

The **BLAST**

1st Quarter 2001 • Vol. 33, No. 1



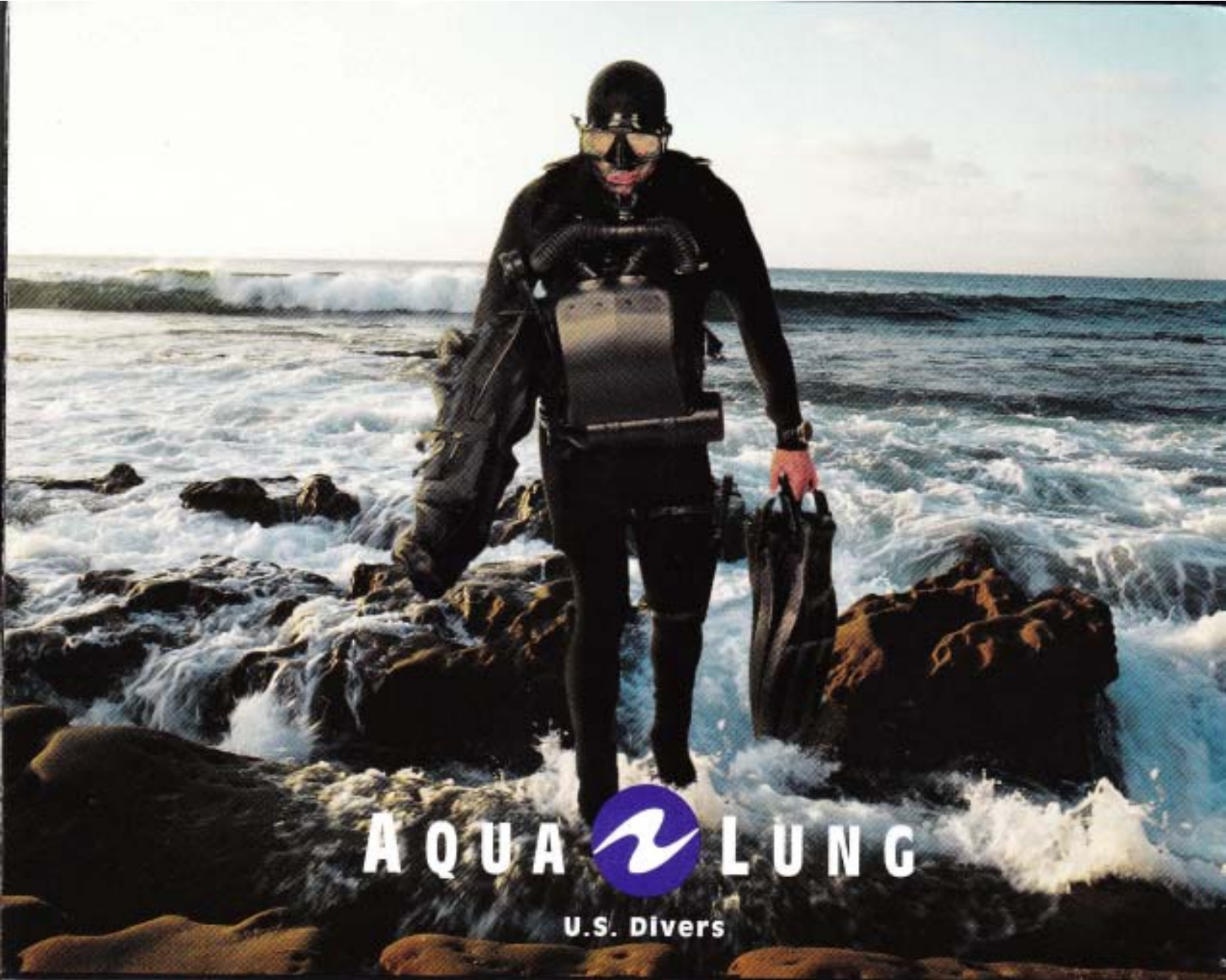
Journal of Navy Frogmen



U. S. Navy Beach Jumpers

RADM Albert M. Calland, III
Commander, Special
Operations Command Central





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1st Quarter 2001

Volume 33 Number 1

The **BLAST**

Journal of Navy Frogmen-Past and Present
1st Quarter 2001 Volume 33, Number 1
Publisher UDT-SEAL Association, Inc.

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Move? Deployed? Transferred? Wife or girl friend kick you out? Whatever the reason, don't lose touch with your fellow Frogs. Send your name and new address to the Association now. We don't need any more lost swim buddies. Learn, remember, and live the legacy!

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Cover: (Inset) RADM Albert M. Calland, III, Commander, Special Operations Command Central. BJU-2 Cover Photo compliments of Bernard Wolf.

PRESIDENT'S

Corner



By Tom Hawkins
UDT-SEAL Association
President



This BLAST contains our long promised Beach Jumper Unit edition. The BJUs were a fascinating organization that, like many special Navy units, was formed out of need within the Amphibious force during WWII. The BJUs were dissolved after the war, but reformed again for Korea. After that, they became an integral part of Navy doctrinal planning.

After they were reformed in the early 1950's, they were organized as a part of the Atlantic and Pacific Amphibious Training Commands, but took their tasking from the Fleet Commanders. During the period of the Viet Nam War, the BJUs were a fully integrated component of Naval Special Warfare Groups Atlantic and Pacific.

Shortly after formation of the SEAL Teams in 1962, the Navy established the Naval Operations Support Groups (NOSG's) in the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets (later to be called NSW Groups Atlantic and Pacific). Within the Amphibious Force, the NOSGs were designed to organize the Navy's "Unconventional Warfare" force then being demanded by President Kennedy. NOSG component commands included the UDT and SEAL Teams, newly formed Boat Support Units (BSUs), and Beach Jumper Units.

Interestingly, the most notable Beach Jumper of the post-war period, Captain Phil Bucklew, of Scout and Raider fame during WWII, became the first Commander, Naval Operations Support Group, Pacific. Returning to his roots in naval special warfare, he became an exceptional leader in the modern-day NSW community—in command of NOSGPAC and later as the NSW proponent in the Pentagon. The NSW Training Center in San Diego is named in his memory.

During the early 1960's, Captain Bucklew and a small assigned staff were sent to Viet Nam to assess the overall naval outlook for improved support of Unconventional Warfare. The result was "The Bucklew Report" that helped CINCPACFLT and the OPNAV Staff in Washington design an overall naval strategy for a "brown-water" Navy. I'll stop at that, since it is easy to get too far off the subject here.

The definitive book on the BJs is entitled, "Seaborne Deception, The History of the U.S. Navy Beach Jumpers," by John B. ("Barry") Dwyer. Since his "Preface" provides such an exceptional and concise compilation of facts, I am going to borrow it to introduce this exceptional community of men to those of you who don't know about them.

"This is the story of the U.S. Navy's tactical cover and deception units, the Beach Jumpers. These units were unique for several reasons, one being their dual genesis. One was conceptual-organizational under Commander, Amphibious Force, Atlantic Fleet; the other was technical, and involved the government's Office of Scientific Research and Development, specifically its National Defense Research Committee's (NDRC) Divisions 15 and 17, which were responsible for radio and radar countermeasures and deception, and the Naval Research Laboratory.

Underway and operational, the Beach Jumpers (cover name)

represented the synergistic synthesis of the twin origins, combined to implement the tactical details of strategic cover and deception plans in support of amphibious landings. Perhaps the best way to explain their mission is through the words of the "father" of World War II military deception, Brigadier General Dudley Clarke, who commanded the British A-Force deception agency:

Deception begins, as it were, at the base of a triangle, and concentrates all its efforts toward a single point, the senior members of the enemy's intelligence staff, ideally, their chief. If the deceivers can make him believe the authenticity of their ersatz evidence, while concealing its origins, they've accomplished their goals.

Deception is an art, not a science. Those who practice it must be adept at making something out of nothing; to conceive their own original notion, and then clothe it with realities till eventually it appears as a living fact. And so deception staffs should comprise imaginative, creative people who also have an adequate knowledge of the targeted enemy intelligence organization's nature.

The head of the deception department can be likened to the author and producer of a play, charged by the impresario Commander-in-Chief to execute the kind of play he needs, and its required aim. Upon approval of the final version, he leaves the rest to his deception master and his staff specialists.

The Commander must insure that the deception plan is aimed at the proper objective, for only then can it hope to achieve the desired result, i.e. influencing the enemy's actions. (Letter, Brigadier Dudley Clarke, to Major General Lowell Rooks, U.S. Army, Undated)

This book (*Seaborne Deception*) will concern itself with seaborne deception primarily, the "making of something out of nothing" as practiced by the Beach Jumpers as the central element of diversionary missions in support of U.S. and Allied amphibious operations.

The "deception master" was Lt. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., USNR, the actor-turned-naval-officer who not only founded the Beach Jumpers but planned their Mediterranean theater missions, which, appropriately enough, comprised several theatrical aspects: the dramatic dialectic of illusion versus reality and magical conjuring. For in a very real sense, on the "stage" of the Mediterranean "theater," the Beach Jumpers, under Fairbanks's direction, played their assigned roles, creating and sustaining an illusory reality with special devices and equipment to divert, confuse, and deceive the enemy "audience." As with any good drama, the plots were multi-layered and mutually reinforcing. In the process of devising them, Fairbanks maintained close liaison with A-Force, with whose deception plans his had to agree, theirs in turn concocted in concert with the global strategic scheme of Col. John Bevan's London Control Section. (See Anthony Cave Brown's book, *Bodyguard of Lies*, for a history of wartime global deception.)

Radio and radar countermeasures and deception, or RCM, as practiced by the Beach jumpers, can be seen as a World War II naval version of what today is called "stealth."

To the degree that they conducted it, they were pioneers in that revolutionary technology. And while Brigadier Clarke correctly described deception as an art, some of the best brains from Stevens Institute of Technology, Bell Telephone Laboratory, Harvard, the Naval Research Lab, and scientists and engineers working under the aegis of the NDRC developed and produced the technical weapons needed to conduct the deceptive art of RCM.

Those tactics successfully employed by the Beach Jumpers in the Mediterranean were suited to that theater's requirements. When the scene shifted to the Pacific, they had to be altered accordingly to meet its particular strategic demands, especially in the field of RCM. In response to them the Navy would produce its first manual codifying RCM procedures for the entire fleet, thus advancing the

evolution of naval stealth one more step.

Though special, secret, and distinct in and of themselves, Beach Jumper missions were always components of joint Allied military and strategic deception efforts. The British Navy and Allied air forces played important roles, as did Allied intelligence agencies. There were, almost always, close cooperation and agreement at Allied Forces Headquarters (AFHQ) G-3 [Intelligence Section] in what was, after all, a theater with a British Commander-in-Chief and American Supreme Commander. As for the Beach Jumpers, they operated as embarked personnel in the U.S. 8th Fleet, Commander Vice Admiral H.K. Hewitt's Task Group 804. They were a diverse and interesting group of officers and men: U.S. Naval Reserve Ensigns (most graduates of Notre Dame Midshipman School) and volunteers from private industry, young men seeking adventure in far away places, and even a Hollywood special-effects expert. They all joined forces to conduct special diversionary-deception operations, and in so doing saved thousands of American and Allied lives on hostile beaches from Sicily and south France to the Philippines, forging a new kind of naval warfare still practiced today.

The Beach Jumpers, so named, no longer exist. Today they are known as Fleet Tactical Deception Groups whose "electronic warriors" carry on the proud tradition, the art and science of deception. But it was the officers and men of the units coming out of Camp Bradford, Virginia [today a part of NAB, Little Creek, Norfolk, VA], and the scientists and engineers who developed their technical weapons, who started it all back in 1943. [Note: the name of the organization has changed again, and today they are known as the Fleet Information Warfare Commands, Atlantic and Pacific or FIWCs. Their mission has extended well beyond tactical deception and remains a very highly classified aspect of naval tactical and strategic planning.]

Of course, Barry Dwyer's "Preface" does not completely capture the fascinating and compelling history of the Beach Jumpers. For further discovery beyond that found in this edition of the BLAST, we urge you to obtain "*Seaborne Deception*" (ISBN 0-275-93800-X) from you local bookstore or library.

Inside the BLAST you will find some terrific contributions from men that were actually in the Beach Jumpers during various times during the unit's operational history. Foremost is the exceptional diary of Rusty Brown, which provides a magnificent accounting of his time in BJs. Others to contribute include: Sam Clemente, Michael Prince, Vincent Piscitelli, and Robert "Roger" Mills. Many of these men also sent photos for which we are deeply grateful.

Sam Clemente's early assistance to seek information and photos cannot be overstated. And John "Barry" Dwyer's advice and counsel and photos were of invaluable assistance.

I cannot say that we have done the Beach Jumper's justice in what is being presented in this dedicated edition of the BLAST, since it seems woefully inadequate. Many don't want to consider the Beach Jumpers a part of Naval Special Warfare, but I do—for several reasons.

First, when I came into the Navy, they were a part of NSW. Second, they were a special-mission unit during their inception, and if you are familiar with the definition

of Naval Special Warfare, they absolutely fit the mold. This may not be the most current definition, but it's the only one I could find quickly:

Naval Special Warfare (NSW). That set of naval operations generally accepted as being unconventional in nature and, in many cases, covert or clandestine in character, including the use of specially trained forces assigned to support and contribute to coastal and riverine interdiction and to conduct special action operations, unconventional warfare, psychological operations, beach and coastal reconnaissance, cover and deception, certain intelligence collection operations, and other clandestine/covert operations that may be required.

The fact is that the Beach Jumpers and their follow-on units were entirely too sophisticated to remain in NSW, especially during a time when NSW officer and enlisted career programs were being implemented. Moreover, they undoubtedly commanded a lot of attention in the budget preparation process too, and NSW officers did not have the background, training, and skill sets in electronic warfare to adequately command such matters.

During their tenure in NSW, the BJ officers and men taught us a lot about being in and surviving in the "big Navy." As one of NSW's most senior officer stated, "They (BJ officers) really knew how to write operational plans, and could knock them out with their eyes closed. He also said, "Basically, they taught us how to write." Well, that among others is a high tribute, and we are pleased to honor the men of the Beach Jumper Units with this dedicated edition of the BLAST.

Our next edition of the BLAST will be dedicated to UDT support of the Nation's early Space Flight Program. We have lots of pictures and only a few stories, so if any one wants to contribute a small story about their experience in any of the Gemini, Mercury, Apollo, or other missions, please get something to me before the end of March.



Better late than never, but we just got the photograph. Seen visiting the U.S. Supreme Court on 5 October 2000 are (l-r) Bob Rieve, Midge Weyers, Retired SEAL Dale Bosley (Marshall of the Court), Maynard Weyers, Marge and Rudy Boesch, Janette and Jack Lynch, Dee and Bob Clark, and Tom Hawkins. Rudy and Marge and their strap-hanging friends were given an exceptional tour of the U.S. Supreme Court building by Marshall Dale Bosley and an introduction to Justice Stephen G. Breyer. That night, the UDT-SEAL Association's Washington, DC Chapter held a sold out dinner at the Army-Navy Club to honor Rudy and Marge.

MAIL

Letters, letters, letters

Call



Ahoy Team Mates, I just read the info from Captain Bob Schoultz's e-mail concerning past Commodores. Having checked into the teams as a BM3 in Jan 64 most of this was out of my food chain but I remember the existence of COMUDULANT or TWO (Underwater Demolition Unit). LCDR Hodge or Hodges was filling the slot. If this was our OPCON prior to NOSE GROUP, as we called it, then maybe recognition is deserved. I remember using UDU as a forwarding address in training because you didn't know to what Team you would report (I didn't get any mail). I also remember Hodges and Kirby taking me to see Admiral McCain for the incident at the opening of the Little Creek Officers Club Pool. That's another story!

**Lt. H.S. (Bud) Thrift Jr. USN Ret.
Class30/UDT21/ST2/EODGRUTWO
"NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE"
(For the person who doesn't have to do it)**

(From SEAL PML) Team Mates; The following is closer to the core of me and what I believe about us and our great country, than anything else I have written. "All meetings of the UDT-SEAL Association start with the Pledge of Allegiance to the United States of America. In this group of men the Pledge was not taken lightly. In the room were the spirits of Teammates who had lost their lives for their country, men that carried the scars of battle and wore the Purple Heart, bearers of the Congressional Medal of Honor, and every other honor our country could bestow on its fighting men. At Class-29s table there were guys with tears in their eyes, I had huge goose bumps and a lump in my throat." For me, all that emotion is not about my country right or wrong, it is about those that went before. Those that had put everything on the line for a few thoughts on a piece of paper; those thoughts "The Declaration of Independence." The people with the courage to struggle to do what's right. Those that had built, piece by piece, what I was born into. When I say that Pledge, I am saying God Bless You, for what I was given, I will do my best to pass more on!

John C. Roat

Please pass on my "Well Done" to the person(s) who do the Directory. It is difficult enough to get all the names correct, but with the introduction of email addresses it has to be a very trying task. With names and addresses one has some expectation of word flow. But with email addresses there is no expectation to anticipate. And with the number of members who are changing email addresses or have two and want to change, well I know someone has a Well Done coming. You got mine correct, and that's all that counts. (You're supposed to be smiling). Good Frog Face humor.

**Ken Garrett
UDT-1**

I asked if Frank Romanick, Victor Lewis, and Rufus Pickham were receiving "The BLAST," which was answered in the negative. They

were all members of UDT #3 in the late 1940's. I was going to send a check to cover a subscription for the year 2001, but I just received a letter from Captain Romanick telling me that my friend and his had passed away from a heart attack.

Victor Lewis of Canon City, CO died from a heart attack in late May. I talked to Lewis last year and sent a Christmas card.

Romanick, Lewis, and Pickham were "Lost Swimmers," until Jim ("the other") Barnes helped me locate them. Thanks Jim. I wanted them to start receiving "The BLAST."

Captain Frank Romanick was Lt. And XO of the *USS Ingersoll (DD-652)* during WWII, when the ship took a hit and lost 27 men. Lt. Romanick had no way to make 27 body bags (canvas) for burial at sea, so he contacted a Chief Boatswain Mate who volunteered to stay up until the job was completed. Chief Lewis and Romanick became good friends. Lewis arrived in Coronado, CA two months after Romanick took command and stayed in Team #3 until he retired. Romanick went to the Bomb and Mine Disposal School and later to various ships.

Chief Lewis was pick-up man for many swimmer recoveries. He was just too large a man for any other job. On his first training run as pick-up man he threw Bob Coleman back in the ocean and placed me on top of the engine housing, causing my young body to be cut, bruised, and bleeding. We all go through learning phases.

In 1948 Pickham, the long, tall, skinny Texan arrived in Coronado to start training. I took one look at him and knew he'd never make the grade. He was so skinny he could have taken a bath in a shotgun barrel. He finished "Hell Week" with honors. I've been wrong before.

Lcdr. Romanick came to the Teams in 1947 and insisted on-going through the whole training phase including "Hell Week." He would not take command until he finished training.

I greatly respected those three men for different reasons. At one time I thought my C.O. was having a mental breakdown. He insisted that UDT should be better exposed to the public. We weren't getting any kind of extra pay unless we were on a submarine or at sea. He sent us to various events to make civilians aware of the "Frogmen." Many of us became Red Cross Certified Life Guards. The Del Coronado hotel was next to the UDT area and we became free Life Guards for the luxury hotel when many Senators, Admirals, etc., came for R&R. Romanick had a plan. Every (almost) Admiral and Senator wanted to completely remove UDT from the Navy. Romanick was one reason it didn't happen. He loved and took care of his men. Thanks.

**Tom Watkins
USN Retired**

Class 39W Seeking Reunion

**Ron ("HUK") Silvera (Team 11, Team 13,
and SEAL Team One) is trying to put
together a Class 39 reunion for
August 19, 2001 at the
Chart House Coronado.**

**If you are a member of Class 39W or
know someone in the
class, please have them
contact Ron Silvera via e-mail at:
RESURVEYS7@aol.com**



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Frogmen in Action

Frogmen in action during exercises off training beaches at Naval Amphibious Base, Little Creek, Virginia. From sea to air in helicopter, another method of pick up used during experimental exercises. (Photo No. 634257, dated 28 July 1947 from Naval Photographic Center, Washington, DC)

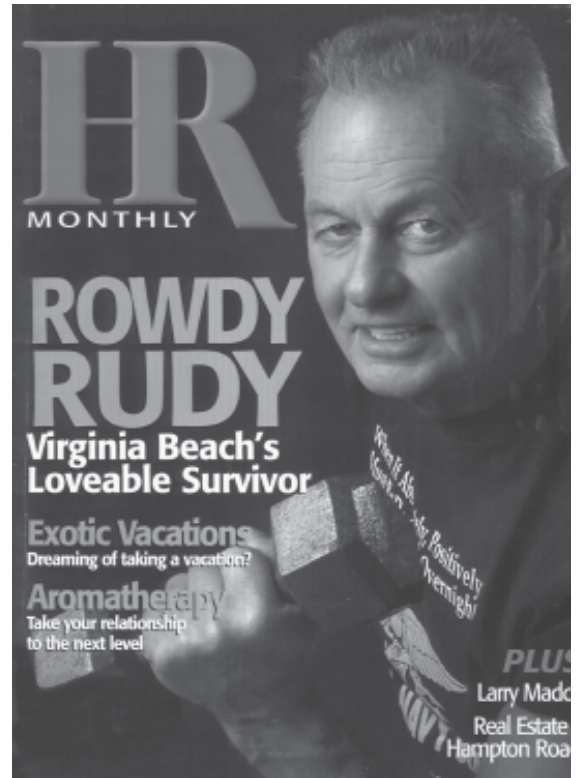


Photo at right: We think this photo was taken at either Pier 42 or Pier 92 in Seattle, Washington in the early 1950's. The man slung under the helicopter is "Swede" Johnson, who was then a member of UDT-1, 3rd Platoon. The UDT men stopped over in Seattle on the way back from training in Alaska to perform these helicopter training and experimental exercises. The other UDT man participating in these operations was either Joe Sehion or Bob Qualls. During this particular helo recovery procedure, the men were not recovered inside the helicopter. Perhaps BLAST readers can help us better identify the details surrounding some or all of these photos.





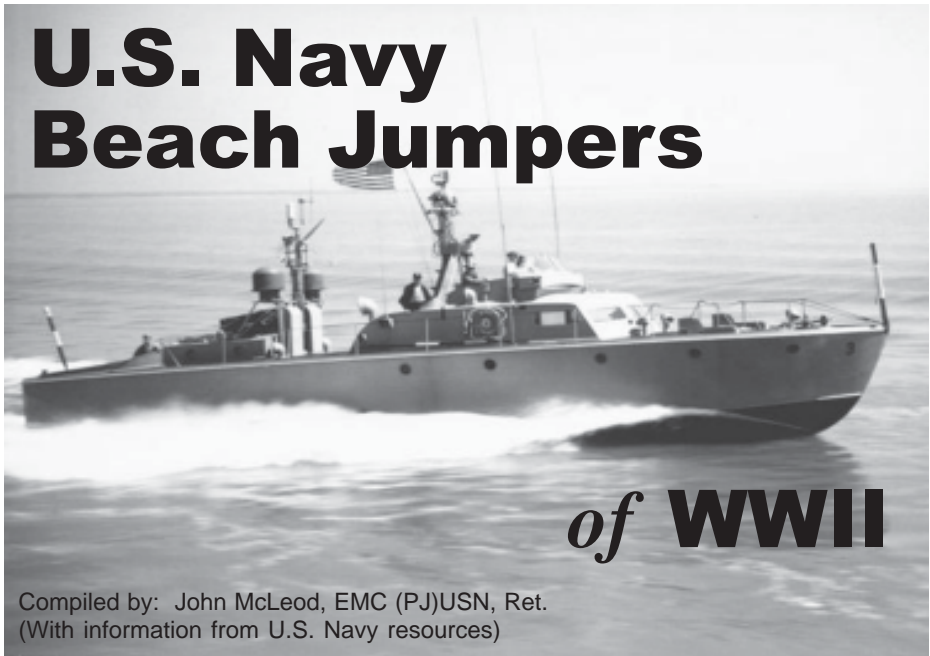
Like Father, Like Son. The above photo shows Rhodes Worthington, son of RADM George accomplishing his first tandem freefall parachute jump to celebrate his 18th birthday. The jump took place at Brown Field, San Diego, CA on 20 December. Rhodes went on to make seven more qualifying jumps and as of early January had a total of 13 jumps. HooYah Rhodes.



This photo is a bit late, but hey, we can only print photos when we get them. Shown above are retired SEALs, who were inducted into the SDV Team TWO Hall of Fame of 7 July 2000. The SDV Hall of Fame was commissioned by CDR Pete Wikul as he departed as Commanding Officer of SDV Team TWO. The Hall of Fame honors those who dedicated most of their lives to the SDV Teams. CDR Wikul said, "These are retired men who have made a significant impact on the SDV and have served in the most arduous and dangers of special warfare missions." Seen above after their induction are CDR(SEAL) Tom Hawkins, BMCM(SEAL) Ed Schimit, BMCM(SEAL) Jim Allegier, and CWO(SEAL) Dennis Richardson. The late BMCM(SEAL) Jim "Gator" Parks was also inducted into the SDV Hall of Fame. The MK VIII, Mod 1 SDV is was designated the "Gator Class" SDV in memory of this outstanding NSW operator.

Many in the Naval Special Warfare community have never heard about the Beach Jumper Units, and for many years, that's just the way they liked it. These super secret units were established during WWII, disappeared after the war, and returned during Korea, after which they became organizationally established and doctrinally embedded into the Navy's strategic warfighting plan. During the Viet Nam period they briefly became a part of Naval Special Warfare, since during formation of the Naval Operation Support Groups Atlantic and Pacific (now the Naval Special Warfare Groups) in 1963, the BJUs were administratively assigned to what we now know as NSW. We are presenting a condensed history in the following article. It was down loaded from the Internet, and after several futile attempts, we have been unable to determine the author. We recommend, as does this article, that readers desiring further discovery obtain a copy of John "Barry" Dwyer's book "Seaborne Deception-The History of U.S. Navy Beach Jumpers," (Praeger Publishers, 1992). This book provides a very authoritative accounting of the BJUs. This article is complemented by several additional first-person articles sent to us by former BJUs once we let it be known that we wanted to have a BLAST issue dedicated to the BJUs. The request for written material also spawned a good inventory of photographs. We have published many of these photographs, however, some might not be as clear and crisp as we might like. A low scan rate made it difficult for us to manipulate the size, so in many instances, what you see is what we got.

The legacy of the BJU has been extended and amplified in an organization today called the Fleet Information Warfare Command (FIWC). And, while officially connected with NSW for only a short period of time, we think it truly appropriate that we especially recognize and record the BJU history. You will note many operational ties with NSW; including the fact that many of the men were trained in explosives and rubber boat handling by the men of UDT. Also, during many fleet training exercises (FTX) UDT, SEALs, and BJUs frequently accomplished training exercises together.



Birth of the Beach Jumpers

Beach Jumpers were United States Navy tactical cover and deception units, which were organized under Admiral H. Kent Hewitt, then Commander, Amphibious Forces, and all U.S. Naval Forces in Northwest African waters and the Western Mediterranean. The concept for Beach Jumpers came about as a result of the activities of then Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks Jr., the Hollywood actor turned naval officer.



LT Douglas Fairbanks

During World War II, Lieutenant Fairbanks had been detached from "Blue water" duty on the high seas and assigned to duty with British Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten's Combined Operations (Commandos) in England.

Lieutenant Fairbanks' assignment was to be on one of those temporary duty officer exchange programs, where American Officers would acquaint themselves with the training, planning, and execution of raiding parties, diversions, and deception operations. Lieutenant Fairbanks however did more than just observe the workings of these commandos. He trained with them at the aptly named RMS Tormentor Advanced Training and Amphibious Operations Base, and at the Commando Training School at Ancharry Castle, Scotland. Subsequently, he participated in several cross channel harassment raids from the Isle of Wright, which was the forward base for such activities. It was during these raids that Lieutenant Fairbanks gained a true appreciation for the military art of deception.

Lieutenant Fairbanks was subsequently transferred to Virginia Beach where he came under the command of Admiral Hewitt, who was supervising the training of U.S. Naval forces in preparation of their deployment to North Africa and the Mediterranean. It was here that the brash movie star now Naval Lieutenant pitched his idea for a similar unit of specialists trained to conduct tactical cover, diversionary, and deception missions. Admiral Hewitt immediately saw the advantages of such a unit and agreed to support Fairbanks. All that was required now was to sell the Navy brass in Washington.

In Washington, Fairbanks was at his persuasive best. Inspired by the success of British Commandos in using sonic deception on raids against the Nazis, and Fairbanks' concept of operations, Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Fleet, and

Chief of Naval Operations, issued a secret letter on 5 March 1943 charging the Vice Chief of Naval Operations with the recruitment of 180 officers and 300 men for the Beach Jumper program.

The recruiting effort identified four general requirements: (1) no seasickness, (2) experience in small boat handling, (3) enough electrical knowledge to fix a home radio, and (4) at least fundamental knowledge of celestial navigation.” The announcement further stated that “The Navy is requesting volunteers for prolonged, hazardous, distant duty for a secret project.”

On 16 March 1943, the volunteers reported to the Amphibious Training Base at Camp Bradford, Virginia (*a section of the current day NAB, Little Creek in proximity to what is now SEAL Park and the Navy Exchange area*), where Beach Jumper Unit-1 was commissioned as a command. The basic mission of Beach Jumper Unit-1 was:

“To assist and support the operating forces in the conduct of Tactical Cover and Deception in Naval Warfare.”

Small boat handling, seamanship, ordnance, gunnery, demolitions, pyrotechnics, and meteorology were among the courses taught. Beach Jumpers were also cross-trained to handle all crew positions.

Beach Jumpers were assigned ten 63-foot Air-Sea Rescue Boats, (ARBs). These ARBs were double hulled, plywood construction, powered by either twin Hall-Scott 750 UP or Packard engines, and operated with an officer and a 6 man crew. The ASRs were equipped with twin 50 caliber machine guns and carried the unit’s deception gear and equipment. The boats also had ten, five on the port and five on the starboard bow,

3.5 inch window rockets, smoke generators or smoke pots and floating, time delay explosive packs.

The unit’s specialized deception equipment included: the multi-component beater consisting of a wire recorder; 5-phase amplifier; 1000 watt, 12-horn speaker; 3 UP Ohm generators for power. Also, Naval balloons ZKM and MK-6 models, to which strips of radar reflective window had been attached and could be towed behind the boats. Later, different models of jammer transmitters, such as the APT-2 (Carpet); APQ-2 (Rug); AN/APT-3 (Mandrel); AN/SPT-4; AM-14/APT; AM-18/APT; and AN/SPT-1 (DINA) were in operation.

There are several stories about how the Beach Jumpers got their name. One story has it that it was due to their capability of quickly hitting the beach and causing confusion with the enemy due to their harassment and deception operations. Perhaps the best theory as to how they got their name came from Harold Burris-Meyer, Theater and Sound Research Director for the Stevens Institute of Technology. The Stevens Institute was working on a Navy contract to study the psychological and psychological effects of sound on men in warfare. During a high level conference, Mr. Burris-Meyer responded to a question concerning the purpose of their work by stating: “To scare the be-jesus out of the enemy.” His engineering team used the “BJ” factor thereafter in their planning, which is said to have led to the inspiration for the cover name Beach Jumpers.

Unfortunately for Fairbanks, as a Lieutenant he did not have the rank to command such a unit. Anthony L. Rorschach, Cap-

tain, USN arrived at Camp Bradford on 15 May 1943 to take Command of the forming Beach Jumpers. Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., however, was given the assignment to develop, supervise, and coordinate all the plans with the British. Upon his return he was assigned as Special Operations Officer and Assistant Chief of Staff and Operations Officer to Captain Charles L. Andrews who had assumed the Command of all Beach Jumper activities. As Special operations Officer Fairbanks was responsible for the supervision, training, supplying, and planning for all Beach Jumper activities: all raids, special assault landings, and special operations. As Assistant Chief of Staff and Operations Officer Fairbanks was granted a security clearance level which allowed him access to any information the Beach Jumpers might need.

The Beach Jumpers mission would be to conduct deception operations in which they would simulate amphibious landings with a very limited force. Utilizing their deception equipment, the Beach Jumpers would lure the enemy into believing that theirs was the location of the amphibious beach landing, when in fact the actual amphibious landing would be conducted at another location. Beach Jumper Unit-1 (BJU-1) did not have to wait long to be tested. Their first operation was to be “HUSKY,” the assault on Sicily.

On the night of 10 July 1943, Beach Jumper Unit-1 was ordered to conduct a diversion off Cape San Marco, 100 miles west of the HUSKY landing area. The first attempt was recalled due to hazardous seas. On D+1, the weather was better and the operation began at 2200 hours. At 3,000 yards off shore, three of the ASRs prepared their heaters, and one ASR proceeded a thousand yards ahead and began to lay smoke. As the sound boats prepared to make their run parallel to the beach, a searchlight from Cape San Marco illuminated the area, accompanied by small arms and artillery fire. At 0230 the sound boats were ordered to secure their heaters and close the beach, which they did, firing guns and rockets. All boats retired on a course back to their home port at Pantelleria, Sicily at 0730 hours.

To keep the German’s attention, Commander Robinson was ordered to conduct another operation on the night of 12 July 1943, using all available craft. This time the shore batteries were completely alerted. The Germans were convinced that a landing was about to take place. Salvos of six-inch and smaller guns were thrown at the boats. The operation was a success and no casualties were sustained.

Operation HUSKY accomplished complete surprise due to the uncertainty created in the minds of some German Command-



BJ Lieutenant Bob Taft, USNR on his ARB in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, date unknown. (Photo courtesy of Mrs. Chan Sawyer via Barry Dwyer)

ers by the BJU-1 diversions and strategic cover and deception operations. BJU-1 was responsible for an entire German Reserve Division being held in place, as the German Command was unsure where the actual landing would take place.

Beach Jumpers Units ONE, THREE, and FIVE continued to support naval operations with their deception interventions into the summer of 1944. Their exceptional diversionary efforts during Operation Bigot-Anvil earned them the Presidential Unit Citation.



For his planning of the diversion-deception operations and his part in the amphibious assault on Southern France, Lieutenant Commander Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was awarded the U.S. Navy Legion of Merit with Bronze V (for valor), the Italian War Cross for Military Valor, the French Legion d'Honneur and Croix de Croix Guerre with Palm, and the British Distinguished Service Cross.

For the Beach Jumper Officers and men of Units 1, 3, 4, 5 who served in the Mediterranean Theater Operations, participation in their specialized brand of Naval Warfare was over. For some, the future meant service in newly formed BJ Units that deployed to the Pacific Theater.

The Beach Jumpers had a rough time getting started in the Pacific. BJU-6 and BJU-7 [were] combined with other Naval Units to form TG 77.11 that sailed on 16 December 1944 for Mindoro in the Philippines aboard the USS Orestes.

On 30 December 1944 at 1655 Hours, a kamikaze struck the water at an angle and bounced off the surface and then into the starboard side of the USS Orestes, the planes unexploded bomb was thrown upward and detonated within the ship resulting in 20 killed and 93 wounded. Unfortunately for Beach Jumpers, most of TG 77.11's top officers were among the killed or wounded.

On 1 January 1945, bombs at the PT Base on Managarin Bay killed 16 more men who had survived the kamikaze attack.

BJU-6 conducted their first diversion on 22-23 January 1945 by providing deception tactics in and around the coastal town of Unisan in the Tablas Strait. Beach Jumper communications deception followed a script that included a mix of ad-lib actual conditions at sea, radar and surface search information, orders, station keeping, references to putting boats into the water and the control of landing craft. They also broadcasted normal traffic.

The last Beach Jumper mission in WWII was their most ambitious. The effort featured a plan of maneuver and course changes during which rockets and smoke screens laid, with all activity ending by 0630 hours when all units were to rendezvous, change course a final time to 180 degree, reform, and return to base.

During this deception Beach Jumpers operated a full array of equipment that included jammer transmitters, radar intercept receivers, and

smoke generators. The diversions proved effective, allowing the 34th Regimental Combat Team and the 38th and 11th Airborne Divisions to land with little or no opposition.

Lieutenant Fairbanks was working on deception schemes to support the scheduled British landings on Singapore when the war ended. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., retired as Captain in the Naval Reserve.

Shortly after the end of World War II all Beach Jumper Units were deactivated.

Rebirth of Beach Jumpers

On 28 June 1951, Beach Jumper Unit ONE and TWO were reactivated. In July 1951, requirements for Beach Jumpers again became evident. Beach Jumper Unit-1 (Pacific Fleet) and Beach Jumper Unit-2 (Atlantic Fleet) were commissioned under a new directive of the Chief Naval Operations. Beach Jumper Unit-1 was formally commissioned 26 July 1951 at U. S. Naval Amphibious Base, Coronado, California. Administrative control of the Unit was held by Commanding Officer, Naval Amphibious Training Unit, but under operational control of Commander, Amphibious Forces, U.S. Pacific Fleet. Unit internal organization was similar to shipboard organization. Personnel allowance included ten officers and eighteen enlisted men.

As during their initial start there were those who questioned the worth of a deception unit in these modern times. As a fleet training exercise was planned, the Beach Jumpers unit was given a chance to prove their worth. It didn't take the Navy long to realize that deception still played an important part in modern warfare.





*Navigation Crew, BJU2 1952
L-R (Top) Brandt, Arnold, McAndrew, Foster
L-R (Bottom) Kovalchick, Schenible, Curtiss, Stephens*



Operations in support of commands to which it has been assigned."

The Vietnam War

Beach Jumpers Unit ONE, Team TWELVE was deployed in the Western Pacific area on a continuous basis. Although the Officer in Charge (OIC), Assistant OIC, and an administrative staff were headquartered at White Beach, Okinawa, the bulk of Beach Jumpers were divided into detachments and deployed in Vietnam.

Beach Jumpers knew that Fleet communications from COMPHIBLANT to ships at sea were relayed through radio Washington. Pretending to be COMPHIBLANT they sent an official message, via Radio Washington, ordering every ship Commanding Officer to report aboard the flagship the next morning to discuss terminating the exercise. The next morning at least half of the ship's commanding officers were aboard the flagship in a state of mounting confusion and anger. All doubt as to the worth of the Beach Jumpers program was quickly erased.

Through the late 1950's and into the early 1960's as the Cold War evolved into the "Counterinsurgency Era," Beach Jumper expertise in the area of manipulative and imitative deception and electronic warfare (EW) was employed in revolutionary new ways, both during scheduled fleet exercises and on actual operations. Additionally, a new secondary mission for Beach Jumper ONE was directed:

"To plan and execute Psychological

First to deploy for Vietnam service was Beach Jumper Unit One Detachment ALPHA, made up initially of 2 officers (later only one) and 10 enlisted men. The unit was assigned under the operational control of the Navy's Amphibious Ready Group (ARG) BRAVO, which supported Marine Special Landing Force (SLF) operations. Detachment ALPHA was responsible for employing psychological operations (PSYOP), which would become one of the Beach Jumpers' Vietnam missions and later, their unclassified cover activity. For the Beach Jumpers this meant things such as propaganda leaflet drops and loudspeaker broadcasts, which Detachment ALPHA conducted during all major ARG/SLF operations in 1966. Detachment ALPHA operated off of several naval platforms including the *USS Tripoli (LPH 10)*. Subsequently, Detachments BRAVO, CHARLIE, DELTA, ECHO, FOXTROT and GOLF joined Detachment ALPHA in Vietnam.

Detachment BRAVO initially consisted of one officer and eight enlisted men. (The team would later operate minus the officer.) Their primary task was to assist the carrier strike force in planning and executing deception efforts. They were assigned the primary mission of assist and support the operating forces in the conduct of Tactical Cover and Deception in Naval Warfare. Bravo was under the operations control of Commander Seventh Fleet. They conducted monitoring, tape preparation, and Soviet Signal Intelligence SIGINT trawler-jamming missions from destroyers.

Detachment CHARLIE consisted of one officer and five enlisted men. CHARLIE



Change of Command ceremony, NAB Coronado, 27 June 1966. LCDR Charles Witherspoon, USN relieves LCDR W.H. Kersting, USN. Captain Phil H. Bucklew, Commander, Naval Operations Support Group, Pacific and reporting senior, is seen at far right front. (Photo compliments of Barry Dwyer)



Bien Thuy, Republic of Vietnam – A Vietnamese interpreter continues to broadcast even though the Beach Jumper Unit is receiving small arms fire from an area of known Viet Cong activity. (U.S. Navy Photo by LTJG J. F. McGuire)

was under the operational control of Commander Task Force 77 and was assigned on board one of fleet tugs such as the *USS Cocopa (ATF-101)* shown in the photo at right. CHARLIE operated under the cover name “Yankee Station Special Surveillance Unit.” Their mission was to deceive and jam Soviet Signal Intelligence (SIGINT) and Electrical Intelligence (ELINT) trawlers that were monitoring US Naval operations in the Gulf of Tonkin. Detachment CHARLIE conducted counter SIGINT trawler activities, which included random wave jamming with noises that actually included bagpipe recordings.

Detachment DELTA was formed in June 1966. It was comprised of one officer and four enlisted men and assigned to Commander Naval Forces Vietnam. DELTA conducted psychological operations in support of Commander Task Forces 115,116,



Bien Thuy, Republic of Viet Nam – An U.S. Army Special Forces officer and his Vietnamese counterpart set up a perimeter defense as the Beach Jumpers prepare to begin a psychological warfare broadcast. (U.S. Navy Photo by LTJG J.F. McGuire)



Photograph of USS Copopa (ATF-101) underway.

and 117 operating in the Mekong Delta of Vietnam. They later were designated as

Team THIRTEEN. This detachment deployed to support SEA DRAGON operations, which were cruiser-destroyer patrols, carried out against North Vietnamese coastal, sea, and land objectives such as shore batteries.

Detachment ECHO, formed in February 1967, consisted of only one officer. He was tasked with

the primary objective of conducting liaison with Commander Task Force 77. This officer was an advisor to the admiral on the feasibility of using communication deceptions in support of operations such as GAME WARDEN and MARKET TIME, which were then underway on the rivers and canals and along the coastline of South Vietnam. The Echo Detachment officer operated from aboard the Flagship.

Detachment FOXTROT consisted of two officers and ten enlisted men. This detachment was under the operational control of the Commander, Amphibious Ready Group ALFA. Detachment FOXTROT’s mission was similar to that of Detachment ALPHA, which supported Marine Special Landing Forces. FOXTROT also monitored Special Landing Force (SLF) frequencies for security breaches and rode River Patrol Boats conducting psychological operation on the Cua Viet and Hue rivers in northernmost I Corps.

FOXTROT dropped over 260,000 leaflets during Operation “Daring Rebel,” which was a multi-battalion assault on the Hoi An area against the Viet Cong. The leaflets carried rally themes of Chieu Hoi, population control directives, and pleas for local population assistance. Aerial broadcasts, which followed the leaflet drops, carried the same themes and were made by Vietnamese liaison personnel.

Detachments GOLF, which consisted of only two enlisted men, was activated in August 1967 and deployed as a support unit for other Team TWELVE Detachments. GOLF operated out of the Naval Station in Subic Bay, Phillipines.

Team THIRTEEN was established in December 1968 from Team TWELVE Detachment DELTA and consisted of one officer and four enlisted men. Team THIRTEEN conducted psychological operations from River Patrol Boats on all waterways in country. Additionally, they supported Army 5th Special Forces A and B Teams and Navy SEALs. THIRTEEN also set up the DUFFLE BAG sensor-operation program, which was later taken over by the SEA LORDS. For their efforts, Beach Jumper Unit ONE, Team THIRTEEN was presented the Navy Unit Commendation.

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A member of the Navy Beach Jumpers hooks up a tape recording to be played from a river patrol boat (PBR) on the Van Co Tay river in Vietnam's Mekong Delta, coordinating psychological warfare broadcasts with the PBR's daily patrols along the inland waterways and canals of the Delta is an effective way of reaching the local population. (U.S. Navy Photo by LTJG J.F. McGuire)

during operations against enemy forces in the Delta Region of the Republic of Vietnam. Throughout this period, Beach Jumper Unit ONE, Team THIRTEEN operated with units of the United States Navy, the United States Army, and the Vietnamese Navy in carrying out psychological operations and combat missions of a classified nature. By April 1971, the Team had established detachments throughout the IV Corps area, effectively covering the fifteen provinces of the Mekong Delta with their diversified psychological

operations capabilities, including loud-speaker broadcast equipment, leaflet drops, civic action projects, and other techniques. Team THIRTEEN participated in over eighty civic action projects in which thousands of Vietnamese civilians were assisted in innumerable ways. During their operations, the Beach Jumpers were subjected to enemy fire on a number of occasions. In each instance they distinguished themselves by suppressing the fire and completing the assigned mission. The outstanding courage, resourcefulness, perseverance and devotion to duty displayed by the officers and men of Beach Jumper Unit ONE, Team THIRTEEN in combat psychological operations against a determined enemy, reflected great credit upon themselves and their unit and were in keeping with the finest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

Modern Beach Jumpers

On 1 August 1972, by order of the Chief of Naval Operations, Beach Jumper Unit-1 underwent a number of changes in concept, structure and direction. The most obvious of these changes was the emergence of a new name for the unit. The command was redesignated Fleet Composite Operational Readiness Group ONE (FLTCORGRUONE). That mouthful of a cover name was ordered to emphasize the importance of the command's mission in all areas of Naval Warfare.

Twelve years later in June 1986, the unit was redesignated Fleet Tactical Deception Group Pacific (FLTDECGRUPAC) and Fleet Tactical Deception Group Atlantic (FLTDECGRULANT). Their new mission statement:

"Assisting Commanders in the planning and conduct of tactical military deception operations."

Today the groups orchestrate their deceptions through the application of sophisticated technologies. In 1987, FLTDECGRU received the Meritorious Unit Commendation for outstanding service in the critical areas of Electronic Warfare and Command, Control, and Communications. Thus, the Beach Jumper lineage lives on and the planning and execution of the art and science of deception continues.

Note: As stated previously, this article was downloaded from the Internet. Special thanks was given to John McLeod, EMC, USN, (PJ) (Retired), a former member of Beach Jumper Unit ONE for providing much of the material in "my" research on Beach Jumpers.

If you would like to know more about the Beach Jumper Units, please obtain "Seaborne Deception-The History of U.S. Navy Beach Jumpers" by John B. Dwyer (Praeger Publishers, 1992).



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CDR A. R. REILLY
22 MAR 1953 - 22 JAN 1954

LCDR A. R. SEARS
22 JAN 1954 - 22 JAN 1957

LCDR R. G. HAZELWOOD
JAN 1954 - 24 FEB 1960

LCDR G. F. OHME
24 FEB 1960 - 27 JAN 1963

LCDR D. M. METZLER
27 JAN 1963 - 3 APR 1965

LCDR W. A. SKELTON
1 JUN 1965 - 3 JUN 1966

LCDR W. G. KERSTING
3 JUN 1966 - 27 JUL 1966

LCDR C. R. WITHERSPOON
27 JUL 1966 - 15 JAN 1968

LCDR C. R. HERSHEY
15 JAN 1968 - 2 JUL 1969

LCDR W. CLEMENTE
2 JUL 1969 - 6 MAY 1970

LCDR F. M. BERIGAN
6 MAY 1970 - 30 APR 1971

LCDR L. E. STUBBS
30 APR 1971 - 7 APR 1972

CAPT D. E. SIGSWORTH
7 APR 1972 - 27 JAN 1975

CAPT R. E. McCABE
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CAPT C. J. LIMERICK
30 AUG 1975 (list stops here)



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Mr. Bernard G. Wolf provided these photos to us. He stated: "Enclosed are some pictures I had taken while on active duty from 1952-54 at Little Creek and LANT PHIBLEX (Atlantic Amphibious Exercises) operation in 1953."

(Photos from Bernie Wolf's collection)



Cruising down river in preparation for aggressive force infiltrations and intelligence gathering.



Preparing for action in Moorhead City, NC.



A break in the sun.



Boat crew in Moorhead City.



UDT demolition training with St. Wren at UDT.



A break in operations in St. Thomas aboard *USS Sea Lion*.



Chorus line in "not so dry" dry suits.



BJU-2 getting ready for rubber-boat drills.



Beach Jumpers relaxing after a hard workout (Bernie Wolf at far left).



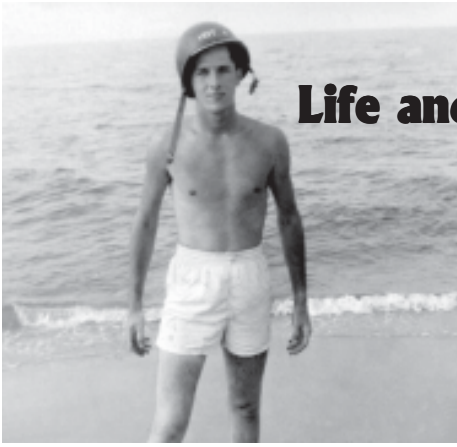
L to R - Cook, McAndrew, Logan, Purdy

Trident Engraved Stone

The "Trident" engraved stone pictured here is available from the Northwest Florida Chapter. Contact Norm Olson for ordering assistance. Telephone 850.233.8440 or correspond at Trident33@home.com.

The stone is approximately 14x8x1 inches. The cost will include postage and handling, which will likely be the major cost owing to the weight of the stone.





Life and Times in Beach Jumpers

My Earliest Recollections of BJU-2. By: Jim "Jake" McAndrew

The author, Jim "Jake" McAndrew while he was participating in Underwater Demolition Team training exercises.

quent days we built an obstacle course which we used daily. Little by little our mission became clear. We were Navy but we were other things, too. In the next few years we trained with UDT.

We were always testing out new equipment, like the first Hydrofoil High Pockets. I was lucky enough to be on the crew that

took her out. Man what a ride that was! She was fast! When we took her out they had removed the windscreen and it had a row of dials across the dash, these were used to trim each foil, it was very basic. I remember we hit a paper bag and it caused one of the foils to get out of trim and subsequently we came to a sudden halt. The bow dug in and we popped back like a cork, harrowing us all over the cockpit, no one was injured so we continued the test.

Another time we were testing a two-man sub. It sat so low in the water that all that was visible was a bubble that was clear plastic and the entrance hatch. The sub was classified, until it broke loose in high seas off the coast of Virginia. The cable had parted and the next time we saw her, she was totally dissected and spread out on the pages of life magazine showing a cut away view of her insides. I remember it well as

We were just out of boot camp and had been put to use killing copperheads around the woods in what is now SEAL Park (at NAB, Little Creek, VA) and other areas around the base while waiting for assignment to one of the Amphibious ships. We had just finished one long day and were sitting around the common room in our barracks, when this big guy came and stood in the doorway and filled it so that very little light came through. He yells out "ATTENTION," we all stopped what we were doing. There was no question he was serious and we had better listen.

Maybe it was the brass on his collar, but we all snapped to immediately. How many of you guys played sports in college? How many in high school? How many have had small boat experience? How many of you guys are good swimmers? Well, I had raised my hand for all the questions and was told to get on the truck with all the other guys that had raised their hands. I then remembered what an old chief recruiter had told me - don't volunteer for anything.

It was too late, the truck pulled out and we had a short ride to the west annex where we disembarked and were facing a building that had the appearance of a jail. The officer that had asked all the questions got us to attention and introduced himself as Commander Phil Bucklew.

We were now Beach Jumpers and in the days to come, we'd find out more about what our unit was all about and maybe some of us would make it and others would be shipped out. Well, we were broken up into work crews and began that afternoon knocking down walls in the "Brig" (Bldg. 1124), and then we would carry all the bricks to a pickup and pile them on an enormous pile where we later had to clean the bricks for reuse. (Hammer and chisel work!)

Just when we thought we were finished, Lt. Lowell would come out of nowhere and we would begin our daily PE workout on the loose sand around the Brig. In subse-





detected. Well, we were successful in getting in and managed to get in close to our first ship, which was an oil tanker fully loaded. One of the officers was very excited about the potential kill, and wanted to be the one to shoot off the flare that signified that the ship was sunk. Well, he shot it up and it came down on the deck of

out with the logs or running the beach with the raft on our heads.

Remember that, hand carry, shoulder carry, head carry all in loose sand as you were running up the beach? I remember the runs with Lt. Lowell. If you stopped to throw-up, he'd continue, and then after a while he'd double back to pick up the guy who was sick. So, after a few times, the guys got miffed, so if you got sick you threw up on the guy's heels in front of you but you didn't dare stop.

I remember one training exercise with Lt. Hailey. We had told the Ft. Story people that we would infiltrate their base and capture their CP sometime that week. Well, we came ashore, hid our boat, and marched (walked) along the main road and until we saw a truckload of guys in full gear coming towards us. We hit the ditch alongside the road head to toe faces down in the muck, and the truck passed by never detecting us. Shortly after that, we captured the CP, and I remember laughing with the squad about it, and that really pissed those guys off. Lt. Hailey said, "Let's get out of here," so we made a fast retreat to the boat.

When you think about it, we weren't just fooling around with electronics. We messed around with all of it, including Hell Week. Some of our time was spent working with radio controlled LCVP's for delivering explosives where we wanted them. We did practice a lot with the 63-foot AVR's. Day and Night maneuvers, lots of fun when the radar didn't work and you are lights out and making course changes along with four or five other boats in pitch darkness.

I remember an operation off Camp Lejeune, NC. We worked out of Moorhead City, which was a few miles up the beach from the Marine base. Our objective was to sneak under the Destroyer screen and sink as many ships as possible then get back un-



Jim McAndrew, Sea Lion Training, 1952

the tanker and the language that came across the water would make a tug captain blush. Needless to say we got out of there fast. That crew acted fast and had the flare on a shovel and over the side fast.

We continued undetected and sank a troop ship and a baby flat top. On our way out a destroyer almost ran us down. The forward lookout hanging on the bowsprit saw it and, at the last possible moment, we threw all engines in reverse. The boat shuddered as it tried to comply. As the deck of the DD shadowed over us, the boat caught and backed fast. The DD never saw us but knew we were there someplace. That night we slipped into one of the Slew's and sounded our way in deep with the lead line. We camouflaged the boat with brush and waited for daybreak. With dawn came the first of many LCVP's carrying food supplies for the base.

I was acting signalman and was told to challenge them on the light. Also, when they gave a password, to tell them negative that was wrong. So each time they gave me one I'd say, "Negative." The boats were pil-



AVR Boat #2, BJU2, 1952



BJU2 reconnaissance team, 1953

ing up behind the first one, who wouldn't move because we were challenging them. The base commander really blew his stack. Late in the afternoon we pulled out figuring we caused enough havoc. When we left, the boats were back along the stream as far



L to R -
Jim McAndrew,
Jim Geroux,
Lt. Knobler

as you could see. That night Lt. Lowell took a few guys in [infiltration into the beach], and had a good time screwing around with the Marines. We were well trained in recon, and I'm sure he could have caused a lot of damage that night. All in all the operations there were very successful. It's been forty-four years so I'm sure there is more that I don't recall but this gives you some idea of what the Beach Jumpers were about in those early days.

I would have followed Phil Bucklew or Walt Lowell anywhere. They were great leaders and all of the guys felt the same. It wasn't until years later that I found out about Phil's exploits in WWII and the decorations. If ever there was a first SEAL, he's my choice.

Beach Jumpers At The Heart Of The Cuban Missile Crisis October 1962

The Cuban Missile Crisis through the eyes of a Beach Jumper who was there.

By: Vince Piscitelli (Seaman, USN)

This is a story that I've written about my memories of being a Beach Jumper during the Cuban Missile Crisis. I could have written more, but I just wanted to get the point across. In the early years of us Beach Jumpers, we worked in small teams and every thing was of a Top Secret nature as [many] of you are probably aware of today. I am now 57 years old, and after all the years that have passed, am starting to feel proud of my military service to my country. You see, back then, we did our jobs and went on our ops and didn't talk about it. We were told not to talk about it. I cannot begin to tell you how you (addressed to Tom Hawkins), and the Association have made me feel about myself and my service to my country. I am very proud to be a member of both the [UDT-SEAL] Museum and a Lifetime member of the [UDT-SEAL] Association. As I said before, I never talked about my service to my country or about what we did until recently and still have not said that much. I would hope that I'll enjoy many wonderful years of membership with both the Museum and the Association. All of you have made me proud that I served my country in wartime and peace. I hope that someday we Beach Jumpers can and will become permanent members of the Association. Some of us Beach Jumpers—not to be confused with Beachmasters—have a brick at the Museum. We also hope to add more of our history to its collection. Again, thank you for what you're doing and how you have made myself and fellow Teammates feel.



I'm telling this story to the best of my memory, and it was some 38 years ago, so some of the information surrounding the identity of individuals and exact time of incidents may be incorrect.

Before the Crisis, we Beach Jumpers, who did finally get deployed to the area that we were to defend, realized that something was about to go down. In military terms, "Happen!"

A hand full of us had demolition, hand to hand combat training, and weapons training from UDT 21 and SEALs to prepare us for whatever. CDR Bill Clemente and LT Bill Bailey were very instrumental in our training, as were members of the UDT/SEALs at Little Creek, Virginia.

I was also trained as an assault box coxswain to operate our training and recovery boats, of which we had two. We Beach Jumpers did a lot of training with the NSW community, all of which were "highly top secret." At the time, I was a seaman of around 18 years of age and never even realized what we were doing or why. We were always told by our superior officers, keep your mouth shut about what you're doing and don't ever disclose your whereabouts. I never asked any questions.

I was at the time the best shooter (expert pistol, rifle) of the bunch and was highly trained to operate the B.A.R. It was at the time of the Cuban Crisis I realized just how important I would be to the team.

We had approximately fifteen team members that finally ended up going into the crisis. I don't know even to this day if I am at liberty to discuss our whereabouts. So I'll say that we were in the "hot zone." If we ever did go to a full-scale war, I'm sure that I wouldn't be writing this documentary today.

A high-ranking officer told me just a few years ago that the Russians and Cubans knew our position. Our position was ill prepared for an attack from the enemy, believe me!

I've been kind of reluctant to discuss this information for obvious reasons, but after all these years and all of our security leaks, I feel that I can disclose some of the happenings during those tense times of the Missile Crisis.

As I said, most of us were 18 and 19-year-old kids. We had one or two officers. I can't remember their names except that the officer in charge of our team was an engineering officer and was a tough son of a gun.

Most, if not all, Beach Jumpers (commandos) were either excellent athletes, or in good condition. Now that I look back on



those days, I'd say we represented a bunch of pirates or castaways. A real tough bunch of bastards.

Myself, Red Dahl, George McCue, an ex-fighter from Brooklyn, NY, Gerald Meeze, Hargrove, Cox, Dunsmore, Ering Joel Ryle. All of us were in top condition. The only ones that were deployed to the crisis with myself was ET3 Hargrove, RM3 Cox, BM1 Davis, myself a Seaman, and others whose names I cannot remember.

When we deployed for the crisis zone, we were told to pack and never told where we were headed or what we'd be doing. We left Little Creek, Virginia on a con-

voy headed to the Florida Keys. I can't remember how long it took us to get to the Keys, but once there, we had landing craft boats waiting for us to board with our gear. I can't remember how many landing crafts we had. All that I can remember is that it took a long time to get to our destination.

Once we arrived, we unloaded our gear and set up our defense area. I can remember that we had B.A.R.'s, demolitions, hand grenades, carbines, smoke pots, an assortment of assault rifles, and plenty of ammo.

I thought we had an extremely large perimeter to cover and not enough men to do it effectively, and I thank God today that we didn't have to defend our area in an all-out assault. We were sitting ducks and we all would have been killed. We were on our own, as I saw it, and as I look back on it today, at the time, I didn't even know if anyone with us had actually seen any combat duty. I surely didn't up to that point. I can't even remember being scared.

The night patrols were scary, while walking the perimeters. You couldn't see your hand in front of your face and when I was out on patrol, I had my safety off and I was locked and loaded ready to fire.

Our living conditions were not the best. It was damp, hot and humid. We ate plenty of k-rations, but once in a while we had a good meal. My responsibility was to stand guard over the communications area.

We had a connex box that we used to do whatever, I never knew what. My first night standing duty on watch over the box, the C.O. said let nobody near or in. If we were attacked, kill the first person that comes near and ask no questions. I was



armed with a 45 pistol on my hip, my carbine, four hand grenades, survival knife and plenty of ammo. And believe me when I say this, I wouldn't hesitate to kill someone. I was ready! And scared!

What made the conditions such was the damn surf making noise against the shore. You couldn't hear very well, and all that I could think of was someone coming ashore that I couldn't hear or see. I was, needless to say, on high alert all night. It was a relief to be relieved by the next person to assume the duty to guard the box. At the time, we really felt that we were going to war. What else could you think?

At night I used to look out to sea and try to pick up lights from the ships in the blockade. Sometimes thinking that I saw the lights. I don't know if I ever did. If we were going to war, I was ready to defend our position and my country at any cost!

During the nights, it was total lights out and dark. During daytime, things were a little more relaxed as could be expected. Lights gave a sense of security. Every once in a while, there could be a helo that would drop in and bring mail and supplies. Other than that, we had very little, if any contact with the outside world. We all slept with our combat knives and weapons at our sides. It was a tense time and nobody knew what to expect.

I believe that the Crisis lasted a few months or so. I can't really remember. Once things cooled off and there was no threat of a war, it sure was relieving. The tension was off and within a few days, we were ordered to pack our bags and get ready to move back to Little Creek. The Crisis was over!

Life and Times in Beach Jumpers

By: Robert "Roger" Mills

My name is Robert "Roger" Mills (RD-2 or OS-2) and my address is 4206 Ellery Dr. Columbus Ohio 43227. I arrived BJU-2 Oct 69 and discharged Jan 73. Made one Carib, one Med. and a short Op. with Operation Flintlock to England as communicator for ComNavSpecWarGruLant (His last name was Thede!) Also made a special Deployment to Cuba in 71 as Senior Sensor Tech. (Attended Army Sensor School, Arizona). I still have most of my orders and some clippings from the Phiblant paper on command name change to Fleet Composite Operational Readiness Group Two if you would like a copy! Kinda tight with my social security number. I also have a copy of the daily command paper the day that I made RD-3. Got several War game stories and some crap that we pulled on the fleet. No real John Wayne stuff, dripping in blood!

Most of the stuff was pulled on the Marines-what a sorry bunch of crap they are-cuss at them and they cry like babies! Got one guy to stand up in a foxhole and salute the radio after cussing at him! Ended a couple of flight ops by jamming the control ships. Gingerbreaded the Russians a couple of times by watching a signal on a freq analyzer different type of signal compared to ours. Ran a Z-5-O on a nuke Frigate and got on board using a black guys ID from SEAL Team. Planted about 5 fake bombs on board and then told the OD to find them. A bunch of little crap and it was more fun than a barrel of monkeys, but no blood!

We got in a very large speaker at Unit 2 and Unit 1 got one too! Unit 1 lost theirs over the side of a ship in Nam so they asked us for ours! We packed it up and sent it to them. They hooked it up and they were using it too! Worked fine until Charlie shot a rocket through it! Heard that the guy had a hundred foot lead cord on it and that was a good thing! While I was at Unit 2, I attended a lot of Awards Presentations for the guys Frogs and Seals that were in Nam. I can remember only one death in the four years I was there and that was a JG from SEAL Team that got shot down flying out on an Op. Presented his wife with a Flag.

HOOYAH! Still working on jamming Flashing Light after 27 years!

Memories

of Beach Jumper Unit ONE

By: Jim ("Hooker") Hobbs
(oldfrog12@aol.com)

I joined the UDT-SEAL Association at the West Coast reunion in August. I was talking to an old buddy, Jim Barnes (Museum Association), just before the graduation ceremony of Class 224 began and he introduced me to you (Tom Hawkins) and we talked briefly. As I just joined the Association, the 3rd quarter issue of "The Blast" is the only issue I have ever seen. First of all, let me say that I think this is a great magazine. The editorial comment, layout, and subject matter are superb. I look forward to receiving future issues. At one time, I was member No. 44 of the UDT/SEAL Association in Imperial Beach, CA and used to get copies of the "Fuse Lighter" but all are long gone.

I went through Class 16 at Coronado in 1956 and joined Team 12 upon graduation. Ted Fielding was the Team CO and Doug Fane was COMUDUONE. Wendy Webber was in Team 11 at the time. I deployed to WESTPAC in 1957 on the last detachment that completed a tour at Camp McGill, Takeyama, Japan before the base was turned over to the Japanese. Tony Duncan was the Detachment OinC and Jack (Suds) Sudduth and I were the 4th and 3rd Platoon Commanders. "Wild Bill" Wetenkamp was the leading PO of the 3rd Platoon.

And now to the subject at hand - Beach Jumper Units. I joined the Navy in 1952 and thought I would learn to fly like a bird. However, after a while at Pensacola I found out that was not for me. On to OCS at Newport and Class 11. A few weeks before graduation we had an opportunity to request our first duty assignment. I was still feeling guilty about flight school and wanted to get into a front line outfit (the Korean War was still around). Somehow I heard about the Beach Jumpers and the name got to me. I did my best to find out about them and got nowhere. Nobody officially knew anything. Then I heard the rumor - "You know those UDT guys that put up signs on the beach welcoming the Marines ashore in an inva-

sion—well, the Beach Jumpers go in before UDT!" That did it. I requested Beach Jumpers and got orders that said, "Report to the port in which the CO of Beach Jumper Unit One may be." These were pretty exotic orders for a young Ensign and I had visions of Hong Kong, Tokyo, or Inchon. BJU One happened to be in Coronado, but that was OK because I had never been west of the Mississippi.

I reported in August 1953 to BJU One at the Amphib Base in Coronado. The CO was LCDR R. J. Reilly. I remember hearing that he was with the PT Boats in WWII. I also remember that I was appalled that Top Secret pubs were all over the place, on everyone's desk with no armed guard (remember I just got out of OCS). A few months later, I was appointed Assistant Registered Publications Officer and even now, thinking about it gives me the chills.

It seems to me the complement of the Unit was about 20 officers and 100 enlisted. My department, Navigation, had about 5 or 6 QM's. We had a whole bunch of ET's for the black boxes, BM's and EN's for the boats, a couple GM's, and others.

After a few months, we had a change of command with LCDR Al Sears taking over as CO. I really don't remember anyone saying that he was UDT qualified but now I wonder after reading "Spike" Fields letter on page 13 of 3rd Quarter 99 "The Blast" referring to UDT-1 CO, Al Sears. The same name seems to be too much of a coincidence. After a number of schools, I was assigned as Navigator for the Unit and also qualified as a Boat Commander. We operated six 63 foot boats and one 104 footer. The 63' boats were former AVR's (Aviation Rescue Boats) with two Hall Scott marine gasoline engines of 1350 HP each (that's 2700 HP folks), which would get us 32 knots on a good day. Our boats were docked at the east end of the Phib Base at Pier 13. The engineering remained the same but with extensive modifications, they were redesignated Beach Jumper Boats (BJBs). Each boat was outfitted with numerous electronics packages (the basic reason for our being), twin 50 cal. machine guns, 5-inch rocket launchers, sonar, radar, loran and other stuff. As a business major and Navi-

gator, I was involved in running my boat and getting the boats to the right place. The science majors were in charge of all those black boxes that made up 75% of our mission. We also towed small blimps that dropped chafe (sp) to enlarge our radar image. We even had big sound amplifiers with tapes of gunfire. We had at least one UDT qualified officer assigned, Jim Hickman, who would attach 1/2 pound TNT blocks to small floating buoys to simulate naval gunfire. The whole idea was tactical deception so that the enemy would think we were the invasion force and come in and waste time, people and assets wiping us out rather than the actual landing force at another location.

We operated frequently off San Clemente Island and the nearby coastline and participated in all the Amphib operations off the Silver Strand and Camp Pendleton. During my tour, our most distant operation was off San Simeon, CA about 400 miles north of San Diego. While up there, we docked at Morro Bay. Our objective was to screw things up the best we could and among other much more important stuff, we caused a three day delay in mail delivery to the ships which did not endear us to the fleet. We also played like PT boats on many occasions to give the CIC guys on the ships practice in plotting our runs and prepare counter measures. They never really gave us a chance, of course, because they knew when we were coming within an hour or so.

I'm sorry I can't tell you any more about the black boxes but (1) Those science guys spoke a different language and (2) I'm not sure, even after all these years, what's been declassified and what hasn't.

I have about 2 3/4 minutes of old 8 mm film of the BJB boats in action (rockets and all) that I can put on VHS tape if you think anybody is interested in 45-year-old stuff. I have an old friend that was in BJU One some years after I was (not UDT qualified) that you might want to contact. Werner Steffen, 13956 S. Sunset Shores Drive, Hanison, ID 83833. I know this didn't add much to your knowledge of BJU's, but if you have any questions or really want the short videotape, let me know.

WWII Beach Jumper Bob Maquire provided this photo album.

1. OSS HQ and Communication Center. Air Raid Siren on Roof.
2. Cemetery. Many British Commandos buried here.
3. Officers Mess—Second Floor.
4. Officers Quarters.
5. Quarters where John Fitzgerald and I [Bob Maquire] stayed (unauthorized).
6. Ordnance Warehouse.
7. BJU Troop Barracks and HQ's
8. Well used area to keep beer cool. No refrigeration of any kind on island. Little fresh water.
9. Dock area for our ARB's.



Life and Times in BJU-1

*By: Michael A. Prince
OSCS(PJ) USN Ret*

I was assigned to BJU-1 from the summer of 1960 through February 1971. As a senior petty officer I was responsible for training as well as operations that included about two years in-country (Viet Nam).

I was selected by my CO to attend SEAL Cadre and completed the course with a letter of commendation from SEAL Team One and invited to BUD/S. After this, I adapted SEAL tactics to BJU operations and trained everyone who deployed to teams in Viet Nam. I developed and supervised a comprehensive technical training program for all BJU-1 operations/contingency plans.

In addition to the above, I completed the following training:

Army Airborne School at Ft. Benning, GA
Army HALO at Okinawa
Jungle Warfare, Panama (Qualified - Expert)
Jungle Survival, Subic Bay, Philippines
Special Communications, Naval Base, Atsugi, Japan

I was a member (first BJU) of the Navy Parachute Team "Leap Frogs" at Coronado for 3 1/2 years and accumulated 324 jumps or 3 1/2 hours in free-fall. During this duty I led the team to several demonstrations, conducted experimental parachute tactics, and testing for SEAL operations. I also instructed SEAL/UDT personnel in a Free Fall course we developed.

I was recommended by my CO, NSWG, US Naval Amphibious Base, Coronado and selected to represent the West Coast by the US Pacific Fleet as a finalist for the annual Admiral Ricketts Leadership award with a special citation.

During deployment to Viet Nam, I led [the] special communications teams, served as an armed guard, and conducted combat operations with Navy, Marine, and Army units in the field in a number of the corps areas. I personally saw combat and inflicted casualties on the enemy.

WWII 1944

A Small Party Called Beach Jumpers

Beach Jumper Units #3 and #8 U.S. Navy

**By: Rusty W. Brown, SCPO,
USN/USNR (SR to BM1 5½
years/26½ yrs)**

The writer of this story cannot remember all that was about the members of these special voluntary warfare units, but will try and piece together a bit of its happenings during WWII. I know very little if anything of the events of B-J unit #9, which went to the South Pacific, and very little about the units that preceded us into the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas. Perhaps the readers can fill in names, places, and happenings of these units. I write of units #3 and #8, both of which I was a member. This story is dedicated to the people who founded the B-J's as well as those who died in efforts for the units such as Cdr. A.J. Stanford and Maj. Sterling Hayden, USMC dead from illness and especially to those who waited bravely and patiently and endured while we were away, story in itself. (Rusty Brown's manuscript was transcribed by Laurie Mercereau and edited by Tom Hawkins. Minor editorial changes were made from the original hand-written manuscript. Rusty Brown also used many page titles, which were not used to conserve space.)

The Beach Jumper home base was located at Ocracoke Island, N.C. USA. One has to use Pamlico Sound to get there, usually by boat. The B-J's had all kinds of training including hocus pocus targets for people visiting by air and being deflated by what they thought was an aircraft carrier, Ha!

While at Ft. Pierce, Fla. at the camp of special operations unit Scouts and Raiders, we heard about a possible change of duty for three of us who were looking for same. We had two choices, an LST at Panama City, or the Beach Jumpers located at Camp Bradford, Va. Ensign John T. Johnson in operations filled us in about the LST duty and what he had heard about the B-J's. On the B-J duty he tried to discourage us, but we were elated about the change of duty to really get the significance of Ensign

Johnson's words. He had mentioned hazardous duty. This failed to bother us very much, so we filled papers for Camp Bradford, Va. It was hard to leave all the friends we had made at Ft. Pierce, yet we had laid our chosen course.

BM2 Peter Miller, BM2 Rusty Brown and RM3 Larry Nokes left Ft. Pierce in Sept. 1944 for duty with Beach Jumper Units. We had very little knowledge of what we were getting into as it was classified as secret.

The B-J's headquarters were at Camp Bradford as mentioned before hand, not far from Little Creek, Va. where we had started with the Scouts and Raider teams in 1942. Bradford was a beehive of activity as we noted on our arrival here, and many different Army and Navy present.

We turned in our orders and records to the personnel office, assigned quarters and met a few of our new shipmates, enlisted and officer. These people included the likes of Harold Trott, Henry Vick, Herman Halat, Max Faitz, Benny Loughridge, John Fox, Cliff Heingemann, Bruce Paul, Bill Lissenden, Jack Cohen, Jack Moore, Dennis Sanschagrin, Louis Plante, Bill Morris, Floyd Van Sickle, John Kaestner, Lou Gulielmo, Carlton Spurger, Henry Williamson, Ken Fridley, Bill Midgette, John Smith, Gene Schaeffer, Wayne Wilson, Ed Guitard, Bob Moore, Pick Harrmon, Hap Arnold, Dick Campbell, Ed Newman, Bill Danke, Larry Nokes, Al Manning, Dan Smauelson, Jack Herlihy, Norman Spangler, Mac McNeill, Bill Keading, Rich Strom, Al Senterman, Al McCord, Bill Gross, Henry Coyman, Tom Sexton, Jack Sandwick, George Gouvis, Dan Daniels, Joe Gough, Lou Holbrick, Dom Gugliotta, and Art Henoah. Could be there were a couple more in this unit #3.

In Unit #8 there were also many of these and a few more of whom I don't recall their names. How could I forget our small party, C.L. Moody, Howard Brown, Ralph Smead, Bill Ward and self (enlisted) and our able leader Doug Crummett (officer). We were the BJ's security (equipment) guard, Norfolk, Va. to Ferryville, North Africa via S.S. Stephen Foster.

A couple of B-J people gave us a bit of a rundown on the functions of the B-J's. They told us that it was secret, but had been

started as brainchild of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., he of the motion picture world. B-J's were supposed to do everything. The main object, diversionary tactics to draw the enemy away from an actual landing area, and how would that be done? Well, to create a diversion by means of sound machines that would relate to an anchor chain going down the hawse, or chain pipe, assorted lights, radar interruption via a radar rocket, a barrage of rockets on the beach, simulating a large ship shelling the landing area, dropping off floating explosives as timed to go off minutes after the operation.

Our people were expected to go ashore at chosen target areas and create diversion through much of demolition and rocket barrage and to construct hocus-pocus air strips, camps, dummy boats, drop dummy paratroopers from the air and be adept at handling the ARB or crash boat. Fortunately many of the everythings never came about, but few were used in a couple of operations, a bit of psychological nonsense however successful. B-J's were known to be one of the most traveled outfits in the Navy, distance being no object.

Pete Miller, Larry Nokes, and self found out that not all the good men were found only at Ft. Pierce, Fla., we found an abundance of same right here at Bradford with the aforementioned enlisted people and also a mighty fine officer group in the persona of Cdr. A.J. Stanford, Boyce Drummond, Felix Nicholetti, Gorman, John Johnson, Stuart Giles, Howard Smith, F. Ziegler, Ambrose Nangeromi, Bill Bauer and a few more and we did have Capt. Johnson, Capt. Rorschach, Cdr. Williams, Lt. Cdr. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Major Sterling Hayden, USMC who operated with our other units of note but whose names I don't have access to.

B-J Unit #3 did not stay long in the states. We all shipped out by Pullman (a kind of train car for you younger Frogs), and troop train one fine autumn day 1943 for the West Coast. Our trip across country and seeing things we had read about. I believe it was this train ride that at one of the stops in North Platte, Nebraska, that we were taken into the arms and hearts of the people of this town who showered us with things to eat and reading matter and some

of us wished the stop was to have taken quite a bit longer than usual. We saw much of the Northwest states and liked and enjoyed every bit of them, also seeing some of the great Rocky Mountains areas. So on to California to a town called San Bruno where we stayed. The barracks here at a race track called Tanforam. This place is probably still in existence, this also being a former detention camp for Japanese Americans. Sons of these people did much to erase the scars of doubts, when these sons joined the U.S. Army as the 442 Regimental Combat teams and fought the Germans throughout parts of south Italy and southern France. After a stint at San Bruno, we were outfitted with jungle green uniforms.

We received orders to go aboard the S.S. Typhoon by name along with a few companies of Marines. Our destination, Oahu in the Hawaiian Island chains. It was a voyage enjoyed by all except those who cannot cope with the rolls and pitches of the ship and so the consequence is to feed the fish. There were bright sunny days and cool breezes to stir up the seas about us, and a show of flying fish that were trying their best to hitch a ride from us. Seven days of deep blue water, finally land fall and a scenic treat of the green and blue hills with the mists hanging over them ushered in our first sight of one of the Hawaiian Islands. Typhoon entered into the West Loch of the harbor passing by Hickam Army Air Force Field, Ford Island Naval Air Station, and evidence to our port and starboard of the grief which came to this island of Oahu December 7, 1941, stark realization of Battleship Row.

Pearl Harbor, Oahu was a busy place what with repairs being made on ships and shore installations. Could we ever recover from the mess here? Well we certainly did. Yet the loss of life was appalling in the instance of the sunken U.S.S. Arizona and those who went down with her.

Also, in the cemetery of the Punch Bowl where many brave soldiers, Marines, and sailors came to their last resting place. Our people had mixed feelings about all this, especially as to the future of B-J Unit #3, and what was their role to be as we thought about going on from here to the action areas in the Pacific. Certainly there is a lot of water out there and a number of places being talked about by our leaders. Where to use the B-J's? Meanwhile we were about to leave Typhoon for what would mean a waiting game that is quite common in the services. Only our waits had more variety than our cousins in the Army, Air Force and Marines.

This was our new home, a peninsula sticking out between East and West Locks at Pearl Harbor, a tent city slightly choked by dust (red), which was ankle deep. Much

in evidence were small boats of the beach landing type. These boats were my first love, though, dating back to Solomons, MD, and Little Creek, Va. training grounds for water sodden cox'ns. There they were LCVP, LCPR, LCM3 & 6 and larger members of the family LCI, LSM and LST's. Also a myriad of picket boats and water taxis.

While the higher echelon were trying to figure how to use us, our superiors thought it would be worth while to get us in on a little training on rifle ranges and forced marches. Also we went to a service school at Aisa, where we learned more on piloting and navigation which was good for all hands regardless of rank or rating. Also the school asked a few of us to help train some new people for the U.S.S. Indianapolis. We trained them in semaphore, which was really basic for all hands. So, that was something of value for these new recruits as well their ship, which was destined for a short life as well the young trainees or some of them. The Indianapolis was torpedoed by a Jap sub between the Marinas and the Philippines and many of our sailors were lost. What price war!

Back at Waipio some of our people were put to work repairing the wounds of war, for the small boat was a major face-lifting chore done here at the base at Waipio.

After we paid our three months rent at Waipio, orders came requesting us to return to the States and from an eastern port, embark for the Mediterranean. (Cook's tours had nothing on ours.) We were trucked bag and baggage to Honolulu and the Aloha Tower where we boarded the S.S. Permanente, a ship plying between Frisco and Oahu. This ship had the distinction of being the first ever to go through the Panama Canal; we were traveling with history.

As we left Oahu; a newly-wed Army Wac and her sergeant hubby parted company; she to go home and he to go on to the wars. She threw her flowered lei in the water as is custom when leaving Hawaii (Aloha, till we meet again). I hope this same couple returned to the islands and relived their good times there at this wonderful paradise of the Pacific. It took the Permanente nine days and every day was just as nice as the ones we enjoyed on the Typhoon. Disembarked at Frisco and continued on four wheels to San Bruno and the Tanforan Race Track again.

Al Manning and self spent a few liberties in friendly Frisco, visiting the Pepsi-Cola U.S.O. -especially when the burgers and drink were much cheaper here than anywhere else and we caught up with a few movies. The rest of the gang had many outlets and girlfriends to take up their time. Soon again came orders to new horizons. We boarded the bouncy troop train for a five-

day cross county ride enjoying the scenery and understanding why the likes of Benny Loughridge (BJ's) and the Scott Bros. (S&R) bragged about the size of Texas. Finally the southeast coast, where we off loaded at Norfolk, Va. and were driven to Camp Allen, an advance base personnel depot. The barracks were the cleanest ever seen by us, and with excellent chow to go along with all, our first a.m. meal featured steak and eggs, and all else one could put away. All hands were given a weekend leave and most of our people headed for home, while the rest stayed in the Norfolk area, and enjoyed other than Naval activities, like ball games, the seashore, or visiting city points of interest as Norfolk has much to offer historically with both Revolutionary and Civil War mementos, also many elbow bending establishments. The same was to be found in neighboring Portsmouth and Newport News, and Virginia Beach is a highlight.

Now back to business and time to leave the fair shores of the United States. So mixed feelings again took over the "Nomads of the Seven Seas," and set out aboard a Seaplane tender, U.S.S. Albemarle leaving behind Ensign Doug Crummett, Howard Browne, C.L. Moody, Bill Ward, Ralph Smead and Russ Brown. We followed a few days later aboard the merchant ship S.S. Stephen Foster as a security guard team for B-J equipment. Our "little party" boarded the liberty ship, she weighed anchor and we joined a convoy off Virginia Beach.

Soon we were again nosing into swells of the Atlantic Ocean bound for Oran, North Africa, only seventeen days distant. The majority of our people who had left earlier on Albemarle were to dock at Casablanca, North Africa and embark on trains for a 1000 mile trip to Tunisia, North Africa and be based in the town of Ferryville by Bizerte where we would join them later on. For the first few days, the air was cold and we didn't stay out on deck very long, unless for a sun up and sun down watch with the Navy Armed Guard. The Stephen Foster was a fine ship with a pleasant skipper and crew and the chow was second to none, with uncontrolled snacks in the evening before retiring. The farther out on the blue ocean we went the warmer the sun and we had plenty of time to take advantage of this warmth. In addition there was the usual daily show put on by flying fish and porpoise.

These were also fine U-Boat days and we had a couple of "Condition Red" situations with our escort destroyers dropping "little bundles of goodwill" (depth charges - canned TNT) around our unwelcome intruders. One night everyone was tumbled out of their bunks by a heavy thud against the ship's side. Some one hollered that we

had been torpedoed and good old C.L. Moody hollered, "We're sinking." All hands out on deck at abandon ship stations in the thick black night, here and there, flashlights (a no-no) flicking on much to the anger of the ships officers. We can relax one and all, no torpedos, just loss of steerage control by a neighbor ship, which bumped our bow where lay 500 tons of ammunition in number one hold.

Another fine day and quite near our destination, we all gathered at the fantail of the ship and discussed with the Navy Armed Guard captain and crew the latest in German air deviltry. They now featured a radio controlled flying bomb and, ways and means of ducking the oversized air pill. It seems the Germans could reach us easily now via the air drop and we must be prepared. The U.S.S. Philadelphia, one of our heavy cruisers, had been hit by this air bomb with much damage, but did not sink her; this occurred off the Italian Coast. So for the next few days we attended many additional air raid drills.

The last time I had been in this area was in 1942 with our joint allied Amphibious landings in which we took part in a pre-landing operation by locating the beaches four hours before the landings. Most of our boom-bang opposition came not from the air but from the shore and greater destruction from underwater as U-Boats sank four of our troop transports and damaged a tanker and a Coast Guard cutter. We spent the nights in small boats picking up survivors and fortunately all of the ships sunk had off loaded their troops and vehicles. It is a heart-rending scene to see the people who were being plucked out of the sea and the finish of great ladies who will never sail again. The war games are playing for keeps whether winners or losers and both get hurt.

This Mediterranean City is loaded with history and going through some more with WWII helping. It is a beautiful city, well laid out, built on a high hill and rolling down to the water's edge. Oran has an excellent anchorage for shipping, a high cliff on our port side coming in and a breakwater or quay protecting a busy dockside to our starboard side and known by name as Mers-El-Kebir and a home for the remainder of the French Fleet. It was here that the British Fleet units poured the explosive steel to their present allies and did considerable damage to some fine French Navy ships. We were greeted in Oran by an anti-aircraft barrage which was trying very hard to bring down a high flying enemy photo-taking plane. Photo Joe cleverly dodged our people's rain of lead, got its pictures, and headed back to Adolph with its shipping reports and pics.

On leaving the Stephen Foster we were

taken by jeep up a winding road that overlooked the harbor and on through the port of Oran itself. It was quite a thriving place with vehicles of all the allied nations moving helter-skelter, both for business and pleasure. Our jeep proceeded on outside the city to a Naval receiving station, which was our home for a few days until we could catch another ship going farther up the coast to Bizerte our final goal. Bill Ward, one of our security crew, fell from the main deck to the pier and became a semi-permanent resident of the Naval Station sick-bay.

Two weeks later we were assigned to the S.S. John Sedgewick, which was enroute to Bizerte, North Africa and Naples, Italy. Most all liberty ships are names for notable men in U.S. history other than military. [Mr.] Sedgewick was a government official during the Revolutionary War. The liberty ships that we have been aboard were quite sea worthy and had capable people running them.

Again we were pushing water just as blue as the Atlantic and these waters have seen as many different ships as anywhere else in the world. The voyage to Bizerte was scheduled to take three days right along the North African coast passing by the large port city of Algiers. Our Sedgewick joined a fairly large convoy and took up her position inside two other lines of ships and a destroyer screen and Dutch flack ships (anti-aircraft). The first day out brought minor excitement, a high flying "photo Joe" from Hitler's Luftwaffe snapping one picture after another which would portray to his superiors, the type of ship and position of same. All of us paid much attention to the intruder accepting the thought that this photo taking might certainly bring on air raid before long, and so it did.

The second day out about sunset we had gone past Algiers when suddenly condition "Red" flashed all over the convoy. Our escorts speeded up, the flack ships moved into better positions so as to make all their shots count. General quarters on Sedgewick brought our little party of B-J's to gun positions in the after part of the ship to help the Armed Guard. Here they came, eight JU88 twin engine torpedo fighter bombers, the Luftwaffe's best all-purpose air plane, cleverly using the mountainous coastline to blend in with same and flying close to the surface of the water which made them hard to detect. Our anti-aircraft fire all about us, our gunners throwing up 50 cal, 20mm, 3"-50 and 5"-38 stuff just as fast as possible and the Germans dropping torpedoes in the water, skip bombing, and machine gunning our ship's batteries. It seemed like a lot of confused firing from our own ships batteries, also shooting at shell puffs rather than the enemy. A gigantic explosion to our star-

board, a troopship hit and sinking fast, 500 troops aboard, all lost. The enemy JU88's are among us now, firing continued heavy, one JU88 (enemy) flew low between two lines of ships, just skimming the water and all our cargo ships and troop type were firing at the enemy planes as they passed through the shipping, particularly one dare-devil enemy flying between lines of ships who were actually firing at each other. A whip lash snapping over our heads as stray shells flew by making us all kiss the deck. Guns continued to fire long after the attack was over, leaving us shaking and hoping that our enemy would go home for a long time. As it was, British Spitfires helped save our day as they shot down four of the raiders, our ships got two and two got away. However, our losses were worse than theirs, what with a troopship sent to the bottom with all hands, three merchantmen ships sunk and a U.S. Navy destroyer torpedoed and sunk. President Roosevelt's son was on the destroyer U.S.S. Landsdale. He and many others were saved by quick rescue work on the part of ships in convoy and help from Algiers, where most of survivors of five ships sunk in the air attack were taken.

We steamed on, the next day bringing an overcast, poor flying day for the enemy thank goodness, and bringing us closer to Bizerte and reunion with our shipmates at Ferryville, a suburb of Bizerte. The next day also brought us to the breakwater, a pilot came aboard to guide our ship through a twisting maze of channel blocked here and there by sunken German and Italian ships, and on into Lake Bizerte among other anchored ships, and so we did likewise. It wasn't long before a couple of "bum boats" came out from shore to try to sell their wares, consisting of aluminum trinkets and the inevitable bottle of "vino" and hopeful of purchasing a few bed sheets for themselves. The sheets were worn as clothing by the Arabs and they were not sold to him very cheap. Needless to say the purser on our ship found himself minus quite a few sheets, \$150.00 worth at that. The ships crew was set to get a bit of shore leave money at \$15.00 per sheet, and these water bug traders had plenty of the green folding stuff. Much of the aluminum trinkets that the Arabs sold came from downed airplanes, the enemy's or ours. The traders made bracelets and rings out of their take of aluminum and of course good old American boys were the best buyers as we were always on the lookout for souvenirs of sorts.

Our Sedgewick would now stay anchored in the lake until another convoy was made up that would take her to Naples, Italy. There were quite a number of ships in the lake so her wait shouldn't be long. Many escorts were anchored here and they spent

time trading with selves for "pogey bait," ice cream, and the latest "flicks."

We could see the small town from the ships and it didn't look too impressive from where we were. Pretty soon an LCVP from our tent city base came along side and proceeded to load our baggage aboard and off we went to our new home. The tent city looked pretty good excepting for mud up to our chins. However, seeing our buddies was what made us happy. We had agreed before leaving the states that Al Manning, Larry Nokes, Hap Arnold, and myself would bunk in the same tent, and so it was.

Our people had all been quite inactive because of the rainy weather and boy African rains are second to none. We new arrivals hadn't missed much excepting a little entertainment via the raid in the personage of "Axis Sally," who proved very charming with her Bing Crosby recordings and tales of how nice it was back in the U.S.A. and why didn't we all pack up and go back there before the Germans clobbered us. She also read propaganda messages from British P.O.W.'s to their loved ones at home and surprised us no little by her accurate accounts of Allied ships lost in our recent combat convoy experience. Her broadcasts probably shook up our British cousins more so than us as she seemed to pick on them more than we. The dreary weather soon disappeared and we were back at work getting equipment checked and readied for use, which brought on a practice operation working together with a Scout & Raider team, none of whose members were familiar to us, former S&R's, this group had been organized in North Africa.

Our ARB's (aircraft rescue boats) were readied with rocket racks (a first for them) and rockets were set in them, sound machines were secured at the stern of each craft and floating time explosives were made up and put aboard. Now with all this artillery aboard, the ARB's were floating arsenals along with their own armament of twin fifty cal's, a 20mm cannon and several smaller arms. Off we went into the night, the Scout boats had proceeded

us and lay off the designated beach that they had located for us. This practice operation of rocket shore bombardment and noise making caper, might have been the end had this been a real enemy beach and our "small party" might be deeper than the "deep six" by now. As it was the signals to begin were given, rockets flew thick and fast, hitting everything but the targets and those rockets that failed to accompany them thick and fast were gingerly and very cautiously picked off the rocket racks which became a nightmare to us as they hung out over the water where one would have to hang onto the side of the boat and lift the dud rockets out of the racks with decks heaving all over the place and nobody caring for a swim at the moment. To save face on missing the rocket targets, we quickly threw time explosives over the side of our boats to gain some respite and let people know that we'd be back another day.

So on and on, one practice after another, hiking under arms during the day to keep us in shape, up hill, down same and putting on some foot miles. Out at night, boating rehearsals, and a few baseball and softball games in between. We knocked off a pretty good Army team in baseball thanks to some superlative fielding behind a shaky red head pitcher (self). Anyway, I'm sure all the sporting events made up for the uncertain days ahead. At last we thought we were ready and no doubt the enemy ready for us.

What we needed first was a little change; so a few of our people were given the opportunity to conquer the city of Tunis on a fine sun-shiny Saturday. The liberty truck to leave at 0800 a.m. returning at 17:00 p.m. I did not make the trip, decided on a few relaxing hours on the base in which I had a visit from a French sailor and with my halting high school French we got along okay. He thought the war was lost when the French fleet was scuttled at Toulon in France to keep it from falling into hands of the Germans, anyway he was a friendly guy.

The weary "liberty hounds" came rolling in at the appointed time, and all that was seen getting off the truck were canines of several species and a case of liquid here and there. All seemed to

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have enjoyed the day in Tunis and a few went to see the ruins of Carthage, a city long gone in history of a mighty military nation.

Mail runs by LCVP boats provided a short get away for us and a chance to visit the Naval Base at Keruba and go aboard the escorts for a few goodies. The DE's were anchored in the channel off Bizerte. There was not much left to this great port city, it having been pummeled from the air, sea and land so much that she was crumbling into the dust. Nazi Afrika Corps P.O.W.'s were put to work clearing up the rubble. There were indications all around that there had been a lot of fireworks from both sides on the roads to Bizerte especially at nearby Mateur and at Hill 609.

A few of us were gathered together in one of the tents discussing the pros and cons of our being sent way out here. Some figured it just for a buggy ride. Others like Tom Sexton, Hank Coyman, and Jack Sandwick were sure we would be making a record run before long. Ensigns Bill Bauer, Bernard McKenna, John Johnson, and Doug Crummett verified this a little later on.

I have just mentioned four gentlemen of gold braid of whom we all liked so well for their fine characters leadership and friendliness, they did everything possible to keep us contented and informed. I believe all our officers were of merit, our C.O. Cdr. Stanford, Ensign Howard Smith and above mentioned whom we had closer contacts with. I hope they are doing well in the battles of life, which can be a test each day as civilians.

One bright July morning we boarded an LST and headed down the zig-zag channel to the Med giving a wave to Ferryville and those who didn't come. We were heading off to Calvi, Corsica, advanced base for B-J #3 operations, which is an island of note off the coast of southern France. The voyage had a scheduled three days steaming, a taxi ride compared to the Pacific and Atlantic stints. The second night out and a dark one, we were steaming parallel to the rugged Corsican coastline when suddenly general quarters piped out while we B-J's were on watch. A surface target had been spotted, the ship's crew relieved us at the guns and all was in readiness for action. We were fearful that it might be a German "E" boat which could have finished us off with ease, however our target proved to be an escort, a sub chaser commanded by Bob Davies, star basketball player of Seton Hall College and more recently for the Pro-Rochester Royals. Our escort had simply changed its position unknown to our watch standers and created a little excitement.

Our first stop at Corsica was at the little coast town of Ajaccio which is the capital of Corsica and birth place of Napoleon Bonaparte (the little corporal) a noted mili-

tary genius who conquered much of Europe and Egypt. He also got a toe hold in Russia, only to be ousted by the hordes of these people who caused Napoleon's army to be almost decimated in a terrible winter campaign. Corsica, as history tells us, was conquered by the Etruscans, Carthaginians, and Romans who gave Corsica its name.

As for Napoleon, he was defeated at Waterloo against the British and the Prussians in which there was a great loss of life on both sides and Napoleon finished his days on the island of Elba, not too far from where he was born. Our stay here at Ajaccio was short and we weighed anchor for Calvi, Corsica finally arriving here to what would be our home base. Calvi was a quaint village, quite clean and was also home to a P.T. boat squadron which operated the waters around and near the coast of Southern France and with many successful raids on German shipping also with hair-raising scuffles with "E" boats and "Flack Lighters." There was also an "R.A.F." base nearby and though we were only 90 miles from the French coast we felt quite safe with the nearby air umbrella. If we thought we were going to disembark here and enjoy our new surroundings, we were mistaken, that is to say a few of us like Dennis Sanschagrin, Al Manning, Larry Nokes, self, and others. We were told to stay aboard the LST as we would be heading for Naples, Italy via the island of Sardinia. The rest of our gang got off the LST and went ashore to erect a new home for us.

Margin Notes: R.A.F. -Royal Air Force. "E" Boats: Like P.T.'s only bigger. "Flack Lighter" a boat (enemy) to knockout air attacks on the above.

We sailed the next day down past Ajaccio into the Madelena Straits to Sardinia itself. This island, larger than Corsica and very historical and scenic, greeted us with gun fire, its anti-aircraft batteries trying to bring down "photo Joe" who proved to be much too elusive for the ack-ack guys. So we missed a heavy air raid by our early departure from Sardinia that day. There was a P.T. Base on this island and the P.T.'s made life miserable for German coastal convoys. Yet our fast riding boatmen never got away with shoot-em-ups completely as casualties were had on both sides. The German "E"-boat and "flack" lighters were not exactly ice cream and cake. Close quarter sea battles can be pretty trying especially if you read "P.T. Boats" by B. Cooper or "At Close Quarters".

The city of Naples, Italy has perhaps one of the finest harbors in Europe, plenty of shipping room for all. The city is built right along the docks, very colorful and interesting for history buffs, it rolls back a bit into the hills, a great city it is. We couldn't

figure out why Mussolini wasted his time at war when he could have continued doing good for the peoples and cities of Italy. There were evidences of a good side to the man, if he had only stayed sane. We got a chance to roam through parts of Naples and enjoyed it.

Our LST was blinked over to the Amphibious Fleet depot where we helped ferry our small boats to the docks and out of our hands. Now we hopped aboard a truck along with the inevitable bag and baggage and were driven to the battered city of Salerno, forty miles down the road. At arrival in Salerno we were quartered in tents once again, inside a soccer stadium, which was actually a rest camp for U.S. Army unfortunates as well as Navy. The chow was swell, the heat terrific, the Italian folk friendly and if one was too lazy to wash his own clothes or blankets, he could get a local citizen to take care of this chore at the cost of a bar of soap. Salerno had been worked over much by both Nazis and the Allies. The British had lost almost the whole Hampshire regiments (U.S. Army or Marine Corps, about 3,000 men) on the beaches below Salerno in Italy. The enemy had sat back in the hills and saturated the landing areas with artillery barrages that were devastating to say the least.

We had a couple of practice ops with our people boarding P.T. boats and working with the Canadian Commandos around islands outside of Salerno/Naples area which resembled areas which would be assaulted in the next major operation to be in the southern France area. Aug 13, '44 we left Salerno for Naples where we boarded the heavy cruiser U.S.S. Augusta, flagship of the coming invasion of Southern France and noteworthy for the Roosevelt/Churchill meet once upon a time.

Augusta weighed anchor and quickly steamed us back to Corsican island Appropriano. Here we would pick up our respective ARB's and prepare for the days ahead. A bit of morale was picked up at Appropriano when at the community drinking water spout a local young woman appeared and all eyes in the area turned toward her. She was without a doubt the most beautiful person that anyone of us had seen anywhere or at any time. Just a farm type or local fishing pier lady, no makeup or anything frilly and she was friendly to old or young. We found in our travels in Corsica, Italy, right here in Appropriano and France that Americans were well liked, also in Italy, contrary to what others thought of them.

At dawn Aug. 14, 1944 a small party set out to tease and be teased, or tweak the enemy's nose. The first set [was] to be on one side of the Isle Du Levant and make
Continued on page 53

Rear Admiral Albert M. Calland, III Commander, Special Operations Command Central

Below is the official biography of RADM(SEAL) Bert Calland, USN. RADM Calland is a career Naval Special Warfare officer, who was promoted to Rear Admiral this past summer as he assumed command of the Special Operations Central. SOCCENT's headquarters is located at MacDill, AFB in Tampa, FL. RADM Calland is the eighth Naval Special Warfare officer to be advanced to the rank of Rear Admiral.



SOCCENT is a sub-unified command of US Central Command (USCINCCENT) staffed by joint Special Operations Forces with unique experience and capabilities. USCINCCENT tasks COMSOCCENT to execute his theater Special Operations requirements.

Rear Admiral Albert M. Calland, III, U.S. Navy, was born in Columbus, Ohio on 30 July 1952. In June 1970, he entered the U.S. Naval Academy, Class of '74. Upon graduation in June 1974, Admiral Calland was temporarily assigned to the Academy until January 1975 when he entered Basic Underwater Demolition/SEAL (BUD/S) training (Class 82). Following BUD/S graduation in June 1975, he was assigned to Underwater Demolition Team ELEVEN where he served as assistant SEAL Delivery Vehicle (SDV) platoon commander. Rear Admiral Calland reported to SEAL Team ONE in 1977 where he made two deployments to the Western Pacific as both a SDV and SEAL platoon commander. In June 1981, Rear Admiral Calland was ordered back to BUD/S for instructor duty where he served as diving phase officer and later senior instructor BUD/S training.

In June 1983, he was transferred to Naval Special Warfare Group ONE as Research, Development, and Acquisition/Tactical Development and Evaluation officer and served in that capacity until being assigned to Commander Naval Surface Forces, Pacific staff in 1984. While assigned to COMNAVSURFPAC, he served as the Naval Special Warfare/Explosive Ordnance Disposal/Mine Warfare officer.

In May 1986, Rear Admiral Calland became the Executive Officer of Special Boat Unit TWELVE. From August through December 1987, he was deployed to the Persian Gulf in support of Operation EARNEST WILL as Commander, Naval Special Warfare Task Unit, Pacific aboard a mobile sea base. During that operation units under his command participated in the capture of the Iran Ajar minelayer. He completed his XO tour in April 1988 and was assigned to Commander Naval Special Warfare Command as Assistant Chief of Staff for Programs/Research, Development, and Acquisition.

In May 1990 he began his first joint assignment at the U.S. Special Operations Command in Tampa, FL, where he served as program analyst and Mobility Branch Chief for the Programs Division of the Directorate of Resources (SOJ8). Rear Admiral Calland returned to SEAL Team ONE in November 1993 as Commanding Officer and served in that position until January 1995. After completing Senior War College at the Industrial College of Armed Forces (ICAF) he was assigned duty as Deputy Director for Operations at the Joint Special Operations Command, Ft Bragg, NC. From June 1997 until June 1999, Rear Admiral Calland commanded the Naval Special Warfare Development Group, a CNO Priority ONE Major Command. From July 1999 to July 2000, he served as Executive Assistant to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Manpower and Reserve Affairs. He assumed command of SOCCENT on 14 July 00.

Rear Admiral Calland has a Master of Science degree in National Resource Strategy from the Industrial College of the Armed Forces in Washington, D.C. His personal decorations include the Defense Superior Service Medal, the Legion of Merit, the Defense Meritorious Service Medal (two awards), the Meritorious Service Medal (five awards), the Navy Commendation Medal, and various other campaign and service awards.

Rear Admiral Calland and his wife, Cindy, have two children: a son, Joel and a daughter, Sarah.

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tion, we're sure to have a model just right for you. And even if we don't, let us know, and we'll make one up to your specifications!

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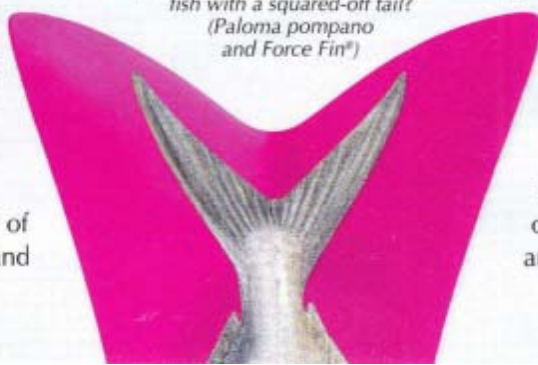
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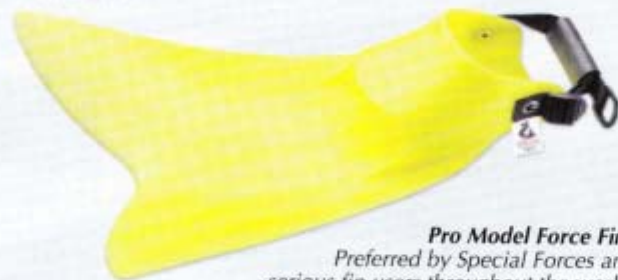
We could go on forever describing the benefits of using our products, but there is only one way to *really* find out why our fins are the best in the world: try a pair.

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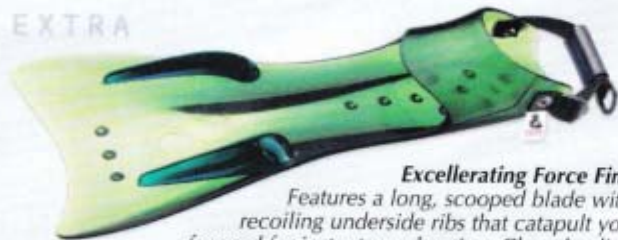
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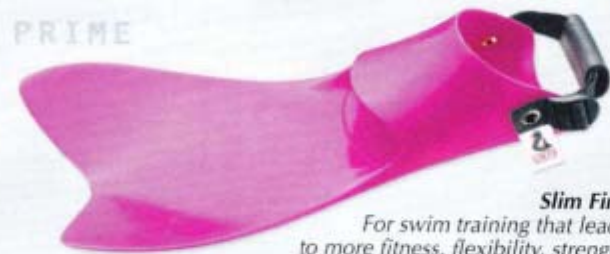
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FAB



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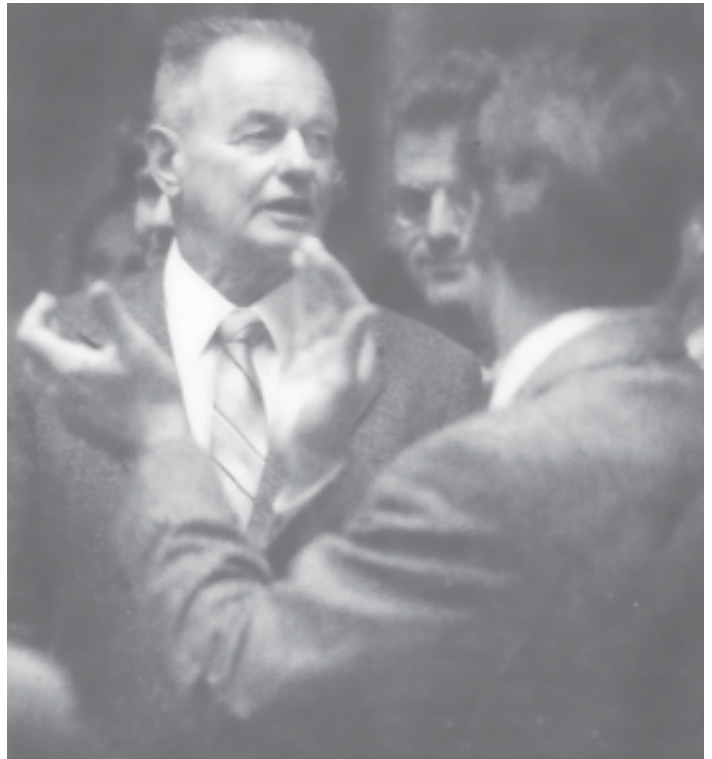
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SEAL

News, news, news

Rudy



Rudy, Rudy, Rudy – Navy Career of Beach’s Rudy Commended in State House. Rudy Boesch, the crew-cut hero of hit television show “Survivor” received a resolution in the [Virginia] House of Delegates commending his lengthy career as a Navy SEAL. Boesch, a Virginia Beach resident, caused a stir when he appeared in the Capitol with his wife and three daughters. He was stopped repeatedly and asked for autographs. Asked how he felt about being designated one of the 10 sexiest men in the country by People magazine, Boesch quipped: “What did they do, have a bunch of 90-year-old women as judges?” (*The Virginian –Pilot*)

Right: Retired Navy SEAL Rudy Boesch is applauded Thursday at the State House of Delegates as he receives a resolution commending his lengthy career as a Navy SEAL. (Bob Brown/Associated Press)

Role As Navy Guerillas Behind Jap Lines Bared – Washington: It can now be revealed that Ensign Jacob A. Foss and Coxswain P.F. Trayers of Hyde Park, MA played a role in one of the most romantic and dangerous episodes of the war against Japan—as members of a Naval group of guerrillas, intelligence agents, and weather observers behind the Japanese lines in Asia. The group now known as SACO—Sino-American Cooperative

Organization—began shortly after Pearl Harbor as strictly a weather-reporting unit.

The project grew until it was providing the U.S. Fleet, the Army 14th Air Force, and the Chinese and American Army Headquarters with weather reports and with intelligence of movement of Jap ships, troops, and supplies. Finally became a dangerous fighting outfit, killing Japs, blowing up trains, raiding Jap Outposts. Its activities finally extended all the way from Indo-China to the Gobi Desert.

SACO intelligence allowed the 14th Air Force to mine coastal waters, forcing Jap shipping out to sea, where they were attacked by American submarines on information from SACO.

Weather information helped the Navy decide when to stage invasions on Jap islands and raids on the Jap homeland.

Usually it was possible to enter or depart from the Jap territory by air, but SACO Americans became adept at Chinese disguises and guided by SACO Chinese, slipped through enemy lines when they chose. Through months and years not one SACO member was detected. (*Article from a unidentified newspaper, circa 1945.*)

This is a several-times-photocopied photograph of a group of U.S. Navy personnel assigned to the SACO operations in China during WWII. The photograph and newspaper article were sent to us by Mr. Trayer’s family.



NSW Wife of the Quarter



Susan Pullar



By: Tom Hawkins

If you've seen the Thursday night broadcast of a show called "CSI" or "Crime Scene Investigation" televised by the CBS television network, then you'd get some appreciation for the career of Susan Pullar.

Although she now works primarily for defense attorneys, investigators, and insurance companies, Susan is one of those rare individuals that likes to pluck around nasty crime scenes and pour over mounds of evidence looking for obscure or overlooked clues.

Susan is the wife of Captain(SEAL) Walt Pullar, USN, who currently serves as Program Executive Officer, Special Programs at the U.S. Special Operations Command at MacDill, AFB, FL.

Susan graduated from the California State University at Sacramento in May 1983 with a Bachelor of Science degree in Forensic Science with a concentration on chemistry (that credential alone leaves most of the Frogmen in the dark). Her career began when she became a Deputy Sheriff-Criminalist in the Contra Costa Criminalistic Lab located in Martinez, CA. Here she had responsibilities to collect, document, and preserve evidence from scenes of crime and then provide analysis for investigation. She also did things like reconstructing crime scenes, coordinating resources amongst multiple jurisdictions, and was involved in the early implementation of DNA technology into crime analysis. During this same period, Susan attained her Master's Degree in Public Health with a concentration in Forensic Science from the University of California, Berkeley in May 1989.

Mary Pierson, wife of Bill Pierson—another SEAL, first introduced Susan and husband-to-be Walt in August 1993. Mary and Susan were good friends, and Mary thought Walt was THE person for her to meet. Susan was skeptical, since she lived in San Francisco and Walt was stationed on the other side of the country on the Joint Staff in the Pentagon.

Mary Pierson introduced them over the telephone, and they didn't actually meet until about six weeks later in October. Susan related that the first time they talked on the phone together, they spoke for about an hour. This developed into "really long conversations" several times a week, where they talked about everything and anything.

They finally met when Walt came to San Francisco to meet his friend and former SEAL Dennis Franklin. It was decided that she would go to the airport and meet him coming off the plane. She would identify him as "the guy carrying a backpack." The rendezvous obviously went off without a hitch. They had a four-day courtship and at the end probably knew then that they were

made for each other. They continued to meet off and on in a coast-to-coast relationship, when finally in April 1994, they bought a house together in Washington area, which they gutted and refurbished before they got married. (Certainly a true test of the relationship.)

Having shucked a high-paying job in California to be with her true love, she moved to Washington in April 1995 and took on a position with the Armed Forces DNA Identification Lab in Rockville, MD. Again in the forefront of DNA technology, she personally analyzed samples and managed and supervised 10 other analysts that helped in the identification of Vietnam War era remains. She also assisted in development and refinement of laboratory policies and procedures.

They were married in April 1996 in Arlington, VA, and renewed their vows again the following June among her friends at the Contra Costa Sheriff's Office. They were enroute to Walt's new assignment in Hawaii as Commanding Officer, SEAL Delivery Vehicle Team ONE.

These frequent moves didn't bother Susan, since she had grown up as an Air Force brat, where her family moved about every three years. Being a Navy wife was something new she had to learn about. Upon arrival at their new home in Pearl Harbor, Susan soon enrolled in the Navy's Omnibus Training Course. She thought this might be the best and quickest way to learn the ways of the Navy. She now considers the course a "Great Resource!," and recommends it to everyone having the opportunity to attend. As a SEAL Team and Commanding Officer's wife, she fully immersed herself into the job and contributed significantly to pulling the Team together and organizing many social gatherings. During the same period, she also took a position as an Adjunct Professor at Chaminade University in Honolulu, where she taught various courses in Criminal Justice Research and assisted in development of the university's Forensic Science Program.

In February 1998, Walt and Susan were underway again, this time to the U.S. Special Operations Command at MacDill, AFB, FL. Walt was assigned as Program Manager, Combatant Craft and was serving in this position when he was selected for promotion to the rank of Captain and also selected for Navy Acquisition Major Command. He subsequently moved to his current job as director of Special Projects.

Like most Naval Special Warfare wives, Susan has learned to stay flexible and focus on her own interests. She began establishing herself as a consultant in Forensic Science shortly after their arrival in Tampa. She began establishing an ever-expanding client list of attorneys, investigators, corporate legal teams, and others requiring the services of a Forensic Scientist. Today, she provides case management and review, and forensic science training and education to those that need her in-depth expertise in forensic biology, forensic DNA analysis, crime-scene processing and reconstruction, general criminalistics, and photography.

In addition to her home and work activities, Susan has also been a very active volunteer at the UDT-SEAL Museum "Muster" and has assisted in UDT-SEAL Reunion activities on several occasions. Her husband Walt is a member of the NSW Foundation and the UDT-SEAL Museum Board of Directors.

Some time this summer, Susan will pack up the house for yet another move. This time to Norfolk, VA where her husband will relieve Captain Mike Howard as Commander, Special Boat Squadron TWO at NAB, Little Creek. It will be great having Susan (and Walt), among her many friends in the East Coast NSW Community. Susan Pullar certainly puts the "Special" in Special Warfare Wife, and we are pleased to have her represent all Navy wives as our NSW Wife of the Quarter.

The SEAL Story of...

The British Influence

By Chuck Detmer



Although I'm not certain who invented fast rope as a means of insertion, I'm going to credit it to the Britts since it was they that first demonstrated it to me. Fast rope, to say the least, is quick, safe and effective. Now that I've given the Britts their due, I'd like to bring up a couple of their ideas that went the way of the Edsel. These two ideas were methods to: covertly gain access to buildings and waterproof equipment.

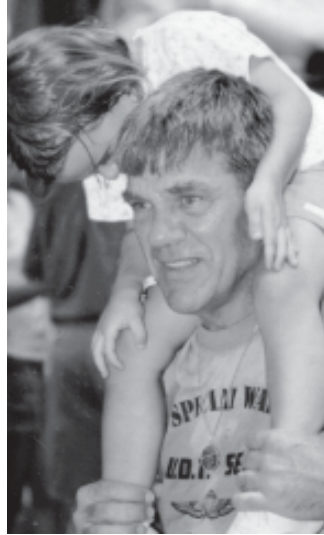
While conducting SEAL training at Fort A.P. Hill our British Royal Marine Exchange Officer promised to demonstrate the latest technique in gaining access to a building undetected. Always willing to pick up a new trick, we said we looked forward to the demonstration.

All loaded out for our battle problem, we were greeted by our Royal Marine counterpart. He was armed with a big grin and a 14 pound sledge hammer. We all thought he'd gone nuts. When he told us he wanted one of us to carry the sledgehammer our thoughts were confirmed. After a short pissing contest, it became apparent to him that none of us were going to carry the extra weight. He then stated that in order to prove a point he would carry the hammer himself. Good thinking LT.

After reaching our objective we gathered together to hear him disclose his secret to gain access to the second floor room that held our target. He proudly held out the sledgehammer as if it were King Arthur's sword, Excaliber. Now we were all convinced he'd gone nuts. He showed us that he had carefully carved a grooved ring in the end of the handle. With a sly wink, he informed us "that was the secret." We sat there stunned.

The ring, he went on to say, would hold the rope in place at the very end of the handle. It turned out that the big plot was to approach the building, throw the hammer over the roof, so the weight of the hammer would lie on the opposite side of the roofs ridge and offer enough leverage to allow a man to climb the rope attached to the handle.

When we were finally sure we'd heard him correctly, we began to ask questions. Questions like, don't you think someone might hear the hammer land on the roof and couldn't we just throw the rope completely over and attach it to something on the other side. None of our questions dampened his enthusiasm, so in an effort to enhance diplomatic relations we used the damn sledgehammer. It worked, but so would a lot of quieter things that didn't weigh 14 pounds.



Our next exposure to the good LT's technology came while we were conducting underwater training in Puerto Rico. We were to insert onto the island of Vieques using closed-circuit scuba, as if we'd been dropped off by submarine. While waterproofing our equipment in our packs, he told us how important it was for an 80 lb. pack to be neutrally buoyant if you planned to swim with it. The guy had a real knack for stating the obvious.

We, according to him, were going about waterproofing our bundles wrong. He said, "It's only with the utmost care and calculations that your equipment will remain dry and neutrally buoyant throughout the rigors of submarine lockout and a long swim." After his speech he began to make the rounds and, to his credit had a lot of really good suggestions. When he approached John Jauzems at work packing his gear, I thought the Britt would lose his cool.

Jauzems had taken a plastic garbage bag and put it in his rucksack, then just threw all the stuff he intended to carry into the bag and tied a knot in the end. The LT went bonkers. "Even if your sloppy method did keep your gear dry, you have no way of knowing it will be neutrally buoyant," he said. Jauzem's reply was, "no problem." He took his rucksack over to the dip tank and dropped it in. There the Britt gloated, it's far too buoyant. "Hell that ain't a problem," came the answer. Jauzems took the cigarette from his mouth and burnt a hole in the plastic bag. When the bag began to sink he slapped a piece of rigger's tape over the hole. The LT went away mumbling something about incorrigible Americans and left Jauzems to his own primitive devices.

They say the best laid plans of mice and men sometimes go awry. I guess this particular training mission was one of those times. After swimming ashore onto Vieques it was the LT who was bumming dry cigarettes from Jauzems.



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Remarks

by Captain Rick Woolard, USN (Retired)

*at the Graduation of
Basic Underwater
Demolition/SEAL
Training Class 231
on 27 October 2000*



The graduation of Class 231 from BUD/S Training was of course a momentous event for the 40 graduates and those who were close to them, but there was really nothing unusual about it ... until everyone hit the surf.

Is this a great day or what? I can think of nothing better than to celebrate the success of 40 of the toughest, fittest, most highly motivated men on the planet in completing this most rigorous training program. This is especially true since I have been reliably informed that this was the last of the hard classes.

Class 231, it's over. You made it! Out of the original 125 or so who started Phase 1 six months ago, you 40 have made it, and no one will ever be able to take that away from you. None of those Instructors sitting over there can make you go in the water today, not even Lieutenant Burns. (I suppose Captain Bowen could put you in the surf, but of course he wouldn't do a thing like that.) However, the same cannot be said of you fellows from Class 234, who most certainly are going to hit the surf today.

You 40 men — from the old man with the longest service, 30-year-old HM2 Montano with 10 years in the Navy (and who along with Class Leader Lieutenant Becker managed to avoid all but two room inspections — that's right, Instructors, you missed them); to Fireman Strachan, who just turned 19 and is happy on the job (but wishes people would pronounce his name correctly); to Ensign Wolfe, in the Navy for almost 11 months now (good 11 months, Mr. Wolfe!) — you 40 are now part of an unbroken chain of fine, tough warriors that goes back over half a century to WWII, when the predecessors of today's SEALs first went through Training. Since 1943, over 60,000 men have tried to get through this training, and only 10,000 have made it. Welcome to the family.

Thanks to my old friend, Captain Ed Bowen, for that kind introduction. We go way back to Class 38 on the East Coast in 1966 and were in UDT 21 and SEAL Team TWO together, and in Vietnam at the same time in 1968. Ensign Woolard and Airman Bowen — who would have suspected that those two knuckleheads would be together again today? What a country!

Same boat crew, right next to each other, paddling, head carrying, running with that boat, shoulder to shoulder all through Training. Now I have a confession to make. Under our IBS, I was in the #1 position, responsible for setting the pace. I'm told that I set a pretty hard pace. Don't think so, but I can see how some people might believe it. If it is true, the main reason I was working so hard was so Ed Bowen wouldn't think I was a wuss.

Thanks also to Captain Bowen for extending me the privilege — and the honor — of speaking with you today. I don't often get the chance to harangue a captive audience these days and I'm really enjoying it. Actually I think he didn't invite me here to honor me, but because he knew my son, QM3 John Woolard, was in the class and he figured I would come.

Well, I'm glad to be here. I am honored to be here. BUT... there was a time when, if he had asked me, I would have told him I didn't want to be here. You heard me right. For a brief moment last year moment, when John first announced he was going to be a SEAL, I didn't want to be here today, not giving a speech, not sitting in the audience, not here at all.

Why did I not want to be here? My

Grandfather was a doughboy in France in WW I (many 231 guys had relatives in WW I). My father, who's sitting right there, was an Infantryman in WW II, first in North Africa, then had an armed hike all the way up the Italian peninsula (men of 231 have relatives who served then as well). Somehow my family let Korea slip by without sending anyone — the McClures on John's mother's side covered that one — but I think I made up for it by spending 30 years in the Navy.

I loved it. I loved the spirit of the men I served with, I loved the danger, the adventure. But when I was young and bold and at war in Vietnam with a SEAL platoon, loving all that camaraderie and excitement, I did manage to get myself shot three times in less than two weeks. That was the first time I began to realize that I just might not live forever.

So for that brief moment, I didn't want to be here because I didn't want John to be here or to be in the Teams. No parent wants to put his child at risk. I asked myself why we couldn't take a break for a generation. The country's not at war — why couldn't he do something easy and safe? Something maybe that paid well. Many of you parents, relatives, wives and girlfriends of the men of Class 231 must have asked yourselves similar questions.

But then I remembered that becoming a SEAL is not like getting a job in the ordinary way. It's not something you shop around for to see if the salary meets your requirements, if the benefit package is sufficient, if the hours and the commute are convenient. It's not a job at all actually — it's a calling. The call to become a SEAL is in

the blood and you don't choose it, it chooses you. When the men who became Class 231 got it into their heads that they wanted to be SEALs, there was just no stopping them.

Why did these men choose this most difficult of military training programs? Some felt a sense of obligation to help defend the people of this country that nurtured them and raised them up from children. They all wanted adventure and they all wanted a challenge, to see if they had it in them to get through the toughest training this or any other military on the face of the earth can devise. They joined for the camaraderie. They wanted to lead and be led by good men, men who would be willing to sacrifice for this great nation, men they could trust with anything and who would trust them in return.

CAPT Bowen has already told you about the rigors of SEAL Training, the endless hours of pitiless PT, the ever-faster beach runs, swims, and Obstacle Course races. The all-night exercises, the cold water, the pounding surf. Log PT. Drownproofing. Pool Comp. Hell Week. I have spoken with Admiral Kauffman, the Father of UDT, and I can tell you the main premises of SEAL Training have not changed since 1943:

1. The human body is capable of 10 times the exertion that is normally thought possible, and

2. The more you sweat in peace, the less you bleed in war.

In the words of the German philosopher, Nietzsche ... well, what did he say, EM3

Brown? "That which does not kill me makes me stronger." Those words are tattooed over Brown's heart.

Parents, grandparents, wives, girlfriends and the other relatives and friends of Class 231: these young men are not the same as they were before they started Training. See it in their eyes. Watch them move. See how they carry themselves - any Team guy, and most people who have spent time with them, can pick Team guys in civilian clothes out of a crowd. It's called confidence.

There has been a change - 25 weeks (33 actually, if you count PTRR & Indoc) - 25 weeks of unremitting hardship, of daily demands on their strength, stamina and courage have to make a mark. These men you knew well are now a bit different. They have been changed by what they have put themselves through. That change has been for the better. That change is permanent.

These men are wealthier now. Yes, that's a bunch of rich kids down there. I'm not talking about money, folks - no fat portfolios, no BMWs, no summer houses on the Vineyard or in the Hamptons or Aspen or Tahoe bought with Navy pay for this crowd. But they are wealthier now than they were six months ago. They have had, and they will continue to have, a richness of experience that few can match. Hard to describe, but here are some images that come to mind.

• You're looking out the back of a Combat Talon aircraft that's flying below the radar over the water and you see no land, no water, no horizon, no lights, nothing but pitch blackness. With you are seven other

SEALs geared up for water jump. Two motorized rubber boats rigged with parachutes are on the deck near the ramp; they contain all the things you need for your mission and to survive for the next week. The plane suddenly starts its sharp climb to jump altitude. You're seconds from the release point, which is 30 miles from the tiny beach landing site you must reach before first light. You edge closer to the ramp. The green light comes on, the boats go out into the void and so do you.

• Two SEAL swim pairs wearing wet suits and bubble-less SCUBA rigs parachute into the Baltic Sea at last light. Each man carries a limpet mine on his back. A German coastal submarine is at periscope depth below them. They swim down into the open torpedo tubes and lock into the submarine, where they remain for 24 hours as the submerged U-boat closes in on a huge naval base at full wartime alert. As last light comes, they lock out of the torpedo tubes, rise to the surface and start swimming. After two miles, they submerge and pass through the narrow entrance to the enemy harbor. Without surfacing, they navigate a mile more to the farthest reaches of the harbor to an exact predetermined point. Above them is a nest of enemy ships. They attach their limpet mines and begin the long cold swim to safety. Four hours later, hypothermic and long after having exhausted their SCUBA's oxygen supply, they reach their pickup point two miles offshore and are collected by a fishing boat. The water was 41 degrees on the surface and 36 degrees at

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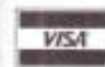
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3 meters down, they were swimming in it for 12 hours.

- It's Dress Whites inspection day at SEAL Team. The Commanding Officer and the Command Master Chief pass slowly, carefully, through the ranks. They are hardasses, but the Team's standards are high, so they scrutinize each man closely, vigilant for the slightest discrepancy. One man's appearance stands out above the rest, and so even though the CO feels a certain indefinable air of suppressed mirth about the man, he looks so good that he singles him out for a day off. Later, curious when he hears raucous laughter in the passageway, the CO is told that the man he has just rewarded forgot his socks that morning and so in desperation quickly shaved his ankles and coated them with black shoe polish. The CO realizes the joke's on him and laughs louder than anyone. The CMC later gives Kiwi Boy the weekend duty.

- You and 65 other SEALs in water jump gear are in the back of one of the world's largest cargo aircraft, standing along the bulkheads. Within arm's reach of you on the aircraft's centerline is a 33-foot high-speed boat with parachutes rigged to it that contains your assault element's operational gear. Behind it, toward the front of the aircraft, is another boat. Beyond it is a third boat. Each weighs several tons. They are bow to stern, resting on rollers and rails to guide their passage, all aimed toward the open ramp. The jump light goes from red to green, a rigger deploys the extraction chute on the first boat, and it accelerates down the rollers as it is pulled out the back of the plane. An instant later the second boat follows, and with more running room inside the C-5, it is moving even faster than the first boat as it passes you. As the third boat is extracted from the plane, it's going over 100 miles per hour inside the aircraft, sparks are flying from the rails and the rollers are smoking. It passes within touching distance of you with a noise like a locomotive and goes straight out, not downward, when it leaves the back of the plane. Seconds later, it's the men's turn. You race off the ramp into freefall and as you stabilize just before pulling the ripcord, you catch a glimpse of the boats, each floating under three gigantic main parachutes. You are relieved. Your mission is off to a good start.

- It's a summer day in a shipyard near New Orleans and you and the rest of SEAL Team TWO are hot in your whites as you stand at attention. You watch the wife of the Chief of Naval Operations as she breaks a bottle of champagne on the cutwater of a brand new ship that's propped on rails that lead down into the muddy water of the Mississippi River beyond it. A beautiful young woman who you know well steps to the bow

of the ship, leans forward, and tenderly kisses the gray hull. The band strikes up "Anchors Aweigh", orders are shouted, and the ship slides down the ways deceptively slowly and parts salt water for the first time. The USS John C. Brewton (FF-1086) has just been christened, launched, and welcomed into the service of the United States Navy. Your eyes well up with tears even as you're smiling and cheering with the others because the man whose name is on the ship was your Ranger Buddy and SEAL platoon mate. You spent the most intense time of your lives with each other, were wounded in combat together and knew things about each other that no one else ever will. The last time you saw him was a year ago in Vietnam when he was dying.

These types of experiences, shared with the smartest, funniest, bravest, toughest bunch of guys you'll ever meet—not money—are what make real wealth. Because they demand courage judgement commitment honor. Because they create character.

And men, your character will be tested, along with your strength, your skill, and your determination, because you're going to be sent forward, into harm's way, to the Persian Gulf, to Africa, to the Balkans, to South America, to places with strange names, places where the sound of gunfire is often heard. You will be called upon for maximum performance and you will give it. It'll be hard. It'll be dangerous. It will test you just as much as the past six months have tested you. But it's your calling ... and you will love it.

Class 231, thank your parents, grandparents, wives, girlfriends, and the other relatives and friends who came from afar to be here today. It's safe to say that many of you men wouldn't be here today if it hadn't been for their active encouragement and support. SEAL Training, and for that matter, being a SEAL, is hard. It's hard on BUD/S students. It's hard on SEALs (no one is harder on SEALs than SEALs).

Well, let me tell you guys in Class 231 that it hasn't been a walk on the beach for your relatives, wives and girlfriends, either. Some lost sleep worrying about you. Some just told you they better not hear from you until you had passed through successfully. Others may have noted an unexpected upswing in their religious feelings back around the 21st of May, when Hell Week began. This religious fervor may have peaked again around the time of the 50-meter underwater swim, or Pool Comp, or the last three weeks on San Clemente Island.

These people, who have come from all over the country to be with you this fine day, were instrumental in some way for your

being here now, graduating. It could have been teaching you perseverance as a child; or encouraging and enforcing high standards; or having high expectations; or showing you, by example, to NEVER QUIT. Whatever it was, they helped form the strength of character and force of will that got you men through Training. Thank them!

Think too, of your Instructors. Thank them, too. Some of them must have seemed like the very Antichrist to you – and don't think for a minute that they didn't enjoy that - but if they hadn't been stern enough and tough enough to make sure you really learned your business from their experience, they wouldn't have been answering their calling. They are too many to name, but thank men like Instructors "Econ" and Monty Tresize for their unparalleled professionalism in teaching demolitions and tactics in 3rd Phase. Thank men like Lieutenant Mean Joe Burns, whom all of you feared back in First Phase - and rightly so - for his strictness, his uncompromising standards. You did not want to disappoint him. Thank him also for showing you he's big enough to be human in front of you – remember how he lightened things up with his own special block of instruction on how to do a back flip into the pool?

You men have another six months of Training before you report to a Team and get your Tridents. You're going to learn a lot more in those months. In addition to tactics, techniques and procedures, learn the history of the Teams you're headed for. Search out Teammates and former SEALs who were in WW II ... Korea ... Vietnam ... The Gulf War... Somalia ...any of the places where SEALs have fought and bled. Look them up at the Reunions in Coronado and Little Creek or at the Muster at Fort Pierce. Some may be old, bald, or overweight – but if you look into their eyes, you'll see the fire is still there.

Remember one last thing, the words of Father Dennis Edward O'Brien:

It is the soldier, not the reporter, who gives us freedom of the press.

It is the soldier, not the poet, who gives us freedom of speech.

It is the soldier, not the social organizer, who gives us the freedom to demonstrate.

It is the soldier who salutes the flag, who serves beneath the flag and whose coffin is draped by the flag, who allows the protester to burn the flag.

You men of Class 231, welcome to the SEAL family. Congratulations. Now get out of here. Go forward. Do the right things and do them well. Excel.

Serve your country as well as you possibly can. It is worthy of your best efforts.

Good luck, Godspeed, and God bless every one of you.



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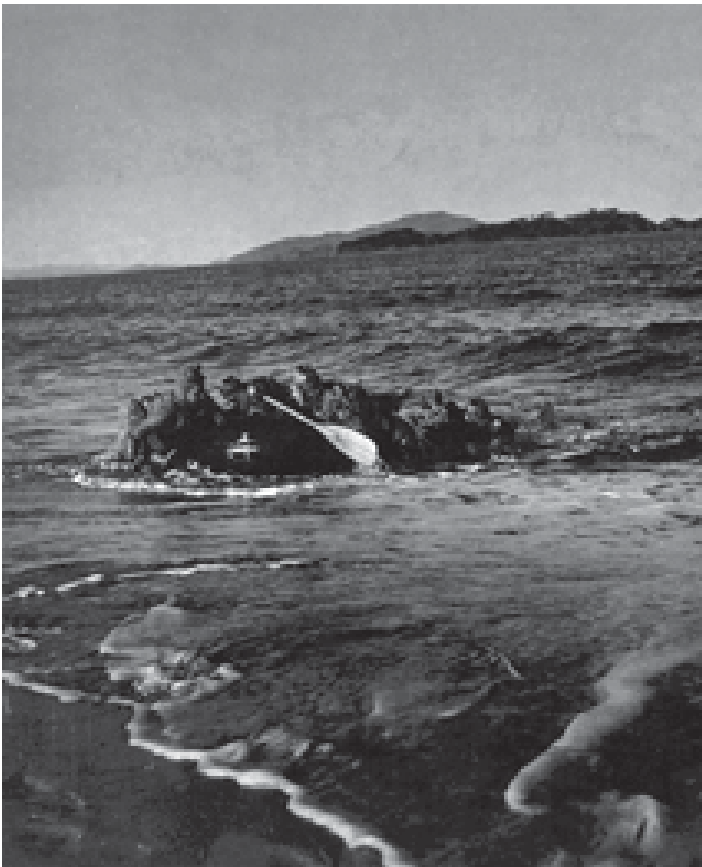


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Above: Wonsan Invasion, October 1950. Underwater Demolition Teams ONE and THREE board a rubber boat from a USS DIACHENKO (APD-123) LCVP, 26 October 1950. They are enroute to clear mines from Wonsan Harbor. Photographed by C.K. Rose, CPU-2.

Left: Wonsan Invasion, October 1950. Underwater Demolition Team members come ashore in their rubber boat, after traversing an enemy mine field, which they later destroyed, 26 October 1950. Photographed by C.K. Rose, CPU-2.

Right: Wonsan Invasion, October 1950. Underwater Demolition Team members pass a rubber boat from the deck of the USS DIACHENKO (APD-123) to a waiting LCVP, 26 October 1950. They are enroute to clear mines from Wonsan Harbor. Photographed by C.K. Rose, CPU-2.

Below: Wonsan Invasion, October 1950. Underwater Demolition Team "Frogmen" swim ashore from an LCVP in Wonsan Harbor, 26 October 1950. This area was heavily mined, and the UDT men destroyed the minefield prior to invasion by U.S. Marines.



Korea

The Chosin Reservoir Campaign
November-December 1950

In Perspective

Following the successful conclusion of the Inchon-Seoul campaign, the 1st Marine Division was relieved by Eighth Army elements and proceeded by sea around the Korean peninsula to seize Wonsan. The collapse of North Korean resistance was so rapid, however, that resurgent Republic of Korea forces took the port city without a fight. Subsequently, the 1st Marine Division made an unopposed landing on 26 October. While the 1st Marines were assigned patrolling and blocking missions in the vicinity of Wonsan, the 5th and 7th Marines were ordered by X Corps to proceed north to Hamhung, in preparation for a major United Nations drive towards the Yalu River and Manchurian border. Elements of the U.S. Army 7th and 3rd Infantry Divisions were in support.

Although considerable intelligence placed large numbers of Chinese Communist forces across the Yalu River, allied headquarters in Tokyo stalwartly minimized the enemy presence, and ordered the 1st Marine Division to continue its northwest drive towards the Chosin Reservoir, the site of an important hydroelectric plant. Shortly after midnight on 3 November, the 7th Marines had the first large-scale action of American forces with invading Chinese Communists. In four days of fierce fighting, the 7th Marines soundly defeated the 124th Chinese Communist Division, and on 10 November entered Koto-ri. By 15 November, the regiment reached Hagaru-ri, followed in turn by the 5th and 1st Marines, as MajGen Oliver P. Smith brought his 1st Marine Division regiments together along the main supply route from Hamhung to the southern tip of the Chosin Reservoir.

On 24 November, Gen. Douglas MacArthur launched simultaneous offensives of the Eighth Army in west-

ern Korea and X Corps in the northeast. MajGen Smith's 1st Marine Division would proceed westward to form the northern arm of the Eighth Army's pincer envelopment. The earlier warnings of massive Chinese intervention now proved all too true. On 25 November, Chinese forces struck the Eighth Army's right wing, and effectively brought the allied advance to a halt. The 5th and 7th Marines, having dutifully advanced westwards to Yudam-ni in support of the Eighth Army offensive, were struck by three Chinese divisions on the night of 27 November, after hitting the Army's Task Force MacLean/Faith. Additional Chinese divisions cut the supply route held by the 1st Marines, while other elements struck at Company F, 7th Marines, holding the vital Toktong Pass.

At beleaguered Hagaru-ri, MajGen. Smith opened his command post on 28 November to direct operations. The 5th Marines was ordered to hold its position, while the 7th Marines was assigned the grim task of clearing the zone from Yudam-ni to Hagaru-ri. At Koto-ri, Col Lewis B. "Chesty" Puller was ordered by MajGen Smith to put together a relief column to aid the hard-pressed defenders of Hagaru-ri. The resulting Task Force Drysdale, composed of the 41 Independent Commando, Royal Marines, with elements of U.S. Marine and Army units, arrived on 29 November in Hagaru-ri after nine days of bitter fighting along the road from Koto-ri. The situation at Hagaru-ri was by now almost desperate; heavy night attacks by bugle-blowing Chinese were repulsed on 28 and 30 November. From 2 to 4 December, the 5th and 7th Marines battled through to Hagaru-ri over a twisting 14-mile mountain road with sub-zero temperatures, relieving Company F which still held tenaciously to Tokong Pass.

The reunited 1st Marine Division

was supplied by airdrops and transports from the U.S. Air Force's Combat Cargo Command and the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing. More than 4,000 casualties were evacuated by C-47s from the improvised Hagaru-ri airstrip. Along the way, the withdrawing forces received critical close air support from the carriers of naval Task Force 77 and the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing.

On the morning of 6 December, the breakout southward from Hagaru-ri to Koto-ri began in earnest with Marine engineers blowing up supplies that could not be transported. On 8 December the 1st Marine Division with the Royal Marines 41st Commando and elements of the U.S. Army's 7th Division left Koto-ri and advanced towards Hamhung and Hungnam. Covered by the 3d Infantry Division, the allied column reached Hungnam on 11 December and by the 15th the last elements of the 1st Marine Division sailed from Hungnam for Pusan.

The Chosin Reservoir campaign had cost the 1st Marine Division over 4,000 battle casualties. Fourteen Marines were awarded the Medal of Honor for heroism during the advance to the Chosin Reservoir and subsequent breakout during November and December 1950; seven of the medals were awarded posthumously. The U.S. Army awarded two Medals of Honor and the U.S. Navy two for the same period. The Chinese plan to destroy the X Corps lay shattered in the frozen landscape of northwest Korea, along with an estimated 25,000 dead Chinese. The isolated Marine division managed to decimate nearly 10 Chinese infantry divisions in its assault eastward. Ships of the U.S. Navy Task Force 90 redeployed the Marine and Army ground forces.

Korea Remembered

THE CHOSIN RESERVOIR CAMPAIGN

November-December 1950

*“We were ready to do what nobody else could do,
and what nobody else wanted to do.”*

LTCOL Ward E. Scott, USMC
Navy/Marine Corps
Korean War Commemoration Coordinator

Exhausted from their two-hundred-yard-long swim through the cold, swift current that sweeps around the southern tip of the Korean peninsula, the two men crawled out of the ocean onto a deserted beach deep behind enemy lines. Too tired for the moment to care or even notice the small beach stones cutting into their bodies, the U.S. Navy’s Lt. (jg) George Atcheson and BM3C Warren Foley shivered and sucked the cold ocean air into their lungs. It was close to midnight as the two frogmen lay exposed under the glow of a nearly full moon, both distinctly possessed of that terrible apprehension so well known to intruders suddenly caught in the beam of an inescapable light.

Their apprehension was well justified, for in fact these intruders were intent on committing an act that would sorely antagonize a North Korean army already credited with committing a number of atrocities against UN prisoners of war. Launched from the high-speed transport *Diachenko* earlier that night, the two men had just begun the reconnaissance phase of TF 90’s first sabotage mission of the war. It was 5 August 1950, and other than their courage, the total weaponry carried by the two intruders included one .45-caliber pistol, one K-Bar combat knife, and a small number of grenades.

The presence of the two men on the beach that night represented both the fortunes and misfortunes that had befallen the navy’s elite underwater demolition teams since the end of World War II. The courage and determination displayed by their wartime predecessors had clearly survived the postwar years, as reflected by Atcheson’s remarkable statement some years later that this particular mission had been undertaken

“[because] some of the other targets would have been suicidal.” But on a less salutary note, the desperate effort also underscored the results that invariably follow when suddenly hard-pressed commanders attempt to overcome years of command neglect with the raw courage of an elite few.

Salutary or not, Doyle’s TF 90 had little operational choice in the matter of UDT employment that August, given the interdiction mission and its critical time constraints. For, regardless of the morality or tactical wisdom of thrusting these few into such extreme danger, the simple truth was that the navy simply had no one else—beyond a handful of reconnaissance Marines and frogmen-capable of attempting such high-risk missions. As another Korean War frogman succinctly put it, “We were ready to do what nobody else could do, and nobody else wanted to do.” The comment wasn’t a complaint but rather a statement of professional pride that went well beyond Atcheson’s inaugural 5 August mission into enemy territory. But if the pride was obviously still there, the same could not be said for the UDT’s training and equipment, or even the manpower necessary to support a large-scale raiding campaign.

The numbers alone provide a sad commentary on just how much of the UDT capability had been lost during the demobilization programs of the late 1940s. With the onset of war in 1950, the four remaining teams present for roll call were a mere shadow of the thirty-two combat-experienced teams that supported the major amphibious landings throughout the Pacific during World War II. These bleak numbers were even worse than they looked on paper, however, for the overall reduction in force was exacerbated still further by additional postwar reductions that cut nearly in half the manpower authorized each of the remaining teams. The cumulative effect of these reductions over the five years from

1945 to 1950 cut navy-wide UDT strength by nearly 95 percent.

Beyond the scarcity of combat veterans in the remaining UDTs, operational capabilities and morale were further impaired as overall personnel shortages throughout the navy led to the assignment of non-UDT officers to the proud teams. Of the four UDTs on active duty in 1947, for example, an experienced UDT officer commanded only UDT-2. And beyond the difficult organizational reductions that affected virtually every command at the time, the teams also suffered from the animosity felt toward them by many conventional officers of the period. In what was not likely an isolated incident, one non-UDT officer selected to command a UDT was told in no uncertain terms by his superiors to “get that bunch of rag-tags straightened out as quickly as possible.”

Although the UDTs conducted some valuable training during the interwar years—including that previously described aboard the submarines *Perch* and *Sea Lion*—the navy’s lean postwar budgets severely restricted the development of new concepts, or for that matter, even new equipment. As a result the Korean War found the understrength UDTs still woefully unprepared to conduct the two new missions—onshore raiding and the detection/destruction of moored anti shipping mines—that would take them far beyond the limits of their World War II-era training and equipment.

Very few senior officers serving on either the Pacific Fleet or Amphibious Forces Pacific Fleet staffs during the war were enthused with the prospect of committing scarce UDT resources for these two new missions, and not without reason. Perhaps the best explanation for this point of view was that provided in a Pacific Fleet study prepared in early 1952, which concluded that “UDTs PACFLT are not adequately prepared by training or with equipment for operations more advanced or different from those of World War II.” And it was the experience derived from those World War II-era operations that dictated the navy doctrine limiting UDT operations to obstacle demolition and beach reconnaissance between the three-fathom curve line and the high-water mark found on the target beach.

The major problem with the Pacific Fleet report was that, despite the soundness of its rationale, NAVFE had nonetheless committed the UDT to “more advanced or different” combat operations from the very beginning of the war. Moreover, the frogmen were still conducting these special operations missions when the Pacific Fleet

report was published eighteen months later, certainly sufficient time for the navy to have delegated the mission elsewhere had it chosen to do so. Between this report and battlefield reality something was clearly amiss; oddly, the navy was slow to look further into the discrepancy.

Perhaps some on the Pacific Fleet staff attributed the small UDT casualties to date—two killed and less than half a dozen wounded—to the World War II-era training in “operations beyond the high-water mark” provided to selected frogmen at the UDT Advanced Training Base established on Maui, Hawaii. Even this training, however, did not envision the kind of combat undertaken in Korea in 1950, and much of the expertise gained on Maui was lost during the huge demobilization programs that followed the Japanese capitulation in 1945. Thus UDTs 1 and 3 went to war with training and weapons that made them virtually indistinguishable from their World War II-era predecessors.

For the UDTs, the operational pace in the combat zone frequently found two of their platoons—approximately thirty men-forward—deployed to a particular APD for periods of six to eight weeks. The platoons usually ran between ten and twenty demolition or beach reconnaissance missions while aboard the APDs, depending on weather and enemy activity. In addition, individual UDT personnel were often away on temporary duty with other military or CIA units, usually for advisory and training duties. This included the forward-basing of small teams on islands close to the North Korean coastline, where they stood alert duty with UN Escape and Evasion organizations assisting in the recovery of downed airmen.

The individual weaponry taken by the frogmen behind enemy lines was usually limited to the submachine guns, pistols, and knives found most useful for the close-quarters combat that characterized most raiding missions. Though presumably available, sound suppressors for the weapons are not known to have been used. UDT-1 veteran QM2C James Short recalls that on the few occasions when frogmen were required to eliminate North Korean sentries, the task was usually accomplished with a knife. But few frogmen had undergone training for this kind of close up killing, and the dangerous business was usually accomplished with a combination of “on the job training” and the hope that a dozing sentry would make the bloody job easier.

The frogmen used a variety of demolitions in their work, but the standard UDT charge was the Mark-135 Demolition Pack, which contained twenty pounds of C-3 plastic explosive. Though aqua-lungs had been introduced to the UDT community by this period, they were never used in combat during the war.

Three Pacific Fleet UDTs served in the Far East during the war, with elements of one and usually two of the teams always present in the combat zone. As described earlier, UDT-1 shipped out



To continue our commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the Korean War, the UDT-SEAL Association has been granted permission by the Naval Institute Press (NIP), Annapolis, MD to reprint significant portions of *In the Devil's Shadow, U.N. Special Operations During the Korean War*, by Michael Haas.

Beginning with the Second Quarter 2001 (pre-reunion edition), our plan is to begin publishing all of Chapter 3, “U.S. Navy Special Operations” and selected portions of Chapter 4, “CIA Covert Warfare.” Be advised however, that this printing series will

take at least two years, thus, members are encouraged to purchase the book at first opportunity (ISBN 1-55750-344-3). Other chapters in the book cover “U.S. Army Unconventional Warfare,” and “U.S. Air Force Special Air Missions.” **Michael Haas is a sponsored member of the UDT-SEAL Association.**

(From the book's dust cover) Published on the 50th anniversary of the Korean War, this highly readable book presents the most authoritative and comprehensive recounting to date of the secret UN war fought deep behind communist lines. Through the extensive use of DoD and CIA documents declassified exclusively for this work and from interviews he conducted with veterans of the savage air-land-sea campaigns in North Korea and Manchuria, Michael Haas takes the reader into a world still unknown to most historians. It is a disturbing account by any standard, replete with tragedy, heroism, and scandal. But of special concern are the author's revelations of the bitter bureaucratic feuding that occurred between senior U.S. Army officers and CIA station chief in Japan—feuding that Haas says squandered the sacrifices made by Korean partisans and their American advisers, British commandos, U.S. Navy Frogmen, and CIA Field operatives.

A veteran special operations officer and respected author, Colonel Haas is uniquely qualified to analyze this subject and its importance to the development of the modern-day U.S. Special Operations Command. His detailed descriptions of classified operations never before made known to the public will fascinate even those who thought they knew what went on behind communist lines during the war. His careful documentation and realistic presentation will appeal to professionals and general readers alike, and assure its acceptance as the definitive study on Korean War special operations.

Look for this comprehensive history of NSW operations in Korea in what we at the BLAST consider the best accounting of UDT operations in the Korean War ever to be published. For an illustrated catalog describing other books in the Naval Institute's Special Warfare Series, please contact:

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from the Coronado Amphibious Base aboard the Bass following Truman's decision to intervene in Korea. Arriving in early August, this UDT absorbed UDT-3's ten-man detachment, the latter having been sent to Japan prior to the war to provide amphibious training to U.S. Army units.

The majority of UDT-3 departed Coronado in mid-August for a nonstop sailing that brought it to Japan later that month. Neither of these UDTs arrived in the Far East at their authorized strength, but the buildup continued so that by late November 1950 both were reported at 140 percent of their wartime complement.

As earlier noted, the Pacific Fleet responded quickly in getting both of its west coast UDTs to Japan, realizing in the process that fully half of the navy's entire UDT force had been committed to the war in less than six months. The navy didn't know what direction this new war might take or how long it might last, but it did know that any further requirements for UDT support in Korea would leave it with no option but to begin stripping the Atlantic Fleet UDTs of their personnel.

Faced with the obvious drawbacks of such a move, the navy recalled a number of UDT reservists to active duty, running them through an abbreviated refresher course before commissioning UDT-5 at Coronado in September 1951. UDT-5 arrived in Korea the following spring and, although employed primarily in beach survey operations, the enthusiastic reservists were evidently ready for any "special operation" that came their way, as a former officer aboard the Bass recalls: "In July 1952 we were working with UDT-5 on a beach survey near the island of Chejudo southwest of Pusan. Here our froggies soon discovered that someone else was in the water with them, bare-breasted female Korean pearl divers! In a remarkable display of United Nations teamwork the UDT began diving with their newfound 'friends,' helping them recover pearls until we left the island a few short days later. UDT-5 always had high morale."

UDT-5 was the third and final UDT to serve in Korea during the war. By the fall of 1952 all UDT raiding missions had ceased, and with the signing of the armistice in July 1953 all combat operations were terminated.

The Korean Service Medal 1950-1954

The following is a list of Underwater Demolition Teams credited by the Secretary of the Navy with having performed duty during the indicated periods, which entitle personnel to the Korean Service Medal. Engagement stars have been authorized for the Korean Service Medal for participation in combat operations. Only one star is authorized for participation in one or more engagements with the same code.

Beneath each UDT's name are three columns. The left column identified the period of time for which that particular UDT and its attached personnel qualified for the basic medal. The center column gives dates for which a Team's attached personnel qualified for a 3/16-inch bronze engagement star for participation in combat operations, if any. The right column gives the code of the designated engagement, a description of which is listed below. This list, provided by the Navy Historical Society, is reproduced from the 1953 U.S. Navy and Marine Corps Awards Manual (including 1954 changes) prepared by the Bureau of Naval Personnel and Headquarters.

- K1 - North Korean Aggression: 27 June-02 Nov 50
- K2 - Communist China Aggression: 03 Nov 50-24 Jan 51
- K3 - Inchon Landing: 13-17 Sep 50
- K4 - First UN Counter Offensive: 25 Jan-21 Apr 51
- K5 - Communist China Spring Offensive: 22 Apr-08 Jul 51
- K6 - UN Summer-Fall Offensive: 09 July-27 Nov 51
- K7 - Second Korean Winter: 28 Nov 51-30 Apr 52
- K8 - Korean Defense Summer-Fall 1952: 01 May-30 Nov 52
- K9 - Third Korean Winter: 01 Dec 52-30 Apr 53
- K10 - Korea, Summer-Fall 1953: 01 May-27 Jul 53

Unit / Medal Dates	Engagement star dates	Code
UDT 1:		
2 Aug 50-5 Nov 51	2 Aug-2 Nov 50	K1
26 Jan-27 Jul 53	3 Nov 50-24 Jan 51	K2
	13-17 Sep 50	K3
	25 Jan-29 Mar 51	K4
	30 Jun-8 Jul 51	K5
	29 Jan-25 Apr 53	K9
	6 May-27 Jun 53	K10
UDT 3:		
27 Jun 50-23 Aug 51	27 Jun-12 Sep 50	K1
	18 Sep-2 Nov 50	K1
	3 Nov 50-24 Jan 51	K2
	13-17 Sep 50	K3
	25 Jan-21 Apr 51	K4
	22 Apr-8 Jun 51	K5
	9 Jul-23 Aug 51	K6
UDT 5:		
15 Feb-15 Sep 52	10-19 Apr 52	K7
	23 Jul-1 Aug 52	K8
UDT 11:		
2 Aug 50-13 Apr 51	2 Aug-12 Sep 50	K1
22 Aug-9 Oct 51	18 Sep-2 Nov 50	K1
26 Jan 53-27 Jul 54	3 Nov 50-24 Jan 51	K2
	13-17 Sep 50	K3
	25 Jan-13 Apr 51	K4
	22 Aug-9 Oct 51	K6
	26 Jan-30 Apr 53	K9
	1 May-27 Jul 53	K10
UDT 12 (UDT-1):		
27 Jun 50-23 Aug 51	27 Jun-12 Sep 50	K1
3 Mar-27 Jul 54	18 Sep-2 Nov 50	K1
	3 Nov 50-24 Jan 51	K2
	13-17 Sep 50	K3
	25 Jan-21 Apr 51	K4
	22 Apr-8 Jul 51	K5
	9 Jul-23 Aug 51	K6
UDT 13 (UDT-5):		
15 Feb-15 Sep 52	15 Feb-30 Apr 52	K7
27 Jul 53-3 Mar 54	1 Mar-15 Sep 52	K8
	27 Jul 53	K10



Frogmen prepare for undersea search in Mediterranean for H-bomb missing since Jan. 17 crash of B-52 bomber and tanker that was refueling it. (Photo by Paris Match)

Of poor quality, but this is a newspaper photograph that complements Chuck Detmer's SEAL Story of... "Great Balls of Fire" from the last edition of the BLAST (4Q00). If any members have actual photographs of this H-Bomb recovery operation, temporary loan or copies would be appreciated.

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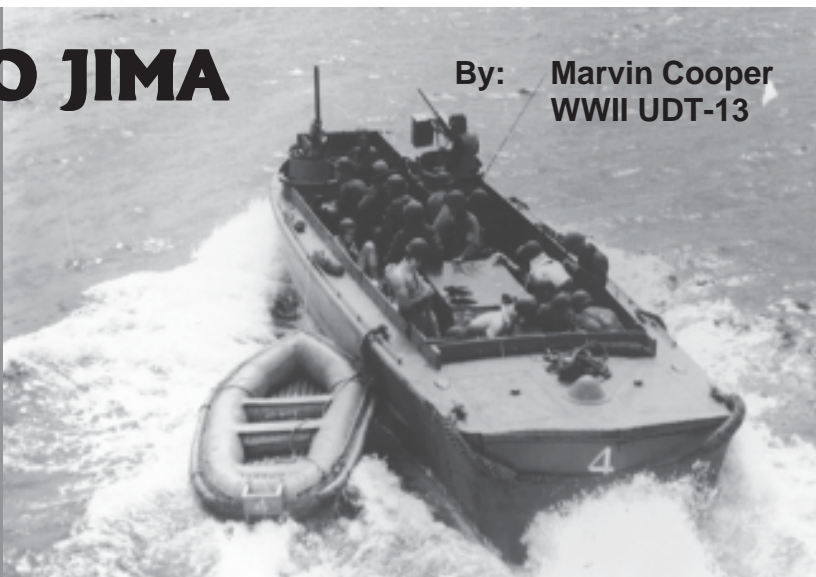
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IWO JIMA

Chapter X

By: **Marvin Cooper**
WWII UDT-13



By February 1945, most of the Philippine Islands were in American hands. Manila fell to the American troops on February 6, and the Army landed on Corregidor on February 17. The giant B-29 bombers were bombing Japanese positions from Singapore to Tokyo. The Japs were reeling but seemed oblivious of the fact.

Back in Fort Pierce, Florida, Teams 25, 26, and 27 were starting their training at the Naval Combat Demolition Unit at the Naval Amphibious Training Base. The training had changed little after the change to add more swimming the previous fall. By this time, the training was called Basic Underwater Demolition Training - a term used for the initial training of today's SEALs.

In Maui, Teams 16, 17, 18 and 19 were finishing their training and Teams 20, 21, and 22 were in training. Teams 23, and 24 were on their way to Maui.

The next target of the United States Navy and the Marine Corps was Iwo Jima - a small volcanic island about 750 miles south by southeast of Tokyo Japan. Iwo was less than six miles long and ranged from about one to three miles wide. On the south end of the island stood a stark volcanic mountain cone named Suribachi. Suribachi Mountain has been described as looking like an overturned coffee cup, nearly 1000 feet high. North of Suribachi was the narrow "waist" of Iwo, a little over a mile wide. To the north the island broadened to nearly three miles in width, and consisted of mostly 300 to 500 feet high lands separated from the ocean by cliffs on the west, north, and east. Iwo Jima is a geologically young island created by volcanic activity. Its natural plant covering is scrub like trees and underbrush.

Iwo Jima would be the first Homeland Island of Japan to come under landing as-

sault by American forces. Many of the other islands taken by the Americans in the Marianas and Carolinas were Japanese possessions by mandate of a 1919 League of Nations directive. Iwo Jima was claimed and occupied by the Japanese much earlier, and was considered Japanese territory in the strictest sense. Its defense would reflect the nationalistic pride of its defenders.

Iwo Jima was important to the United States high command because of its strategic location between Saipan and the cities of Japan. This was the B-29 alley for the great air attacks by the U.S Army Air Corp. The Army demanded Iwo Jima's capture for two reasons. First to base U.S. fighter planes to protect the big bombers, and second, to provide an emergency landing site for crippled B-29s, as they returned from their bombing runs.

The research for this manuscript did not reveal what intelligence information the Navy had on Iwo Jima before the invasion. The UDT teams were briefed that it was going to be a very hazardous operation, possibly the worst of the Pacific war, but otherwise the information did little to predict what was in store for the Marine Corps.

If they knew it or not, the Marines faced about twenty-two thousand fanatical Japanese. Some of them were the legendary Imperial Marines. Over twenty thousand of those Japanese would die, and over six thousand Marine and Navy personnel would be killed in the capture of those less than six square miles of real estate.

Underwater Demolition Teams Twelve, Thirteen, Fourteen, and Fifteen were assigned to prepare the beaches of Iwo Jima. Two of the teams were veterans of the Luzon invasion, and the other two would see their first combat as an underwater demolition team.

The core personnel for Teams 11, 12,

13, and 19 all came from Training Class 7 of Fort Pierce. Team 15 left Florida in early September, but the other three teams were held back until almost October 1. Along with a shortage of volunteers for UDT, which resulted in the development of the "fleet teams", there was a shortage of "brass." It was decided that the command level for a UDT commanding officer should be of the Lieutenant Commander rank. So rather than assign a Lieutenant or a Lieutenant (jg) to head those three teams still in Fort Pierce, the high command went to the Beach Battalions for volunteers. From the Beach Battalions, Lieutenant Commander C. R. Conger was assigned to Team 11, Lieutenant Commander E. Hochuli was assigned to Team 12, and Lieutenant Commander Vincent Moranz was assigned to Team 13. Those three commanding officers had no basic underwater demolition training. The question was would it work.

Teams 11, 12, and 13 were originally scheduled to be assigned to the Iwo Jima operation, but during their last week of training, Team 11 had a training accident, and because of the accident the team was held at Maui to a later date.

Both Teams 12 and Team 13 had veterans of Team Able in their personnel. Team 13 had seven enlisted men, two chief petty officers, and their Executive Officer, Lieutenant Donald Walker, all from Team Able.

Team Twelve was assigned to the USS Bates and Team Thirteen was assigned to the USS Barr and on January 3, both teams moved to Pearl Harbor. The Bates and the Barr, loaded with many tons of tetrytol, hundreds of rolls of primacord, fuses, fuse igniters, 45 caliber hand guns, Thompson sub-machine guns, Navy knives, dive masks, swimfins, rubber boats, and many other items needed for demolition operations, headed for the Carolina Islands. The ships were part of the screen force for a convoy of APAs. With the Barr on the right flank, the Bates on the left, and the battleship the USS Nevada as flag the convoy proceeded across the central Pacific.

The convoy moved close by the Japanese held island of Truk, and all hands were warned to be prepared for possible Japanese air patrols. In late January, they reached Ulithi, the large atoll anchorage, which UDT-10 and Marine assault troops had taken from Japanese forces a few months earlier. This was the staging area for the assault on Iwo Jima.

The Barr and Bates, with Teams 13 and 12 aboard, were just comfortably anchored down in the calm waters of Ulithi's inner lagoon, when who should appear but their old buddies from Class 7, Team Fifteen. With Team Fifteen, aboard the USS Bull, was Team Fourteen.

The two teams arriving from the Lingayen Gulf operation had grim news for the two fledgling teams from Maui. This was the new Japanese weapon - the Kamikaze. This news was accepted as a warning. A warning used to add firepower to the APDs.

Team Thirteen on the USS Barr, and with the aid of the Barr crewman, ringed the fantail with 50 caliber machine guns. These guns would probably have little effect against suicide planes, but at least they would add to the curtain of fire. The Team had a man from Team Able, and a former Seabee, named Raymond LeBlanc who was a welder, and he was responsible for much of the welding necessary on the gun mounts. Unfortunately after the gun mounts were in place, Ray was welding over the side in another project, when a wave from a passing boat struck his electric welding equipment. Ray went into the water, and drifted under the ship before his teammates could rescue him from the opposite side of the ship. He either died by electrocution or by drowning.

For a few days, the men from the four teams kept in condition by swimming, taking rubber boats into one of the small islands, and searching for sea shells along the shallow corral beach approaches. Many of them examined a Japanese two-man suicide submarine lodged on the reef between two islands. The submarine appeared to have been accidentally grounded on the reef some time in the past.

Before the teams left Ulithi, they were briefed on the Iwo Jima operation. Most of the demolition people had never heard of Iwo Jima, but they were warned that it would not be an easy operation. Swimmers received their individual assignments including the names of their swimming buddy. The staging plan included a training reconnaissance mission outside of the lagoon. The swimmers were dropped at high speeds, swam into the beach, but stayed outside of the surf line. The surf was high, and the breakers were estimated at about 12 feet; the water was warm, the swim was pleasant, and the training mission was completed with no problems.

On February 10, the bombardment force for the Iwo Jima operation left Ulitbi Under the command of Rear Admiral "Spike" Blandy; the fleet included a flotilla of minesweepers, six Underwater Demolition Team APDs in the UDT command, six battleships, twelve LCIG gunboats, five cruisers, sixteen destroyers, and twelve aircraft carriers. (This listing of the battle group was taken from the book, IWO JIMA written by Richard Newcomb). Not only was Iwo Jima going to be hit hard, but about the same time as this departure, Task Force 58, the greatest fleet in the Pacific, left Ulithi.

Their destination was to move in close to Japan and use their aerial arm from the new modern carriers to bomb the cities of Japan.

Blandy's group stopped at Guam for a last loading of supplies and then moved past Saipan heading northwest towards Iwo.

On the morning of February 16, 1945, the battle group arrived off of Iwo Jima. The weather was cool, partly cloudy, and gloomy. The island looked ominous. To the south rose Suribachi a thousand feet or so, to the north was the long high land ridge with a lower elevation. Six miles land one to three miles wide, Iwo even before the start of the battle looked devastated. It had been bombed daily for sixty consecutive days by U.S. Army Air Corps bombers stationed at Saipan and yet on that very day 22,000 Japanese troops were living in the caves and pillboxes that ringed the island.

Underwater Demolition Team Thirteen drew the first assignment. On the north end of Iwo, a cluster of rocks protruded from the water a few hundred yards from the mainland. Strangely enough they even had a name, and were called Higashi Iwo. Team Thirteen's assignment was to put a navigational light emplacement in the rocks to warn the ships of the invasion fleet of the rocks presence in the darkness of night. On the afternoon of February 16, the team sent an LCPR carrying a rubber boat with a crew to mount the light.

The Japanese did not quite approve, and mortar fire started falling in the area of the LCPR and the dispatched rubber boat. The Japanese also opened up with shell fire of 5-inch or above on the Barr. The Barr moved rapidly towards the island its 5-inch gun blazing at the spotted locations of enemy fire. Behind the Barr, the USS Pensacola plastered the north end of the island with its full battery of 8-inch guns.

The rubber boat crew bravely moved into the waves crashing about the rock, while heavy caliber machine-gun fire struck around them. The crew installed the light and successfully returned to the LCPR and subsequently back to the Barr. The only casualty was Ensign Charles Hamman, who received a leg-cut on the sharp edges of the rocks.

The following morning, February 17, D-2, was designated the time for the Underwater Demolition Teams to open the beaches of Iwo. Teams 12, 14, and 15 would work with 20 swimmers during the morning hours on the east beaches, and use the same number during the afternoon on the west beaches. Team 13 would work with them on both operations, but would only send 10 swimmers in on both missions. Captain Hanlon, the Underwater Demolition Operations Commanding Officer made

this decision because of Team 13's light installation operation the day before.

These daylight reconnaissance missions were to be made against the strongest fortifications of the Pacific War. For this reason, fire support was to be the heaviest of any UDT Operation. The plan was to start the heavy shelling at the high water mark and move inward to the center of the island. The Navy gunners were cautioned against dropping shells in the water to avoid making the water so murky, that the swimmers could not see the bottom. All the beaches on the east and west were on the narrow waist of Iwo Jima, and all the possible landing beaches were to be reconnoitered.

The bombardment group lined up early and commenced the softening up bombardment of the east beaches. The battleships were positioned the furthest from the beach, next were the cruisers, and then the destroyer line. Close in were the LCIG gunboats with their tremendous rocket fire.

The four teams worked side by side. Team Thirteen with its ten swimmers had the south beach, labeled Orange Zebra Beach. Team 13 swimmers were to swim under the near shadow of Suribachi, which towered to the swimmers immediate left. It appeared to be the most dangerous beach of the entire east side. The only consolation was that Team 13 was to send in 10 swimmers and the other teams were to use 20, but to those 10 swimmers the giant "beehive" of a mountain swarming with machine-gunners and mortar launchers was little consolation.

The four UDT teams would work as one team through both the morning and afternoon missions. Their beaches side by side would cover all the suitable landing beaches on the small island.

The fire support for the Underwater Demolition Teams was awesome. Battleships, cruisers, and destroyers were positioned to rain a withering fire upon the eastern slope of the island. And in close the twelve LCIG gunboats would pour a continuous flow of rocket fire on the enemy gun positions. Through experience in previous operations the Navy had learned that to have successful daylight beach reconnaissance missions into heavy fortified beaches this fire support was necessary.

Like a wave of landing craft, LCPRs from all four teams moved inside the line of LCIGs, and started to receive fire from the shore. With throttles wide open the LCPRs turned and moved parallel to the beach dropping swimmers one by one. Mortar fire and machine-gun fire rained down and around most of the reconnaissance craft until they moved out beyond the line of LCIGs. So far no boats were hit and there

were no casualties.

Things were different on the LCIG line. The Japanese poured everything they had from 8 inches on down at the 12 LCIG gunboats. Eleven of the twelve were hit and disabled by gunfire, one was sunk, and many crewmen were killed and wounded. Some of the casualties were UDT people who were acting as spotters on the ships. In less than a half an hour, the flotilla of gunboats was too badly mauled to continue their support. This was the worst disaster for their group during the Pacific War.

The following is directly quoted from the book *IWO JIMA* by Richard Newcomb pertaining to the radio messages in the communication records of this chapter in Iwo Jima history. The number identifies the number of each LCIG.

"473. [We are] sinking rapidly and will have to be towed from the beach."
"438. Bow gun is knocked out."
"457. We are taking water."
"469. We have had several hits. We are taking water."
"449. Request doctor. Have injured aboard."
"457. We are sinking."
"469. We are taking water fast."
"441. Our engines are out."
"471. We need medical assistance in a hurry. Where do we go?"

While the gunboats were being annihilated, the men from Team 12, 13, 14 and 15 swam into their assigned beaches braving mortar, machine-gun, rifle fire, and very frigid water. Their last swim had been at Ulithi in 85-degree water, but at Iwo it was reported at 59 degrees. Their combat uniform was bathing trunks, face mask, swim shoes, swim fins, webbed belt, knife, mine detonators, and a plastic plate to record information. The only protection from the cold was a layer of grease over their near naked bodies applied before they left their ships. The swimmers made their reconnaissance in less than an hour, returned to the swimmer pick up lines, and each team's LCPRs made the high speed pick up of their swimmers.

The reconnaissance swimmers wondered what happened to the LCIGs. When they were swimming to the beach they heard the tremendous salvos of rocket screaming over them as the gunboats unleashed their bombardment potential. Less than an hour later the LCIGs were gone from the scene.

The reconnaissance of the west beaches was scheduled for the afternoon of February 17. The devastated LCIGs were out of the plan. Hall Hanlon conferred with fleet commanders about a change of strategy. The show must go on, but what about the protection of the swimmers without the LCIG gunboats. As the entire bombardment force moved to the western side of Iwo Jima, de-

isions were made. Navy planes were to precisely lay a curtain of smoke over the beach from the high water line far into the enemy's gun emplacements. Smoke would conceal the information the swimmers would be expected to gather about the fortifications along the dune line, but by delaying the smoke until the swimmers were close inshore, the necessary information could be gained.

The change in plans resulted in a delay of time. The swimmer drop was delayed from 1430 until 1630, which meant that swimmer retrieval might be as late as 1730 (5:30 P.M.). In middle February, this meant that swimmer pickup would be at near dusk, and this added uncertainty to the success of the operation.

The swimmers were dropped at the newly scheduled time. The wind had increased, and the cold water had waves that were showing white caps to add to the discomfort of the swimmers. All swimmers were instructed to stay out side of the surf line when they approached the beach. The beach was steep and the waves were breaking very close, so the swimmers could easily measure the water depth, check for mines and obstacles, and record the possible location of gun positions.

As the swimmers returned to the swimmer retrieval line, some problems developed. The wind had increased; the sea was running high with larger waves. Some swimmers were slowed with cramps from the cold and some had strayed from the area assigned. This resulted in swimmers being retrieved by LCPRs of another team. Regardless of the confusion and the darkening hour all swimmers were retrieved and returned to their own ships.

The intelligence information received was excellent for all beaches. A few anti-boat mines were found and destroyed, there were no obstacles found, the approaches were deep and clear, and the beaches all had steep ramps to receive landing craft. The information was accurate and complete, but there was one problem that developed that UDT could not effect or control. Each swimmer had brought back a small tobacco bag of sand, so experts could analyze for stability to landing vehicles, Amtrak's and tanks. The swimmers collected their sand samples in the surf waters as instructed, but it was discovered too late that the sand in the surf constantly exposed to water was not the same constituency as the sand along the dune lines. This resulted in problems later when heavy equipment was moved from the water line to higher ground.

According to the research materials for this manuscript, only one swimmer was lost and two or three UDT men died on the ill-fated LCIGs. The bombardment force at Iwo

Jima had performed flawlessly, protecting the swimmers in a daylight operation against one of the most fortified strongholds of World War II.

The Bull, the Blessman, the Bates, and the Barr with their UDT crews feeling of a job well done moved into screen duty far out from the island as the night closed on Iwo Jima.

On the morning of February 18, Team Thirteen received word that their first accomplishment had been undone. The Japanese had managed to destroy their navigational light off the north shore of Iwo Jima. The second installation went well. For three days the Navy had been working around Iwo, and still had not attempted to land assault troops on the island. It even appeared that the Japanese were confused. Radio Tokyo had reported that their defenses had repulsed two invasion attempts during the day of the 17th. That of course was the two UDT reconnaissance missions. Anyway when Team Thirteen installed the light for the second time; the Japanese fire was minimal.

With no beach demolition work required, the UDT teams had no assignment except Team Thirteen's second mission on the north shore to replace the light. The following morning would be D-Day and the destroyers and APDs with falling darkness moved into their screening position several miles out to sea from the island.

The Blessman with Team Fifteen aboard was cruising screen position when at about 2120 (9:20 P.M.) two low-flying Japanese bombers flying under the radar spotted the ship. Dropping bombs, the planes landed one on the Blessman amidships. The main force of the exploding bomb struck the starboard mess hall. The mess hall was always used during evening hours for cards and other games. When the bomb hit, many men were engaged in that activity and many were killed and others wounded. The bomb set off many fires, and the ship was burning. Fire spread through the troop areas and into the galley. The pumps were inoperative because of bomb damage, and the Blessman crew using fire extinguishers could not control the blaze. The Blessman was loaded with tetrytol safely stored in the fantail hold. If flames reached the explosives and the tetrytol blew, we would be a hole in the ocean where the Blessman floated.

The USS Gilmer, the UDT command ship with Captain on and Commander Draper Kauffman aboard, was in the area of the Blessman, and when alerted of the bombing, the Gilmer moved quickly to assist the Blessman. Commander Kauffman had the Gilmer drop its LCPRs, and then he led a boarding party to survey the dam-

age. The fire had spread back through the troop quarters and was near the fantail. The fantail's steel deck was becoming hot, and beneath it lay the tetrytol. Team Fifteen survivors were pulling water from ocean with buckets, attempting to fight the fire.

It was decided to bring the Gilmer along side of the Blessman, so the Gilmer pumps could be used to fight the fire. It was a gamble, because if the tetrytol exploded both ships would be gone. After the Gilmer started using pumps, it still took nearly two hours to extinguish the fires. But, it was accomplished and the tetrytol remained cool.

The wounded were transferred to the Gilmer. The survivors and the dead remained on the crippled Blessman. The following morning the surviving Team Fifteen members were transferred to the USS Newberry, a transport. That morning there was a burial service for the dead, and they were buried at sea.

Team Fifteen buried 18 teammates that morning, and 23 were badly wounded. The crew of the Blessman had similar casualties.

Team Fifteen survivors went back to Maui where they joined Team Nine working with the training staff. In May Teams Nine and Fifteen were relieved by Team 13, and both teams reported to the states for leave, and then reported to Fort Pierce for reorganization.

The following morning was D-Day. When the men of Teams 12, 13, and 14 awoke that morning, they learned of the deadly toll suffered by their sister team. Many had seen the glow of the burning Blessman over the horizon, but the death count was not known until morning. When the demolition men walked out on the decks of their APDs, they were amazed. As far as they could see, there were ships. The transports carrying the Fourth and Fifth Marine divisions, Seabee Battalions, Beach Battalions, and others had arrived during the night. It is a sure thing, that the Japanese when they awoke that morning would now know for sure, what was coming their way.

Men in the three surviving Underwater Demolition Teams had one more responsibility, and that was to lead the first wave of assault landing craft into the beaches. Each team would lead the wave into the beaches that they had reconnoitered. Research for this manuscript did not reveal who led the landing craft into Team Fifteen's beach. It could have been some of the team's survivors, but probably it was volunteers from the other teams.

At first it looked like the UDT work was over. The first few waves of assault boats went to the beach with only a minimum amount of resistance by the enemy.

But this was Kuribayashi's plan. Kuribayashi was the Japanese commanding officer to the Iwo Jima forces. He wanted the Marines to get ashore and move up the slope towards the airstrip. There he would have them in a crossfire both from Suribachi and the north ridge. The battle that first day worked pretty well as Kuribayashi planned. Both the Fifth and Fourth Marine Division suffered heavy casualties [that could be seen] on the east slope, and it has been described as a carnage.

After the U.S. [Naval] forces got several thousand Marines ashore, the Japanese then started concentrating heavy gun and mortar fire on to the beaches and beach approaches. By the second day the Beach Master, Captain "Squeaky" Anderson, a veteran of the Saipan invasion, saw he was in trouble. He needed the Underwater Demolition Teams to clear the beaches. Beaches that were clear of obstacles two days before, were now nearly blocked by crippled landing crafts, tanks, Amtrak's, and other equipment.

Captain Anderson contacted Captain Hall "Bull" Hanlon the UDT commander. When Hanlon relayed the request to each Team's commanding officer, [LCDR Edward] Hochuli of Team Twelve volunteered his team. Team Thirteen's [LCDR] Vincent Moranz was reluctant, and radioed back that his men in Team Thirteen were not salvage people. It is said, that Bull Hanlon roared back that he wanted nothing salvaged, but he did want that beach cleared.

All three of the surviving teams worked through the days of February 20 through the 25th to clear the beaches of the glut of wreckage. Team Twelve seemed to take the lead, probably because of the extrovert attitude of [LCDR] Hochuli. Team Twelve was the first on the beach with an LCPR loaded with Tetrytol. The Team loaded a wreck on the beach with tetrytol and then blew it in to small pieces. Shrapnel from the exploding wreck rained down on Anderson's beach battalion workers. "Squeaky," said to Hochuli, "Which side are you on?"

Unable to blast the wreckage without endangering Beach Battalion personnel, the teams used LCIs and Mine layers to tow them to sea. The UDT men would swim in the surf and connect cables to the wrecked boats and the LCIs would pull them into deep water. If they sank, fine, if not the UDT men would plant charges in their bottoms and sink them. The three teams worked for six days and cleared over 200 wrecks from the beaches. This was done under fire, and many of the wrecks accumulated during those six days. After Suribachi fell under the attack of the Fifth Marine Division, and the east coast of Iwo was cleared northward by the Fourth Marine Division, the landing

beaches were finally out of range of the Japanese mortar launchers.

Team Twelve's action must have been outstanding, because the Team was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for its service during the operation. Teams Thirteen and Fourteen received nothing.

Team Thirteen and possibly the other two teams transported several tons of their tetrytol to the beach. The explosives were used to replace depleting supplies of Marine explosives stocks. The Marines used the tetrytol to drop into the caves that the Japanese were using.

A Team Thirteen crew with two Fifth Marine sergeants on February 23 made a reconnaissance mission into the south face of Suribachi. The crew went in with rubber boats to determine the possibility of a Marine assault on Suribachi from the sea. The Marine sergeants negated the plan when they examined the steep face of Suribachi from the south.

Two days later, the Marines took Suribachi, and many of the Underwater Demolition men saw the flag flying on its summit. To the Demolition men this was a satisfying sight. After all the UDTs were the first targets of those gunners hiding in the caves of Suribachi.

There was one other assignment for UDT at Iwo Jima. It was an assignment for volunteers only. The Marine Corps and Navy both had lost many men in the close-in waters. These were the non-survivors of the wrecked landing craft. After about 4 days, the bodies would surface and float in the ocean in front of the beach approaches.

UDT people were asked to man their rubber boats, and were supplied with short pieces of railroad iron and non-corrosive wire. The men were told to take the identification tags ("dog tags") off the deceased men, tie the iron to the bodies, and sink the bodies. The research for this manuscript did not give any facts about the number of volunteers or the number of burials involved.

Underwater Demolition Teams Twelve, Thirteen and Fourteen left the Iwo Jima area on February 28, 1945. Their assignments accomplished with a job well done. Many of the men in Teams 12 and 13 were thinking of their buddies of Team Fifteen who paid the ultimate price for victory.

There were 21 Underwater Demolition men killed, 26 wounded, and one missing at Iwo Jima. The missing man was from Team 12 and later was declared killed in action. His body was never found.

When they left Iwo Jima, the three teams were headed for Ulithi, but on the way, there was a rest and recreation event at Guam.



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A Small Party Called Beach Jumpers

Continued from page 28

ourselves known to listening ears and questionable eyes. And, to keep those ears and eyes occupied long enough for Canadian Commandos and American Rangers to get ashore and knock out a couple of big guns, which they did quietly and quickly without being caught.

With fluttering stomachs and shakey hands we departed from this slightly troubled area. Al Manning made it known that this was easy, why not tickle 'em again. This kid was asking for trouble, however our type of warfare was here to be used and those who originated it (Psychological) were ecstatic with its success and looked ahead for more of the same caper.

Our next operation where we would tickle someone was no laughing matter and prior to visiting La Ciotat we anchored with our splinter fleet cohorts in the Iles D'Hyeres area. This was our last get together with our other portions of assault boat people that included a few P.T. boats. A couple of these were lost here in this area when striking mines laid by German planes, just after we had left the area. Also with our small armada of deceptors from the sea were the American destroyer U.S.S. Endicott lurking in the background who would add her expertise to our operation.

The brain behind the B.J. operations was aboard H.M.S. Sun Boat Aphis in the person of Lcdr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who would figure prominently in this caper. In the meantime our little armada was officially know as Task Force 80.4 Code name "Rosie." We were given a peek at the strength of our adversaries and it didn't help our morale any, looking at these the written pages telling of every type gun from .50 cal up to 11" cal. coastal artillery. We would be coming into the Ciotat Bay area between the two great cities of Marseilles and Toulon where the French had scuttled a portion of their own fleet to keep it from the Nazis. Anyway this was a heavily defended area and this was our baby. So once again sick stomachs and shaky hands, with knocking knees, everybody ready though.

Endicott into position started the fireworks by shelling the beach areas with assistance from British gunboats Aphis and Scarab and P.T. Boats. Our ARB's added to the fireworks by unreeling small barrage balloons of which we hoped would appear as the masts of large ships. (cruisers & BB's) on the Nazi radar screens. Our movie mak-

ing machines helped and a real special feature, mini-dummy paratroopers dropped from our planes to add to German confusion. These special effects seemed to work as quite a bit of "heavy stuff" filled the air around us. Our ARB's made their runs toward the beaches, fired off their rocket-barrages which when hitting the beach areas created large ships shelling the same. Also some of the rockets were loaded with foil which created a jamming effect on the enemy radar, so that they never did home in on us. Our delayed action demolition charges rounded out our little show. The enemy fully awake and quite worried that a large assault was being made in the Ciotat area called a large number of their people away from the actual landing area and this made our people's landings on the Cannes beaches much easier.

After our boat had made its run and turned away from the beach where it left a barrage of rockets and out to the bay, one of our own boats engines caught fire and gave us some anxious moments. These boats use a high octane gas, which if hit, could possibly make a quick exit for all hands from this world, so we were a cripple with one good engine and vulnerable to a sustained attack. Another boat of ours joined us astern which helped the moral no little. It was while throwing empty gas drum barrels over the side of our boat that we almost lost one of our officers. But, he was saved by one of our B-J crewmen whose job on this run was to clear out any unfired rockets still in the racks which might have been dud type, and this he did finding time also to grab the officer before he might have fallen overboard.

A few miles away from us and to our port quarter there was a real fire-fight going on between two German Corvettes that had been making it hot for two of our ARB's. The German Corvettes were taken under fire themselves by U.S.S. Endicott (Cdr. Bulkeley) the skipper. [This] became a fiasco for both participants as Endicott's main batteries burned out while shelling the beaches. They resorted to hand loading secondary batteries, which fired faster and more accurately than the Germans. Result was two enemy Corvettes sunk in 20 minutes of action and a number of German survivors picked up by our P.T. boats.

In this type of small ship or boat action there can be a few who became the quick and the dead, but fortunately, none were so on the Endicott and a few were so on the enemy's two ships. We were not envious of our present position away from the flying red hot leaden messengers. There it flew back and forth until we drew away from it all and headed back to Calvi, Corsica. Just before the above mentioned storm of ship firing and before our own one engine pre-

dicament we were subjected to leaden messengers of greater size from enemy coastal artillery which was trying real hard to get us, their target, but our radar jamming system saved us. We could see the shell splashes around us, but, no hits, no runs, only their errors, just green tracer trails and later splashes.

Back to trip towards Calvi and finished with "Operation Rosie." It seemed a long ninety miles to go before reaching our base especially when all hands went to battle stations, when two German JU-88 fighter bombers decided to inspect us. I believe they thought us as P.T. Boats and shied away as they knew P.T.'s were very good at knocking planes out of the air.

We were a tired lot of swabbies and so took a futile sack time wherever a spot was available while Willie Wilson stayed alert in the 20mm gun harness. Before reaching Calvi, there were other happenings that we would share with you such as a fish eye view of one of the Southern France landings in which the French cruiser Montcalm lowered the boom on German artillery positions in the hills, while they in turn shelled an LST into a fiery mess as we also witnessed U.S. Army sappers setting off German boobytraps of which were many. Also, us innocents treading a mine field unknowingly with a bow full of young German prisoners who were only too glad to be out of the war. These prisoners were survivors of their ships that had been sunk by the Endicott. It's worth mentioning that our British cousins took care of us when our ARB's larders were emptied and they plied us with fresh bread and steaks mind you.

Okay on to Calvi, so close now that we could see her rugged mountains, but with only one engine couldn't get there faster. Finally we were entering the little harbor coming in as like Indian file and tying up at the docks. There at the docks lined up was at least eight ambulances from the local hospital to carry off the expected number of wounded. However, through all the leaden storm and treacherous water, the entire participating group of B-J personnel came out unscathed, [which is] a tribute to our Father above and the excellent seamanship of the ARB's and the ability of B-J people to carry out their respective assignments. Captain Johnson in charge of B-J operations recommended all for the Presidential Unit Citation. It seemed that this little foray against the enemy lead them to believe that a large scale landing was to be made in the Ciotat area and they quickly rushed large reinforcements away from the main landing area to our area as mentioned earlier in this story.

While R & R was in effect we made preparations for leaving Calvi, Corsica, and

these "preps" were favored by all. One day an LST came in, but it wasn't the one for us. However on board this craft was an old friend from S&R days in Florida, George Kelly, who took a few of us to the ship's bakery and gave some fresh baked bread, he was everybody's friend forever. At Calvi, food didn't last long as not much was brought in as it was a P.T. boat which did the bringing in, so at this time we were down to three meals a day of bread and jam with Kool-Aid to drink.

We spent the rest of our days here at Calvi taking in swimming stints and intramural softball and basketball contests which helped pass the time 'til our U.S.S. LST somewhere would arrive and take us out into the Med and on to North Africa once again.

So good-bye Calvi, you were a good host, and maybe we will see you again under better conditions - "Bon Adieu."

We leave Calvi, Corsica for North Africa. Life on this "Speedy" landing ship was like a fleet type sailor dreams about. Just sleep, read and eat, no working parties to think about or watches to stand. Anyway the ship's watch standers were keeping a vigilant scrutiny of both surface and air and so relax we did. Al Manning, Larry Nokes, Hap Arnold, and self had our cots tight along side the life lines on the weather deck, port side forward of the ship. We had a tarpaulin rigged tent style over our cots and with the sea to our heads and good fresh air seeping in at the sides, what could be better? Each of the three mornings we were aboard, we were awakened by bouncy music over the P.A. system and off to wash up and chow we went. Some British Air Force personnel also made the trip.

Finally the crumpled city of Bizerte appeared on the horizon and a message from the city telling us of a plague that was present (bubonic) that we would have to anchor out in the harbor. All hands had to stay aboard and inoculations would be given to all as a precaution. While here at Bizerte we were relieved of much of war gear which was a blessing, as we were over geared as it was with other incidentals. It would have been nice to keep the carbines we had been

issued, especially for the days that are upon us now. However they were taken to the Army port authorities and that was that. So it was up anchor, all secured for more sea travel on our Mediterranean destination Oran, Algeria, North Africa. This was a day and a half journey, uneventful but beautiful weather and scenic land marks. Oran was no stranger to our B-J security guard that had stopped here on the way to Bizerte. It is a pretty harbor and still teeming with all sizes of shipping. On leaving the LST here we were loaded on trucks and whisked off to the town of Arzew to await for further transfer by ship to U.S.A. Arzew was one of the important landing areas for the Amphibious Forces of the Allies during WWII 1942. The forces of Great Britain, Free France and U.S.A. drove the Germans and Italians out of North Africa in 1943. Also, the Roman Empire extended to this area with the siege of Carthage and we were able to see the ruins of this once great city on a liberty spree one day. The people of North Africa as we talked with a few, were friendly and ready to tell us a bit about their area of Africa. They looked to U.S.A. for help in restoring their country's status in the world.

Hurrah! The ship to take us home was in port U.S.S. Tarazed by name, about 10,000 ton, a refrigerator ship or one of today's super markets (afloat). She was capable of putting on more speed than the LST that we had been aboard recently. However our trip home was to be a dragged out affair as we joined a nine-knot convoy strung out like many chow lines that we have sweated through. Tarazed was a nice clean ship, well kept up and well skippered, also well supplied with chow. Other than standing night watches we were enjoying more beautiful days at sea, watching friendly porpoise and flying fish do-

ing their daily acting. The ocean is so spectacular with deep blue color, unchangeable through the centuries and hosting much, much traffic above and below its surfaces, from huge convoys to enemy and allied submarines and the U-boats were still there to try and do us in. Fortunately the Allies had great anti-sub measures in effect which were causing the enemy many headaches and eventually rid us of this menace.

One morning we woke up to see the mighty Rock of Gibraltar on our starboard side, a fortress of strength through the years, one that Great Britain never let get away from her and she maintained a strong Army-Navy force here. Benny Loughridge snapped a few pictures of the "Rock" and air cover came out to check us out. So it was good-bye Mediterranean Sea, and hello Atlantic Ocean, so nice to see you again, but please go easy on the rolls, the pitches, and the dips as a few of our guys have weak tummies. Our favorite spot on the ship after chow was the weather-deck port side where we could watch the antics of our escort vessels heeling over with the rolls of waves encountered and smacking into larger masses of water, dipping down into the troughs between the waves and rising up to crests only to repeat the vicious cycle. My we were lucky to be on a larger ship with hot meals, etc, whereas our plucky escorts served sandwiches all day while the ocean is rough. Also enjoyed was the unpolluted air, so refreshing to all and repeat performances of the porpoise and flying fish.

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There were many people aboard the ships of the convoy who like us were homeward bound and this was the topic of talk on all ships. Some to stay home and others to go out on another assignment such as we.

Came a day where Dennis Sanschagrin from Great Neck, Long Island, N.Y. and yours truly from Chicopee, Mass. were summoned to quarters before our personnel officer and shown papers on which personal citations were given us from our doings during the past operations off the South coast of France. The citations were read at general muster of all B-J's by our C.O. Cdr. A.J. Stanford. Dennis and I had another bit of Naval incident to tuck away in memory, records and scrap book to dig out again one day to remind us of our many war time friends.

Next day our ship left the convoy, heading in a north westerly direction, shaking up our people a bit as was another slow-down on our trip home. Allright, so we get to see another piece of real estate out here in the Atlantic. Horta, a beautiful harbor, with green hilly pastures, windmills topping each hill, a white wall breakwater and moorings to offset the spic and span cleanliness of the city's buildings. Our Army and Navy were known to have here as stop-overs on long flights and a place to strike at German U-boats by our Navy patrol planes. The oceans and seas are vast in miles traveled to all who use them or fly over them and island stops in between area blessing.

We were on our way once again, business concluded in the Azores and before long we had caught up with our convoy cousins; Tarazed could move when it was ordered of her. After 17 days of water, water everywhere, we sighted land, which became very familiar as we neared same and soon we were outside the entrance of the Hudson River, N.Y. This is where much early history started in the person of Henry Hudson as explorer and this river is known as the "Rhine of America" as its beautiful shores look like those of Germany's Rhine. This river is 306 miles long and deep enough to take on all sorts of shipping. However, we B-J's were not to go the distance on this river. We did appreciate the picture taking of the "Old Girl" (Statue of Liberty) and other interesting highlights as we slowly made our way upstream. Tarazed was warped into pier 90 by hard working tugs, lines were passed over the side of Tara and once again we were home in U.S.A. Some of our people were let off the ship for reasons other than home, while from this New York, New Jersey area were allowed to go home and other making "fantail liberty" (unauthorized). So the special liberty people, Dom Gugliotta, Joe Gough, Jack Herlihy and hosts of others from our con-

voy cousins left the piers with much haste - allright!

Back to normal today as we took a ferry over to Long Island bound trains, our destination being Lido Beach, L.I. a Navy receiving and training station which included Coast Guard personnel also. Lido is a good sized base next to the ocean, and ideal for all facets of training, also with spic and span barracks. We had an excellent breakfast topped off with a physical for all hands (B-J's) and orders from our home base (Ocracoke Island, N.C) giving each of us 20 days leave.

Good-bye Lido Beach, thanks for your splendid hospitality, we are going home, so Springfield and Chicopee, I'll be seeing you, can't this train go any faster? At last the Union Station, there is Ma and Dad waiting and all the cheers should be for them. All the good times we ever had away from home cannot equal to take the place of one's old home and our folks. Doris, it's this Saturday you get your engagement ring, no buts about it, you are almost all mine now. Ma got a letter from B-J Headquarters, ten more days added to leave, boy oh boy!

When one is away from home for a considerable time, there is much visiting of relatives and friends to be had, so this eats up the leave time. Also, there was much time to be spent with loved ones and the girl to be your wife one day. Well every day was a happy one.

Now it was time to go back to duty to B-J headquarters at Ocracoke, N.C. I boarded a train at Union Station in Springfield with Ralph Smeads also a B-J from fair Springfield. We stopped at Grand Central Station in New York to wait on train going to Washington, N.C. Got aboard about 10:30 p.m.; so it was an all night journey, arriving at Washington, N.C. next day about 11:00 a.m. We found out that a boat would be in the following morning at 0800 a.m. to take us to Ocracoke. Washington, N.C. was just a small town but handy for the folks who love to fish and an ideal transit via Pamlico Sound to the ocean.

If any reader or person has ever seen this little sand spit island off the North Carolina coast, he should not have forgotten it. At high tide the fish knock on peoples doors looking for a handout, that is to say there just isn't much real estate available. Here anyhow is the home base of the B-J's handed down to us no doubt by Edward Teach, or if this name does not ring a bell, fella's mean Black Beard the notorious pirate of past years who knew Ocracoke inlet and Pamlico Sound as well we know the palms of our hands.

The base here at Ocracoke had just recovered from a bad blow or storm and order was restored once again after much buf-

feting of wind and wave which is not uncommon in this area of Cape Hatteras, known as the "graveyards of ships." However it is a resting place for us "nomads" — we took full advantage.

An all out sports program is our idea of relaxation but was stressed in many touch football contest. The games were really exciting and we were quick to find out the many excellent players. I haven't forgotten the long lean rangy Jack Sandwick, a natural athlete, he was outstanding in any sport as well his Navy duties. Tom Sexton was another winner and there were many more.

The main barracks for the B-J's consisted of sleeping quarters, main offices and also a connecting mess hall, with a working dock area running in front of and parallel with all buildings in evidence. Tied up at the docks were the speedy, sleek looking ARB's (Aircraft Rescue Boats) a ship's company training ship operational, a cut down subchaser appearing as an aircraft carrier, amazing these B-J's. Four LCVP's and a couple of imposing (from the air) rubber P.T. Boats. Such was the extent of this B-J home fleet and fish were known to scatter far and wide when the fleet was at sea for practice operations.

It was now in January 1945 and certain parties here at Ocracoke were getting itchy feet again; the rumor is destination west. So be it, some of us tried to miss this trip at the request of our parents, but no avail as it was explained to us that we were the experienced people. The rest of the month was used up at getting equipment ready for the coming journey. We were given fresh field green uniforms and shoes, so at least it would appear that the weather would be warmer.

We boarded an LCI (Landing Craft Infantry) bound for Washington, N.C. and as usual the Pamlico Sound (waterway) was pretty cold in the winter months. On arrival at Washington, N.C. our transportation changed to buses, which would take us to Camp Bradford, VA, once again. We were to stay here for a day and night for organization of units to be. Larry Nokes and self were put into B-J Unit #8 and Pete Miller to B-J Unit #9, so our trio was split up. There were many new faces along with a sprinkling of old hands, such as Dom Gugliotta, Joe Gough, Jack Herlihy, Tom Sexton, Benny Loughridge to name a few. Al Manning, Hap Arnold, and Denny Sanschagrin, were left behind at Ocracoke, N.C.

Troop trains are something to sleep on as they are three or four bunks high and with plenty of bounce. I was more fortunate than the rest of the gang, with Pullman duty no less. I should have been designated to stay with our enlisted people and then perhaps there would have been fewer broken

windows and we might not have lost Oliver who had wandered off back in the Army cars which were unhooked from us at Ft. Worth, Texas. I haven't forgotten the train rides across the continent, because we were fortunate enough to see the wonderful scenery all around us at every turn.

I had heard you all speak of your home states, Texas, Tenn., Ga., Arkansas, Oklahoma, Alabama, New York, Fla., W.Va. and everything you said about them is true, they are wonderful. Each one having much historical background.

There is no sign of snow or cold here on the West Coast, more like fall in Frisco and we would be temporarily based at San Bruno Cal. at the Tanforam Race Track ex American Japanese Camp, a familiar place to stop for us once before. We had already enjoyed Frisco a friendly city, a Navy city, other branches of services equal I'm sure, and it had a great U.S.O. to help entertain visiting service people. I had a couple of nights with my Uncle Tommy McCombe who lived in nearby San Mateo a good portion of his life. He was an entertainer at the Mark Hopkins Hotel located on one of Frisco's hilly streets. While here I had news that my brother George was at San Diego and got permission to go and see him. On the way down to San Diego many small towns were passed through by the fast moving trains. I was impressed with Glendale, Cal, very neat and clean. The train stopped at Los Angeles and would be there for awhile, so I hopped off the train and headed for the highway to try and catch a ride.

Hitchhiking for service men is a ball, as I didn't have long to wait and a friendly driver was going right to San Diego. As we followed the shore highway, I looked out on the broad Pacific Ocean and not far out was a flotilla of LCI's. I remembered the number of George's ship which was #817 and there it was bouncing around off the beach, so I got out of the car bidding the driver farewell and thank you and over to the edge of a nearby cliff which looked over the operational area of the LCI's. Knowing George was out there, I began to semaphore a message to his ship which informed him. I was able to get the attention of the signalman aboard his ship and we talked a bit and found out that their maneuvers would be on for a couple of days. I decided to say good-bye and hope to see you somewhere out at a Pacific base. Little did I know that I had a live audience behind me. Cars had been stopping along side the road to watch our communications. Anything different was entertaining I guess. I thumbed a ride back to L.A. deciding to stay at a U.S.O. run by Salvation Army, they had bunks for overnite stay which included a sermon for all hands. Left L.A. in the morning for

Frisco. I had taken this trip to San Diego on my own, as our C.O. said we might be gone when you get back, so I leave it up to you. Fortunately our people were still in San Bruno when I got back but all itching to get going again.

It is time to shoulder our gear and put on some more mileage. We boarded a train in Frisco, destination, Port Hueneme, a Sea-Bee Base where we were to board a ship, our next destination, Pearl Harbor via Central Pacific Ocean and then to Guam in the Marianas Islands. Each day we waited at Port Hueneme which is a real big Sea-Bee Base, we would go down to the piers to watch the loading of the U.S.S. Ormsby, a troop transport type. She had a fresh clean look about her maybe a recent job in the yards. Anyway we found out that Ormsby was fairly new and had participated in most recent Pacific Amphibious operations and performed creditably. She was well organized and her crew was quick to let us know same. Finally it was time to board Ormsby and soon we were feeling the rolling motion of the ship on the big Pacific Ocean. We got the same interesting ocean actors out here with porpoise and flying fish providing the entertainment. The Pacific Ocean always looked bluer than the Atlantic for some reason or other and of course very beautiful as are all God's creations.

It took us seven days to get to Pearl Harbor and we stayed here long enough to get in a couple of softball games on the docks next to the ship. Also much pineapple juice was consumed here which was the home of the Dole Pineapple Co. Pearl Harbor war scars were hard to hide and there were many of them and there was much talk of the day of infamy, Dec. 7 1941, as the ships sunk were partially seen as we had come up stream into the harbor and we had seen much ashore on our first visit here in 1943.

Sunny days out on the Pacific with our next destination being Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands. This would be nine day trip, so we had nothing to do but stand watches like the rest of the passengers in the convoy and of course there was good eating, reading and general shoot the breeze. Here in a lagoon at Eniwetok, all hands enjoyed a swimming party over the side of our ship, a boat boom providing a diving board of sorts. This island was assaulted and taken by our Marine and Army personnel in 1944 with no little assistance from our Navy that really leveled the island with pre-landing fireworks. However, none of the landings here in the central Pacific were soft pickings, the enemy had to be dug out of their defenses. Tarawa was a sample of this. As our people took heavy losses on this spit-kit size atoll and the folks at home com-

plained a bit over that victory.

A new day is upon us so up anchor and a way we go, destination Guam in the Marianas island group. This island was six days away, our Ormsby was really logging many miles, we were a well-traveled unit. Finally we sighted the green mass of the island of Guam. This real estate was assaulted and captured by the 3rd Div. U.S. Marines and the 7th U.S. Army division but only after much heavy fighting in which all suffered many casualties. This island became Admiral Nimitz's advance headquarters and we could see the hustle and bustle of our people's rebuilding program with many ships of ours in the harbor, some tied up to the piers and other anchored and waiting their turn to unload. In addition to this communication from home told me that here was a possible relative stationed on Guam - Bill Gorrod, a fiancée of my girl friend's sister was stationed in a communication center somewhere. There were two naval bases here also a large B-29 bomber Army Air Base that was used for the round trip bombing strikes on the mainland of Japan.

Now this busy little island is about thirty miles long and about twelve miles wide. [It was] a former base for long range flying boats until captured by the Japs and then in turn by our forces in a two-prong attack at the southern part of the island, the village of Agat and on the west side of the village of Agana. Our B-J's were quartered at the Naval Receiving Station overlooking the harbor area, our quarters at this time. Quonset huts instead of wooden barracks or field tents, the whole station was a mass of Quonset huts as such was the common housing here on Guam. The next morning I started out to find Bill Gorrod; it became a fine sight seeing town and rides were easy to have. My first ride gave me a preview of what had gone on here and he pointed out places of interest. It seemed that the Sea-Bees were doing an amazing building job; they had built a black asphalt super highway along the coast line, and had been in on most of the construction of many camps along the way. Their biggest achievement being the installations at Agana harbor and the B-29 airfield from which big raids on Japan had originated.

A rather sad note was the burned out Army/Marine battle equipment on the beaches where the going had been really tough; the buildings of the town had been reduced to rubble. But saddest of all, the row upon row of white crosses of our fallen heroes along the road side, which held a grim reminder of our young men who gave their all to make it right.

Well, after much riding and then foot travel, I finally located Bill's base and the

people there were kind enough to summon him to the office where we had a happy meeting. We had much to talk about, our girlfriends being the chief topic, finally parting as the day was shortening. We did plan for visiting each other's bases and talking about things we missed mentioning on our first meeting. In between, we played with our units softball team, Bill liking the games as much as anybody. We didn't get to play the game he liked most, which is hockey.

Scuttlebutt claimed there were a couple of sports stars with the 3rd Marine Division a few miles from us, so we went to see. The stars were Angelo Bertelli, All American Quarterback at Notre Dame from West Springfield, Mass., right near my hometown of Chicopee. The other sports notable was Pee Wee Reese of the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball Team, he being an All Star short stop. Our visit with these two Marines was a highlight of our tour of duty on Guam.

Now all our time here on Guam was not to be a bed of roses, for the Navy Receiving Station superiors decided to use our unit in helping to load and unload cargo vessels. Working with special cargo details and as the work became more intense there was a demand for more men, consequently our group plus other groups here at the Receiving Base were drafted. It was hard moving 100 cement bags and extra large welding tanks, and the sun was hot.

I managed to get sun stroke and spent two days in my bunk, with the ever present HM keeping an eye on me. We did let the Sea-Bees know that we could work; while unloading more tonnage than any other unit engaged in this type work during our tenure at Guam. In between we kept our ears open so as to get the work of what part our B-J's would have in the coming of a possible invasion of Japan. Some of our people were sent out to be part of the Okinawa landings more as observers, but became part of a Kamikaze attack, no casualties on our people. I believe a type of operations that we did off the French coast would have worked and saved a number of our troops.

As we worked and waited we found time for our favorite recreational activities which included many softball games we played and evening movies at various camps.

Finally after 4-1/2 months orders came through to have us return to Pearl Harbor as Okinawa was secured, peace seemed near and the B-J's would be broken up and sent home.

We went aboard the U.S.S. Casablanca, a small carrier Sept 3, 1945 bag and baggage. For some of us a final journey at sea and on to home, for others a bit more time to sweat out Pearl. Once again we greet you, oh Amphibious base dust bowl, but with less

dust, the B-J's have it well trampled down running in and out and back in to this base at Waipio Pt. We sit again, and await the next orders, which will probably [be], "All you Reservists go on home and leave, and good luck."

Very soon, I am transferred to U.S.S. LST 267, a likeable "old" mass of boxed steel with sea duty confined to anchorage from one lock to another. This old LST had metal sickness and engine room problems and her future as a commissioned ship was in doubt. Dom Gugliotta, I learned, had gone aboard a seagoing tug way out at Okinawa and this moment pushing water back to Pearl. He and I were the only B-J's left in the Pearl area and soon he would be going stateside. U.S.S. LST 267 was condemned and declared unfit for sea and again I am transferred, this time to a land billet at Waipio Pt. Amphibious Base on the M.A.A force. As the war gradually wound down, ships and bases released personnel. The base decided to have a big celebration "Luau" with all the trimmings that included all kinds of eats and entertainment, a Hawaiian string instrument band plus dancing girls (Hula) and other so it was a decommissioning good-bye to Waipio Amphibious base.

Allright, I was sent to Aiea Receiving Station and then was assigned to the Ford Island Naval Air Station M.A.A. force still in the Waipio area. I hadn't been with "Airdales" since 1941 at Quonset Pt. R.I. so it was like coming home again. My duties here were pretty easy, being a member of the M.A.A. force which had the responsibility of barracks up keep as well the upkeep of the personnel here at Ford Island N.A.S. We of the M.A.A. force were general services people and those of the barracks were aviation ratings, we got along fine. I was able to play much baseball during the day as the arrangement with one of our M.A.A. cohorts was that he liked to be off at night time and visit the bright lights, while I liked the daytime sports activities. Of course, the daytime stints included liberty in town or a few hours on the beach at Waikiki.

The fall season was closing in now and with it, the lure of football. I had played this sport in high school as well a bit of semi-pro and enjoyed it, so why not indulge in a bit of N.A.S. About the second week of practice, word came through Nav Pers info that personnel who so desired to be released a couple of months earlier from their enlistment could do so. This was great news and many of us took advantage of this opportunity to go home. Feverishly we put our uniforms and other belongings together, sea bag and foot locker and waited for the inevitable paperwork. We boarded the U.S.S. Fall River, heavy cruiser and destination,

Long Beach, Calif. The Fall River was quite a bit of steel, a little larger than LCPR, ARB or LST, Ha! And more formidable. She was in no hurry to get back to the states, so it was a long 7 days at sea. Nobody who was designated to be released from the service seemed to be concerned with all the extra time at sea. I believe their many thoughts were of getting home and the happy hours ahead there.

At last landfall made, San Pedro Bay, Long Beach, barracks once again and of course hurry up and wait. So we had time to go to the famous Memorial Coliseum at Los Angeles and see the equally famous U. of Southern Cal. football team in a contest against Washington State. Of course, USC won and we enjoyed both crowd and the entertaining game and marching band.

Looking Back on Fond Remembrances

Teachers in school used to tell us to write about something we best liked on a trip or on a particular vacation, sortie or perhaps just around home. I say that the foremost things that come to mind are first, the many friends I gained from almost every state in the union. You Charles & Homer, Scott & Benny Loughridge of Texas, you Nielson, Strom and Howard Brown of Calif., Al Manning, Ga., Dom Gugliotta, Joe Gough, Jack Herhily, N.J., Doug Crummett, Charleston, W Va., Tom Sexton, Bill Bauer, N.J., Hap Arnold, Dothan, Ala., Larry Nokes, Pa., Win Armentraut, NC., Will Davis, Bergoo, W.Va., just to name a few.

The many places we all have been during our travels on God's oceans and seas and the incidents we hold in memory, which perhaps awaken in us, thoughts of each other and the involvement of a great war that created life-long friendships, which informed us that our Creator God is the author and finisher or all things no matter how great. That He is the Way, the Truth and the Life and that the rest of our days shall be in seeking Him, learning of Him, believing in Him, loving Him, and finally going home to be with Him. We pray that you dear Lord will let us meet again one day - End.

*With love to all who have
read these commentaries of a
chosen few of Special Forces
U.S. Navy WWII 1941-1946*

The Loss of ‘Doc’ D’Angelo



Joe “Doc” D’Angelo

By Tom Hawkins

Joe (“Doc”) D’Angelo fell dead unexpectedly on January 15th, and he was with friends. During times like these we often ponder about how we measure a man’s life.

Joe was not just a great Corpsman in UDT-21 and SEAL Team TWO during the Viet Nam period, but he was probably one of the most giving men of his lifetime.

Back in the middle 1960s and early 1970s when there was only SEAL Team TWO and UDT-21 at Little Creek, everybody knew just about everybody else, and Joe was extremely well known among the men of the Teams. He actually served in both Teams, and his professional reputation was without peer.

At the Team he was an accomplished Corpsman, at home he was a loving father and husband, and when not at work or home, he could be found volunteering for the Fraternal Order UDT-SEAL / UDT-SEAL Association. And, although it probably didn’t seem like much at the time, Joe D’Angelo was the first person to set up a bookkeeping system for the UDT-SEAL Association.

Also, he and one of his best friends then, and today, Bob “Doc” Clark started a small ceramic business in Joe’s garage in 1968, and this led to establishment of what we know today as the Association’s Small Stores. I still have one of the small coffee cups displayed in my computer room at home. It has the SEAL Team TWO logo on one side, Freddy Frog on the other side, and a small American flag in the middle. My name, although now faded, is embossed in gold along the bottom.

Ironically, his good friend Bob Clark was visiting

with him on the day and the near moment he died.

For his last tour of duty in the Navy, Joe packed up his wife Marilyn and the kids and headed west for duty at Great Lakes Naval Station. They liked the area and never left. She grew up in McHenry, Illinois, he grew up in Brooklyn, NY, and the kids grew up in the Navy and McHenry, Illinois where they landed. He became very popular and well known throughout the community; evidence this story taken from his local community newspaper:

A man who helped feed Navy recruits away from home on Christmas Eve died Monday. Joseph D’Angelo, co-owner of Family Sports Center in McHenry, was 59.

For seven years D’Angelo hosted a Christmas Eve dinner for recruits from the Great Lakes Naval Training Center at Family Sports Center. He also owned McHenry Specialties.

He received two U.S. Navy Commendation Medals, one in 1971 and another in 1972, both with combat distinguishing devices.

He retired from the Navy in 1979 with the rank of senior chief. Friends said D’Angelo was proud to have served his country and was a community- and family-oriented man.

“A very generous man, said Kathy Carlson, a family friend who helped D’Angelo put on the Christmas Eve dinners. “He opened up his heart and wanted to make sure that those boys and girls were remembered on the holidays. He had a ball doing that.”

The local newspaper got it right. Joe was a generous and giving individual. And, not only was this evident in his home community, but also in his UDT-SEAL community, where Joe and his family have supplied all of the trophies and medals awarded by the UDT-SEAL Association at race events, swims, and other athletic events at the annual East Coast reunion for the past 15 years.

Joe was a Lifetime Member of the UDT-SEAL Association, and within his hometown community he was a member and past president of the McHenry County Viet Now, lifetime member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, member of the Fleet Reserve Association, McHenry Moose Lodge, and active in the McHenry High School Booster Club.

Ways to measure a man’s life might be through citizenship, contributions to society, and devotion to family and friends alike. In every endeavor Joe D’Angelo laid down a big measuring stick and will be forever remembered by all of us at in the UDT-SEAL family.

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NR NSWG-2 DET 309	CDR Steven Frazer	(817) 619-3515	(800) 738-2860
NR NSWU-2	CDR A.B. Cruz, III	(410) 451-0515	(202) 608-2085
NR NSWU-4	CDR Garry Rosholt	(703) 329-8783	(703) 602-9035
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NR SEAL TEAM 4	CDR Paul Barry	(781) 275-9030	(781) 271-7860
NR SEAL TEAM 8	LCDR James Montgomery	(920) 568-9086	
NR SDV TEAM 2	CDR Peter Krayner	(817) 654-9768	(817) 860-8173
NR CSBR 1	CAPT William Payne	(505) 293-5703	(505) 884-6872
NR PC CART 1	LT James Peck	(714) 897-6685	(714) 372-5856
NR SBU 12	CDR James Ostach	(562) 434-1864	(562) 938-4198
NR CSBR 2	CDR Keith Kinane	(805) 289-9228	(805) 445-4567
NR SBU 22	CDR Glenn Anderson	(540) 863-8269	(540) 863-2853
NR SBU 22 DET 122	LCDR Gregory McGiffney	(661) 837-4585	(661) 635-7146
NR SBU 20	CDR Tom Maguire	(804) 897-8917	(804) 267-1704
NR PC CART 2	LT Joey Dodgen	(214) 488-5106	(214) 893-6483
NR NSWG 1 DET 122	CDR Jason Kessel	(858) 695-8575	(619) 692-4800
NR NSWG 1 DET 113	LT William Irwin	(816) 537-5101	(816) 796-3028
NR NSWG 1 DET 119	CAPT Daniel Wernli	(520) 886-9434	(520) 670-6546
NR NSWG 1 DET 219	CDR William McAlpine	(760) 931-8045	(760) 931-8045
NR NSWU 1	CDR Michael VanVleck	(858) 547-3645	(619) 524-9606
NR SDV TEAM 1	LCDR Dennis Hansen	(808) 625-6058	(808) 675-0222
NR SEAL TEAM 1	LCDR Lindsay Kough	(303) 771-2240	(303) 793-9375
NR SEAL TEAM 3	CDR Gregory Kniff	(619) 437-9291	(619) 291-1963
NR SEAL TEAM 5	CDR Richard Sisk	(858) 385-7552	(858) 344-2090
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NR SPECWARINTEL 0286	CDR Kenneth Lindsey	(703) 729-6523	(703) 482-8774
NR SPECWARINTEL 0194	CDR Bill Roof	(858) 720-0884	(858) 480-2603

Scholarship Reminder for Year 2001



If you are planning to submit an application for a Scholarship this year, REMEMBER your package must be postmarked by 16 April 2001. Eligibility criteria are explained on page 48 of the 4th Quarter 2000 BLAST.

Questions? Please contact Marge Boesch, Scholarship Coordinator, or Bob Rieve, Executive Director. The quickest way to contact them is by email - udtseal@infi.net. The Association telephone number is (757) 363-7490.

The deadline is absolute. The entire scholarship submission - completed and signed application, transcript, and essay - must be postmarked no later than midnight 16 April 2001.

2001 Application & Renewal Form

UDT-SEAL Association

(757) 363-7490 (Voice)
(757) 363-7491 (Fax)

P.O. Box 5365
Virginia Beach, VA 23471-0365

FrogNet: udtseal@infi.net
FrogPage: www.udt-seal.org

Name: _____ SSN: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Telephone Number @ Home: () _____ @ Work: () _____

Email Address: _____ (Published in Roster)

Renewal - Please use the following sections to correct or complete your information.

New Regular Member - I graduated from NCDU, S&R, UDTR(B), or BUD/s training.
Class Number _____ on or about (date) _____ (We will verify for you).
I trained in: _____ Fort Pierce; _____ Maui; _____ Little Creek; _____ Coronado.
I was assigned to the NSW community as a Corpsman during the RVN era: _____.
My first team assignment was: _____.

New Associate Member - I now serve or have served in a UDT, SEAL, or SDV Team; Special Boat Squadron/Unit; NSW Command, Group or Unit; SOC's, CNO, BUPERS, SYSCOMS or other staff supporting the NSW Community. I served in (unit) _____ from _____ to _____.

New Sponsored Member - I have not served in the NSW Community but have contributed or possess the potential to make significant contributions to the NSW Community - explain on back. Sponsored members require Regular Member sponsorship and approval by the Board of Directors.
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Membership: Annual Membership for \$50.00 Lifetime Membership for \$800.00
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