoy sets up a very high rooster tail of water to let other ships know just what their position is. Our ancient radar was not used very often in bad weather as it could be picked up by the enemy, helping them locate our ships.

30 Oct 1942 I saw destroyers dropping depth charges and heard of three unconfirmed kills. We traveled rather slowly while our escort destroyers were being refueled.

31 Oct.-4 Nov. 1942 Things running along smoothly. The crew and troops are beginning to get on edge wondering when? and where? We were finally told our destination was to be French Morocco and our objective was to land on the beaches at a small seaport called Fedala. We will be landing at 0400 on 8 Nov. 1942.

05 Nov. 1942 For the last week we have had some nice weather, until yesterday when the seas increased to heavy and we've had a couple of alerts, but all the ships are still unharmed. Sometime during the night about two thirds of our convoy broke off and headed through the Straits of Gibraltar for landings in the "Oran" area.

06 Nov. 1942 Last night we contacted a Portuguese ship and took her over by putting a "prize" crew on board. Prize crews get to oversee all the vessels confiscated during military operations. She will be held, until after the invasion is

well under way, for security reasons.

07 Nov. 1942 The troop ships of the convoy are moving into invasion position. I'll be going over the side some time tonight. Don't those butterflies go to Central America in the fall? I think I should have gone with them.

08 Nov. 1942 At 0015 I was lowered over the side in my landing craft approximately 6 miles off the coast of Fedala, French Morocco, North Africa. We are somewhere southwest of the Strait of Gibraltar in the Atlantic Ocean. The seas are relatively calm and the night is black as pitch, you can hardly see your hand in front of your face. All you can hear is the drone of the diesel engines in the boats.

I took on a load of troops and their equipment at 0300. This was to be the fourth wave and we were to hit the beach at 0515. All hell broke loose just before I landed and in the confusion (this being our first look at combat conditions) another boat and mine collided and did some damage to both boats. At this time we were about 500 yds from the shore. It was now getting light enough to see we were 200 yds east of our designated landing area with no time to make a correction. This beach was quite rocky and the bottom of my barge was split so there was no sense in even trying to back off the rocks after all the troops and equipment were safely ashore.

Our briefings only took us from ship to shore and return with no plan if disaster struck any of the boats. I don't know which way my crew went but I quickly decided that the best place to be was off the beach. I joined up with the troops that I had taken ashore, "D" Company, 7th Infantry. They were an 81mm mortar squad and my job would be to carry 6 mortar shells and see that the men firing the mortar did not run out of ammunition. We dug in until full daybreak and then advanced through the outskirts of Fedala to the harbor where we dropped a few shells on a 75mm gun emplacement. This drew a little machine gun fire but another squad made quick work of destroying their position.

09 Nov. 1942 We kept pushing on toward Casablanca through heavy artillery and machine gun fire with little damage done. Sniper fire caused concern but the troops trained in eliminating this nuisance did a fine job.

10 Nov. 1942 This morning my helmet was hit by a small piece of shrapnel while I was crossing an open field but no harm was done, except to my nerves. A couple of troops were nicked today, none seriously, they called them band-aid wounds but they were good enough for a Purple Heart medal.

We heard today the transport ship USS Hewes was torpedoed and sunk.

AREA FROM CASABLANCA TO RABAT



ROADS AND TRACKS (TRAILS)

Unimproved
 Improved
 (a) Road No. 11
 (b) Road No. 12
 (c) Road No. 13
 (d) Road No. 14
 (e) Road No. 15
 (f) Road No. 16
 (g) Road No. 17
 (h) Road No. 18
 (i) Road No. 19
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 (o) Road No. 25
 (p) Road No. 26
 (q) Road No. 27
 (r) Road No. 28
 (s) Road No. 29
 (t) Road No. 30
 (u) Road No. 31
 (v) Road No. 32
 (w) Road No. 33
 (x) Road No. 34
 (y) Road No. 35
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 (ck) Road No. 99
 (cl) Road No. 100

NUMBERING OF THE ROADS AND TRACKS

1. Main Road No. 1
 2. Branch Road No. 2
 3. Branch Road No. 3
 4. Branch Road No. 4
 5. Branch Road No. 5
 6. Branch Road No. 6
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 99. Branch Road No. 99
 100. Branch Road No. 100

VARIOUS SIGNS ON ROAD OR TRACK (TRAIL)

1. Directional sign
 2. Distance sign
 3. Prohibitory sign
 4. Mandatory sign
 5. Informational sign
 6. Warning sign
 7. Priority sign
 8. Yield sign
 9. Stop sign
 10. No entry sign
 11. No parking sign
 12. No vehicles sign
 13. No heavy vehicles sign
 14. No trucks sign
 15. No motor vehicles sign
 16. No bicycles sign
 17. No animals sign
 18. No fire sign
 19. No alcohol sign
 20. No smoking sign
 21. No dogs sign
 22. No cats sign
 23. No birds sign
 24. No insects sign
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RAILROADS

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 6. Through line
 7. Branch line
 8. Spur line
 9. Loop line
 10. Connecting line
 11. Through line
 12. Branch line
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 15. Connecting line
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 17. Branch line
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 25. Connecting line
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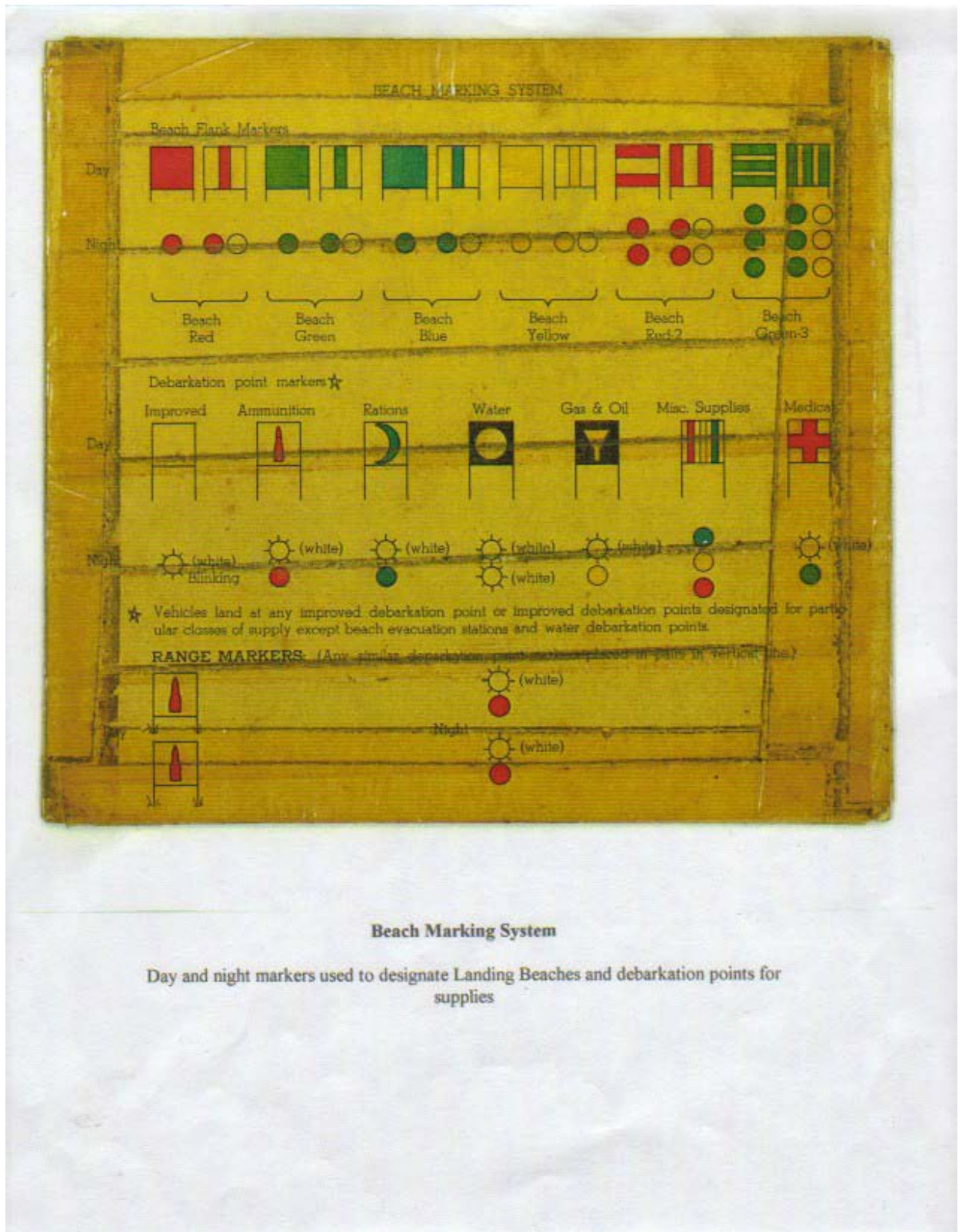
PLACES

1. City
 2. Town
 3. Village
 4. Hamlet
 5. Farmstead
 6. Enclosure
 7. Well
 8. Spring
 9. Pond
 10. Lake
 11. River
 12. Stream
 13. Canal
 14. Ditch
 15. Trench
 16. Embankment
 17. Bridge
 18. Tunnel
 19. Viaduct
 20. Overpass
 21. Underpass
 22. Culvert
 23. Dam
 24. Lock
 25. Weir
 26. Sluice
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SAFI The places the names of which are underlined in a double red line, were in place in the GUIDE MICHELLE MAROC. The numbers 1 to 100, shown at the end of the map, are shown (left) on the enlarged maps of a scale of 1:500,000, and (right) on these plans.

Notes: The places in this, the names of which are underlined in red, are underlined in the GUIDE MICHELLE MAROC.

Early in the War intelligence gathering was not very complete. This is a road map that the coxswains of the landing barges were shown to help them navigate to the landing site.



Beach Marking System

Day and night markers used to designate Landing Beaches and debarcation points for supplies

11 Nov. 1942 We pushed on into Casablanca, not without caution, snipers were pretty bad but did little damage. I heard from a radioman that the transports USS Bliss, USS Scott and USS Rutledge all had been torpedoed and sunk. I had some time to wander around town and see what a nice city Casablanca had been before it was destroyed by heavy artillery fire from sea and land that were required to secure a good harbor for incoming material. What was left of the German troops surrendered today, "Armistice Day" from WW I.

12-13 Nov. 1942 A couple of days of rest and relaxation. I have been eating all my meals and sleeping in the troop area of "D" Company, 7th Infantry.

14 Nov. 1942 The USS Leonard Wood came into port around 1500 and I returned to my ship at 1700 with Army Captain Hazelwood. Captain Hazelwood had written two letters explaining where I had been and what I was doing from the 8th through the 14th of November, after my first landing and the loss of my landing craft. On my return I found out two of my shipmates had been wounded on the beach where we landed, one by shrapnel and one by machine gun fire. I understand they both survived but were sent home after spending some time on a hospital ship.

15-16 Nov. 1942 These two days were spent unloading supplies that were not unloaded on the beaches at Fedala. The USS Electra was torpedoed but not sunk on the 15th, and the USS Stone was sunk in the Mediterranean Sea sometime in the last few days.

17 Nov. 1942 Our ship moved out to jockey for convoy position at 0700. We got underway for the "States" at 1100. Planes and Destroyers gave chase to a couple of submarines off our port quarter. I started standing sky lookout watches for the return voyage home.

18-27 Nov. 1942 All hands in a very good mood; "we're headed home". Everything has been going along smoothly. I'm still standing sky lookout watches 4 on and 8 off. There has been quite a bit of wind and rain the last few days with heavy seas today. We should be in port on the 30th. I'm not sure which port yet but that doesn't matter at this point in time.

A sailor who was badly burned when the USS Bliss was sunk died today and was buried at sea with full military honors. He had been a patient on the Wood since the 11th.

28 Nov. 1942 Nothing new has happened yet and I hope nothing does. Sea rather rough with strong winds, getting colder and overcast. I have the mid-watch.

29 Nov. 1942 Sea much calmer and it's warmer today, may be the Gulf Stream, we're getting closer to the good old USA. Some land based planes were spotted, friendly of course, and one of them dropped a depth charge just to let us know they were doing their job. Talk about some shore leave is beginning to circulate among the crew.

30 Nov. 1942 We passed through the submarine nets at Norfolk, Va. at 1550 and pulled into the Army docks about 1730 to unload. The long voyage home is over and all hands are safe.

COMPANY "D" SEVENTH INFANTRY
CASA BLANCA, AFRICA.

November 14, 1942

SUBJECT : Letter of commendation.

TO : Whom it may concern.

Seaman First Class Douglas M. Pierpont (239513)
coxswain of Landing Craft No. 17, U.S.S. Leonard Wood, after his
boat was broken on the rocks, landed it and discharged its load,
remaining at his post until all were cleared. After abandoning
the wrecked surf boat he joined the Mortar Platoon of Company "D"
7th U.S. infantry and thereafter performed the duties of a soldier
in an efficient and willing manner.

(Signed)

LEROY A. HASELWOOD
Captain, 7th Infantry
Commanding.

Hamden Coast Guardsman "Joins" Infantry Unit To Fight With Landing Forces At Casablanca

Mans Boat That Smashes on Reef Under Enemy Fire

A tale of high adventure in unfamiliar surroundings with a Coast Guard boy fighting alongside the infantry in the open wastes of North Africa is the story told by Douglas M. Pierpont, Jr., of 43 Woodlawn Street, Hamden.

Douglas, a seaman, first class, of the U. S. Coast Guard, was the coxswain in charge of a landing boat off Fedala which is about 17 miles from Casablanca in Morocco. The boat was smashed on a reef in landing, and Douglas went inland with the army, traveling with the soldiers for a thrill-filled six days that included the investiture and capture of Casablanca.

The tall, handsome young seaman's landing boat left the ship before sun-up on the morning of November 8. The first three waves of boats had reached the shore without incident, but when Pierpont's wave, the fourth, headed



DOUGLAS M. PIERPONT, JR.

toward land, searchlights were turned on them and gunfire broke out. They shot out the lights but,

Commended for Aptitude in Learning Army Course "In 10 Minutes"

in the confusion, some of the boats cracked up on a reef. No men were lost, however.

Carry Cargo

Seaman Pierpont unloaded his cargo on the reef and, having no way of getting back to the ship, moved ashore with the soldiers. They carried the cargo through knee-deep water to the beach.

As they moved up the beach they were shelled and machine-gunned. Doug by now had been given regular army equipment. "I got the army's training course in ten minutes," he chuckled, "for aboard ship we have no foxholes to get into and we don't worry about concealment."

He was working with a mortar platoon of an infantry company which circled the town silencing hostile artillery batteries with mor-

(Please Turn to Page Sixteen)

Coast Guardsman Tells Of Landing

(Continued from Page One)

tar fire and arrived back at Fedala in the early afternoon.

"Then," he said, "we began our march on Casablanca. At first it was kind of scary to hear the shells whistling and have to duck. My only close shave came when a piece of shrapnel hit my helmet a glancing blow.

"The opposition was spotty. They'd fire at us until we got near them, and then the French would surrender. After we passed, they'd get behind and help. It was obvious they didn't want to fight us.

Just Won't Stop

"Some of the boys," he said, "were wounded by bullets, but they'd just tie 'em up and keep going. You couldn't seem to stop them. As a matter of fact, I don't see how they're going to beat our fellows over there, for they just won't stop."

Doug's unit was one of the first to enter the town of Casablanca just after dawn on the 11th. They had a little trouble with snipers the first two days, he reported, but the civilians seemed glad to see them, with French and Spanish girls running out to them with fruit. Many of the boys were invited to homes in the town for dinner.

All over the town, he said, were signs on the sides of buildings that said "U. S. A. Forever," with French and American flags.

The company went through the campaign without the loss of a single man.

The young seaman smiled as he recalled some of the high points of the brief affair. "There was one thing that struck most of us as funny, although it was a little scary at the time," he said. "A jeep-load of soldiers went roaring across an open space with machine-gun bullets kicking up little spurts of dust behind them. It looked like a bunch of sand fleas chasing them, but they never caught up with our boys.

"The men were superb under fire. They became veterans in a matter of minutes. We were too busy to worry about being hit.

"The civilians in that section were a funny lot," the young coast guardsman said. "We were fighting outside of Casablanca and they would wander around, getting in the way, just to see what was going on. You'd think they were part of the gallery at a golf match. However," he added with a smile, "casualties among the civilian population were very light.

"I took quite a riding from the soldiers," he said, "being a coast guardsman fighting with the army. All sorts of idiotic and laughable advice was given me, but they considered me their good luck charm and called me 'The Trench Mortar Kid'."

When Doug's ship entered Casablanca harbor he rushed aboard and reported to the sick bay for fear his parents might have been informed that he was missing. However, the list of missing had not yet been compiled.

He was given a letter of commendation from the captain of the infantry company with which he served that told of his activities since he left the ship and which said, in part, "he performed the duties of a soldier in an efficient and willing manner."

Heads Back

The ship unloaded its cargo and a few days later headed back toward America. "Both trips were a little rough, with a bit of excitement each way. On the way to Africa we had a couple of sub scares. We didn't see any but the destroyers kept darting around dropping depth charges.

"On the way back we ran into some survivors of a torpedoed ship and picked them up. Some died and we buried them at sea."

He was born in Hamden in 1922 and attended Spring Glen Grammar and Hamden High. He left the high school in 1940 and went to work as a sailor on a private yacht.

On December 3 of last year he joined the Coast Guard and was sent to Curtis Bay, Md. for his early training, and thence to Beach Haven Terrace, N. J., a surf station. After three months there he was transferred to the marine base at New River, N. C., for training with the landing boats.

When this instruction was over he was ready to fight and was assigned to his ship.

His dad, Douglas M. Pierpont, Sr., is working in the war effort as well, being the chief engineer and secretary of the Snow-Nabstedt Gear Corporation. One brother-in-law is in the army, but his three brothers are still under age for uniforms.

"There's one tip," he offered, "that I'd like to give any of the boys who are going where I've been. The Casablanca girls are wild about American swing music, and have a particularly soft spot for jitterbugs.

"How do I know? That, my friend, is a military secret!"

COMPANY "D" SEVENTH INFANTRY
CASA BLANCA, AFRICA.

November 14, 1942.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

/ I certify that DOUGLAS M. PIERPONT, (239513) Seaman
First Class U.S.N. was present with this organization from
November 8, 1942, until he was returned to his ship, November 14,
1942.

(Signed)

LEROY A. HASELWOOD
Captain, 7th Infantry
Commanding.

EXCERPT FROM A RADIO SCRIPT

Coast Guard on Parade
Saturday, March 6, 1943
11:30 to 12 noon, EST
NBC (From WTIC, Hartford, CT)

Producer: Bone
Announcer: DuFour
Engineer: Jackson

From the Coast Guard Academy Gymnasium at New London.

ANNOUNCER: "The United States Coast Guard on Parade"

Followed by:

Five pages of Music, Interviews, and Announcements. At the bottom of page 5 this short interview was written by someone from an article in the New Haven Register.

ANNOUNCER: Then there was First Class Seaman Douglas M. Pierpont, Jr. from Hamden, Connecticut, whose landing boat was smashed at Casablanca. He joined the soldiers he had brought ashore and fought along with them on a seventeen mile march. He learned Army tactics.....how to dig fox holes and duck at the right times.

VOICE: My only close call came when a piece of shrapnel hit my helmet a glancing blow. The opposition was spotty. They fired at us until we got near them.....and then the French would surrender. But there was no stopping our men anyway. Some of them were wounded, but they'd just tie up the wounds and keep going.

ANNOUNCER: (Over music) The Coast Guard Parade salutes the "never say die" spirit of American fighting men and their allies.

03 Dec. 1942 I received a ten-day shore leave and went home to see the family. I always enjoyed being home but was afraid I would miss something if I wasn't on the ship.

Now the training program starts all over again. New troops and some new crew members including naval personnel for amphibious landing instruction. During this period some of the crew went to "Pete the Tramp's" rest camp for rest and relaxation in Newport News, Va. while other members went on leave or stayed aboard to do the training.

The training program will go on as long as we're in port. The months we stayed in port seemed to fly by even with all the training going on.

May of 1943 was the month to get the good old Leonard Wood ready for sea again. Dry dock for bottom scraping and painting. All hands went over the side on hanging scaffolding to paint everything above the water line.

Norfolk, Va. to Scoglitti, Sicily

01 Jun. 1943 The ship passed through the submarine nets headed out to sea for parts unknown again. After we were a few hours out we were told we would be going into the Mediterranean. My guess is Oran as we do not have a full compliment of troops on board and Oran now is an allied supply depot. The troops we have could be replacements for some of our previous loses.

The convoy was smaller and the trip was rather uneventful and it seemed to be traveling erratically perhaps to confuse the enemy submarines in the area.

21 Jun. 1943 We have arrived in Oran, Algiers, North Africa. This is a typical waterfront city bordering the Sahara Desert. Everything; buildings, grounds, roads, etc. were the color of desert sand except the palm like trees that lined the roads. Some battle damage was visible but the people didn't seem to be bothered by it. The residents wandered around or rode bicycles as if nothing was going on.

Soon we discovered why we were here. Troops and supplies showed up from out of the blue over night. It's beginning to look like a fair size operation.

05 Jul. 1943 Our ship joined a convoy that has been assembled outside the Oran harbor and then we were told we were headed for Scoglitti, a small town on the southwest coast of Sicily. The next couple of days the convoy steamed eastward until we passed south of Malta. We then turned north toward Sicily.

08 Jul. 1943 Late in the day a severe storm blew up. There was "green" water coming over the bow as the ship dove into the oncoming waves. This was the worst weather we have encountered. It doesn't seem possible that we will be able to launch our landing craft and if we do how will the troops be able to climb down the nets and get into the heaving boats without a great number of casualties? All we can do is pray that it will let up before H-Hour on D-Day.

09 Jul. 1943 Weather still nasty. Reports are it should let up a little before the landing.

During the night before the landing, the drone of a great many planes was heard and general quarters was sounded to ward off an air attack. The request from the ship to the airplanes for a recognition signal was ignored, and the ship started firing in the direction of the sound of the planes' engines. After three planes were

seen to be on fire the worst fear of any battle was realized. A delayed recognition signal was received identifying the planes as US transport planes carrying paratroopers to a jump zone somewhere inland from our landing area. I'm not sure what happened to the burning planes but I prayed that they would be able to drop the paratroopers before the planes had to be ditched.

10 Jul. 1943 This is D-Day. H-Hour was originally set for 0245 but due to the severe weather it was changed to 0500 when we would have better visibility. There could be no lowering of the boats; they had to be dropped into the water with the crews aboard. The ship was rolling to a point where any boat held in the air more than a few seconds would be smashed against the ship's hull. The ship turned broadside to the sea to give the landing craft a protected area for loading troops and supplies. This was a very slow process but was carried off without a hitch. Troops were landed, through very heavy surf, in the areas assigned to them and proceeded inland with little opposition. At each landing the surf would claim a few more boats until we had half our boats either swamped or broached on the beach.

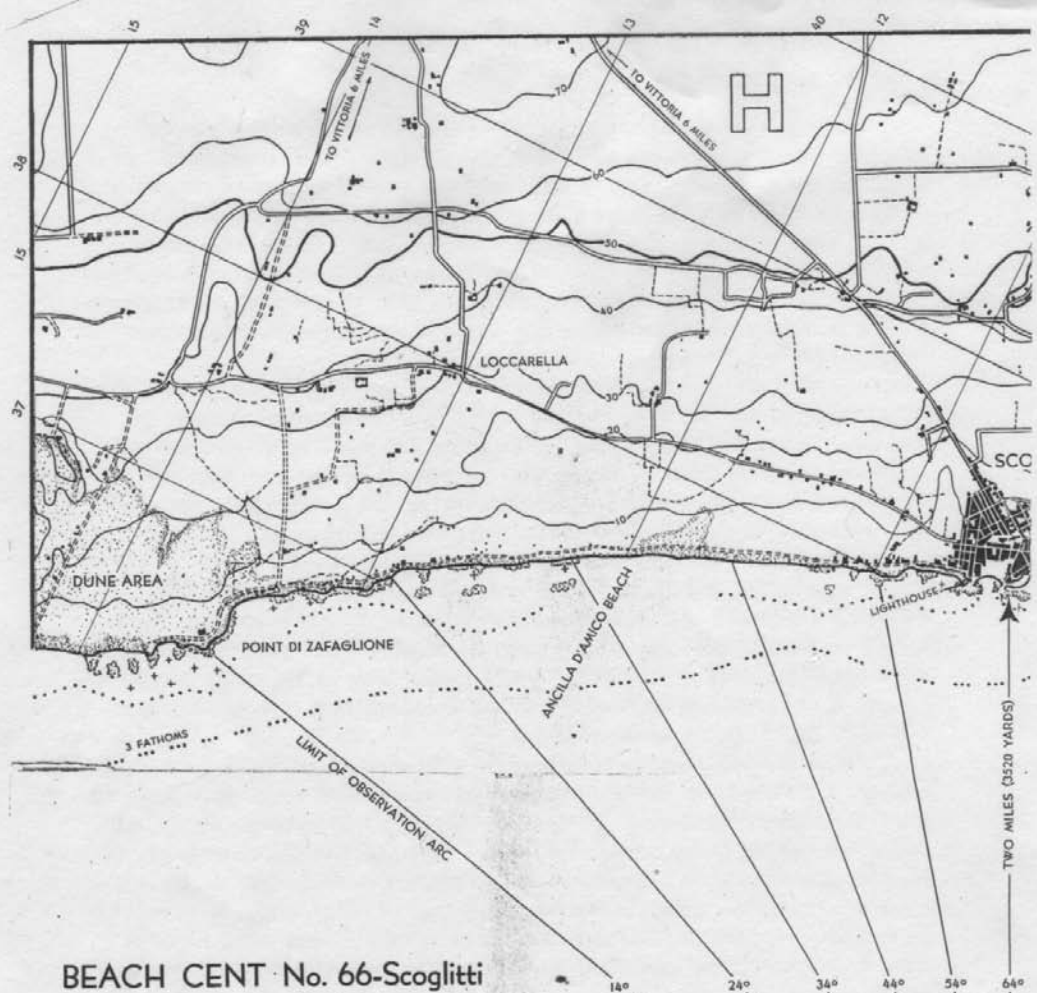
11-12 Jul. 1943 The seas finally quieted down so that a large crew from the ship started to salvage the landing craft and their equipment. I spent a day and a half on the beach assisting in this endeavor.

While salvaging landing boats from the beach a couple of other fellows and I, unaware of the conditions in the village, decided to take a walk about a mile down the beach to Scoglitti to get fresh water. On the walk through the vineyards we noticed that trenches had been dug between the rows of grapes and they still contained machine guns that had been abandoned by the retreating German Army. There was no water to be found due to the fact that this is the center of wine country. So as not to go back empty handed we filled about a dozen canteens with some of the strongest table wine anywhere and took it back to the rest of the work party. A great time was had by all.

After towing about 15 of the barges back to the ship and starting to clean them up a bit before lifting them out of the water the general quarters horn went off. All hands to battle and steaming stations. "Pull the plugs" from the salvaged boats and turn them loose. We're headed out of the area to escape an air raid. I could have cried watching the landing barges we worked so hard to salvage, sink to the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. We missed the air raid and are now steaming back to Oran.

15 Jul. 1943 Back in Oran after a fairly quiet invasion. We had been assigned an area that was not very heavily fortified and most of the Italian and German troops had retreated to the north during the heavy shelling prior to the landing.

We expect to be here a few of days loading up with a couple of hundred



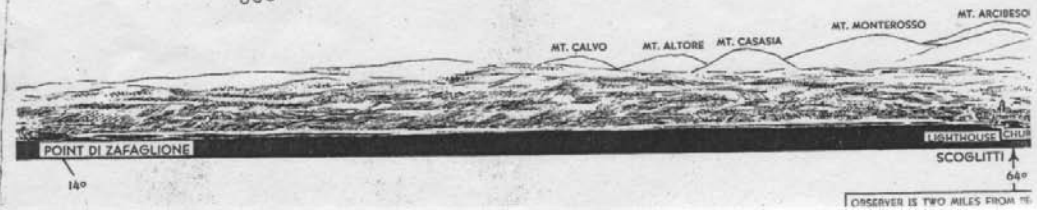
BEACH CENT No. 66-Scoglitti

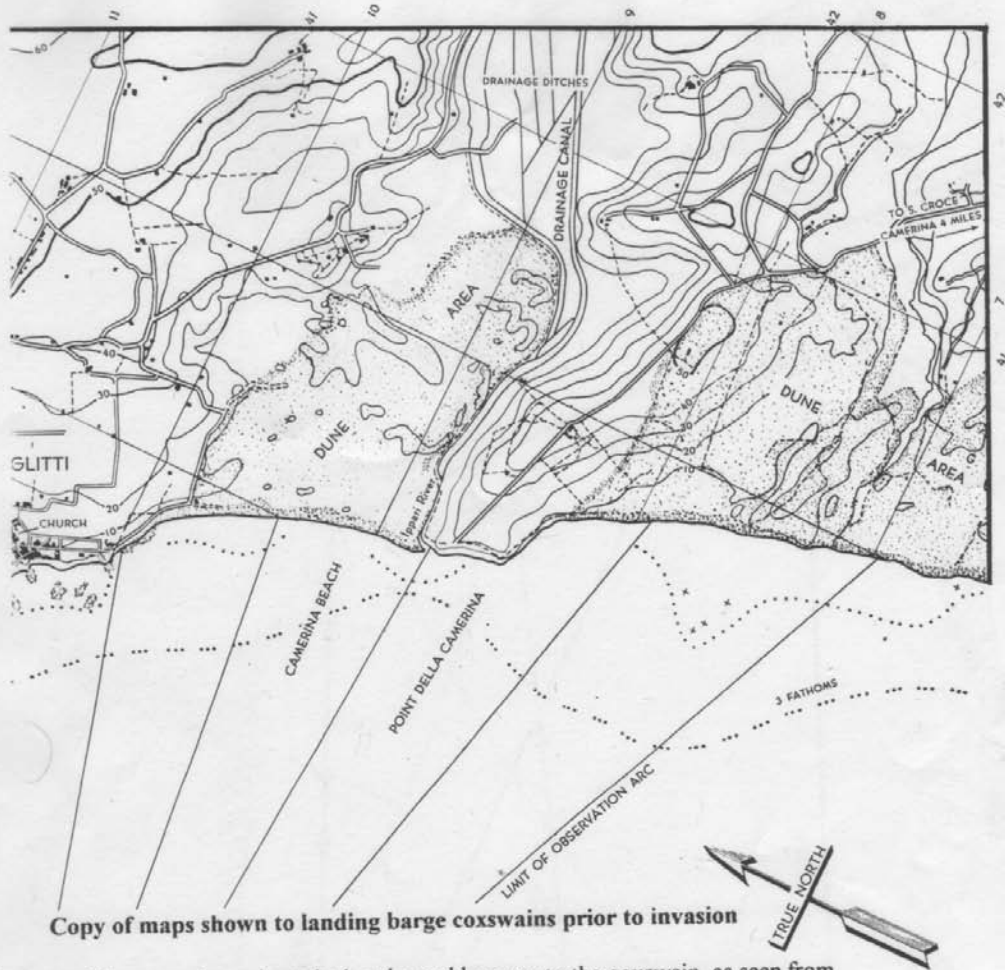
LEGEND

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| ==== | HIGHWAY | | FOUL WATER |
| ===== | GOOD ROAD | | SAND |
| ----- | POOR ROAD | | SAND DUNES |
| | TRAIL | | DEPRESSION |
| —+—+— | RAILROAD & STATION | | TOWN |
| ~~~~~ | RIVER | ----- | TOWN LIMITS |
| —+—+— | DRAINAGE DITCH | ■ | BUILDING |
| | MARSH | ▲ | LANDMARK |
| +++ | ROCKS | | REEF |

SECRET-SECURITY
 Until departure for combat operations
 then this sheet becomes
RESTRICTED

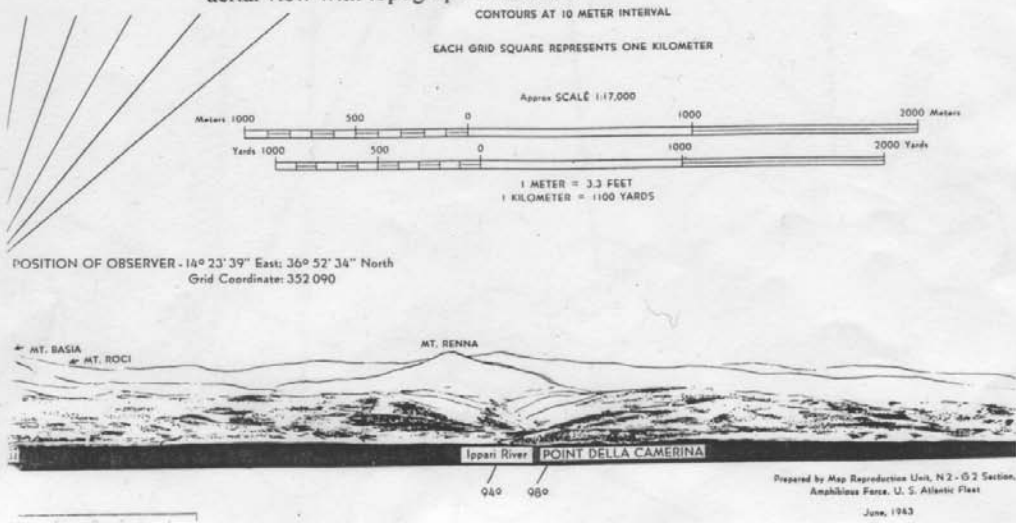
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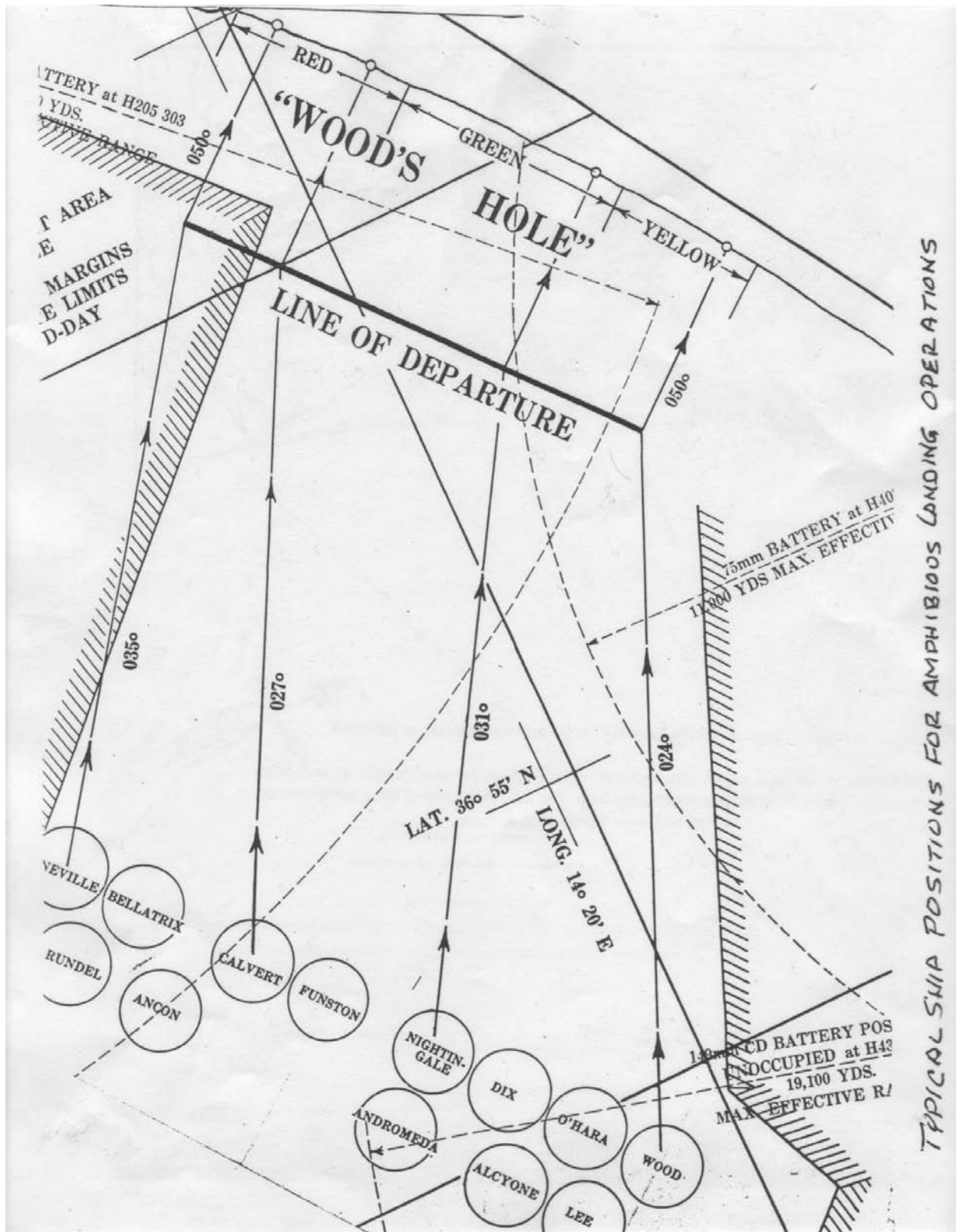


Copy of maps shown to landing barge coxswains prior to invasion

The bottom of the page shows how the beach would appear to the coxswain, as seen from the point where the lines converge on the map. The map at the top of the page shows an aerial view with topographic features.



Prepared by Map Reproduction Unit, N2-02 Section, Amphibious Force, U. S. Atlantic Fleet, June, 1943



Hero Of Casablanca Incident Turns Trick Again In Sicilian Invasion

Douglas Pierpont, Jr., of 43 Woodlawn Street, Hamden, coxswain in the Coast Guard and a hero of the Casablanca invasion, where he was probably the first Coast Guardsman of the war to fight alongside the regular army, has been at it again—this time in Sicily.

Coxswain Pierpont was in the fourth wave of landing barges that spilled U. S. troops onto the Fascist soil of Sicily for the first time in this war. He paints a thrilling picture of operations on that stormy night. Wave upon wave of troop-carrying 36-foot barges racing into the barbed-wire screened shore through the choppy waters of an angry Mediterranean.

Fortunately, there was very little opposition, the coxswain reports. Apparently, the navy big guns had scattered the Fascists in their earlier bombardment and "got them the shell out of there," or something like that. In any case, there were very few enemy troops on the beaches opposing the landing.

Tremendous Convoy

The young Coast Guardsman reveals that the invasion convoy was so vast that it took five days to unload. His own transport, for example, took three days, after which it lay off shore for an additional two days waiting for the other members of the armada to disgorge their attack loads before hauling anchor and journeying southward to their North African port of embarkation.

The American onslaught struck Sicily in the dead of night. The ships arrived at Sicily just before midnight, but owing to the stormy waters, the first troops were not dispatched shoreward until 2 o'clock. Coxswain Pierpont's barge, in the fourth wave, did not go ashore until the last hours of darkness.

The boys, says young Pierpont, didn't appear to be nervous a bit. "Just had a job to do, and intended to do it, I guess." As to himself: "No, I wasn't very nervous. You get kinda used to it, I suppose."

Unmanned Pill-Boxes

On the shore, the Italians had set up elaborate invasion defense apparatus. There was barbed wire everywhere, looming eerily in the dark of the windy night. Too, there were the enemy pill-boxes built deep in the first row of sand dunes, and fashioned sturdily out of cement and rocks. Unmanned, however, they were as useless to the defense forces as a papier mache curtain.

As to the scene at invasion time, Coxswain Pierpont says it looked "like New York on a busy holiday." Ships and landing barges everywhere. And overhead the constar of airplanes. "Mostly our."

"Our ship picked up a lot of the wounded and prisoners for the trip back to North Africa. Didn't get a chance to go near the boys because we were forbidden to be around sick bay. Most of our casualties were army boys and air corps men. Enemy air action was sporadic, mostly at night. Medium bombers hit at us the first night, but the navy gunners kept 'em high. I understand the Germans took all their heavy planes out of Sicily before the invasion; and a lot of their fighters were caught on the ground by our boys."

A four man Coast Guard crew operated the landing barges, Coxswain Pierpont reports. After the five days were up, his ship turned with the rest and went back to the North African port where the invasion was mounted. After remaining there a few additional weeks, his transport returned to America. Home now on a brief leave, he's to return to duty on Sunday.

German prisoners who were taken when Rommel's Africa Corps was defeated.

18 Jul. 1943 Now steaming out to pick up a convoy headed back to the good old USA. This was a rather uneventful trip back to the States. I feel that the control of the Atlantic sea-lanes has been taken over by the Allies, at least in this section. There is not as much activity going on, under or over the Atlantic Ocean, as there was a year ago. The enemy seems to be pulling back to make a stand on land hoping we have stretched our supply lines to the limit.

10 Aug. 1943 Happy Birthday to Me and my Kid Brother. We have pulled into the Army pier at Norfolk, Va. to discharge our prisoners to the Army. The senior officer of the German troops told our Commanding Officer that "due to fact that he and his men had been treated well while aboard ship he would see to it that the officers and men of the Leonard Wood would be treated the same when Germany won the war".

Norfolk, Va. to Pearl Harbor

24 Aug. 1943 We departed Norfolk, Va. around noon, again passing through the submarine nets and heading out to sea. We were told we would be headed for the Canal Zone and on to San Francisco. This is to be a nice leisurely cruise through the Caribbean Sea where this ship was accustomed to travel. The Leonard Wood, under a different name, had originally been a fancy cruise ship, built in 1922, operated by the Cunard Lines.

27 Aug. 1943 Late in the day general quarters was sounded as an island came into view on the horizon. The ship was approaching Cuba. We passed between Haiti and Cuba during the night without seeing anything but a few lights.

28 Aug. 1943 Today we are just east of Kingston, Jamaica. Not much to see from our position. The weather has been great and the seas calm. I wouldn't believe the color and the clarity of the water if I weren't sitting right on top of it looking over the side.

30 Aug. 1943 The ship arrived in Colon at the north end of the Panama Canal this morning. We had a chance to look around and watch the "Mules" that move the ships through the canal locks. I'm not sure what they are powered by but they are able to move a large ship through the different stages of the locks to lift it into Gatun Lake, which is part of the canal system. This lake is a 164 sq. mile artificial impoundment created by the construction of a one and half-mile long dam near the north end of the 40 mile long canal from the Caribbean to the Pacific Ocean.

We soon had our chance to go into the locks and be raised into Gatun Lake. All hands in white trousers, tee shirts and white hats made quite a sight standing along the rails on each side of the ship to see the "canal". The scenery was absolutely beautiful along the shores of the lake; New England style mountains on both sides with the reflection of the blue sky and the trees on the very clear mirror like surface of

15



Islands

HAWAII

MOLOKAI
MAUI
KAHOOLAWE

KAHOOLAWE

KAHOOLAWE

HAWAII

GREETINGS

Seafaring Men, Landlubbers and All
Living Creatures of Land, Sea and Sky.

Be It Known: That on the Twenty-Sixth day of September 1943, via USS LEONARD LODGE
a Mahini (Newcomer) appeared into my Royal Domain (the Hawaiian Islands) in the far and deep Pacific and
having worthily partaken of Fish and Poi, drunk Okolehas, crossed the Volcanoes, ridden the Surf,
combed the Beaches and kissed the Hula Girls and having accomplished all in true Kanaka fashion, I hereby pronounce

Douglas M. Perpont, Jr. 239-513 USCG

KAMA AINA (Old Timer)

Be It Further Understood: By virtue of my royal powers, I command that my subjects show all honor and respect due a Komaniwa of
our Isles to the bearer of this certificate, whenever and wherever he may enter my Domain.

G. H. Chen

King Kanakanui, 1st



the water. It reminded me of some of the smaller lakes back home.

The 40 mile trip through the canal only took a few hours so we were tied up in Balboa, at the south end of the canal by early evening to spend the night.

31 Aug. 1943 Here we go again. This time northwest along the coasts of Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico and the U.S.A. The crew stood regular sea watches as we steamed 75 to 100 miles off the coast. General quarters was called at sunrise and sunset every day until we reached our destination. This was a very uneventful trip with nothing to see except a few naval vessels and some cargo ships in convoy.

10 Sep. 1943 We arrived in San Francisco around 1400 and the crew was granted 3 section liberty, that's one day out of three so as to keep a good size crew aboard for emergencies. I'm not much of a city critter so I only went ashore a couple of times in the ten days we were in port. A nice city, very clean, but most of the roads go very steeply up and down. I can't imagine how they drive or even walk on half of them.

20 Sep. 1943 Left port in a small convoy of transport, supply and escort ships for Honolulu, Hawaii. Another nice trip even with the work parties and sea watches there was time for rest and relaxation and the weather was great.

26 Sep. 1943 The ship arrived in Honolulu around noon and was given dock space in Pearl Harbor. We stayed here for a few days and had a chance to see the Royal Hawaiian Hotel which had been converted into an R&R⁴ barracks for the submarine crews while they waited for their next patrol. The famous Waikiki Beach was protected by large cement blocks and plenty of barbed wire to prevent small boats and swimmers from coming ashore. We were only allowed ashore from noon to 1600 so there wasn't much time to travel around the island. I was transformed from a MALIHINI (newcomer) to a KAMAAINA (old timer) today with out special ceremony.

02 Oct. 1943 We moved to Pearl Harbor today to prepare for our next trip to somewhere in the South Pacific. The ship went into dry dock to have the camouflage pattern changed to suit the darker smooth water and the lighter sky. We got out of dry dock in a couple of days but still had a great deal of painting above decks.

07 Nov. 1943 Started taking on troops and equipment for a sizable amphibious assault. As usual all we hear is the scuttlebutt from the troops coming aboard. They seem to think we are headed for some "Paradise Island" in the South Pacific. Little do they know what's in store for them. Most of this group is fresh out of basic training and haven't heard what's going on out here.

⁴ **Rest and Relaxation.** A place where you get light duty and more time to see the sights and visit the local area.



IMPERIVM NEPTVNI REGIS



TO ALL SAILERS WHEREVER IT MAY BE:
 Neptune, Gods, Dolphins, Fish, Skids, Ducks, Crabs, Lobsters and all other Living Things of the Sea
 ORDERING FROM US: That on this 15th day of November, 1843, on Latitude 40° 00' and Longitude 172° 00' W
 there appeared within Our Royal Domain the brand South for the Equator
 and for Gilbert Islands

That the said Vessel and Officers and Crew thereof have been suspected and possessed by Ourselves and Our Royal High
 and Be it Enacted, By all ye Sakers, Mariners, Land-labors and others who may be honored by his presence that

Douglas M. Pierpont, Cox.

having been found worthy to be numbered as one of our Trusty Shell-Picks he has been duly initiated into the
SOLEMN MYSTERIES OF THE ANCIENT ORDER OF THE DEEP

Be it Further Understood, That by virtue of the power invested in us, we hereby command
 all my subjects to show due honor and respect to him, who, in obeying the
 Disobey this order under penalty of Our Royal Displeasure
 Given under our hand and seal this 15th November 1843

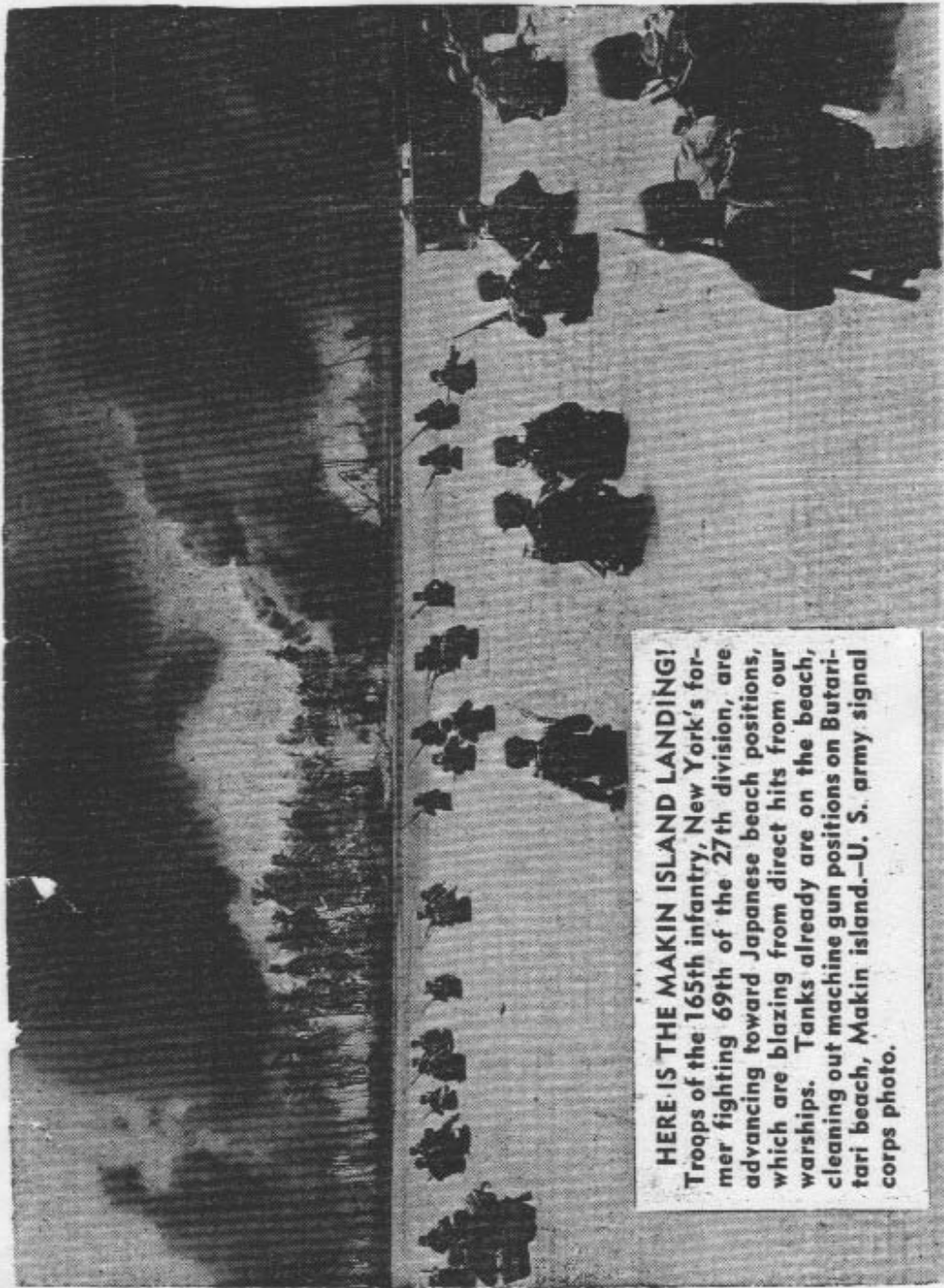


Dovey & Sons
 His Majesty's Serbers

Neptunus Rex
 Ruler of the Rafting Main
 By his Majesty's Serbers



By his Majesty's Serbers



HERE IS THE MAKIN ISLAND LANDING!
Troops of the 165th infantry, New York's former fighting 69th of the 27th division, are advancing toward Japanese beach positions, which are blazing from direct hits from our warships. Tanks already are on the beach, cleaning out machine gun positions on Butari-tari beach, Makin island.—U. S. army signal corps photo.

Pearl Harbor to Gilbert Is.

10 Nov. 1943 All loaded and underway. A typical convoy of transport, supply and fighting ships is forming somewhere west of Pearl Harbor. From now on it will be standard sea watches, drills and general quarters at least twice a day.

13 Nov. 1943 Something new today, a Captain's Inspection of the whole ship, usually conducted by our division officers. He didn't miss a thing and had the division officers taking notes as he went through each section. The boat division (9th) was O.K. with only a few minor problems.

15 Nov. 1943 General quarters was called at sunrise today and we had a practice air attack against our ship by planes from one of our carriers. Luckily nobody missed the "This is a drill" announcement, which was repeated frequently, and fired on the incoming planes. "We crossed the equator today at 1505--- 00°-00' x 172°- 00' west. Due to the area we were in there was only a brief statement by the Captain proclaiming all personnel on board as "Shell Backs", having entered the realm of "Neptunus Rex". We also heard at this time that we were headed for Makin Is. in the Gilbert Islands Atoll.

19 Nov. 1943 General quarters was called four times today but no enemy action has been taken, as yet. I would just as soon not see an air raid at sea.

20 Nov. 1943 I am now assigned to operate the Assistant Boat Group Commander's LCPL (no ramp) and will not be hauling troops ashore, therefore I will not be going over the side until 0630 for an H-Hour landing at 0830. With this duty I will be cruising between the ship and the shore looking for possible trouble situations and searching the shoreline for any movement of enemy troops.

21 Nov. 1943 Our main purpose of landing on Makin Is. in the Gilbert Is. group was a diversionary tactic. This island was not as heavily fortified as others but was an important radio transmission station and a place where reserve Japanese troops were stationed. The main U.S. forces were to land on Tarawa where a large body of Japanese troops was kept "at the ready" for invasion of other islands in the area. Makin fell in a couple of days with stiff opposition which our troops and navy gunfire handled very quickly. I knew very little of the fighting at Tarawa but understood later that the U.S. lost the greatest number of fighting men in the shortest time of any single battle during WWII.

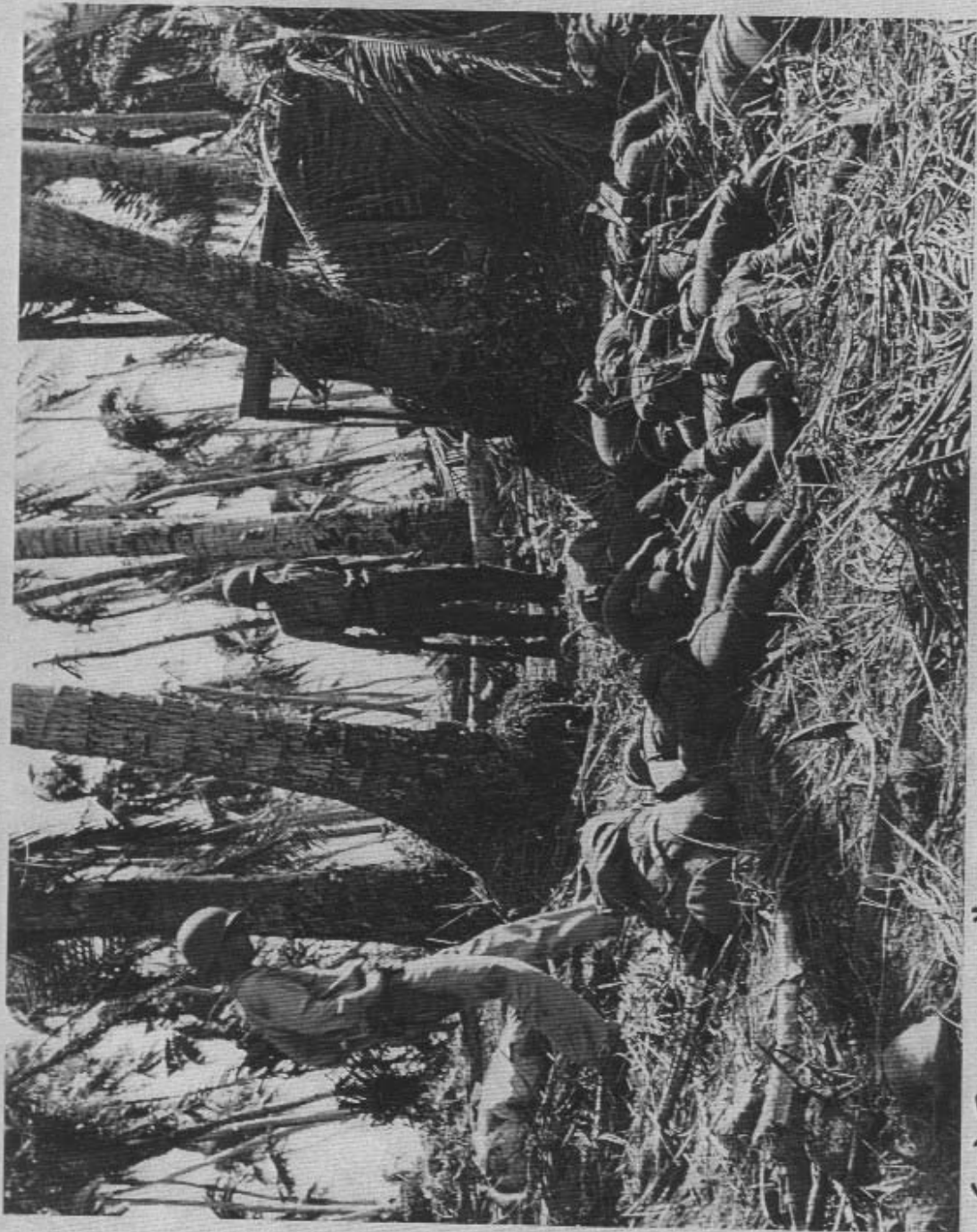
23 Nov. 1943 I had a chance to set foot on Makin Is. for a short time to observe some of the utter devastation caused by the navy's guns. It's hard to believe anyone could survive the shellfire that landed on the island before our troops were put ashore.

24 Nov. 1943 Underway in a small convoy headed for Pearl Harbor. Let's pray for a safe voyage home. Sea watches were set as usual and all hands went back to the regular routine of running the ship.

02 Dec. 1943 After an uneventful trip eastward on the Pacific we finally reached Pearl Harbor about 1530. The few troops we had aboard, and the troop



**First man on left is most probably
Douglas M. Pierpont, Jr.**

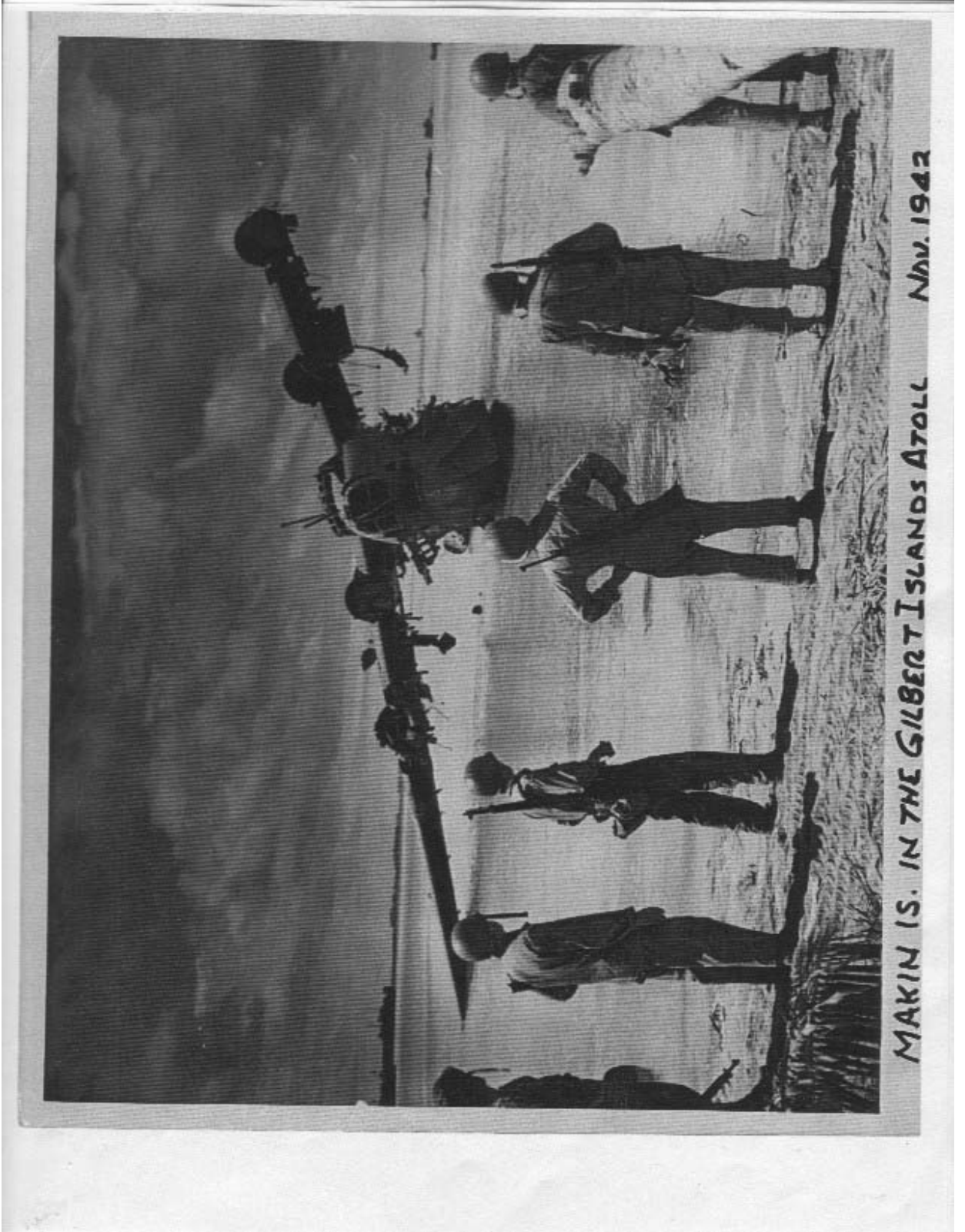


Nov. 1943

LT (JG) EMERSON + JUNIOR "MY SERMAN ON MAKIN IS

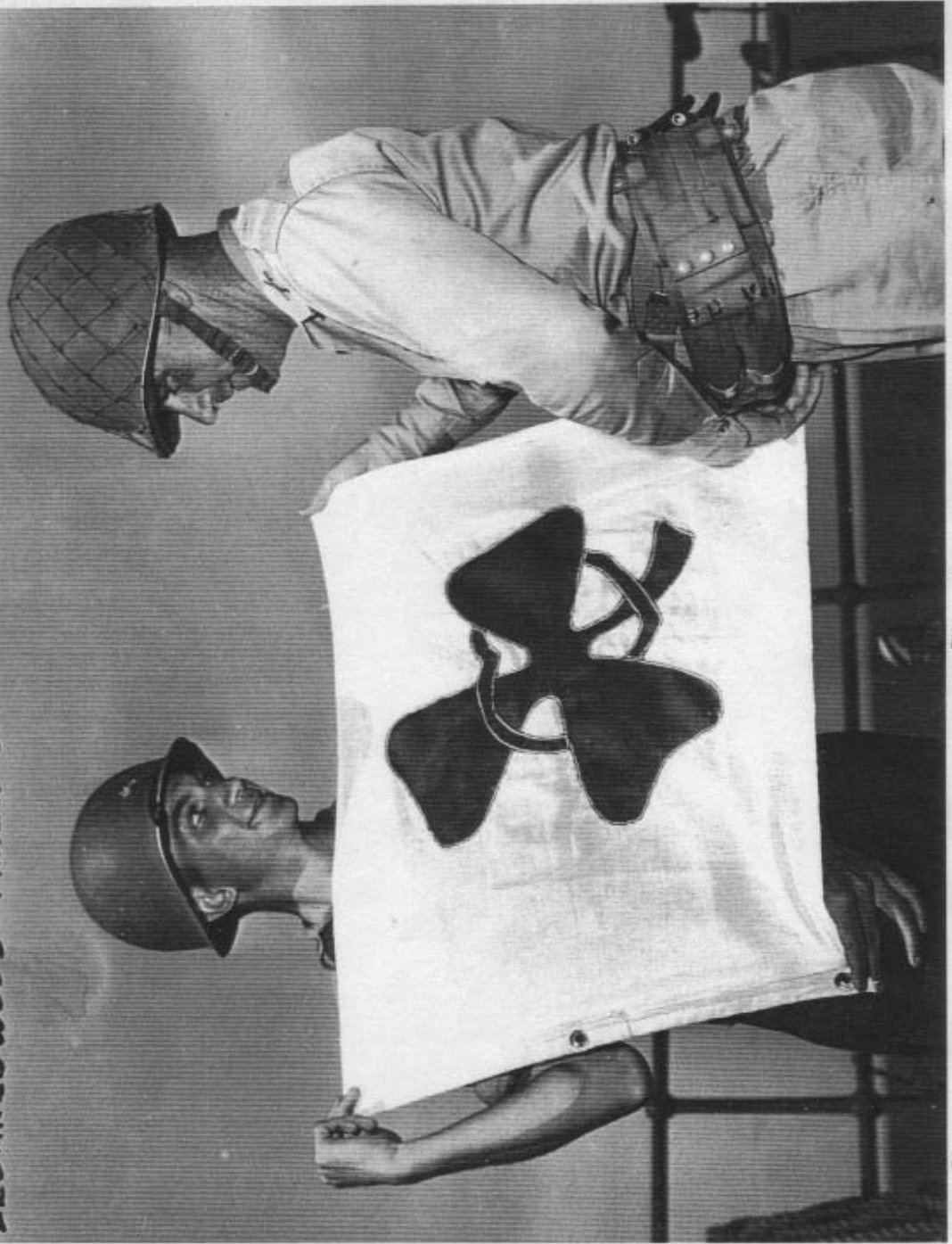


MAKIN IS. IN THE GILBERT ISLANDS ATOLL NOV. 1943



MAKIN IS. IN THE GILBERT ISLANDS ATOLL NOV. 1943

LEONARD WOOD - MAKIN IS. - NOV. 1943



NEW BATTLE FLAG FOR THE FIGHTING 69TH - LT. COL. J. T. HART U.S.A.

casualties, were disembarked from the ship as soon as we tied up. Normal in port duties and shore leaves commence tomorrow and continue until it's time to get underway again.

25 Dec. 1943 Merry Christmas to all and to all a day's work. We had maneuvers off the island of Maui today and have been told we will have Christmas dinner tomorrow.

21 Jan. 1944 We're loading up with supplies and Marines for this trip. I understand we may be headed for the Marshal Islands group, probably Kwajalein and/or Eniwetok Atolls with landings on several small islands in each area.

Pearl Harbor to Marshall Is.

23 Jan. 1944 We set all sea watches and settled down for another sea voyage to the west. They called general quarters for a couple of practice air raids and an abandon ship drill to get the troops familiar with the procedure.

24 Jan. 1944 Anti-aircraft gun practice today along with abandon ship drills. Most of what happens in the south Pacific comes out of the sky. A little farther to the northwest the Japanese submarines are active.

25 Jan. 1944 General routine work aboard ship with additional drills so that you can function blind if need be.

29 Jan. 1944 D minus 2 with only a submarine scare last night and some perimeter action, but nothing in close.

31 Jan. 1944 D-Day. We are not landing today. Our troops are being held in reserve and will be put ashore wherever needed.

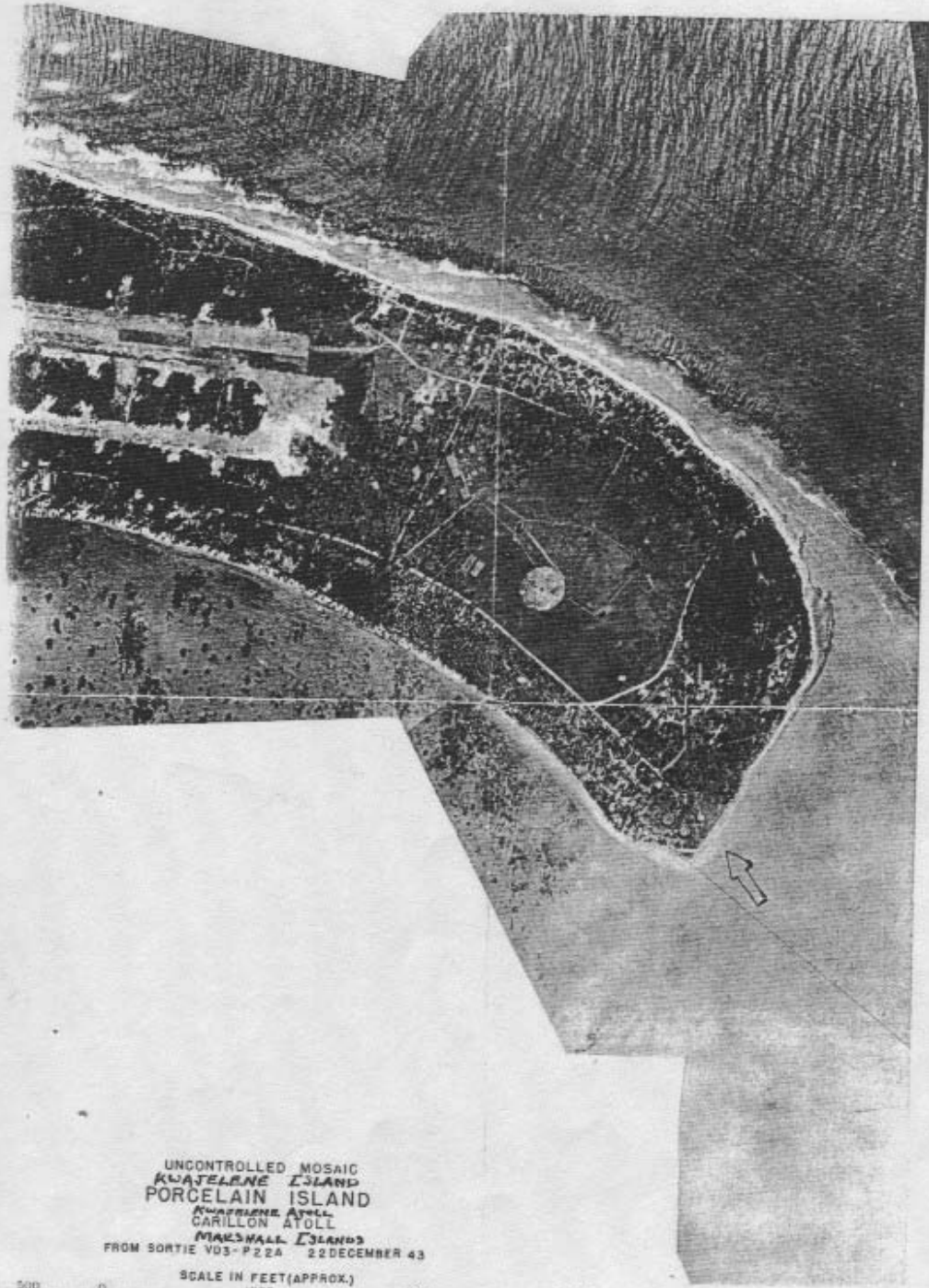
Troops from other ships were put ashore on the following code named islands in the Kwajalein Group. In the south: Cecil, Carter, Carlos and Carlson and in the north: Jacob, Ivan, Albert and Alan. All landings to secure these islands seem to be ahead of schedule.

01 Feb. 1944 Some of our troops were put ashore on Burlesque (Roi) and Camouflage (Namur) in the north and the bigger island of Porcelain (Kwajalein) in the south.

02 Feb. 1944 The worst battles seem to be on Porcelain. More troops from other ships were sent in to help in securing the island

03 Feb. 1944 Our transport, still loaded down, entered the lagoon through a rather narrow pass between Cecil Is. and Carter Is. The water was so clear you could see the coral reefs on each side of the ship and the darker, deeper water below the ship. A great deal of fighting is still going on at Porcelain Is. I took Brig. Gen. Smith to the USS Rocky Mount, which was the communication ship for this fleet. Some special plan must have been made during this meeting because the Leonard Wood and some other transports started steaming northwest toward the



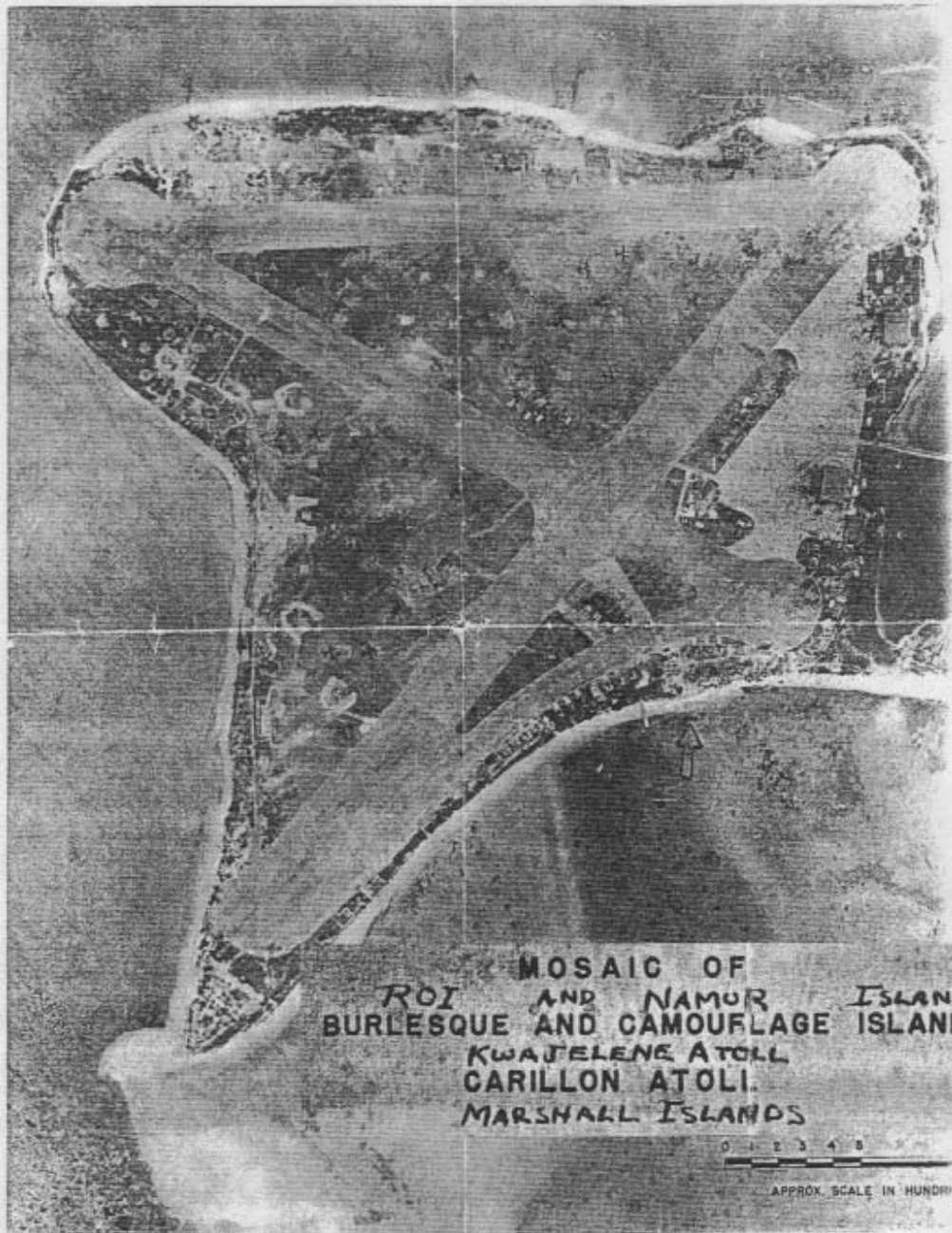


UNCONTROLLED MOSAIC
KWAJALEINE ISLAND
PORCELAIN ISLAND
KWAJALEINE ATOLL
CARILLON ATOLL
MARSHALL ISLANDS
FROM SORTIE V03-P22A 22 DECEMBER 43

SCALE IN FEET (APPROX.)
500 0 1000 2000 3000

CONFIDENTIAL
PREPARED BY
INTELLIGENCE SECTION FIFTH AMPHIBIOUS FORCE

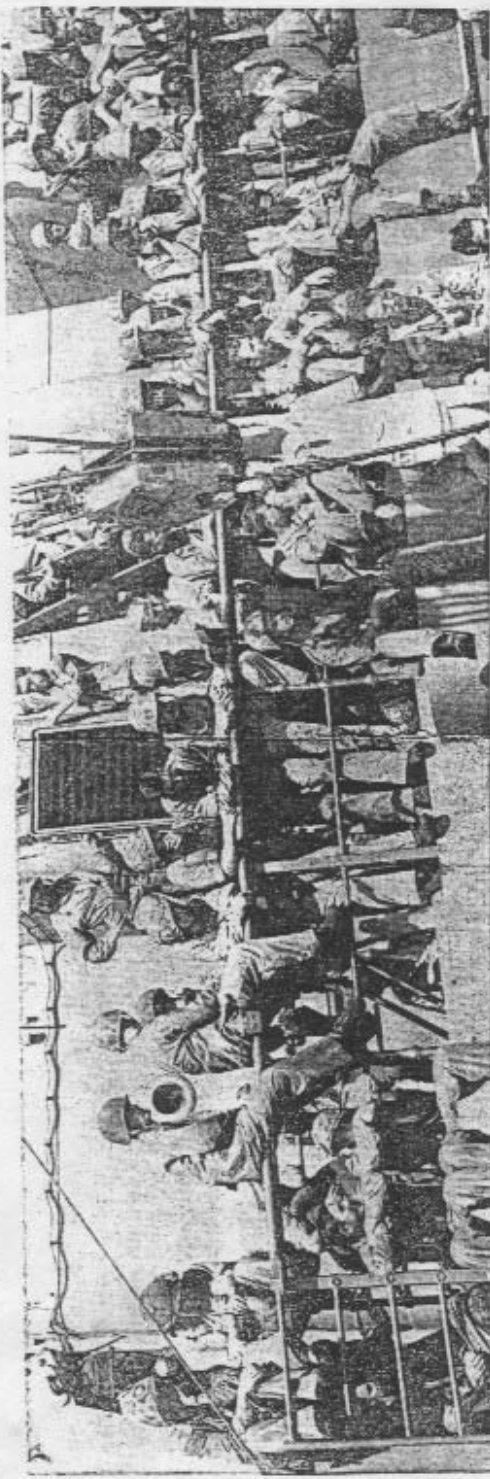
APPENDIX "Q"
TO ANNEX "B"



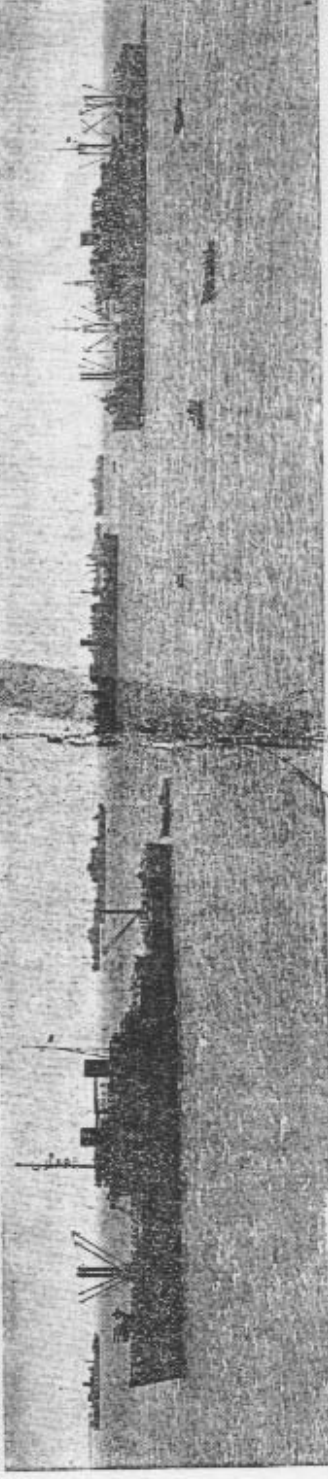
MOSAIC OF
ROI AND NAMUR ISLANDS
BURLESQUE AND CAMOUFLAGE ISLANDS
KWAJALENE ATOLL
CARILLON ATOLI.
MARSHALL ISLANDS

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APPROX. SCALE IN HUNDRI



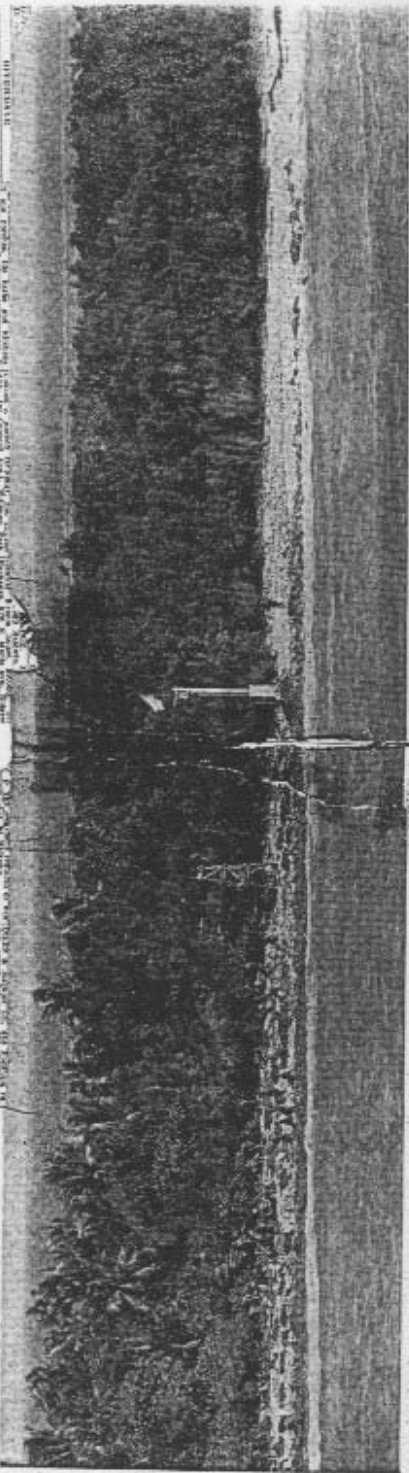


INVASION BOUND . . . Aboard a Coast Guard transport headed toward the Marshalls, these U. S. Marines are awaiting the hour when they will storm the beaches of formid- able Jap bases in the Pacific and ring up a sweep- ing victory. These Marines, the flower of Amer- ican manhood, await action with a gamut of ex- pressions, ranging from laughter, (note 'lad on left) to grimness (note frown on Marine in lower right). Some are shirtless, others fully garbed in camouflage outfits as their craft sails right into the surprised enemy. The slashing attack at Kwaj- altein in the heart of the Marshalls was a stun- ning blow at the Nips; for it left them hopped off in the Pacific where, the Navy has said, they can starve or be attacked—at our convenience.

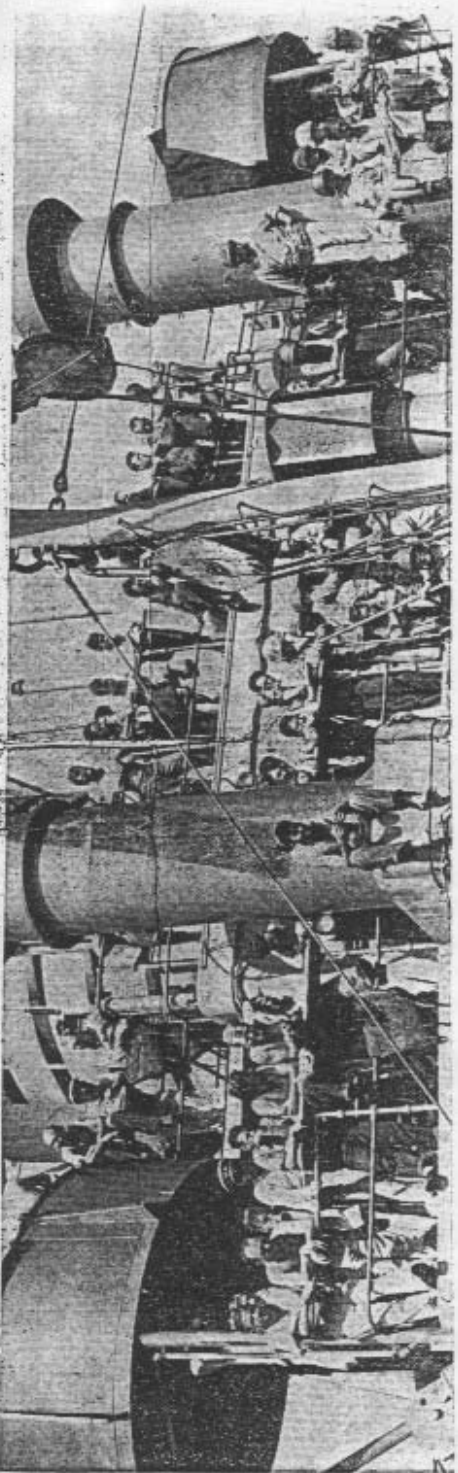


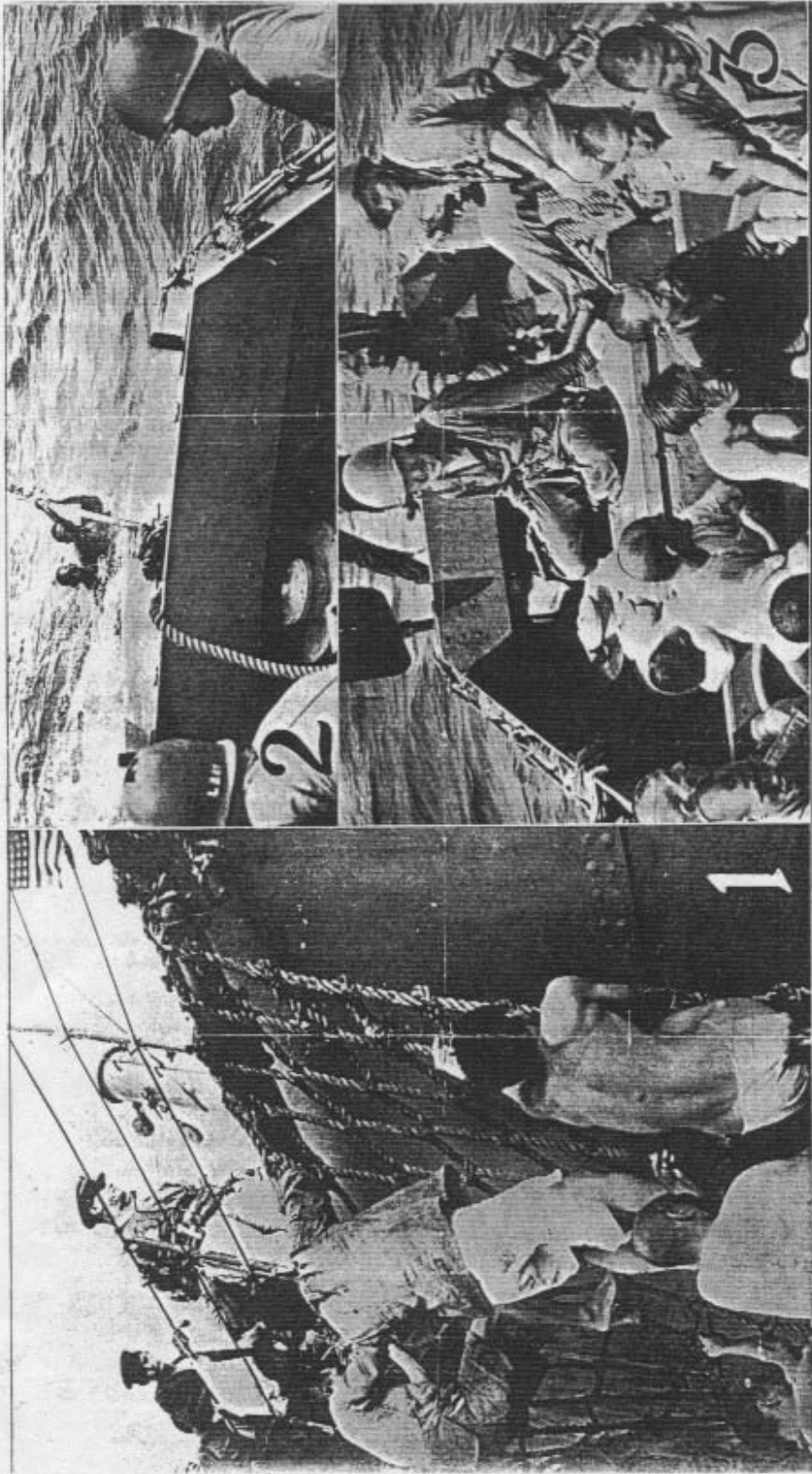
IN THE LAGOON . . . This striking picture shows a Coast Guard-manned craft, shot from a Navy task force at anchor in the pro- tection of Kwajalein Atoll during the inva- sion of the Marshalls. The ships were ordered into the lagoon as a protective measure against enemy subs—Jap planes and nearby attacks have been thoroughly pulverized by gunfire. Bombardment, so there was little to fear on that rather than the South Pacific for, as Adm. Nimitz candidly revealed, he goal is the coast of China— and from there to raise the curtain on the Central Pacific. The olive-

12-C-56, Feb. 20, 1944
 NEW YORK JOURNAL-AMERICAN
 KWAJALEIN ATOLL, FEBRUARY 20, 1944
 A COAST GUARD-MANNED COMBAT TRANSPORT, WAVING IN TRIUMPH AFTER MARINES HAVE CAPTURED THE 200-STRONG ISLAND OF NINMI, IS AT THE SOUTHERN END OF KWAJALEIN ATOLL.



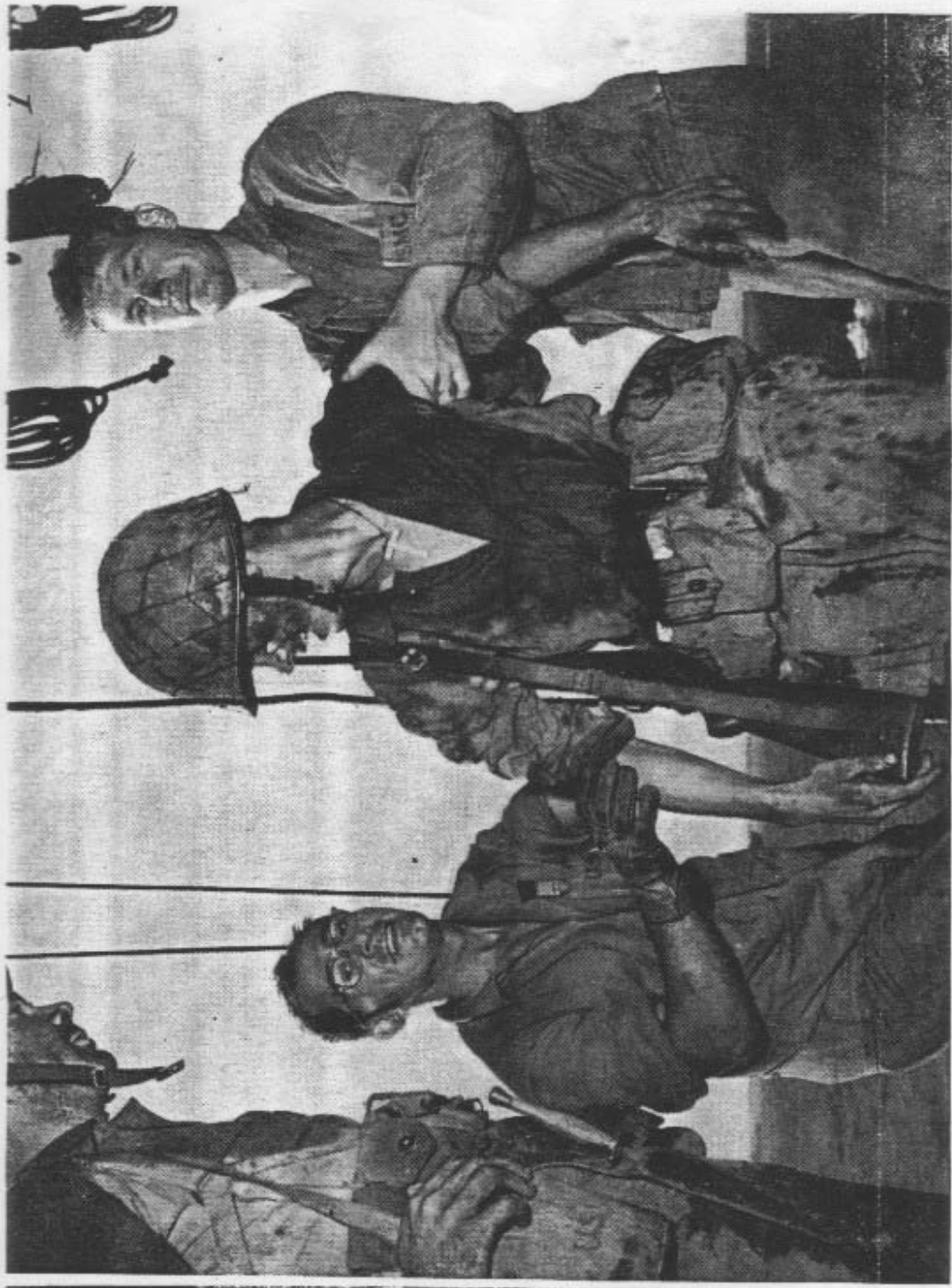
OLD GLORY OVER MARSHALS...
 From a Coast Guard-manned combat transport, this picture of the shore of Ninmi Island in the Kwajalein Atoll shows an American flag proudly waving in triumph after Marines have captured the 200-strong island. Some defenses of the foliage indicates that it was probably not necessary to shell to starve this island out, like a ripening plum, it was waiting to be taken. Ninmi is at the southern end of Kwajalein and was captured early by our forces.





INVADE COAST GUARDSMEN CAPTURE JAPS

Giving a fine imitation of their Simian ancestors, Jap prisoners captured by U. S. Coast Guardsmen off Kwajalei Island in the Marshalls, climb aboard. (2) Two crawl in via the anchor-rope route. (3) Ensign R. M. Keith, Brockton, Mass., center, and Coxswain D. Murphy, Richmond Hill, N. Y., right, guard the worried Nips.



WARREN KAPLAN X

Battle-blackened Marines and Coast Guardsmen, gleefully boarding their assault transport after quick conquest of Eniwetok Atoll. This fight was one of many the Transport X survived during her nineteen months of truly global war.

"DOC" CAMPBELL, WITH GLOVES ON, ABOARD THE "LEONARD WOOD"

Eniwetok Atoll.

17 Feb. 1944 We landed troops on Fragile (Engebi) Is. on the northern edge of the Atoll and the island was secure in less than one day.

18 Feb. 1944 A large contingent of troops was landed on the beach at Privilage (Eniwetok) Is. Island fighting continued until early in the day on the 21st. All this time I spent cruising around in my Ass't Boat Group Commander's boat, checking on enemy movements. Some times getting close enough to draw sporadic gunfire from shore. A fast retreat and a radio call usually took care of the problem.

22 Feb. 1944 Troops went ashore and secured Heartstring (Parry) Is. to complete the capture of Eniwetok Atoll.

24 Feb. 1944 The good old Leonard Wood went back to the Marshall Islands to join up with a convoy headed back to Pearl Harbor.

05 Mar. 1944 My crew and I, consisting of myself, Christoff and Tourtillott, were transferred for temporary duty to the LST 31⁵ to act as a communications boat and assist in unloading some merchant ships that brought supplies for the troops on the islands. We supervised the unloading and transportation of all the equipment taken off the ships and made sure that it was landed on the beach in the proper place. This only took a couple of days and we were ready to head back to our own ship on the USS Cambria.

This is when the Navy started playing games with my crew and I. After six weeks and nine transfers we finally made it back to the ship that was now in San Diego, Calif. I don't think anyone wants to read the cussing we did trying to get from one place to the other. We were a little upset because we were told to bring only enough clothing for two weeks and we had to live a month and a half with nothing but our work clothes and foul weather gear. We were able to keep clean but had to get special papers to travel in dungarees.

20 Apr. 1944 We finally made it back to the Leonard Wood and when the division officer said he was sorry about the mix-up and wanted to know what he could do to make it up to us. All three of us, in unison, said "get us off the ship". Tourtillott, the seaman, didn't have enough time on the ship to get a transfer but Christoff and I got our papers on the 22nd for transfer to the East Coast with 25 days travel time and leave en route.

VII DELAWARE RIVER PATROL 17 JUN. 1944

On arrival at the Coast Guard Office in Philadelphia Pa. I was assigned

⁵ **Landing Ship Tank.** A large seagoing vessel with large doors and a ramp in the bow for unloading personnel and the largest of our military equipment, such as tanks and trucks. These were the largest, flat bottom, ships that we had for amphibious landings. My brother Howard can tell you about life aboard this type of ship.



WALBERS RESTAURANT AND TRI-
STATE YACHT CLUB WHERE EDNA
AND I MET AND SPENT OUR HONEY-
MOON.

to a patrol station on the western shore of the Delaware River just north of Chester, Pa. in the small town of Essington. The base was at the southern border of Admiral Printz Park with Walber's Restaurant and the Tri-State Yacht Club at the northern border of the park. I met my future wife and her son, Bobby, while at this station and we spent a great deal of time at the Yacht Club that her grandfather belonged to.

I was assigned to the Sea Bee III, a private yacht of 55 feet in length with two twelve-cylinder speedway engines for power. A super fast boat for its time (similar to today's cigarette boats) this boat was one of the boats loaned to the Coast Guard before I enlisted.

The Delaware River Patrol was responsible for monitoring all ship movements passing through our area. The ship's call letters, as designated by her signal flags, were radioed back to the main base with date and time recorded in the base log. If I remember correctly the call letters for the base were "Nan-Mike-King". We also had to stop all traffic on the river when they were launching large cargo ships built in the Tincum Shipyard south of our base. The new ships were launched stern first and would almost hit the docks on the opposite side of the river. We had about eight patrol boats at this base and they were of all shapes and sizes including an all steel water-jet-propelled fire boat only 24' long that could pump a lot of water when required. There was never a fire while I was there but we used the boat for instruction and drills.

Most of our patrols were uneventful but the Delaware River was noted for its thick fog this time of year. We had to pass around Tincum Island to make our patrol to the north. This was a little tricky in the fog. I don't remember the exact directions or times but it went something like this. At a predetermined propeller rpm. I would leave the dock in an easterly direction for "X" seconds turn southerly for "Y" seconds then easterly again for "Z" seconds and then northerly to continue on patrol. These directions had to be noted in clear weather and with different current flows so that you could make the trip any time day or night. A good lookout on the bow and keen hearing made it all possible. The fog would usually clear by noon to make it easier to return to base.

I had one harrowing experience when I was assigned to take some officers to Cape Henlopen at the southwestern end of Delaware Bay. It was dark when we left Essington with a light breeze from the northeast. As we left the river and got down into the wider part of the bay the wind picked up and we were running before a following sea making it difficult to handle the boat. I was headed for a point of land on the west shore of the bay inside a long breakwater. To get behind this breakwater you had to pass between the beach and the end of the rocks with only about a 50 yard gap. Very routine on a calm sunny day but this was a pitch-black night with heavy seas running into the beach. I had been through here in good weather so I got my bearings from the shore lights, put the engines at about three quarter throttle, hung on and prayed. I guess we made it because I'm here to tell about it. The officers were very uncomfortable and stayed below deck for the whole trip to the south. The next day the trip back to the base was like a nice leisurely cruise you might take on a Sunday afternoon. The officers were now very interested in how fast the Sea Bee III would go and took turns at the helm. All's well that ends well.

Another little incident I remember quite well was the day a panic stricken

Mother called to tell us her son was "lost at sea". He left the dock at New Castle, Delaware in a small sailboat at 0800 for somewhere on the New Jersey shore and he hadn't returned at 1200. We sent out two boats and crews to search the river. I had the northern sector, and was unable to turn up any clue as to where he had gone, so after about three hours I asked permission to head south on the river, on a hunch. I searched around for awhile and then went in to the New Castle yacht basin and sure enough there was the kid's boat tied up to the dock. I called his home and found out he had come home and was resting and his mother wouldn't let me talk to him. I reported this to our skipper and let him handle it. I never heard any more about it.

02 Dec. 1944 My first enlistment ran out during my duty at the Essington Patrol Base and I signed over for another two years. Of course if you didn't your enlistment would be extended for the duration plus six months any way, which was an unknown at the time.

Things are usually quiet at the base so I spent almost every other day with my new found girl as she lived only a few miles from the base and had her own car. We did a great deal of traveling back and forth to Atlantic City. It was rather odd the way I met Edna. One evening when I was out with one of the local girls we decided to go to Walber's for a drink and something to eat. Before we went in I put on "the girl's" fur jacket as a joke. All hell broke loose when I got inside. This gal, unknown to me, came over and started yelling at me and wanted to know where I got her jacket. She had loaned it to "the girl" a couple of days before. From that time on, except for some service time, we were inseparable for the next 37 years.

08 May 1945 President Truman announces the surrender of Germany and declares VE Day. Most of the celebrating seems to be holding off until Japan is defeated.

31 Jul. 1945 After my time at the Essington Patrol Station I was transferred to pier 181 in Philadelphia, Pa. for a similar type of patrol duty. The only interesting duty I had was supervising the loading of explosives onto ships anchored out in a wide section of the river. This was accomplished by unloading boxcars onto barges and then moving the barges out to the ships with tugboats and transferring the shells, etc. onto the ships.

Most of my 17 months at the Patrol Bases was rather routine but it did give Edna and I a chance to decide what we wanted in the future.

14 Aug. 1945 Pres. Truman read the surrender message received from Japan. The end is near.

02 Sep. 1945 Formal Japanese surrender was signed and VJ Day was declared. People all over the world celebrated the end of the "War to end all Wars".

VIII RECRUITING DUTY

14 NOV. 1945

I have been transferred to the Recruiting Office in Philadelphia, Pa. for duty as a mobile recruiter in the Hazelton, Pa. area. A chief yeoman and two other fellows and I climbed into an old station wagon and headed north to set up a recruiting station in a local courtroom that wasn't used very often. Due to the low per diem allowance, \$3.00 per man per day, we had to stay at the YMCA in their 50 cent a night rooms. The balance was for meals.

Patriotism was so high at this time we had mothers and fathers swearing to altered birth certificates so their sons could get into the service. Usually we could find their correct age by checking school or church records.

Most of our sign-ups were seniors in high school who would wait until after graduation to go on active duty. We gave talks at different assemblies and stressed the need for an education but a great many wanted to get into the service as soon as possible. We did not take any dropouts unless they were over 18 and had not been in school for the last couple of years. At this time we were also taking minor offense men from the court system, "service or reform school", not much of a choice.

This boring duty lasted about five months and I was sent back to the Philadelphia office for further transfer.

IX ALASKA BOUND

8 APR. 1946

I departed from the Coast Guard District Office in Philadelphia, Pa. this morning on the train headed for Seattle, Washington. The first part of the trip as far as Chicago was tiring with very little to see except the "back doors" of all the towns and cities along the tracks. After Chicago we headed northwest to the Canadian border where the land flattened out into the great prairie and "westward ho" into the northern Rockies. We passed through most of the mountains at night so there was little to see except the almost vertical wall cut into the side of the mountain. In some areas this was quite hair raising straight up on one side and straight down on the other. The morning we were to arrive in Seattle dawned with a bright sun behind us and we were in the middle of an evergreen forest the likes of which I had never seen before. Huge pine trees everywhere. There seemed to be no end to them.

12 Apr. 1946 I arrived in Seattle and was sent to the Mount Rainier Ordnance Depot to await transportation to Ketchikan, Alaska.

23 Apr. 1946 I left Mount Rainier to get aboard a 125' Coast Guard Cutter and headed north on the Alaskan Marine Highway through Puget Sound and into the Strait of Georgia where you cross the maritime border into Canadian jurisdiction just south of Vancouver, B.C. We continued north through Queen Charlotte Sound and back into U.S. jurisdiction about halfway between Prince Rupert and Ketchikan, which is in the southernmost part of the Alaskan Panhandle.

This was a great trip all through the inland waterway, where the tree laden mountains rise sharply out of the water nearly close enough to touch on both sides. The wildlife is abundant with bear, moose and all kinds of waterfowl within easy naked eye viewing, and they seem to ignore the passing vessels.

01 May 1946 On arrival at the Base I was assigned to the C.G. Buoy Tender (#258) "Bittersweet". This vessel was responsible for maintaining all the

channel markers and buoys in Alaskan waters. This required cruising along the rugged coast checking the positions and condition of the Aids to Navigation, replacing damaged buoys, and making sure all the lights, bells, and horns were working properly. In some cases it meant actually lifting a buoy out of the water onto the deck and working on it. This was not very exciting unless the weather was bad. The ship would pitch and roll while the buoy would bob up and down like a cork. In the case of a bell buoy someone (usually me) had to jump from the tender to the buoy when the ship got close enough and then wait for the ship to come around again so that you could hook up and get lifted out of the water. All the time hoping the ship wouldn't run you down and make you swim for a while in the cold water.

I was only on the Bittersweet for about five weeks and made two round trips from Ketchikan to Juneau, Kodiak, Dutch Harbor and the Pribilof Islands in the Bering Sea. The Pribilof Islands, consisting mainly of St. Paul and St. George, have some of the largest concentrations of fur seals in the world. This is the birthing and breeding grounds for thousands of seals. It's hard to imagine the masses of squirming bodies that gather on these islands during the summer months. No one is quite sure where they all go after they head south and remain there until they return in the spring to give birth to another pup.

After returning from my second trip I was wandering around the base and ran into the "ex-Executive Officer" from the Leonard Wood, Commander Fulford, now Captain Fulford, the Commander of the 17th C.G. District. After chatting for a while he seemed very happy to run into someone from the boat division of the "Wood" and I was soon to find out why.

07 Jun. 1946 I was transferred from the Bittersweet to a Coast Guard cargo ship "Unalga" #WAK 185. This is a little larger ship than the buoy tender and was used to carry supplies to the Loran Stations on the islands along the coast and the Aleutian Chain that separates the Pacific Ocean and the Bering Sea.

Loran was a new navigational aid that sent out a radio signal on a frequency used only by one particular station and when a ship would pick up two or more signals from different stations they could find their position by the intersection of the frequency lines plotted on a special chart.

This cargo, food and diesel fuel for their generators, had to be handled from a 50' landing barge that they had on board but no one new how to operate it. So here I go again.

At first, having duty aboard a cargo ship was new to me. I didn't have any training in handling cargo or boom and winch maintenance. Lucky for me there was another Bos'n Mate aboard, Bill Muncie, who didn't have any small boat training. We hit it off great right from the start. He would put the boat in the water, load it with



U.S.C.G. BITTERSWEET (WAGL-389)

(WAGL-389: dp. 935; l. 180'; b. 37'; s. 13 k.; epl. 6 officers and 74 men; a. 1 3"/50 (single), 4 20mm/80 (single), 2 dc tracks, 2 mousetraps; cl. Iris)

BITTERSWEET (WAGL-389) was laid down on 16 September 1943 by Zenith Dredge Company, Duluth, Minnesota; launched 11 November 1943; and commissioned 11 May 1944. The cost to build the ship was \$926,769.

The preliminary design for this set of 180-foot coastwise tenders was prepared by the United States Coast Guard, and the final design was prepared by the Marine Iron and Shipbuilding Corporation, Duluth, Minnesota. The design was intended to replace all large or Class "A" tenders. For the first time, it added search-and-rescue features to the features designed for tending buoys or servicing lighthouses. Following the amalgamation of the USLHS into the Coast Guard, ice-breaking features were added to the design.

In 1944, Bittersweet was assigned to the 17th District - stationed at Ketchikan, Alaska, and used for general Aids to Navigation duty. On 15 January 1945, she rescued six survivors from YP-73. On 19 March 1945, she assisted in the rescue of survivors of an Army C-47. In August 1945, she escorted Soviet warships in the Bering Sea. Bittersweet continued to serve in the Bering Sea until after World War II.

Following World War II, Bittersweet's designation was changed to WLB-389, and she continued to serve from Kodiak, Alaska, where she was used for Aids to Navigation and Law Enforcement. On 19 May 1947, Bittersweet assisted the motor vessel Square Knot near Dutch Harbor, Alaska. From 27 August to 2 December 1947, she was stationed at Ketchikan, Alaska. From 2 December 1947 to 30 June 1964, she was stationed at Kodiak, Alaska.

From 7-10 November 1948, Bittersweet searched for a lost plane near Portage Bay. On 10 June 1949, she assisted the motor vessel Bagosof Island in Unalaska Bay. Five days later, she was searching again - this time for the motor vessel Sunset Bodies in Cold Bay. On 15 June 1950, she rendered medical assistance at Squaw Harbor. In September of that same year, she assisted a PC aground in Monashaka Bay. On 22 February 1951, she rendered medical assistance at Chignik. She spent 26-28 June 1951 on halibut patrol near Kodiak. She spent two days in July 1951 searching for a Canadian CD-4 near Yakutat. In November 1952, she helped in the search for MATS flights 1105 and 1107. On 18 March 1953, she rendered medical assistance at Kurluk Village. In February 1954, she assisted the motor vessel James Lick at Dundas Bay. In July 1954, she towed a disabled vessel to Kodiak. On 12 March 1957, Bittersweet rendered medical assistance at Nikoliski Village. In March 1958, she assisted in following Aero Commander flight 41458. In June 1959, she escorted the vessel Galena to Kodiak. On 30 June 1964, she shifted her homeport to Ketchikan, Alaska.

Bittersweet salvaged a Coast Guard HH52A helicopter at Lancaster Cove on 29 January 1966. On 12 April 1968, she struck a submerged object off Alaska while on a search and rescue mission. She then intentionally grounded to effect temporary repairs. On 7 July 1968, she helped fight a fire at Ketchikan. On 5 May 1970, she seized some foreign-operated fixed fishing gear for a territorial violation. In mid-1976, Bittersweet underwent a major renovation. She then transferred operations to Woods Hole, where she was used for Aids to Navigation and Ice-Breaking. In November 1978, she recovered marijuana as evidence from Traveler III off Maine. In September 1980, she patrolled the America's Cup Race at Newport, Rhode Island. In November 1981, she assisted in the cleanup off Maine, following the Christian Rienauer grounding; as part of IIP. In May 1987, she collected hydrographic and drift buoy data off the Grand Banks, using a mobile laboratory.

Bittersweet continued to operate from her homeport of Woods Hole, Massachusetts until she was decommissioned at Boston, Massachusetts 18 August 1997 and transferred to Estonia the same day.

cargo, and I would run the landing barge to "where ever" and unload the cargo. This arrangement worked very well.

The first thing on the agenda was to select and train a three-man crew consisting of a Motor Mac. and two Seamen. The MM2c I selected from the engine room had been an auto mechanic with a little diesel experience. The two seamen were just borrowed from the deck gang but were really gung-ho and learned quickly. After a couple of launches in the harbor we were ready to take on the task of putting supplies on the Islands.

From here on the sequence of events becomes a little mixed up due to the five or six stops we made on the mainland and the fourteen or fifteen islands we visited but the stories are as I remember them.

We'll start out with the unloading of 55 gallon drums of diesel fuel to run some of the equipment required to maintain life on this barren land. I don't recall any place where we could tie up to a dock and unload before returning to the ship for more cargo, except for our home port of Ketchikan on the southern most part of the pan handle.

One of the easiest operations was on Umnak Island. When the surf would die down we could land on a gravel beach to unload. The men from the station would load the cargo onto a skid and drag it up a gradual slope with a tractor.

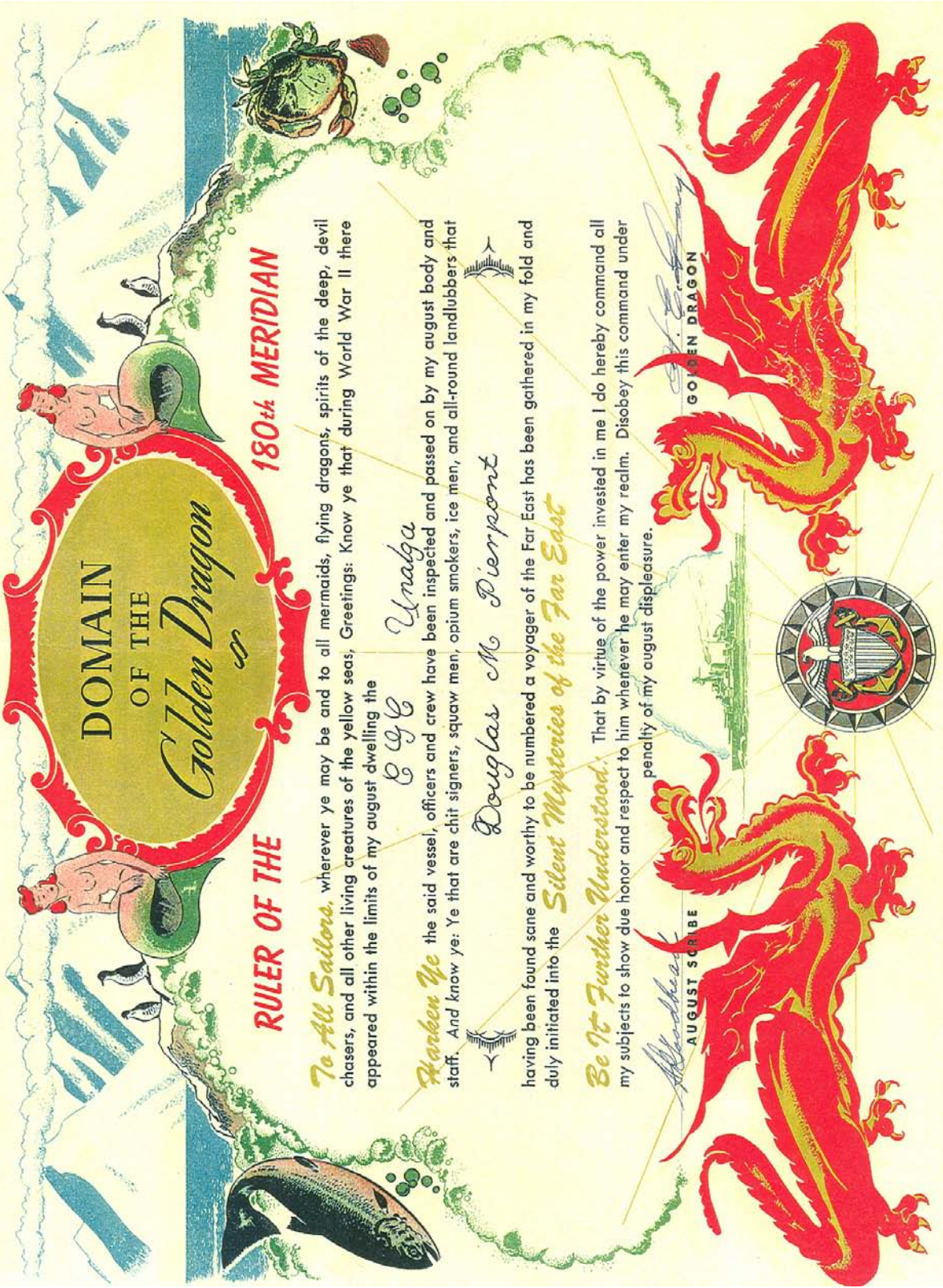
Cape St. Elias had a similar set up except they used a dragline, skid and winch, to move the drums up a steeper incline.

Where the shore was too rocky for a landing we learned to handle the drums by what I called the "wet" dragline. This was an endless line anchored off shore. I had to keep the boat away from the beach, lower the ramp part way, lash three or four drums to the drag line with "pig tails" and then back out from under them and let their winch pull the floating drums ashore, to be taken to the station by farm tractor and trailer.

The toughest and most dangerous way to handle oil drums was at an island where there was no beach. The unloading area was alongside a cliff, 50 to 75 feet straight up. The station crew had rigged a long boom and hoist that would drop a "hook" over the edge about 10 or 15 feet from the cliff face. This meant bringing the boat very close to the cliff face, attaching two drums to the hook with a special sling and then getting out from under the load as they lifted it. Even on the best of days all of the methods we used were quite tricky with the ocean swells running at about 3 feet.

We used the previous methods on approximately 15 different islands so they could keep the "Lights" and "Loran" signals operating.

The weather in the North Pacific Ocean and the Bering Sea is rather predictable, "bad" most of the time. I called it the land of the 100 mile per hour gale. The wind along the southern mainland coast and the Gulf of Alaska is very much like our coastal weather and the shoreline is covered with evergreen trees. In contrast to this are the Aleutian Islands that are void of anything that resembles a tree, from the Alaska Peninsula to the island of Attu at the most western end of the Aleutian chain, not far from the Siberian mainland.



DOMAIN
OF THE
Golden Dragon
or
180th MERIDIAN

RULER OF THE

To All Sailors, wherever ye may be and to all mermaids, flying dragons, spirits of the deep, devil chasers, and all other living creatures of the yellow seas, Greetings: Know ye that during World War II there appeared within the limits of my august dwelling the

E G E

Unaga

When Ye the said vessel, officers and crew have been inspected and passed on by my august body and staff. And know ye: Ye that are chit signers, squaw men, opium smokers, ice men, and all-round landlubbers that



Douglas M Pierpont

having been found sane and worthy to be numbered a voyager of the Far East has been gathered in my fold and duly initiated into the *Silent Mysteries of the Far East*

Be It Further Understood: That by virtue of the power invested in me I do hereby command all my subjects to show due honor and respect to him whenever he may enter my realm. Disobey this command under penalty of my august displeasure.

Alwoodhead
AUGUST SCRIBE

St. E. E. Bay
GOLDEN DRAGON



One of our trips took us the full length of the Aleutian Island chain with short stops at Dutch Harbor, Umnak, Atka, Adak, Amchitka, Kiska and Attu, the westernmost island of the Aleutian Chain. Attu was occupied by the Japanese for a short time. (They ran away when they heard the "Connecticut Yankee" was on his way.)

When we crossed the International Dateline, (the 180th Meridian between Adak and Amchitka Islands), we were presented with certificates of the Domain of the Golden Dragon.

Along the "chain" the days would start out most of the time with the wind at a dead calm and the sea at an easy roll. As the day wore on the breeze would come up and steadily increase to whip up a savage, rolling, white capped fury that made it impossible to work between the ship and the shore. At sundown the wind would subside and during the night the sea became relatively calm again. It didn't take long to figure out that the best time to handle cargo was between 2200 and 0600 each night.

Speaking of the predictable wind reminds me of a little incident when the wind didn't die down enough to make it possible to land cargo on a rocky beach.

It seems that the Skipper was watching the beach we were planning to land on and had come to the conclusion that we should wait another day before trying it. His young Executive Officer (an Ensign) disagreed with him so I was called to the bridge as the "expert" to settle the problem. After a little discussion, and a wink, the Skipper agreed to let me try it with an empty boat if the Ensign would go with me for the ride. We put the 50' LCM in the water, with some trouble due to the rolling ship, for a trial run. When we got to the beach I found an area between two large boulders that looked like a good spot, although the surf was running quite high directly at our stern. The boulders would keep the barge from "broaching" in this heavy sea. The landing was made without any problems but due to the power of the surf I didn't want to stay very long so I hollered "hang on" and started to back off the rocky beach. The first and second waves came over the stern so the Ensign moved to the bow, protected by the ramp, he thought. I spun the 50 footer around, as I was taught, between the second and third waves. We were about 75% of the way around when the bow went sharply up on the third wave and then came rapidly down on the backside of the wave, a perfect turn-around except for the Ensign. He shot skyward when the bow went up and was still going up when the bow came down. Only his pride was hurt when he came down with a knee-buckling thud. We waited another day to unload cargo and that Ensign never got back in the landing barge with me again. Some times you have to shake an Ensign to show him that experience is the best teacher.

One of the trips out of Ketchikan was a little unusual. We took a family of four with most of their belongings and headed out of port. This man and his wife were a meteorological team and were headed for a weather station on St. Paul Island in the Pribilof group. They had two of the sweetest little girls, about 4 and 6 years old, that you ever saw. Of course they attracted the attention of all the crewmembers and we all acted as baby supervisors while they were on deck. The parents said the toughest part of the duty here would be sending the girls back to the mainland to a boarding school for their education. They were all delivered to their destination in good condition and the crew was sorry to see them leave the ship. A taste of home for some of the family men aboard.

The cargo that beats all cargo was the time we carried two large open crates or cages, one containing an overgrown stallion and the other containing a large white faced bull that did not like being penned up. They had both been crated for about two weeks when we headed out of Ketchikan for Umnak Island.

It seems that the Aleutian Livestock Co. managed by a Mr. Bell had notified the government that one of our soldiers bet another one that he could neuter the two original animals single handed. He must have been a tall Texan under the influence of cactus juice or something because he rendered them useless to the livestock company that bred horses, cattle and sheep. The good old USA was replacing the original animals.

The crates, one at a time, were put into the landing barge and taken ashore and the animals were turned loose. The last we saw of them was when they ran over a knoll about a quarter of a mile away. There didn't seem to be anything on the island we could see, except livestock and a bunkhouse for the hired hands. I understood the small town of Nikolski was at the southwest end of the island and Fort Glenn was at the northeast end. All went well and Mr. Bell was happy to receive his new breeding stock.

After a few more uneventful trips along the Aleutian Chain it was time to get off sea duty and head for home. My second hitch will soon end and I don't intend to "sign over."

I was transferred, on paper, from the Unalga to the base at Ketchikan on 19 Nov. 1946 and then to the 17th C.G. District Office in Ketchikan on the 21st. On the 23rd I was issued papers for transportation to the 3rd C.G. District Office in New York City for discharge, with 67 days leave en route.

Bill Muncie and I left Ketchikan on the 23rd aboard a civilian cruise ship belonging to the Union Steamship Limited. She was a British Corvette, similar to our Destroyer Escorts, made over into a very comfortable passenger liner. The trip south was rather uneventful except for the bad weather we had running the length of Queen Charlotte Sound. All hands were sea sick, except Bill and I, and could hardly do their jobs. The funniest part of the trip was during the storm. Bill and I would knock on stateroom doors and ask if we could get the passengers something to eat. Oh, boy! The cussin', moanin' and groaning' that came from some rooms wasn't fit for a sailor's ears. All ended well when we tied up in Vancouver, BC.

It seemed like a very long train ride from Vancouver to Seattle, Wash. and then on to Philly where I arrived about Nov. 30th, 1946. I lost track of Bill Muncie in Seattle when he headed for San Francisco and the southern route to some place in Florida.

Of course Edna, the girl I met in Walber's Restaurant sometime back, met me at the train station and we decided to do the thing we had been writing about all the time I was in Alaska, "get married". We had our blood tests the following day as soon as we could find a nurse with a needle, "all OK".

The morning of Dec. 4th we went to the town hall in Philadelphia and applied for and received our marriage license. I lied a little about my service time and convinced the clerk to call the Judge upstairs and tell him I was leaving in a couple of days. He told us to come back to his office the next morning and he would perform the ceremony. Things were a lot easier in the good old days.

Now that we were all set we decided to call an old friend who had been trying to get us "hitched" for a year and half. This friend, Harry Marklin, just happened to be the Vice President of the Westinghouse Steam Turbine Division in Chester Pa, a member of the Tri-State Yacht Club where I met Edna, and a good friend to Edna's Grandfather Cummings ("Big Dad").

Our conversation went something like this (I'll never forget this day).

Voice: Westinghouse Steam Turbine Div. may I help you?

Me: Yes, may I speak to Mr. Marklin please.

Voice: Who's calling?

Me: Just tell him it's Doug from Alaska.

Harry: Hi Doug, When did you get back in town?

Me: Two or three days ago and Edna and I want you to know we're getting married in the morning

Harry: Is she with you now?

Me: Yes, want to talk to her?

Harry: Put her on the phone.

Edna: If your not doing anything we'd like you to come to the Philadelphia. Town Hall in the morning.

Harry: Do you have your license in hand?

Edna: Yes. We're all set.

Harry: O.K. skip the Town Hall, meet me at the little restaurant on the corner of "here and there" (can't remember the street names) at 6:00 PM and we'll have a bite to eat. I'll make arrangements with a Justice to take care everything tonight.

Edna: O.K. So long.

That's the way Harry worked. If you are going to do something, do it before you have time to change your mind.

Edna went home to freshen up a bit and when she started to leave the house her Grandmother Cummings (Nan) asked where she was going. Edna answered with an "I'm going to get married." Nan came back with "you better be back by nine o'clock young lady". We didn't make it until the following day and all was well. I suspect Nan knew where we were going. She was a really sharp elderly woman that didn't miss anything.

After a nice dinner with Harry and his lady friend we had a lot of people talk to make up for. We then headed for Ardmore, Pa. where we were married in the front room of a large house while a grandfather clock was striking eight o'clock. Edwin Lynch, the Justice, pronounced us man and wife, took our money and wished us well.

After a quick drink at a local club Harry and his lady, I never did find out who she was, took off in one direction and Edna and I headed for the Tri-State Yacht Club to celebrate and spend the night.

This all took place the 4th of Dec. 1946 and we lived happily ever after.

The next two months Edna and her son Bobbie stayed in Philadelphia with her grandparents and I went to Hamden, CT and found a job as a time keeper for the Yale Construction Co. before bringing them to live with my family in the Spring Glen section of Hamden, CT.

On the 4th of Feb. 1947 I had to return to New York to be officially and honorably discharged from the service. This was due to the fact that I had elected to take 60 days of terminal leave, with pay, before my final discharge instead of accepting a government bond for the pay that was due me. These bonds would not be of full value for approximately 8 years.

With the help of my Dad, Edna and I contracted with a builder to buy one of the small Cape Cod houses he was building on the west side of Hamden. It was not to be finished until mid-August so we stayed in the house in Spring Glen while the family moved into the cottage in Milford for the summer.

Our first home was where we got our start and our next two boys, Doug III and Edward, were born.

The rest of the story was filled with Love, Happiness, and the trials of any young family trying to shake the past and plan for the future.

APPENDIX A

USS Leonard Wood (APA-12)

USS Leonard Wood (APA-12)



Seagoing Taxi No. 1

BY RICHARD ENGLISH

NOT long ago, a big gray ship slipped into a West Coast harbor at dusk. Only a faded number high on her prow revealed her as Transport X, back from the wars as a legend—one warship to have seen action on all fronts.

This huge assault transport, bombed and strafed from Sicily to the South Pacific, a heroic sitting duck lying offshore while her kid coxswains, stiff and erect at the wheel of her landing craft, carried invasion troops onto flaming beachheads, has had more than luck. On the silent front, that grim, darkened world of Coast-Guard-manned transports plowing to new battlefields, Transport X is a great infighter. Now, home after nineteen months of very global war, her kids, their service ribbons flashing five battle stars, were kids no longer.

During their liberty rush—ten days in which to see their girls and folks—they were stopped cold by the changes in the country. Not all of them liked it. Fresh from the Kwajalein invasion, recalling from elsewhere ships all around them dying grotesquely, they couldn't buy the idea that the war is almost over. After growing up on Nazi radio stations gaily announcing the premature sinking of your ship, you're hardly a soft touch

The saga of the Coast Guard's ace transport, from Casablanca to Kwajalein, as told by her five-battle-star crewmen.

for strikes and whines over gas rationing. Nothing personal, but you can't help how you feel.

"No, sir," Red Short said, "not when all you want is fresh milk and eggs and a chance to rest your luck."

"Coxswain Thomas Short" on the X's roster, his freckled nineteen-year-old face was split in a grin at being on his way back to Erie, Pennsylvania. The night before, Red had been among the crew members Kay Kyser wanted to use on his musical-quiz program. Kyser could put only one of the eighteen boys who showed up on the air. The rest didn't know any of the currently popular songs.

"It makes you feel kinda dumb," Red said. "We've been in for quick leaves before, but most of the boys haven't caught up on what's been going on for almost two years. . . . The Coast Guard's funny about one thing," he said shyly. "You never see your own coast.

Instead, you're living up to that slogan they got on all their surf stations: 'You have to go out, but you don't have to come back.'"

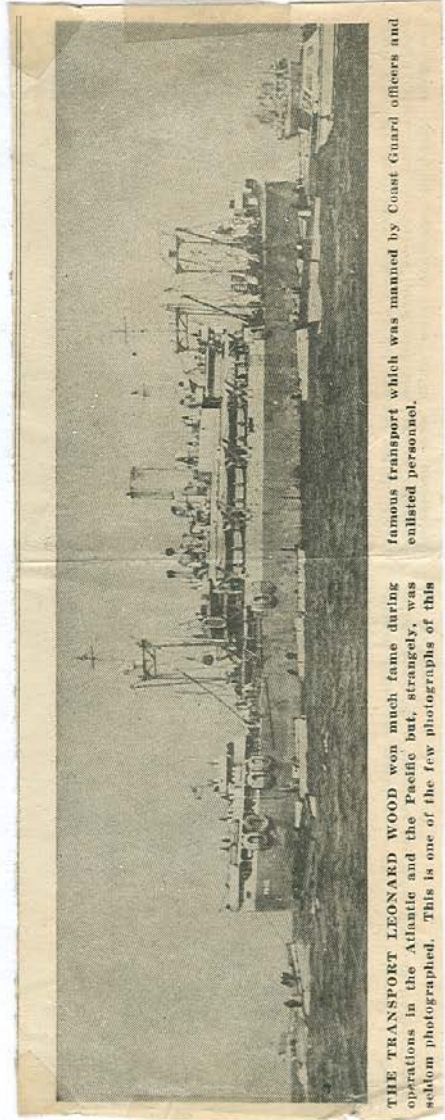
Topside, officers were putting on their blues for the first time in more than a year. Lt. Robert Emerson, a brown-haired, husky young officer from Santa Monica, California, smiled at Red. Emerson is the group-boat commander who goes into the beachhead with the first wave. "One day at Eniwetok, Red made fifteen trips—snipers missed him every time," Emerson said.

"Yes, sir," Red said, "but they sure scared me. First time I ever went in was at Makin. I hadn't seen nobody killed before. Going in, a coxswain has to stand up at the wheel, so he don't go piling up on a reef, and you see plenty then. Up in the palms, Jap snipers kept potting at me, but they're not much good. But when I hit the beach, three of my soldiers only ran about fifteen yards before they got it. I yelled at a corpsman should I take 'em back. He shook his head. 'No use now,' he said. 'All the way back for my next load I had a sorta funny feeling inside.'"

Not all of Transport X's actions have been that rugged, but none of them has left the crew unmarked. After Pearl Harbor, she was converted into an amphibious assault transport, a fast, grim ship armed with dual-purpose guns and with four types of LC's slung on her davits. Taken over by the Navy, she was promptly manned by the Coast Guard, and carries marines five deep in her crowded quarters. The global war required fast, tough ships that could get in and out—transports that could ride with a punch while skilled crews set our men ashore.

"We let the men we take in do our battling for us," Capt. Merlin O'Neill said dryly. "Our job is to get

Article from the "Saturday Evening Post" 24 June 1944
Ship identified as the Leonard Wood from crew names and pictures



THE TRANSPORT LEONARD WOOD won much fame during operations in the Atlantic and the Pacific but, strangely, was seldom photographed. This is one of the few photographs of this

famous transport which was manned by Coast Guard officers and enlisted personnel.

them there fast and safely." Sandy-haired, young for such a command, his quiet green eyes smiled faintly. "First time I came aboard, I looked around and thought 'It's pretty damn big,'" he admitted. "When I reported, no one knew too much about amphibious warfare. You find out fast enough. Next thing I knew, we were headed for Casablanca."

Captain O'Neill took over a command ten times the size of a Coast Guard cutter. Like all New London men, he had had his years in the Bering Sea, enforcing the sealing treaty. He would much rather talk about Jap poachers or even the first years of the war, when the Coast Guard erected a picket fence of small boats protecting our sea lanes, than take any chances on your learning he won the Legion of Merit at Sicily.

When, a month before Pearl Harbor, the Navy took over the Coast Guard for the duration, the fourth armed service and the oldest seagoing service—founded by Alexander Hamilton in 1790—was just what the admirals ordered. Its crews were ready-made for assault transports.

Captain O'Neill said, "They wanted men who could take barges right up on the beach through any kind of surf. So we fitted. Though going in under an all-out bombardment is hardly like the job we did in the Louisville flood, it works out."

Now the Transport X's veteran LC crews have, one at a time, gone aboard newer assault transports to serve as a nucleus. Captain O'Neill is proud of that. "We've a lot of alumni scattered here and there," he

said; "good boys to have on any ship. I know, watching them go in off Sicily while we ducked seventeen near bomb misses. Another coat of paint, we'd have been hit sure."

His ship's christening by fire came at Fedala, North Africa. There, in the invasion, a German sub pack played havoc with the invading fleet. Lieutenant Emerson had already taken the LC's in when torpedo tracks broke all around the Transport X, sinking the vessel ahead. Vichy planes then put on a strafing attack, scarring the paint, and nothing else.

"It was the first landing action for all of us, and nothing quite worked out like it does in maneuvers," Lieutenant Emerson said. "LC gunboats circled around, protecting us, and we dashed in under destroyers' supporting fire. Then I saw that Fedala wasn't much different from Santa Monica—a summer-resort town, but with rocky cliffs and a few coves. We laid down our ramps, the soldiers swarmed in under fire, and it was pretty hectic. One of the crews couldn't get off in time. They had to get set behind rocks when they heard an enemy platoon approaching. It turned out to be made up of huge black Senegalese with scarred faces and fezzes—Vichy troops. The boys were so surprised at fighting them, just like in an African picture, all they could think of was to yell, 'Stick 'em up!' You should have heard them brag about their fancy prisoners!"

Then the Transport X, no longer a maiden, went on to Casablanca and Oran. No one had any idea that

she was to make a One Ship's History of the War. In the next few weeks, having been so bloodily baptized by the Germans and French, she was also to take on the Italians before going out to the even bluer waters of the South Pacific. Though the crew liked to think of themselves as veterans after Fedala, it was a distinction they had no intention of monopolizing. "It grew kinda rough," one of the "Pearl Harbor boys" said wryly.

The "Pearl Harbor boys," a hardy crew within a crew, have been aboard Transport X for thirty-three months. They were with the ship that Sunday afternoon when the public-address system rang with the news that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. Now, having a fourteen months' edge on the present crew, the "Pearl Harbor boys" like to dwell on the good old days when a man had to have sea legs to be a sailor.

Chief Machinist's Mate George Drega, swarthy under a rakish cap and tattooed from stem to stern, said in his curious, husky voice, "I been twenty-six years in the Coast Guard, so the minute I hear about Pearl, I know the kiddin' is over. We head right home. We been back and forth so often, I kind of lost count. A guy in the engine room never sees anything anyhow."

His forearm gaily adorned with The Rock of Ages pricked in an inch above two slant-eyed geisha girls, he is just back from a ten-day liberty. "Nothin's the same," he said. "The same guys ain't hanging around. Back in Baltimore I didn't know nobody." He grinned under his dented nose.

(Continued on Page 82)

SEAGOING TAXI No. 1

(Continued from Page 23)

"Guess when you're gone as long as we are, you forget a war's going on," George's big moment of the war came at Gela, Sicily. Off Sicily, the X drew a slot that was under constant bombardment for four days. LC's surged back and forth day and night, drawing fire with each new load of reserves and the wounded they hurried back.

"Boy, were we getting it!" George said. "Bomb misses, evasive tactics, the Navy doctors topside operating eighty-two hours at a crack. This ship's had more operations than anything afloat, barring hospital ships."

His prize memory, however, is the admiral on a near-by cruiser who yelled over the intership phone, "Cease fire! Friendly planes overhead!" The enlisted man at the transport's fire-control station cried back, "Friendly planes, hell! They're bombing us!" And the admiral, a reasonable man, said hurriedly, "Sorry, my mistake!"

"Brother," George said dreamily, "that was something!"

Taking no chances on being considered fat, dumb and eager, the "Pearl Harbor boys" are the first to insist that the transport's luck clings to it because it is a happy ship.

"It has to be to keep plugging right in there," Tom Eisenreich, boatswain's mate, second class, said soberly. A quiet, gray-eyed boy who's worried about whether he'll be good for anything but the sea after the war. He's been aboard the X in the North and South Atlantic, the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean and the North and South Pacific, in ports from Halifax and Bombay to San Francisco and death-ridden atolls.

"A gun captain has his share of grief," he said, "but nothing compared with those German officers," he said. "We brought a load of them back from North Africa. Rommel's Afrika Korps. They were always bellyaching. My own dad having been born in Germany, I looked those fellows over pretty close. They didn't strike me like any supermen."

Nagging Nazis

How those Germans reacted to defeat can be described as something right out of Mein Kampf. Young officers of the Afrika Korps and the elite Hermann Goering Division, they marched aboard in desert caps and shorts, Nazi eagles and full decorations, down to the last shoulder patch, gleaming in the African sun. From the moment they hit the deck, they spent every waking moment quoting their rights under the Geneva conventions. Ignoring senior officers, the Nazi Party members chose their own representatives to make never-ending demands.

"They didn't look like the public's conception of them," Lt. Comdr. Edward Allen, Jr., acting executive officer said slowly. "No, sir, the Nordic super-man was missing. No Heidelberg scars. But there was no satisfying them. They were even trying to tell me what part of the deck they should be allowed to exercise on. When I told them Sicily had been captured, they screamed, 'It's a lie! It's a lie!'"

Back in this country there were two and three day leaves before Transport X learned that its know-how in putting invasion forces ashore was to be used now in the South Pacific. Amphibious landings are as split second as the Notre Dame shift. Transport X's boys had become experts the hard way. They knew how to hit the beach on the nose—not too early, when they would run into an attack from their own ships and planes; nor too late, when the enemy has had a chance to poke his head aboveground. They had that cold precision the Navy demands in all assault transports, when too little and too late means countless casualties.

Pushing into the Pacific, Lieutenant Commander Allen saw at first hand the differences two fronts can have in the same war. "We had marines this time. With the landing hour just over the horizon, the officers stripped off their rank and the medical corpsmen threw away their arm bands. The Japs go for them first. They didn't have to do that in Sicily and Africa."

Nearing Makin, invasion preparations were like all others. Marines and soldiers come up the gangplank under full battle equipment. They hesitate as they reach the deck, casting a long slow look, taking in the grim holds swallowing supplies. *This is it, they think. This is it.*

Their officers are already herding them into quarters below decks, sardine-tight. Folding bunks drop down from the bulkheads, crap games break out and, if they're lucky, may be one of them has a guitar along. Cramped as they are, each company is self-sufficient, taking turns at shipboard KP, their own mess units cooking in tiny galleys while their own medics give the boys a final check-up. Going out on a mission, the transport puts on entertainment. Men cleaning their rifles and sharpening their bayonets sit quietly in the blazing sun, watching crew members, draped in grass skirts, blossom out as hula dancers. Transport X also has her own flee club and an eleven-piece dance band, strictly hot.

Not infrequently, marines grab a partner and break out in wild jitterbugging. On Sunday, undershirts white in the dazling heat, they have church. Now posted, the X's crewmen are at their gun sterts, earphones waiting for that second when enemy planes prick the sky and the fleet throws up its raging hell. Now and then a gun crew glances down at the kneeling men. And that night there are

June 24, 1944

3

motion pictures in the crew's messroom for the troops—life and love and gaiety flickering against the bulkhead screen. Musical comedies are the prime favorites.

"Great morale builders," Captain O'Neill said soberly. "I wish we could put them on every night."

One day the crew suddenly appears in battle haircuts, shorn to a maximum of one inch, in case of head injuries and hurried surgery.

When the quiet marines and soldiers who are going in with the first assault wave see that, they write their last letters home.

The ship tightens up. The whole task force can almost smell the Japs. The landing-craft coxswains are listening quietly while Lieutenant Emerson tells them where and when. In the blue light of his quarters, their faces are very young. "You'll stand up going in," he says. "Too much coral. If you're ducking and can't see a reef, you'll tear your screw out on that coral. I don't want men killed through our making them wade in the last hundred yards with their rifles over their heads. I want them on the beach."

The bombardment, bursting the ear-drums, started a few hours before dawn. Makin, its fronds swaying in the wind, has been splintered by the time the LC's circling offshore, jammed with crouching troops, catch the signal and suddenly dart for the beach.

"It's all flames and dive bombers and red explosions," Red Short said. "When you hit as the barrage lifts, you don't see how anything could be alive. And then the rifles and machine guns open up all over the place, like somebody shooting off firecrackers in a cemetery. That's when it gets rugged."

One thing happened at the Marshalls that not even the chaplain can explain.

(Continued on Page 84)

EVENING POST

(Continued from Page 22)

"Now and again, it seems man can have one quick glance into the terrifying future. At Kwajalein, a young marine, leaping ashore in the first wave, looked back at his coxswain, who was frantically trying to get his boat off. 'Wait a minute!' he yelled. He hadn't charged another five feet before he was hit. He came, half crawling, back toward the boat. 'Okay, coxswain,' he whispered. 'You can take her back now.' How and if he knew he was going to be hit, we'll never know."

The Coast Guard youngsters are always champing for more direct action. One of the X's crews had its chance at Eniwetok. A marine, locating an isolated Japanese pillbox, was waging a one-man war against it when an LC came in with supplies at this deserted cove. The marine, hurling grenades into the pillbox, was having no luck. Fast as his grenades landed, the Japs threw them right back at him. "Give me a hand, will you?" the enraged marine cried, worn with ducking his own grenades. "Just bring up those coconuts!"

Under a near-by palm were 100 or more. The LC crew began hurling coconuts by the dozen into the pillbox. Behind them, the marine mixed up their delivery with a judicious hand grenade here and there. Finally, the Japs could keep up their mad fielding no longer. The whole pillbox blew up.

The X had its part in the mopping-up parties on the Marshalls. Three landings, from one captured atoll to another, were made in five sweltering days. In the once-quiet waters of the lagoon, quaking on all sides under the constant bombardment, the Navy medical officers aboard went steadily about their surgery. Next to Captain O'Neill, the six doctors, dentist and enlisted medical corpsmen are the transport's favorite people. Aboard since the African invasion, the hospital unit has remained intact, and probably has performed more major surgeries than any other ship in combat service.

Lt. Richard Campbell, USNR, his eyes bright behind steel-rimmed glasses on a tanned, pleasant face, chuckled. "No-body knows how many operations we've done—somewhere up in the hundreds," he said. "Numbers don't matter, anyhow. It's how many boys you can save." Off Sicily, Doctor Campbell's unit operated almost continuously for four days, getting by on black coffee and a quick wink whenever a table was vacant.

Floating Hospital

When the Transport X hits an invasion front, the patients who came to his offices in Battle Creek's Security Bank Building wouldn't know their doctor. Scrubbed and ready, Doctor Campbell is at his topside station. Her troops gone in, the X is a floating hospital. The day before, the doctors have taken twenty-five to thirty pints of whole blood from crew donors. Whole blood is needed in instances of great loss, as in amputation. Plasma, the great lifesaver, is used in the treatment of wound shock. Besides their battle haircuts, the whole crew is in clean clothes, and shaven, against the chance that shrapnel may make them patients also.

Dressing stations are scattered all over the ship, accommodating 250 casualties. The medical unit, rotates at these posts, one doctor and eight corpsmen going in with each beach party. In a foxhole, they set themselves up as a rough-and-ready hospital unit. "That," Doctor Campbell said, "is where it's really the quick or the dead. On a beachhead, you can only give elementary aid—tourniquets, first treatment of burns, fast dressings to hold a man's insides together. If they're hit bad, you slug them with a half grain of morphine. The LC's bring them back to the ship as fast as we can turn them over. It's not uncommon for a man to go down

June 24, 1944

the landing net into an LC, hit the beach, and be back aboard, wounded, in half an hour.

"I've never gotten over being surprised at their sheer courage. I've seen a boy propped up against a bulkhead, his leg blown off below the knee, take a cigarette and a glass of grapefruit juice while waiting his turn inside. They never complain. They just sit there, propped up, waiting."

In the Marshalls, working with a marine medical shore party, the ship's foxhole-dressing-station crew was hemmed in all night on an ever-tightening beachhead. It was a night none will ever forget.

"One of the marine corpsmen, a boy named Pritchard, had been all over the beach that day. A smart, alert lad, the wounded were calling for his help all day. 'Pritchard,' they'd yell. 'Over here, Pritchard.' When night fell, the hospital unit had to fall back almost to the ocean. It was a small perimeter, with the Japs infiltrating closer and closer at nightfall. By then, they knew Pritchard's name—they'd been trying to snipe him all day. They would rather kill a corpsman than a colonel any time. A corpsman sends too many men back into action."

Jungle Treachery

"Pitch black, the Japs went to work on the kid then. 'Pritchard,' they'd cry, 'Pritchard, over here,' in that funny singsong of theirs. 'Wounded man here, Pritchard.' They kept it up all night. Pritchard, so worked up he began to pick out voices he swore weren't Japs, but our own boys needing help, had to be stopped, time and again, from going out after them. The Japs kept at him. 'Pritchard,' they'd cry. 'Pritchard, man is dying. Come now, Pritchard.' About four, he couldn't take it any longer. He dashed past the perimeter to help one of the voices. The Japs killed him with one

61.

Coxswain Thomas Short saw action aplenty at Eniwetok.



Lt. Richard Campbell, USNR, doctor, a favorite aboard.



Lt. Robert Emerson, Group Boat Commander, took the LC's in.



Capt. Merlin O'Neill won Legion of Merit at Sicily.



Chief Machinist's Mate George Drega, tattooed veteran.



Lt. Com. Edward Allen, Jr., acting executive officer.

PHOTOS BY GENE LESLER.

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD

Address reply to:
COMMANDANT
U.S. Coast Guard
Headquarters
Washington, 25, D.C.

File: P15
(239-513)

Mr. Douglas Pierpont
43 Woodland Street
Hamden, Connecticut

Dear Sir:

The U.S.S. LEONARD WOOD has been awarded the Navy Unit Commendation for exceptionally meritorious service in action against enemy aircraft, shore batteries, mines and submarines. The award has been made for participation in the following operations:

The North African Landing - November 8 to 13, 1942;
The Capture of Sicily - July 9 to 12, 1943;
The Marshall Islands Operations - January 31 to February 8, 1944;
February 17 to 25, 1944;
The Marianas Operation - June 15 to 24, 1944;
The Occupation of Southern Palau - September 6 to October 14, 1944;
The Leyte Landings - October 20, 1944;
The Lingayen Landings - January 9, 1945

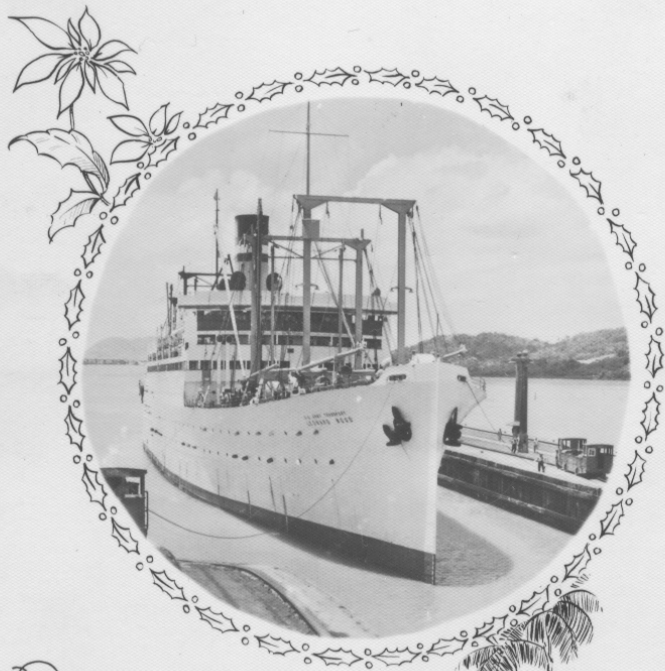
By virtue of your service on board the above named vessel during the period for which it has been cited, you are authorized to wear as a part of your uniform the inclosed Navy Unit Commendation ribbon.

I take this opportunity to express my personal congratulations on this well-deserved recognition of your services while attached to the above named vessel. The credit you have brought to the Coast Guard by your devotion to duty and adherence to the traditions of the Service is deeply appreciated.

Very truly yours,

(signed) MERLIN O'NEILL
Vice Admiral, U.S. Coast Guard
Commandant

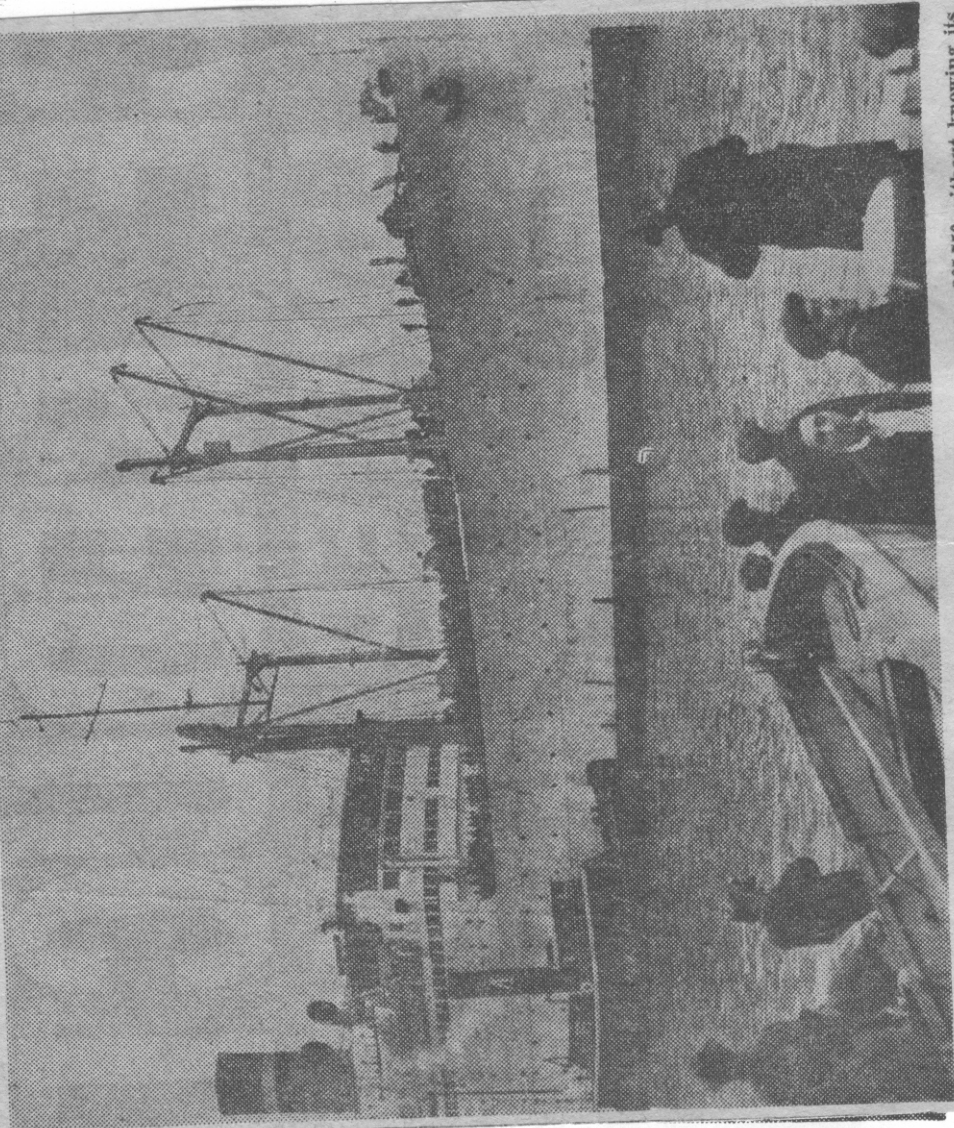
Incl.
NUC ribbon



Merry
Christmas

U.S. ARMY TRANSPORT "LEONARD WOOD"
PRIOR TO BEING FITTED OUT FOR AMPHIBIOUS
LANDING OPERATIONS.

Senate Group Reveals U. S. Scrapped Ship At 'Bargain' Price



The Government sold the steamship Leonard Wood (above) as scrap for \$65,750 without knowing its hull contained \$200,000 in lead ballast, a Senate subcommittee announced in Washington yesterday. Investigators said Consolidated Builders, Inc., of Portland, Ore., a subsidiary of industries headed by Henry J. Kaiser, purchased the ship which was operated during the war by both the Army and Navy. The latter added the ballast but records showing the change apparently were lost. (AP)

APPENDIX B

Wartime humor and civilian Rationing tickets

OFFICIAL SYMPATHY SLIP

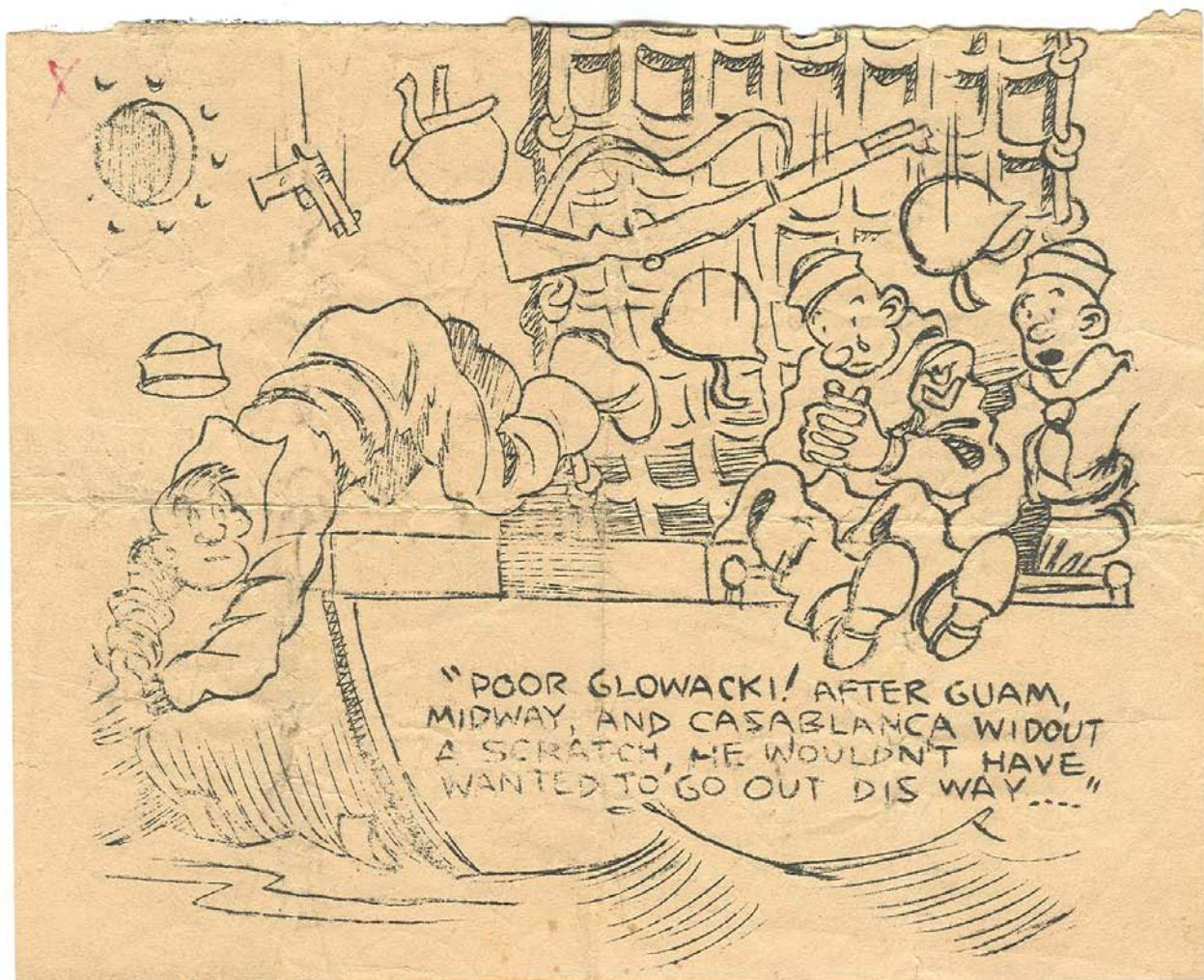


"SAILOR. YOUR TRIALS and tribulations break my heart. They are unique. Never in all my experience in the Coast Guard have I heard anything like them.

"To show you how deeply I sympathize with you in your great troubles. I give you this Sympathy Slip which entitles you to one full hour of sympathy when presented to any chief boatswain's mate."

This slip may find appropriate use amongst shipmates who object to the continual grumbling and complaining of chronic gripers. Tear it out and present it to the next Coast Guard grouch who crosses your path!

⚓ Page Fifty-four ⚓



"POOR GLOWACKI! AFTER GUAM, MIDWAY, AND CASABLANCA WIDOUT A SCRATCH, HE WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED TO GO OUT DIS WAY...."

AN ANSWER TO ALL BITCHING
SOLDIERS, NAVY, AND SAILORS



WE'LL PLAY THE FIDDLE
YOU TURN THE PAGES

SYMPATHY SLIPS

*Love and kisses
Maudie
A.S.P.*

OPA Form No. R-1201

FOOD RATION CERTIFICATE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

Original not valid after 60/19/43
(60 days from date of issue)

Serial No. **173861 B**

DUPLICATE - NOT VALID
To be retained by person to whom issued

Issued to Douglas M. Herpont for

Address 43 Woodlawn

(In the amount of SIXTEEN POINTS)

Local Board No. <u>159</u> City <u>Haverhill</u> County <u>NH</u> State <u>CONN</u>	AMOUNT IN FIGURES <u>16</u> POUNDS OR POINTS OF <u>Processed Food</u> Print name of commodity (e.g. Coffee) or group (e.g. Processed Foods)
--	--

By [Signature]
(_____) (Signature of issuing officer)
Title _____

RATION TICKETS SUCH AS THIS WERE REQUIRED
FOR THE PURCHASE OF GASOLINE, SUGAR,
MEAT AND SOME DAIRY PRODUCTS DURING WWII

X

O. P. A. Form No. R-306

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION
SUGAR PURCHASE CERTIFICATE

Not Valid Before 11/14/43
Date

Serial No. C **21485334** **TRIPLICATE**

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT:

Name: Douglas M. Herpont Address: 43 Woodlawn

City: Haverhill County: NH State: CONN

is authorized to accept delivery of ONE POUND (_____) pounds of sugar
pursuant to Rationing Order No. 3 (Sugar Rationing Regulations) of, and at a price not to exceed the maximum price estab-
lished by, the Office of Price Administration.

Local Rationing Board No. 159 Date: 11/19/43

County: NH State: CONN By: [Signature] Signature of issuing officer
Title _____

To Be Retained by Original Holder

APPENDIX C

Awards and Discharge

NOTICE OF SEPARATION FROM U. S. NAVAL SERVICE - COAST GUARD
 NAVPERS-553 (REV. 8-45)

152109

1. SERIAL OR FILE NO. 239-513	2. NAME (LAST) (FIRST) (MIDDLE) PIERPONT, Douglas Montgomery Jr.,-Cox.	3. RATE AND CLASS/OR 43 Woodlawn Street Hamden, Conn.	5. PLACE OF SEPARATION OffComdr3rdCGD New York, N.Y.
4. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES			6. CHARACTER OF SEPARATION Honorable
RANK AND CLASSIFICATION			7. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT Branford, Conn.


6. RACE W	9. SEX M	10. MARITAL STATUS M	11. U.S. CITIZEN (YES OR NO) Yes	12. DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH 8-10-22 New Haven, Conn.
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RECORD OF NAVAL SERVICE	13. REGISTERED YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO <input type="checkbox"/>	14. SELECTIVE SERVICE BOARD OF REGISTRATION -----	15. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE Same as #4
	16. MEANS OF ENTRY (INDICATE BY CHECK IN APPROPRIATE BOX)		17. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE 12-3-41
	18. NET SERVICE (FOR PAY PURPOSES) (YRS., MOS., DAYS) 5-2-2		19. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE New York, N.Y.
	20. QUALIFICATIONS, CERTIFICATES HELD, ETC. those of rating.		21. RATINGS HELD A.S.; Sea.2c.; Sea.1c.; Cox. BM2c.
23. SERVICE SCHOOLS COMPLETED NATC, Dam Neck, Va.		WEEKS 1	22. FOREIGN AND/OR SEA SERVICE WORLD WAR II <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO
24. SERVICE (VESSELS AND STATIONS SERVED ON) RONY; CG YARD; BEACH HAVEN STATION; CGDet, New River, NC; LEONARD WOOD; CGOB, Los Angeles, Calif CGRS, Phila, Pa; OffComdr4thCGD; OffComdr13thCGD; CGRS, Mt. Rainier, Wash; CG UNIT#258; UNALGA; CGOB, Ket, Alaska; OffComdr17thCGD; OffComdr3rdCGD.			

IMPORTANT: IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTOR'S SUBDIVISION, VETERAN'S ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.			
25. KIND OF INSURANCE NSLI	26. EFFECTIVE MONTH OF ALLOTMENT DISCONTINUANCE Jan., 1947	27. MO. NEXT PREMIUM DUE Feb., 1947	28. AMOUNT OF PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH \$8.25
29. TOTAL PAYMENT UPON DISCHARGE \$ 289.17	30. TRAVEL OR MILEAGE ALLOWANCE INCLUDED IN TOTAL PAYMENT \$ None	31. INITIAL MUSTERING OUT PAY \$100.00	32. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO CONTINUE INS. Continue
33. NAME OF DISBURSING OFFICER W. G. SCHAEFER, Lieut.(jg), USCG		34. REMARKS Reduction in rating from BM2c. to Cox. was necessitated by the reduction in the enlisted complement of the CG and is not a reflection on the ability or character of Pierpont.	

Ent.to: American Defense Ribbon; American Theatre Ribbon; European Theatre Ribbon; Asiatic-Pacific Theatre Ribbon; World War II Victory Medal; and CG Good Conduct Medal.

Certified to have taken 119 days leave during the period from 12-3-41 to 8-31-46. 54 days accrued leave remaining prior to 8-31-46. Granted 67 days terminal leave enroute to this office from OffComdr17thCGD.

EMPLOYMENT AND EDUCATIONAL DATA	36. NAME AND ADDRESS OF LAST EMPLOYER Carl Alvord Watertown, Conn.		37. DATES OF LAST EMPLOYMENT FROM 12/40 TO 12/41	38. MAIN CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND D. B. I. NO. Ordinary Seaman
	39. JOB PREFERENCE (LIST TYPE, LOCALITY, AND GENERAL AREA) Now employed as Layout man Yale Const. Co. Branford, Conn		40. PREFERENCE FOR ADDITIONAL TRAINING (TYPE OF TRAINING) Undecided.	
	41. NON-SERVICE EDU. (YRS. SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED) GRAM. 8 H. S. 3 COLL. -		42. DEGREES -	
	43. MAJOR COURSE OR FIELD -		44. VOCATIONAL OR TRADE COURSES (NATURE AND LENGTH OF COURSE) -	
45. RIGHT INDEX FINGERPRINT 		46. OFF DUTY EDUCATIONAL COURSES COMPLETED None		
47. DATE OF SEPARATION 4 February, 1947		48. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED <i>Douglas Montgomery Pierpont, Jr.</i> DOUGLAS MONTEGOMERY PIERPONT, JR.		

Document Presented to State of Connecticut World War II Bonus

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD

42 Broadway

New York 4, New York

Address reply to
Comdr., 3rd Coast Guard District (pmm)
Refer to file: CG-670

4 February, 1947

From: Commander, Third Coast Guard District (pmm)
To: PIERPONT, Douglas M. (239-513) Cox.

Subj: Award of Good Conduct Medal (and, or) Bar

1. You are hereby awarded 1 Good Conduct Medal (and, or) Bar for having completed a continuous period of 3 years' active service in the United States Coast Guard with no mark in conduct of less than 4.0. Appropriate entry has been made in your service record.

2. You are authorized to have engraved on the reverse side of the medal, your name, the name of the vessel or station, CGCS, Esbington, Pa. to which you were attached on the date you became entitled thereto, and the date of completion of the creditable service period, which is 12/2/44.

3. The date on which you became eligible for the Good Conduct Bar is . You are authorized to have engraved on the face of the Bar, the name of the vessel or station, .

J. P. GERMAN
~~V. PIERPONT~~
By direction

Ind-1
Comdr., 3rdCGD
4 February, 1947

To: THE COMMANDANT (PMM)

Receipt of 1 Good Conduct Medal (and, or) Bar listed above is acknowledged this date.

cc: Service Record
Douglas M. Pierpont (239-513) Cox.

SERVICE MEDALS

TOP ROW:

left: European, African, Middle Eastern Campaign Medal with two bronze stars. One for the amphibious landings at Fedala, North Africa in the battle to take over Casablanca, and the other star for the landings at Scoglitti to drive the Germans off the island of Sicily.

center: US Coast Guard Good Conduct Medal issued after your first three year hitch for Fidelity, Zeal, and Obediance

right: Asiatic Pacific Campaign Medal with two bronze stars for the landings at Makin Island in the Gilbert Island Group and the landings at Kwajelein Is., Roi Is., and Nemur Is. in the Marshall Island Group

BOTTOM ROW:

left: American Defense Medal for service during the "Limited" emergency proclaimed by the president on 8 Sept 1939 or during the "Unlimited" emergency proclaimed by the president on 27 May 1941. Note these emergencies were proclaimed prior to the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor on 7 Dec 1941

center: World War II Victory Medal issued for service to our country during the wartime action between 1941 and 1945

right: American Campaign Medal issued for participation in the wartime campaign

LOWER CENTER:

Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon (See letter dated Feb 6, 1951)



B145389

Series B

Honorable Discharge



United States Coast Guard

This is to certify that

DOUGLAS MONTGOMERY PIERPONT, Jr. (239-513) a COXSWAIN
is Honorably Discharged from the OFFICE, COMMANDER, THIRD COAST GUARD DISTRICT
NEW YORK, NEW YORK and from the United States Coast Guard

This 14th day of FEBRUARY, 1947
This certificate is awarded as a Testimonial of Fidelity and
Esteem.

H. G. Bradbury
H. G. BRADBURY
CAPTAIN
CHIEF OF STAFF

U.S.C.G.
Department of the Navy

RECEIVED 12-1-54
RECORDED
In Vol. d. Page 22
Discharges, Soldiers
Sailors and Marines,
Town of North Haven,
Conn.

from 12-3-41 to 8-31-46. 54 days accrued leave remained prior to 8-31-46. Granted 67 days terminal leave enroute to this office from 0617CGD.

by the reduction of the enlisted complement of the Coast Guard and is not a reflection on the character or ability of Pierpont.

E. H. LANE, Ship's Clerk, USCG
By direction

E. H. LANE, Ship's Clerk, USCG
By direction

Authority for Discharge (Article 558 (1)(G) Regulations) Issued Honorably Discharge Button, Honorable Service Label Button, Honorable Service Label, and Satisfactory Service Card

Enlisted as Apprentice Seaman on 3 December, 1941 (Date)

At C. G. RECRUITING OFFICE, New York, New York for three (3) years

Born 10 August, 1922 at New Haven, Conn. (Date) (Place)

Qualifications Those of rating

Ratings held A.S., S.2c., S.1c., Cox., B.M.2c.

Certificates None

Service schools completed Naval Anti-Aircraft Training Center, Dan Neck, Va.

Special duties for which qualified Those of rating

Service (vessels and stations served on)

RO, NY; CG YARD; BEACH HAVEN STATION; CG DET, NEW RIVER, NC; USS LEONARD WOOD, CGOB, LOS ANGELES, CAL; CGRS, PHILA, PA; OC4CGD; OC13CGD; CGRS, MT. RAINIER, WASH; CG UNIT #2500; CGC UNALGA; CGOB, KETCHIKAN, ALASKA; OC17CGD; OC3CGD;

Released (Active Duty) from 3 December, 1941 to 4 February, 1947

Discharged from Special Temporary enlistment. (Regular - Special Temporary - Reserve)

Rating at discharge Coxswain { } Service No. 239-513

Marital Status Married

E. H. LANE, Ship's Clerk, U.S. C. G.
By direction and Executive Officer.

Personal marks, etc.



I hereby certify that I have examined the man herein named and find that he:

is physically qualified for reenlistment.
does not require treatment or hospitalization.

I certify that this is the actual print of the right index finger of the man herein named.

E. H. LANE, Ship's Clerk, USCG, U.S.P.H.S.
By direction and Medical Officer.

Monthly rate of pay when discharged \$105.00

I hereby certify that the within named man has been furnished travel allowance amounting to \$ none at the rate of five cents per mile from New York, New York to New York, New York and paid \$ 289.17 in full to date of discharge. (Amount)

Total net service for pay purposes 5 years 2 months 2 days.

Signature of man: Douglas W. Pierpont, Jr.
T. C. CRABE, Lieutenant (jg), U.S. C. G. Alt. ADO. and Discharging Officer.

RECEIVED FOR RECORD UNIT...
 H. M., at Hamden, Conn.
 Town Clerk
 AT COMDR SPD CG DISTRICT OF E. J. BRENNAN, CDO.
 57209, NO. 78-808, CO NO. 5122, OFFICE NO. 35344.
 G. ROBERTS, FLEET (JG) USCG-ASST. DO.



DOUGLAS MONTEGOMERY PIERPONT, Jr.

To you who answered the call of your country and served in its Armed Forces to bring about the total defeat of the enemy, I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful Nation. As one of the Nation's finest, you undertook the most severe task one can be called upon to perform. Because you demonstrated the fortitude, resourcefulness and calm judgment necessary to carry out that task, we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace.

Harry Truman

THE WHITE HOUSE

000130 11-26-47



*The United States of America
honors the memory of*

DOUGLAS M. PIERPONT

*This certificate is awarded by a grateful
nation in recognition of devoted and
selfless consecration to the service
of our country in the Armed Forces
of the United States.*

Richard Nixon
President of the United States