



ELSIE Item NEWS LETTER #33

USS LCI National Association Inc.

Robert V. Weisser, Pres.

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JUNE 2000

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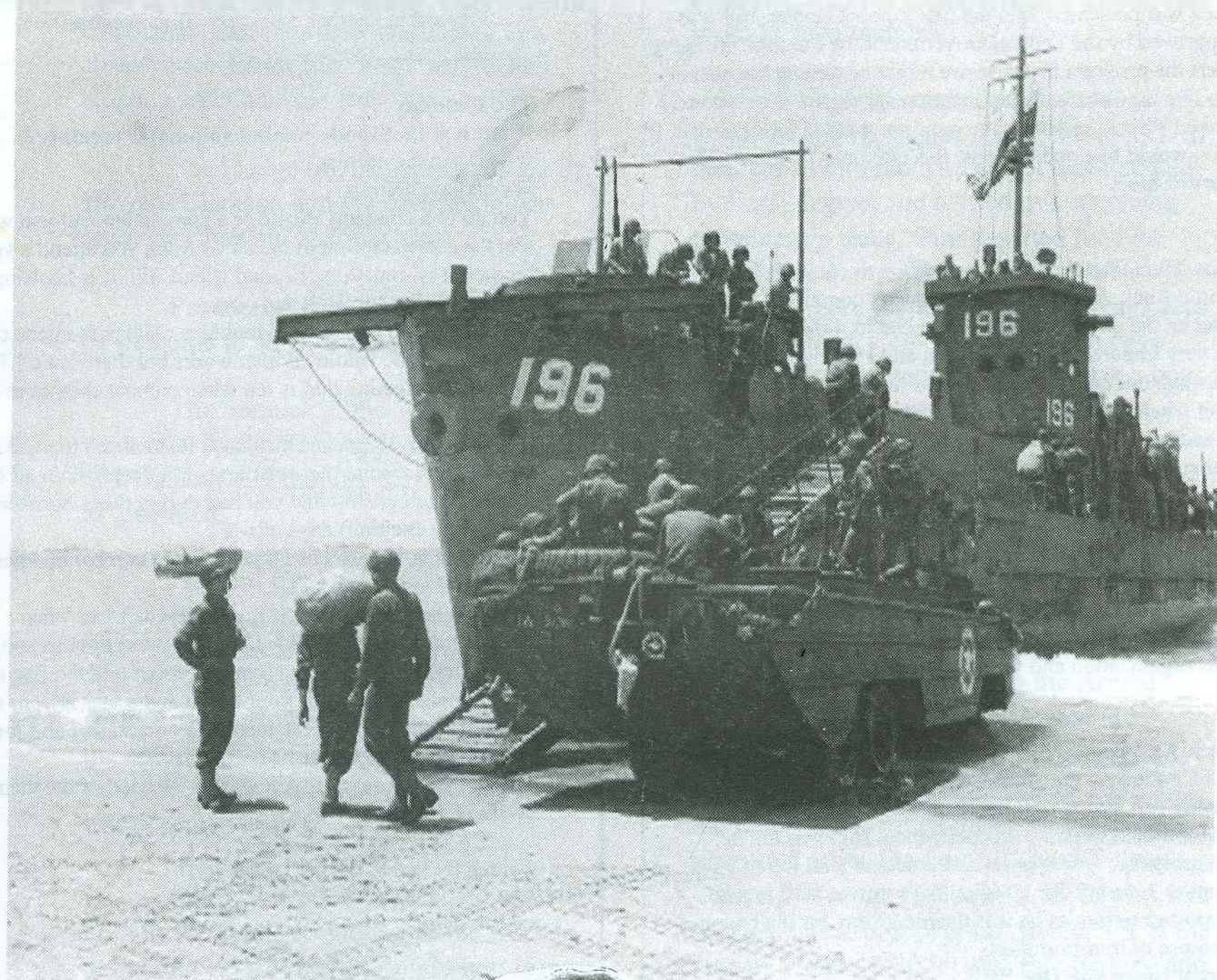
James E. Talbert, V. Pres.

147 Colburn Dr.

Debary, FL 32713

We are on the INTERNET - Check out our WEB-SITE - <http://www.usslci.com>

Photo # NH 97260 USS LCI(L)-196 at Scoglitti, Sicily July 1943



From the desk of the President

Buffalo; It was a great reunion, a little cold and a little damp. But I'm sure everyone had a great time, just seeing our old shipmates and the many friends we all made through the years brings smiles to our faces. Our gift this year from the association was a fluted glass, representing the new millennium and our 10th anniversary at Buffalo; these were placed at the banquet tables. The hotel made a mistake by not filling them with champagne, but the standard H2O was (at our age this may have been the best way to go.)

And I must add a compliment about the band, it was a nine piece band named Sentimental Journey and they were terrific, they were better than the famous new Glenn Miller band. The sound was great and of course Shirley and I had to dance and too soon after surgery so I'm hurting just a bit. But, I don't think I'm the only one hurting as I saw quite a few couples dancing and enjoying the music, but then again maybe some of you out there do this often.

The other surprise was that every member that served on an LCI was presented with the new combat ribbon, this was approved by the Federal Government, by the time the Navy gets the program in shape, we might be among the missing, so like the Santee, the association sprung for the ribbons, I asked Tiny to order for the reunion, it could be a few left, if you would like one, the cost is \$2.00 on a 1st come, 1st served basis.

Our Memorial Service was held on the fantail of the USS Little Rock. Our chaplain David Cox conducted the service and he did a fine job. Thank you David. I think this service is very important at our reunion and I receive these names through out the year to be put on the RIP list, as we call it. But when that bell rings and a name is announced out loud it saddens my heart and I wish we could do more for our fallen members. May they all rest in peace Col. Cunningham is in charge of the Buffalo & Erie County Park and his welcoming speech was great. He really went all out to make sure everything went according to plans. Without his help I think we all would have frozen, because the lunch was going to be held on the fantail also, and he opened the galley for our lunch, this was very generous of this organization and we all **Thank you**

One of the biggest events in Buffalo for me and the crew of The LCI 456 was the presence of our Dr. David Hughes, Doc as everybody call him is well know because he was the Doctor for Flotilla 3, Group 9 his permanent ship was the Flagship 456; Doc was aboard practically all the ships in Flotilla 3 during our invasion days. It was hard to say good-bye to him as he was unable to stay for the banquet because of transportation,
Great to see you Doc!!!!!!

Our guest speaker was Mr. Ken Hoffman from the D Day museum gave a nice talk and showed slides, explaining what the new museum will look like and what is planned for the opening on June 6th. Our association will be well represented and in our next newsletter pictures and accounting of the opening will be published. To all our members who are attending this event have fun? The association also presented a very nice plaque and a watch to Janet & Shirley for putting up with Tiny and myself, "they also say thank you"

There are so many people to thank, but especially all the members who attended our 10th reunion in Buffalo, I want to say Thank You, and I hope you enjoyed it and met some new friends and some old ship mates (this is what it's all about) I want to Thank Ted and Vicky from the Armed Forces Reunion they did a great job. I want to thank all the wives of the officer and directors for helping and just putting up with us and our war stories, most of them know these stories by heart from hearing them so often

Thank you every one for a great year and I am looking forward to another great year Bob Weisser

The Reunion

What is it that binds combat shipmates together?

It isn't just friendship.

We all have friends

You go to a company picnic or a convention and you will not feel the same emotion in the air as when you attend a veterans reunion it is something beyond friendship. It is knowing that :you have been to Hell and back.

You can attend high school reunions, college reunions, company conventions, the whole civilian works, but there isn't "The band of brothers" feeling that is felt when combat shipmates get together.

You and your shipmates may have less hair on top and a lot more inches around the waist line,, but deep within all of you is the same comradeship that you had during those horrible (or terribly exciting) days of war.

Whether it is 10 years or 50 years when combat buddies meet seems like yesterday!

:Hey: Whatever happened to ...and remember when You try not to let these old shipmates mean a lot to you. But by the time Auld Lang Syne is played and the flag is furled. There is a lump in your throat and a tear in your eyes as you part company with the men who once sailed and fought on the high seas beside you.

You tell your wife :Damn it was(or is) good to see them again :AND IT IS :

Written by Lee K Berger USMC(ret)

Minutes from the LCI National Association. Business Meeting

BUFFALO, NY

The regular annual meeting of the USS LCI National Association was called to order by Director Shelby Smith at the Adam's Mark Hotel in Buffalo, NY at 0912 hours on Sunday, May 21, 2000.

Officers present were: President, Robert Weisser; 1st Vice President, James Talbert; Treasurer, Howard Clarkson; Secretary, Robert McLain; Directors, Don McGranahan, Sam Rizzo and Shelby Smith; Chaplains, Earl Henshaw and David Co; absent were James McCarthy and Walter Kopacz and Overseer Roy Age.

The Pledge of Allegiance was led by Howard Clarkson and the Invocation was given by Chaplain Earl Henshaw.

President Robert Weisser gave words of welcome to all who attended..

The minutes of the 1999 meeting were read by the Secretary and on a Mason 404/Galiano 407 motion, they were approved as amended.

Howard Clarkson read the auditors report as presented by the Overseer, Roy Age. The books are audited on a calendar year basis. The books were found to be in perfect order. Howard Clarkson reported on the amount of monies donated in the last year. On a Cox/Ruxlow motion, the report was accepted as read.

Howard Clarkson presented an award to Don Wolfe in recognition of the work he did on the USS Missouri Museum in Hawaii. An award was also given to

John McCarthy for his work in presenting a model to Villanova University. Commander McCarthy spoke on the program the college promoted. 65 members of the college were lost during WWII..

Jim Talbert thanked the State Directors for the work they do in promoting such projects. He asked for a meeting immediately after this meeting. He also explained why the Combat action ribbon was given to each member.

Sam Rizzo requested if someone would be willing to take one of the models in their car to Florida. The model was donated by Carl Chappel and is used as a revolving presentation piece. Sam reported how the model was transported in the State of Michigan. Sam reported that the Great Lakes Naval Training Center would like to have two models; one with a ramp and one a bow door model.

Shelby Smith announced how the memory book pictures would be taken. And the changes to the Constitution & by-Laws was presented and voted upon to be accepted unanimously.

Ted Dey representing the Armed Forces Reunion Services presented three hotels for the 2002 reunion. He also stated that a cruise would be available in 2001 on the Holland America Lines. All hotels presented are in the South Central Region. Omaha, NB at the Holiday - \$ 85.00 plus free parking and airport pick-up. Irving, TX at the Harvey Hotel - \$ 80.00 plus free parking and airport pick-up plus a refund from the Hotel depending on the amount of rooms used. San Antonio, TX. At the Sheraton 4 points Hotel. \$104.00 plus \$6.00 per day for parking .

Members from the floor questioned each site and Ted answered all questions. J. Grosz from San Antonio questioned the \$104.00 rate since he had talked to several Hotel managers and they claimed a deal could be worked out. Voting followed the comments and the following were the results: Omaha. 36 votes, Irving 5 votes and San Antonio-wins by acclamation. The reunion dates will be over the Memorial Day Week-end May24-27,2002.

The Nominating committee consisting of Carroll Ritchie, Jr, LCI 26, Frank Ruxlow, LCI 710, and John Cummer LCI 502 presented the following persons for Office. Robert Weisser for President, approved by acclamation; James Talbert, for 1 Vice President, approved by acclamation. Robert Weisser then appointed Robert McLain as Secretary approved by acclamation. And Howard Clarkson for Treasurer, approved by acclamation. Shelby Smith was also reappointed as Director for 3 years this was also approved by acclamation. Carroll Ritchie thanked Ted & Molly Dey for organizing our reunions.

Tom Moody LCI 726 reported that the Great Lakes Naval Training Station is opening a Museum in the future. Martin Booked LCI 713 read a letter to Robert Wiser asking about the whereabouts of several Flotilla items including the Black Cat Battle Flag. It was learned that the items are still in the possession of members of that squadron.

Ralph Simon LCI 32 questioned participation in the D-Day Museum. Capt. John Cununer re-stated what plans have been made. He gave the entire program including the fact that a model of the 497 would be presented. Approximately 65 members and wives plan to attend the meeting was adjourned at 11:00am. Respectfully submitted
Robert McLain, Secretary

Minutes from the Buffalo Memorial Service

The USS LCI National Organization held a Memorial Service aboard the USS Little Rock moored at the Naval Park in Buffalo, ~ The service was held on Saturday, May 20, 2000. The weather was extremely cold and damp for this time of the year.

Colonel Cunningham gave a brief description of the history of the park, which is the largest inland Naval Park in the world. He also listed his personal military background, which was primarily Army. 60,000 visitors tour the park each year including a museum. Park programs for Sea Cadet Scouts are held in the spring and fall seasons of each year.

The Color Guard opened the Ceremony and the Pledge of Allegiance was repeated. A ship's bell was tolled for the 84 members who died in the past year and an echo bell was heard for each name. A very beautiful floral wreath was then turned to the river edge and Taps were played. Chaplain David Cox delivered a homily of exactly 13 minutes under the cold and damp skies and ended up with a 5-minute poem to warm the hearts of all.

The Armed forces Reunion services then served a box lunch aboard the Little Rock and the Park service permitted the guests to go below decks and try and thaw out. One verse of Amazing grace was sung and after the box lunch, busses were available to return the members to the Adams Mark Hotel

Robert McLain, ~secretary.

D-2 LANGUAGE SECTION
FOURTH MARINE DIVISION
IN THE FIELD

Note: This is a speech designed for the use of interpreters in persuading the enemy from caves and pockets. It was written by 4th MARDIVPOW, KATO.

TO ALL RANKS OF BRAVE OFFICERS AND MEN!

Fate decreed that I, a Japanese soldier, became a prisoner.

The combined Fleet has been destroyed. The airfields of Japan have been demolished, more than 100 carriers are off Japan and 80% of IWO JIMA has been completed dominated by U.S. forces.

In view of this, it is my opinion that it is best that we surrender as soon as possible.

The newspapers and radios have mis-represented completely the treatment of prisoners.

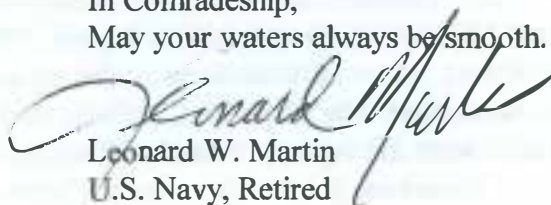
An abundance of nutritious food and delicious water awaits you.

I sincerely hope that instead of dying like a dog you will surrender and take this road to a new life.

We, who have become prisoners, are grateful for our kind treatment. We are awaiting your arrival.

This Jap was on my LCI(G) 346 as we patrolled up and down the beach. We first met while patrolling 13 atolls in the Mariana Islands on the Sulphur atoll. His only goal was just to get back home alive.

In Comradeship,
May your waters always be smooth.



Leonard W. Martin
U.S. Navy, Retired

31 January 1944

The Beginning

Going back to WWII, the big one. Two Kansas farm boys with ears full of wheat and sunflower seeds.

Harry Pearce lived in Manhattan Kansas and Leonard Martin in Hiawatha Kansas, as the crow flies about 40 miles. Neither man knew the other, and their lives began to parallel again far from their homes.

I will always remember the date of the invasion of Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands as it was my sister Mary's birthday.

This date a brave Marine named Richard Beatty Anderson gave his life to save the lives of his comrades, one Harry Pearce and four others. Eventually they named a Man of War after him, DD786.

The Marshall Islands are in circles called atolls, each usually 9 to 13 islands. As a crew member of LCI(G) 346, we with a compliment of 20 Marines and our tough little frogman group of 11 men went to these atolls to eliminate the few Japanese that were there. The normal compliment was about 8 to 15 men, all communication specialists. The first four atolls were fairly uneventful as the natives would see us and come out in boats, waving white flags, etc. They would squeal on the location of the Japanese. At the fifth atoll the Japanese surrendered by showing the white flag. When the Marines popped up, they shot four of them. The next eight atolls helped coin that phrase, "take no prisoners".

We had a Japanese national named Kato on board. I still have a copy of his speech. He would explain, when the war started he was trapped in Japan while visiting and sent to the Marshall Islands because there was no way home. He was educated at Harvard University. His goal was to get back home just like we Americans, whom he later became. We became better acquainted many years later. I have numerous photos of him.

In the Marshalls the Japanese built bunkers that faced the sea and their guns could only revolve 180 degrees. At 4:30 am 31 January 1944 Kwajalein time, the flat bottom boats like my LCI(G) 346 went inside the lagoon. What a place of beauty, clear blue waters that allowed you to look hundreds of feet up and down, beautiful palm trees and then came the sunrise. The battleships, cruisers, and destroyers started firing, in four hours the Japanese were through. The island of Kwajalein looked like a sand dune. I did not know the total casualties, but the flies were the largest in the world with all that food.

Regardless of the nationality a lot of young men gave their lives for a cause they did not understand. We could not let it happen to us, so we were the aggressors

31 January 1944

The Beginning
after Pearl Harbor.

From Kwajalein several of those Marines went on to other invasions and to Iwo Jima, where my LCI(G) 346 met more than her match.

The Next Parallel:

PFC Richard Beatty Anderson gave his life to save his buddies, including Harry Pearce our featured speaker for the "Masked Rider" DD786 reunion, held in San Diego, in 1999.

In 1946 I left the Navy for a short time. I dabbled in baseball and other jobs, but everyone of them expected me to work, so I rejoined the Navy. My assignment was to DD786, the USS Richard B. Anderson in San Diego. We had a whopping 40 man crew. The Commanding Officer, Delmar F. Quackenbush had a thing against WWII people. We later found out he was against everything, easier defined the SOB was nuts. He set my career back about 4 years, and many others. I had been discharged a signalman second class from WWII (the big one), he decided I was better suited for compartment cleaner. Pretty good job directly under the mess hall and only two people lived there. We finally started bringing people aboard and after about 180 men we were deemed fit for sea trials.

I was a lookout, a slight boost downward from WWII. The flag ship the USS Bausell starting signaling by flash light. The young signal strikers were in a frenzy it being their first time at sea. Automatically, I started reading out loud. Quackenbush thought I was a spy. Rogers, Lee and Logsdon were the three signalmen on board.

Personnel inspection was every Sat. rain or shine. I wore all my WWII ribbons. Quackenbush set a new high jump record looking at this young 22 year old with a chest full of medals, compared to his Reserve and Good Conduct medal.

The following are some facts that were not mentioned at our get together in San Diego. The Richard B. was the last Man of War in Shanghai. We were the station ship there. Shanghai was a beautiful city before the commies. You name a race of people, they were there in Shanghai. Richard B. Anderson was the last Man of War also in Tsingtao. Although the morning we sailed, the USS Curtiss, a communication ship was still anchored.

We went from Tsingtao to Hong Kong.

31 January 1944

The Beginning

The Anderson had a great softball team (I hope someone can remember the details). While there we were scheduled to play the National Chinese team on the Mainland. In the sixth inning before about 15,000 fans the Anderson led 2-0. No one in the crowd was smiling, laughing or having a good time. A very aristocratic English gentleman gave us a few words of advice. He simply said, gentlemen, you are in a country already being ruled by commies, if you want to get back to your ship, lose this game. Frank Wright an Ensign said lets make a few errors. We did and lost 3-2. You should have heard the applause and laughter then.

Facts: We had two men that eventually ended up in the major leagues. In 1949, 50 & 51, I made the All World Softball team as a pitcher. Those natives only had two chances being all things equal, slim and none. Maybe that old Englishman saved us some trouble that day.

We were expelled from Shanghai, 26 miles to the sea, the Commies escorted us to the Pacific Ocean.

The Boat People: Babies were born , raised and died on these boats. It was not unusual to find a baby floating in the water, always female and newborn.

The Anderson had a lot of WWII sailors aboard. It was a good ship with men that had plenty of knowledge that was not utilized until Quackenbush was relieved by squadron CDR. His replacement was a splendid man that helped a lot of people regain their self respect and the desire to be real sailors.

The Anderson was one of the pioneers of leading black people into all rates of the U.S. Navy. This was a great advancement for all military units. Also, that was the dream of our greatest President, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Does anyone recall when the Chief Gunners Mate brought the family of baby ducks aboard and put them in Quackenbush's sea cabin? Quack, quack crapped on everything and most died. We then stood watches 4 on and 4 off for awhile.

Remember payday poker? When I was a third class I won from three fire controlmen, first class. They pulled rate and refused to pay me. Stating its against the Navy regulation to gamble aboard ship. Mr. Battle and Digger Davis, where are you today? It was not a gamble, they were poor poker players.

I have played pool for over 50 years with a guy named Andrew Anderson that always claimed he made the same invasion. I asked Harry Pearce if he knew him, his reply, I sure

31 January 1944

The Beginning

do. Found out, he was a Corporal. He always told me he was everything from a LT to a field General, depending on how much fortification he had drank.

Many times in the VFW's I have sparked arguments by stating the best thing to ever happen to the USA and Japan was WWII. Prior to that there were no jobs, industry, high tech knowledge, not even a lousy TV. Which I could never imagine being without in this era. How many people know that more people starved to death in 1937,38,39 & 40, then were killed in WWII?

Archie Moore, heavyweight champion of the world trained Anderson fighters. He was the boxing coach for the 786. Later he became the heavyweight champion of the world. He fought all the big ones you have read about. After my retirement I had a pool hall in San Diego. Mr. Moore was a good player, who played in my place. Free, I might add. Any other champion would have had the same privilege. We were life time friends and I was an honorary pall bearer at his funeral here in San Diego, an honor I cherish.

Billy J. Napier, a laundry man beat the heavyweight champion of China in Tsingtao. He weighed 270, and was 6' 6". Archie said he easily could have been champion of the world because his hands moved like a feather weight. He died at the Naval Hospital at a very young age.

We had a great boxing team on the Anderson. There once was a smoker in Shanghai with the Chinese National team, the Anderson won 9 of 12 bouts all by knockouts. We made the trip with the USS Boxer in 49, to several places exhibiting different sport programs. I recall an electrician third class by the name of Edgar Davis, he also was a fighter on the Anderson. Sometime in 1948, the Anderson had a boxing smoker against the cruiser USS Helena in Shanghai. We won 12 bouts. Even yours truly won. The best fight was on the pier trying to get back to our ship. I remember in my bout, my corner man said. "he isn't laying a glove on you". My response "keep an eye on that referee, someone is beating the hell out of me".

Enclosed is a picture on our deployment to Lima Peru. 35c for steak and eggs, hotel rooms were \$1. My wife gave me money to buy rugs and other things. I lost money in poker games and other things. My bacon was saved on return to San Diego when I won my only anchor pool in 20 years of service. I was the quartermaster of the watch and desperate, not really, it was on the up and up.

The Anderson had a lot of WWII sailors, and was a great ship after the Quackenbush era. Delmar F. Quackenbush hurt a lot of people, and people with power and knowledge were slow to react. Then they did not come back and clear the records of many an enlisted man.

26 October 1999

31 January 1944

The Beginning

They are still paying for this a__hole, through loss of money, promotions. The third Capt. of the Anderson was the best thing in her history.

When we returned, McCune Motors in National City sold 17 cars to Anderson sailors, for reduced prices. I worked part time at the dealership. Half of the Anderson crew lived in National City in Quonset huts, which is now enlisted barracks for the Naval Station. I have some other Anderson stories, but a lot of the old crew are probably married now. Mum would most likely be for the best.

Remember the great ship parties we had at Navy Athletic Field in San Diego? That was the only time we could afford to get drunk. Those really were the good days and every man was a man doing his own thing.

The waters were not always smooth, but am happy and satisfied, the USS Richard B. Anderson and the great people associated with her were a part of my life.

From the wheat fields of Kansas and anywhere USA, via training, on to such places as Kwajalein, Guam, Siapan, Tinian, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. The marines and sailors whom made this trip are and were the true Americans and veterans we read about. People like Richard B. Anderson and many thousands more made it possible for Americans to live as we pleased.

My hope is that we have all enjoyed following seas and lived in good health.

Anchors Aweigh and Semper Fidelis,


Leonard W. Martin, USN Ret.

This little piece of history is to honor those that made that trip in WWII (the big one).

HELP!!!

Bill Mercer is searching for a book titled "Allied Landing Craft of WWII"
Published by The Naval Institute, but it's out of print. , He will appreciate your help
Please call or write to him:

717 Winchester, Richardson, TX 75080 Ph. (972) 235-9941

The following is a reprint of an article called "Bazooka Boats" by Frank D. Morris

A big Naval Armada was tossing steel bouquets at the Japs on Guam that morning of D-Day. Mighty battleships flung dozens of salvos, light and heavy cruisers added to the din and destruction with their 5, 6 and 8 in. guns. Landing crafts loaded with Marines -- Higgins boats, jeep-lighters, amphtracks

-- were darting shoreward from transports, and a group of LST's joined the parade. The white wakes of these and myriad vessels of war resembled a mass of mighty water-borne arrows aimed at the island target.

But what were those weird crafts right in the van of the invasion? From the bridge of our cruiser flagship, we watched them marching bravely, in company front, up to the Japs front stoop. Except for the Stars and Stripes streaming from their masts, they might have been mistaken for sampans designed by a Japanese Salvador Dali. What on earth were those tubs doing in the most vulnerable and vital spot of the battle? We soon found out.

Just short of the foam-crested reef, these invasion leaders slowed their pace and finally stopped. Then, at exactly 8:21 o'clock, they touched off a spectacular fireworks display which, even in broad daylight, was a riot of brilliance. There was a rapid series of blinding flashes, each accompanied by a deep suction sound as of a giant cork being pulled from a 50-gallon bottle. Hundreds of rockets, hissing like huge snakes, took off over the bows of the strange craft, and into the air to describe a graceful arc at the top of their flight.

Then they showered down -- like the end of the world -- upon the entire beachhead area where the first assault troops were to hit solid ground nine minutes later. Then came roar after roar as succeeding waves of these fire-borne arrows formed a roof of projectiles extending from ship to shore. Yes, we saw what those funny-looking craft were doing in the invasion armada. And so did the Japs.

Like its companion weapon the bazooka, the rocket launch by these assault ships had a flareback as fiery as a sliver of Hades. The heat of this flash is so intensive it licked the paint off steel decks and bulkheads, leaving hot, blackened scars. It was a quick, awesome show. Several thousand rockets were hurled in less than a minute.

Reversing course, the rocket ships then headed back toward the open sea and, on the way, opening up with their 20 -- and 40 -- MM guns at positions flanking the landing areas to counter any attempt at infiltrating by Japs in hidden gun positions.

These makeshift gunboats -- LCI's (landing craft infantry) converted to rocket ships -- are our smallest sea going landing craft. They're 155 feet long, displace 300 tons, and in appearance are about as handsome as a garbage scow. Their twin screws turn up a top speed of 12 knots, which definitely takes them out of the greyhound class. The "Elsie" crews lovingly call their craft "the Floating Bedpan."

In construction, the rocket itself is just as elementary. The "motor" is a short length of threaded pipe filled with a chemical propellant charge. One end of the pipe screws into the body of the rocket, a bomb loaded with TNT. At the other end of the pipe, a circular band of sheet metal encloses fins to form the tail that keeps it on a steady course. The fuse, screwed into the nose of the bomb, has a propeller that starts to spin when the rocket is launched, and as far as this it on the missile is safely clear of the ship. On contacting the target, the whole business, including the motor, becomes shrapnel.

Mine sleepers brushed their way into Apra Harbor under escort of the ubiquitous gunboats, and the Elsie's smoke generators were constantly manned and ready to throw up by covering cloud over the other ships in the invasion fleet in the event of a Jap air attack. But most of the time the Elsie's seemed to be steaming boldly in column alongshore, exposing their thin sides to enemy gunfire. It was a nose-thumbing operation, obviously intended to tempt the Jap coastal batteries in the to open up and disclose their position so that our own naval

big-caliber guns could locate and silence them permanently.

The lure served its purpose. Several of the Elsie's were fired upon during these maneuvers and there were plenty of casualties among their crews. Five men were killed aboard LCI 365, twenty-four wounded including the division commander, Lt. Howard Rabenstein, who returned to duty a couple of days later aboard another ship in his group. LCI 469 was working in close to the beach when a Jap shore battery opened up on it. This fire was returned by the Elsie's 40s and 20s. When the smoke had cleared away, 13 of her crew, including the executive officer, had been hit.

There were thirty-six LCI's in the first convoy that sailed from New York a year ago last winter bound for Arzeu, Algeria. the crossing took a full month, during which the usual run of Atlantic winter weather was encountered -- gales, blizzards and high seas that threatened to end each Elsie's work before it had started. The 36 LCI's, somewhat battered, finally arrived in Arzeu, however, to start a period of strenuous training for landings in the invasion of Sicily. During that campaign they landed assault troops in the first waves and later ferried support troops ashore.

The first use of LCI's in the Pacific war came during the follow-up operations in the Solomons and army replacements took over from the Marines on Guadalcanal. Then, in the fall 1943, they were given a new assignment. The Navy wanted a shallow-draft boat, with fair stability, to get close in shore and knockout shore batteries and mortars during landing operations. A 3" gun was mounted on the bows of several LCI's, and the new gunboats were tried out at the invasion of the Treasury Islands. They came through beautifully, knocking out enemy mortars, so they were used again and just as successfully in the Green Islands and the Empress Augusta Bay campaigns.

Then the landing boat-gunboats-LCI entered another phase of its brief active life by sprouting rockets. These pyrotechnic weapons had been used to good effect in land warfare. Why couldn't they be fired at short range from landing craft to cover the

movement of assault troops storming a beach? They could. Again the Elsie's were converted -- into rocket gunboats. This was a relatively simple operation. The two landing ramps were removed from the bow, and metal racks, called launchers, were installed in multiple banks on the well deck of the LCI's. The launchers, employing an extremely simple mechanism, were welded to the steel decks, an electrical firing system connecting with a control station on the bridge was installed, and the bazooka boats were ready for action. The entire conversion job took only a couple of days.

Japs defending the beaches at Kwajalein were knocked silly when our bazooka boats laid their first barrage of rockets at their feet just prior to the landing. The concussion of the exploding rockets near a pillbox or dugout was so great it stunned the occupants.

Only a small number of LCI's were tried out at Kwajalein and later at Eniwetok, but the tidy way they swept the beaches of Jap resistance purely indicated that this new broom would be standard equipment in future landing operations.

Another morning, at daybreak, four Jap Soldiers in a catboat were intercepted by a patrolling LCI, as they were trying to crossover from Saipan to Tinian which was still in Jap hands. Taken aboard, they were relieved of the grenades they carried and now they're setting out the war in a prison camp.

The day the Elsie's arrived off Guam to do their stuff, the column of squat fat ships looked like a row of iron ducks marching on an endless chain across a shooting gallery backdrop, and there was more than symbolism in the resemblance, for during the entire Guam operation, the Elsie's were shot at more than any other units in the invasion fleet.

To get a closer view the Elsie's, I reported aboard one some days after the original landings on Guam. On No. 466, I met the group commander, Lt. Commander William R. McCaleb. He wasn't in a very happy mood. Hopping around his tiny cabin on a broomstick cane, he told us, between

cusses, why. "Slipped off a ladder and sprained my fool ankle. Slows me down and we still have plenty work to do here." The (jg) James J. Horowitz, skipper of the 466, came into the Navy and LCI's via Boston Latin school and Harvard. Practically all of the Elsie skippers are reserve officers. Their training is brief, intensive, the few weeks at the indoctrination school, a midshipman's cruise with an experienced LCI skipper, and they get a command of their own.

Two other LCIs came alongside tied up to 466 for a skipper's conference. From the open bridge of the 473, Charlie Fisher called that he would be over in a minute. Fisher, began talking about the third skipper, Ed Taub, another jg. "Do you know what that guy Taub did?" Fisher asked, "A few days before the landings here, the ship lost a screw and a shaft. That cut his speed down to about five knots, there wasn't a chance of getting repairs around here. He was worried -- worried that he wouldn't be able to take her in with the rest of us the morning of W-Day. "So what does he do? He sits down and writes out a message to Admiral Conolly asking permission to take the 467 in, anyway. He made it real pleading; said his men had been counting on this for weeks and it would be a real blow to their morale if they didn't get to go. Yessir, Captain Taub laid it on real thick. The 467 went in with us to the point of departure that morning -- on the end of a towline. They cast her off then because she would have to slowdown anyway to launch her rockets and, after the shooting, went out under her own power. Damndest thing I ever saw. Probably the first time a ship has ever been towed into battle." Capt. Taub didn't affirm or deny any of it. He was too anxious just to tell us about his gunners. "If the ammunition would hold out, those boys would shoot until they dropped from sheer exhaustion," he declared, referring to the crews on the 20 -- and 40 -- MM mounts.

It was Capt. Taub's turn to lead the Elsies in for the morning attack and already his ship was "loaded for Jap." The banks of launchers on the 467's well deck were filled with rockets, the fuses protected by safety wires that would be pulled out just before zero hour. The performance they put on

early the next morning was just as convincing. Shortly after six o'clock we moved up to the firing range. Capt. Taub, leading the column, brought his ship into position near the reef, and a few seconds later we saw his first range rockets dart in to measure the distance to the Jap target. The entire forward half of the LCI spewed rockets, and the target area ashore writhed under a man-made storm of thunder and lightning that repeated itself every few minutes for, as Taub's ship withdrew, its rockets expended, the others following in column moved up, in turn, to take over. If any enemy troops were amassed in that area, they were by now a large Jap omelet. As we steamed back south parallel to the Coast, we can see our troops ashore closing in on Agana. Before the sun had climbed very high, they were freely moving into the heart of the capital. The LCI's steamed on toward their rendezvous point. They accomplished their mission -- a very successful mission.

THE END



"Go tell th' boys to line up, Joe. We got fruit juice for breakfast."

FIREFIGHT ON THE MINDANAO RIVER.

LCI (G) 66
Don Hawley

The symbol for taking back the Philippines was a six-sided coffin, and LCI(G)66 was part of the convoy to drive home the last nail--the invasion of the island of Mindanao. At dawn we sailed past Zamboanga where "the monkeys have no tails," and a long line of LCI(R)'s pounded the beach of Illana Bay with rockets. It turned out the Japanese had, as usual, anticipated our arrival and moved inland.

Shortly after the beach had been secured, our ship--along with another LCI(G) and three smaller PGM's (subchasers turned into gunboats)--was ordered to proceed up the Mindanao River in an attempt to bring our three-inch gun to bear on Fort Pickett. No ship the size of ours had ever navigated this swift-flowing river, and it was an interesting assignment. After getting underway the Captain called the crew together and explained our mission. He pointed out that although we would be in full view like sitting ducks, the whole Japanese army might be hiding in the jungle along the shore and we wouldn't be able to spot them. We were ordered to wear our helmets and life jackets at all times, and all guns were fully manned. Since our Skipper was in charge of the mission, we led the group of vessels. From time to time Filipinos lined the banks waving little American flags and shouting, "Maboohoi" For once Navy men got to be recognized as liberators.

Doing Up Cotabato

We docked at the inland town of Cotabato only twelve hours after Japanese troops had pulled out. As usual the enemy had dug many caves in the hill at the edge of town. I went ashore and linked up with a soldier who had a carbine and a Filipino guerrilla sporting some ancient blunderbuss. All I had was a flashlight but we hit on a plan: I would enter each cave first, hunched over

and holding the light, while the two armed men would have their gun barrels right over my shoulder ready to fire. I'm glad we didn't find any caves occupied, as it really wasn't a great arrangement.

This was one time the Navy got to go souvenir hunting ahead of the Army. We were warned about booby traps, but were eager nevertheless. Upon entering the building the Japanese had used as headquarters I spotted the perfect souvenir, a small handmade Shinto shrine. I wasn't the first to see it, but no one had touched it yet because it was just the kind of item that would likely be booby-trapped. I decided I had to have it so, in a moment of insanity, just walked over and picked it up. No problem. The former owners had taken their god with them, but as I write this the little shrine is in the attic just over my head.

Men from our ship also scrounged a bicycle, a refrigerator, and a 1940 Mercury! The latter lacked a battery, but we used the one from our stern winch and roared around town with men hanging out every window. Before long an Army officer flagged us down and commandeered our prize; we took our battery and left. Many Moslem Moros live on Mindanao, and some citizens disliked them even more than the Japanese. In any case, they handcraft beautiful, ornate knives. I traded old white uniforms for several knives and a wavy-bladed kris sword.

A Nasty Discovery

The second day a buddy and I checked out carbines and went cave exploring. We found one very large excavation with iron doors. It ran back into the hill about a half-block, and all along one side 500-pound bombs were stacked five high. I went tippy toeing along until the beam of my flashlight shown on a little can imprinted with Japanese characters lying on the cave floor. It had a small stirrup at the base to which was fastened a copper wire. The wire ran toward the bombs for about six inches and then disappeared into the dirt floor. I knew I had found a booby trap, and there was

enough ammunition to remove the entire side of the hill.

Backing gently out of the cave, I reported my find to the Army. I figured that was the end of my responsibility, but not so. That afternoon a jeep pulled up alongside our ship and the occupants asked for me. The two men, a demolition team, wanted me to show them the cave. I tried to get someone from the ship to go with me, but no one was interested.

I took the two men to the mouth of the cave, described the trap, and prepared to leave. Instead of merely thanking me, they asked me to accompany them and hold a flashlight while they worked. I was too embarrassed to say no, but the light wobbled in my hand. The moment they saw the can they were convinced they were dealing with a booby trap. For several minutes they merely talked about what kind of a set-up it might be, but finally one of them began digging around the can with a wooden matchstick. My eyes were on stalks and I was holding my breath; I really thought I was about to be the first American in space. I nearly blacked out when the man put down his matchstick and just picked the can up!

It turned out the can was used as a small lamp with oil and a wick. The "stirrup" was the handle, and the copper wire was for hanging the lamp. When the can fell or was discarded it landed upside down, and the end of the copper wire stuck in the dirt. Now I really was embarrassed, but the Army men assured me they too had been convinced it was a lethal device. They had already defused some traps; one of them was a beautifully tooled leather case with nude pictures--and a hand grenade.

Fire Fight

We left Cotabato with our ship leading, and the other LCI(G) and three PGM's bringing up the rear. That night the LCI(G) officers behind us did the wise thing; they dropped both a stern and bow anchor midstream. This left them surrounded by water and less vulnerable to attack from ground forces.

Our Captain, usually a savvy man, tied right up to the bank, which was the same height as our deck. That meant there was nothing between us and the waist-high grass but the two chains that formed our lifeline.

It was still daylight when we tied up, and the local Filipinos said a contingent of Japanese troops had been in that area just hours before. Our Gunnery Officer called for volunteers to go ashore and look around. I didn't volunteer, but a handful of others did. They armed themselves and took off. There was no contact, but our men warned the local people to go to bed at sundown; we would shoot anything that moved after dark.

The Captain ordered every gun manned and ready to fire. My twenty-millimeter was on the side away from the shore; I couldn't shoot across my own deck but would cover the river and the far shore. None of us liked the arrangement. We weren't trained for hand-to-hand combat, and the coconut trees and tall grass that came right up to the ship could hide a lot of crawling Japanese. If a sizable group rushed us we would no doubt be taken. Quietly, and without permission, each of us visited number four hold to pick up a small weapon; I chose a carbine.

Sometime after dark I saw a light on the far side of the river. Just to have something to do, I squeezed off one round in the general direction. Several shots immediately followed mine--the crew obviously was tense. A fellow named Teraz manned the twenty-millimeter like mine, but on the shore side. Soon he was imagining he saw things crawling up through the grass, and began popping off with his carbine. A little later he began firing bursts with a submachine gun. I thought, "This guy is really freaked out. Surely some officer will soon quiet him down." Then he suddenly began raking the shore with his twenty-millimeter. Every so often when he hit the trunk of a coconut tree and it would jump up and topple over. Now I knew they would have to give Teraz a sedative.

Then I saw them. There were tracers coming back at us! Teraz wasn't so dumb

after all; we were under attack. When you see tracers at night you remember that for each one you can spot there are two you can't see. The enemy fire came lower and lower over our deck until it was nearly head height. Since I couldn't use my gun, I was pretty low myself.

Then suddenly I realized what was happening. Having charted our position myself, I remembered we had stopped on a loop in the river. The three PGM's were on the other side of the loop; we were fighting it out with our own men!

It's bad enough to be shot at by the enemy, but there's something terrible about "friendly fire." I began yelling into my phone set, but the Gunnery Officer also had figured things out and was shouting, "Cease fire!" Once the heat of battle is joined men don't hear too well, and it took some time before the last gun was silenced. Finally the PGM's got us on the radio, and they were very unhappy. After all we had started this small, private war. One of their skippers threatened that if we fired one more shot they would open up with their three-inch guns. We capitulated.

Our Captain was both embarrassed and enraged. One of the hits we took was in the conning tower that also sheltered his bunk. He'd been asleep when the action started, but came dashing out in his underwear firing a submachine gun. The incident would have to be reported, and now the only people he wanted to shoot were his own crew. Calling us all to the quarterdeck, he looked down from the conning tower and unleashed all the salty language he had learned from a life in the Navy. He shouted, "Who gave you permission to break out all those small arms? Shinnars, is that carbine unloaded?" (Shinnars was my striker; I was teaching him to be a QM.) "Yes sir." Shinnars replied, and pulled the trigger to prove it. The ensuing shot whistled right past the Skipper's ear. Before he had been mad; now he had apoplexy.

The Captain ordered all small arms put away, and sent everyone to bed except for a

skeleton crew to man some of the guns. Teraz was tucked in, and I was ordered to take over his gun on the shore side. We couldn't fire unless ordered to do so. Now I became extremely unhappy, staring into the grass a few inches from my nose. I imagined various shapes crouching toward me. Finally I did the best I could in view of the situation. I got a bayonet and sat on an upturned pail, so that by leaning forward the edge of my helmet almost met the edge of the gun shield. All any enemy could see would be the whites of my eyes.

The next morning as the PGM's passed by to take the lead, their crews had a number of sarcastic remarks to share such as, "Nice going!" It turned out they had hit us three times and we had put several rounds into their boats. No one had been hurt, but the potential was there for real tragedy.

Up the River Without a Paddle

Our orders told us to proceed up the Mindanao River, but didn't tell us where to halt. We just kept going until the water was so shallow we got stuck in the mud. With nothing to do, we had some of the best duty since leaving the United States. The Filipino people were very friendly. One man invited Lum and me to his home for "tuba" (coconut liqueur), and then took us to his brother's house for fresh, hot roasted peanuts. I got especially close to a preacher who had studied at Yale. His wife made me a delicious dish of avocado, native chocolate, sugar, and cream. I gave her one of my mattress covers; she was thrilled as they had no material for clothing. They unraveled a sock to use for thread.

The preachers little boy proudly showed me his favorite toy, the largest insect I had ever seen. It was a coconut bug as big as a mouse and attached to a stick by a string. When it flew round and round it sounded like a small fighter aircraft.

The preacher was especially proud of his small library, but the Japanese had taken some of his best volumes. I promised that after the war, when I was back in the States,

I would send him some religious books. I kept that promise and sent quite a box full. I was disappointed, however, when he didn't write for some time, not even to thank me for the books. Finally he wrote and explained his apparent rudeness; something happened that had shattered his life and left him unable to communicate. After the war the countryside was littered with unexploded ammunition. One of his little girls innocently played with a shell, and it exploded tearing her apart. He described the horror of trying to pick up all the pieces of her body before the birds could carry them off.

While we were stuck in the mud the minister held dances for us at his home. A nearby Army unit provided a generator for lights. Many of the girls couldn't attend as they just didn't have anything to wear. For the time being the war had passed us by and we were living the good life.

Praying for a Drought

Word came through that if LCI(G)66 remained stuck in the mud as long as three months it would be decommissioned. Of course we all began to pray for a drought, as decommissioning would probably mean going back to Hawaii for a new ship assignment. Naturally it rained and we came loose.

The trip downstream was a lot faster than the trip upstream, as we were now carried by a swift current. Since the river was relatively narrow, navigating the turns was very difficult. The Captain put me on the helm full time; my meals were brought to me there. Our ship had twin screws, and playing one against the other could help greatly with maneuverability. The officer in charge usually handled engine orders, but since the Skipper knew I had a better feel for the helm than he did, for this trip he also put me in charge of engine changes. I felt I did a good job, although on one occasion I did bounce the ship off the bank much like a billiard ball.

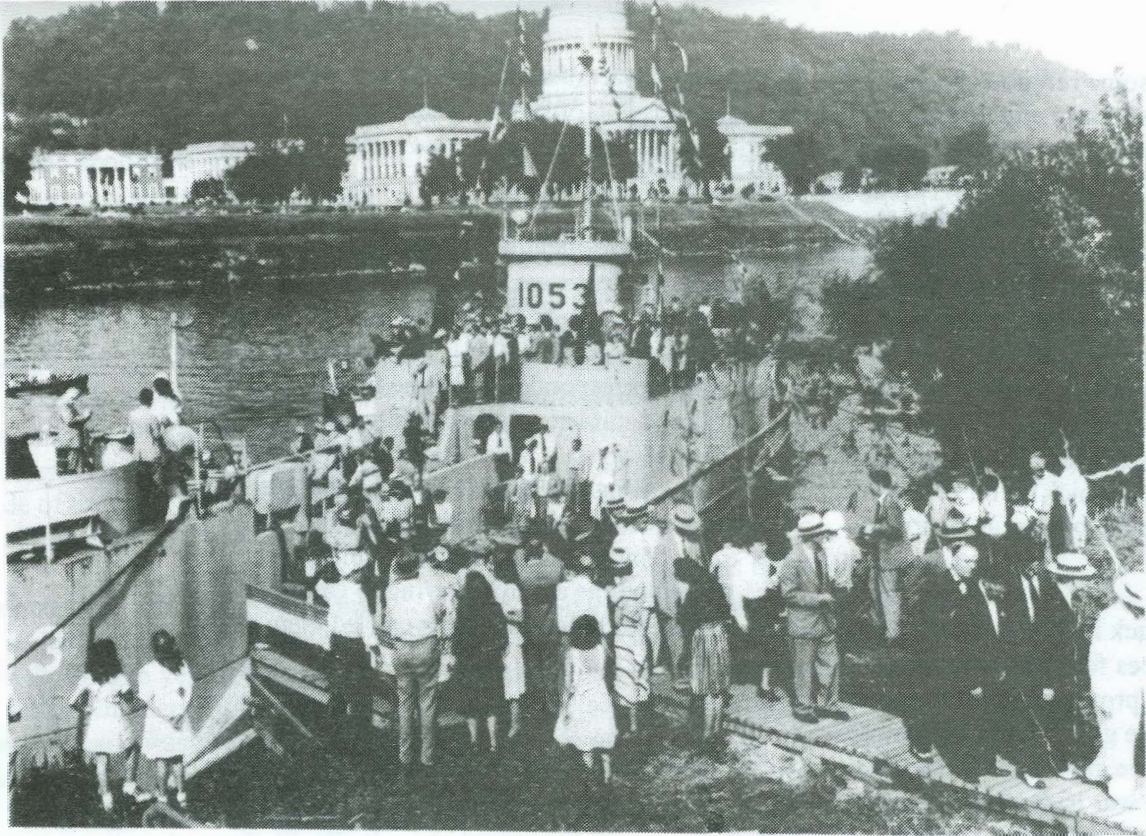
We had hardly gotten our breath when we

became part of another convoy heading for the invasion of Balikpapan, Borneo. That is where LCI(G)66 hit a mine—but that's another story.

(I wanted to include a copy of the commendation we received for this action, but can't seem to find it just now.)

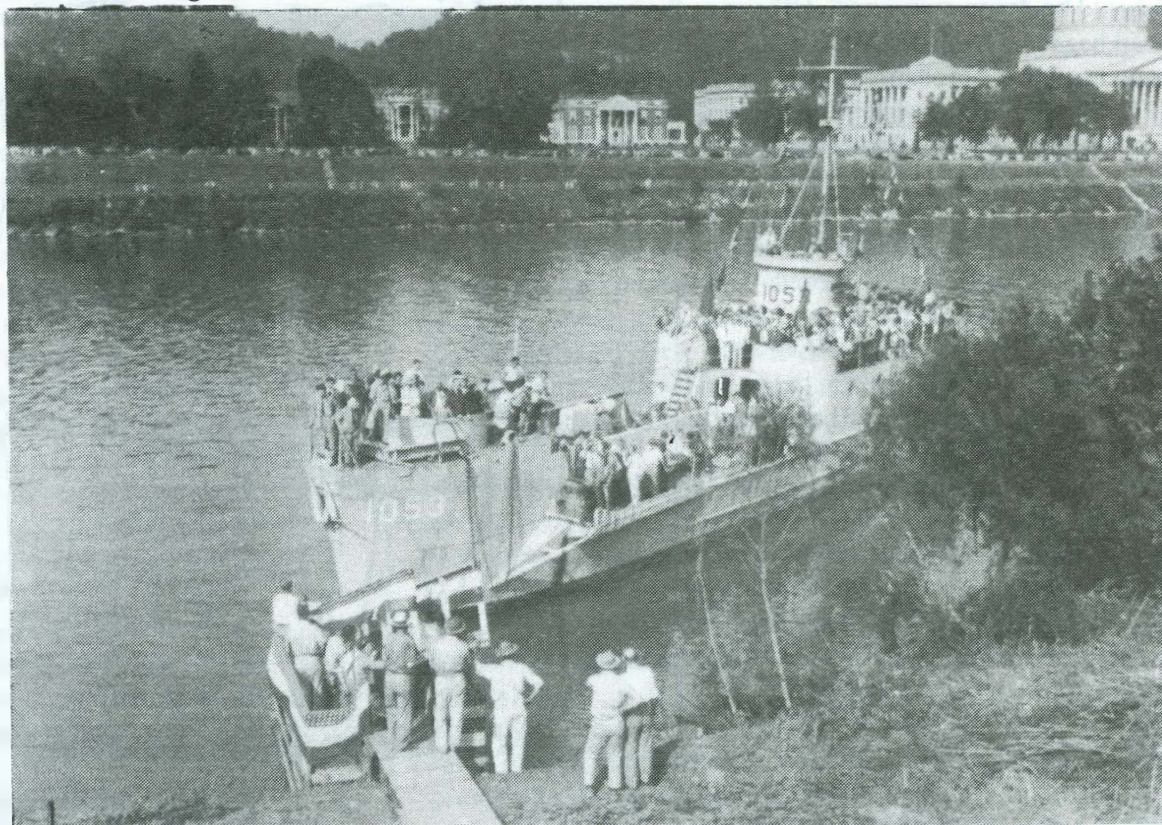
PS. I corresponded for some time with the Filipino minister, and sent him some books for his library. I was disappointed when he quit writing. Later he explained that his little girl had played with a live shell of some kind and was blown into bits. He described the agony of trying to gather up her pieces before the birds carried them off.





Good Public Relations for the United States Naval Reserve

Visitors leaving the USS LCI (L) 1053 on 8 September 1947 as it finishes the moving of Morris Harvey College (now the University of Charleston) from its location in downtown Charleston, West Virginia to its new home on the south bank of the Kanawha River.



Good Public Relation for the USNR

Passengers prepare to leave the *USS LCI (L) 1053* during the moving of Morris Harvey College (now the University of Charleston) to its new location on the south bank of the Kanawha River, Charleston, West Virginia on 8 September 1947

HISTORY OF THE USS LANDING CRAFT INFANTRY (LARGE) 1053 LCI (L) 1053

The 1053 was commissioned at Bay City Michigan, 27 March 1944 and arrived in New Orleans, LA, 12 May. From there she sailed to Galveston, Texas for a shakedown, then to the Canal Zone, San Diego and Pearl Harbor. She crossed the International Date Line 31 August 1944 and arrived at Kwajalein atoll 4 September 1944. From there she saw service at Eniwetok and Ulithi and from 7 November until 9 of that year she weathered a typhoon at Ulithi. She was attacked by aircraft there on 8 January 1945, but suffered no casualties. She acted for a time as mail and personnel ship for the battleships New Jersey and Iowa and the carriers Lexington and Intrepid.

The 1053 later sailed for Guam, returned to Kwajalein, went to Wake, back to Eniwetok and from there to Okino Dito Shinto, arriving 22 October 1945. From there she visited Subic Bay and later ferried Chinese troops for a time. After that her duties took her to Haiphong Bay, Dosen Peninsula, Santa Rita Island and the Johnson Island and finally back to New Orleans where she was decommissioned 27 September 1946.

In 1947 the 1053 was reactivated as a training ship for the U.S. Naval Reserve in South Charleston, West Virginia. Lt. Comdr. Robert Lafferty was the commanding officer.

Moving? Please send in your new address

LST-391 Coming Home

After a 2-1/2 year quest, the United States LST Association has succeeded in obtaining authority to proceed with the re-transfer of the World War II LST-391, USS *Bowman County* (right) from the government of Greece to the USS LST Ship Memorial, Inc., for use as a World War II LST Memorial-Museum Ship.

From the officers and directors of the Navy Memorial Foundation, hearty congratulations to the United States LST Association, the USS LST Ship Memorial and their president Mike Gunjak for a job well done!



Ramin Sam

Old Sam came from hell
Is what we could tell
He got his bars from the (drink)
Or from some nutty shrink

He crawled aboard the LCI
To command the ship the way he would lie
We did not know what was in store
Because he would hit ships many more

Our first encounter was the Staten Island Ferry
In his heart we knew he was merry
We nailed it beautifully in the fog
At least that was noted in the ship's log

Down the east coast to get through the Canal
For our next adventure and wait for a while
We did much work on the ole 404
To keep us busy without being a bore

But one night Sam did it again in the darkness
He put us in the mud because he had to practice
He broke silence and called for help on the radio
The 405 got him out because they were in the "know"

We landed in San Diego after that
Us guys had a bet and had numbers in a hat
We would draw when we do it again
Old Sam would surely grin

We finally got our orders to go to Pearl
And had not hit anything under this ordeal
The Black Cat was the name of our flotilla
Which included nine other ships for this Ramin fella

Sam stood his watch without a hit
I am sure he was upset a bit
He probably thought he lost his touch
Cause he hadn't anything very much

We made it to Pearl without a scratch
But before this is over there is no match
We went to maneuvers at the island of Maui
And was told to stay out of ships way

One evening after playing war
We hit a ship he has done before
They told us to anchor in a small bay
Sam at the helm you know what I would say!

You should hear the remarks from the other ships
Ramin Sam was still at his old tricks
We came back to Pearl and to drydock
To sat around watching the damn clock

Finally we got on in top shape with all of our guns
We left with a big Task Force for a long run
I couldn't count all the ships
But we knew Sam was licking his lips

Just for something new for a change
We wondered around well out of range
Because we got separated from the fleet
And finally back with our tail between our feet

We landed at Guadacanal and beached it this time
Sam thought we were making fun of him and he did whine
The fleet was there big and strong
Waiting for us guys to get right from wrong

We passed the test with the rest
Without Sam doing his very best
He stayed in his quarters most of the time
Only to come out just to dine

Peleliu was finally sighted early in the morning
All dark and strangely inviting
We were to fire on Angaur first to scare the Japs
And then help Peleliu until the very last

We gave it hell all day and night long
Our big fleet shelled the beach doing no wrong
It was loud and smoky with lots of guns
Because the enemy is the "Rising Sun"

The enemy gave us a bloody battle
We lost so many men good and able
There were few prisoners that they took
It was hardly enough for a book

Getting back to Ramin Sam who was still aboard
The flotilla Commander on board
Our ship was the flotilla Commander's favorite passion
He kept us busy looking for remaining action

Morrill wanted to keep a close eye on Ole Sam
The Commander new he was a sorry old "ham"
So when going into strange enemy held lagoons
He did not want to be known ass one of 'Sam's goons"

We didn't hit too many other ships we had other duties
Like trying to stay alive but not stay too pretty
Our uniform was only shorts and a baseball cap
And we drank our share of beer without a tap

It was remembered by one of the crew
Who was in the mess hall with others we knew
All of a sudden there was a very loud crunch
The young seaman said "There goes Sam's another bunch

Fortunately Sam left the ship
He was being dismissed for all of his tricks
We did not say goodbye it was not on our lips
We had struggled so much with his manuscript

We were told ...back to Pearl Harbor one day
They said we had enough and too long this stay
Off we went all alone without Ramin Sam
Our new skipper was Lt Bill Hollaran

Bob Heath LCI(G) 404

Captain Courageous

LCI's -- Landing Craft, Infantry -- were among the smallest fighting ships in our Navy; hence, whether used to land troops on hostile beaches or converted into rocket-firing gunboats, they were among the most expandable. This is the story of a "spitkit" which sacrificed itself to save another, more precious ship -- one of those many gallant exploits in the Pacific which didn't come to light until long after they happen.

An Amphibious flotilla, en route to Guam, was surprised at sea by a Jap torpedo plane, and one of the aircraft culminated a beautiful run by launching a torpedo at a big LST on the outside of the formation. The torpedo knifed through the water directly at the lumbering craft, which was jam-packed with hundreds of marines.

Aboard was Pfc. Frank Brown, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, now back home with a Presidential Unit Citation, the Bronze Star and a flock of battle ribbons. He says that, not even the memory of bloody Iwo Jima are stronger than those of the terror of that awful moment at sea. "That torpedo had only a couple of hundred yards to go," he recalls. "It was sure to hit us, because an LST is too unwieldy for quick maneuvering. We knew what it would do to a thin-skinned ship that had plenty of gasoline, oil and high explosives aboard. But what we didn't reckon on was one of those tiny LCI's which was just about a hundred yards off our starboard side, and the split-second thinking and heroism of its skipper."

"That little gunboat was carrying high explosives too, but it had only a handful of men aboard and compared to the hundreds we had, sizing up the situation in a flash, the skipper headed his ship straight toward that torpedo. The missile had traveled about half of its distance to us when the LCI intercepted it. There was a flash and a roar, and the little craft went up in smoke. I heard later that everybody in the forward part of the gunboat was killed, and most of the others wounded. But our troopship was safe. It all happened so suddenly that most

of our men figured they had been saved by a freak accident."

That hero skipper, was Lieut. G. D. Mayo, USNR, of Somerville, Tennessee. He is alive -- was recently tracked down at Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, where he is doing a tour of stateside duty as instructor in the training -- core unit. He doesn't talk like a hero.

"I really don't know whether intercepting that torpedo was intentional or not," he asserts. "You see, at some time during the action I received a head injury, there is a blank space in my memory covering the interception period. I remember ordering the guns of our ship, LCI (G) 468, to bear on a plane I saw making a run in our direction. The next thing I can recollect is lying in a pool of blood on a bunk in another ship. Naturally, I supposed I had been unconscious and had been relieved of my command by my executive officer, Ens. Edward Rubin. But surviving members of the crew said that following the torpedo hit, they picked me up off the deck of the conning station, and I said I was all right.

"According to them, I observed we were in a sinking condition, and my orders for handling the situation were so entirely rational that Ensign Rubin didn't see fit to assume command. That's the story; you'll have to figure it out for yourself."

This article was sent in to us by Mr. Donald McDonald, 4104 Seward Ave., Rockford, Illinois 61108 -- 7663 formally of LCI (R) 651.



The Secretary of the USS LCI National Association has been receiving inquiries concerning the new combat action ribbon. This ribbon has been publicized in quite a few of the veterans magazines. I have looked into this matter and found that the forms to apply for this ribbon are not available and may never become available. The department of defense has stated that they do not have the manpower or the materials to look up the back records of all of the veterans who would be eligible to receive this ribbon. Accordingly you would be wasting your time to apply for the necessary forms since the medal or the ribbon have never been authorized for distribution. If any additional information is available in the future it will be publicized in this newsletter.

Robert McLain, Secretary

We have received a thank you card from Dick Ludwinski of LCI 396 for publishing his article.

The following picture is submitted by Edward S. Rubin former executive officer of the USS LCI G. 468 which was sunk by Japanese kamikazi planes during the invasion. G. Douglas Mayo skipper of a 468 was wounded in the loss of his ship. He later transferred to USN and retired as a Captain.

U.S Navy LCI (G.), destroyers, destroyer escorts shelling the then held Jap Base June 20th 1944. U.S. Marines shortly thereafter captured the island base.

Article was sent in by Bill Wertz formerly of LCI 464, Bill presently resides in Lebanon PA.

Back in the middle of the WW II battle of the Pacific, I was serving as a MoMM 2/c aboard the USS. LCI (G) 464 en route to our third invasion (Lingayan Gulf). We had just gotten a load of mail aboard which was eagerly distributed data by the officer in

charge. My name was called I got a few letters and a package from home, lucky me, I thought, until I saw this battered and tattered piece of mail which by now you could pass it through a letter slot. This was at one time a package of homemade cookies from good old mom. I looked over what was left and to say that I was disappointed was an understatement. Later on in one of my letters home I requested that they do not send any more edibles because of what had happened earlier, and the incident was forgotten.

Several months later I was on watch in the engine room, when the phone rang and a voice said "Wertz lay up to the bridge immediately." I thought now what? I Finally got up the third ladder to the con and was met by the skipper and the Exec. I forget the exact one-way conversation or how they approached me, but it all amounted to the fact that momma's was little boy didn't get his goodies last month, and Mama was rather upset, so upset that she apparently contacted the Navy Department. Lord only knows what was in the letter, but the message was forwarded from the top to the little LCI on the bottom. The skipper and the Exec worked me over a pretty good and the news spread around the ship fast, when there was mail call the guys all needed me asking if I had gotten any cookies.

After getting Okinawa out of the way, the war was over and all the amphibians went back to civilian life and lived happily ever after or at least tried to.

About a month or so after my rival back home I received this letter on "Navy Department" stationary wishing me well as I was returning to civilian life as well as extolling the great accomplishments of the greatest Navy in the world, and it was signed by James Forrestal, I assumed that it was just a form letter, and all my ex Navy and Marine veterans received one.

Not until many years later when I started to attend reunions did I gather up souvenirs and other paraphernalia from our days in WW II (the big one) that I came across this Forrestal letter and queried other vets as to whether anyone else had gotten one. The

answer was always negative. I slowly began to ask myself ...why only me?

Shelby Smith (now on our Board of Directors) was on the bridge that day as well as skipper Lieutenant Ralph Taurman and Exec Lt(jg). Bob Curley.

Signed Bill Wertz

Just to prove that all the articles appearing in the LCI newsletter are read the following is a correction sent to us by a William C. Stark

I feel I must take issue with an article on page 34, newsletter No. 29 "the LCI food locker." LCI 23 arrived at Guadalcanal early March, 1943, After leaving the East Coast New Year's Eve Dec. 3, 1942. Our total freezer space, I am sure, was not over 21 cubic feet. As I have owned a similar "deep freeze".

The top served as a table. Twelve men could be seated at it.. Each side and one-sided was against the forward bulkhead had of the crews quarters immediately at the base of the ladder. We had rice and beans in burlap bags, also powdered eggs and powdered milk. Whatever else was in that freezer was long gone by the time of our arrival and the Southwest Pacific. I do remember pleading to deaf ears of our food Ensign not to throw hams and summer sausages over the side simply because they had harmless green mold on them. That's the first time we saw sharks.

During the ensuing months a Higgins boat would pull alongside as we were anchored at Tulagi and one of the crew would toss a crate of grapefruit and cases of cigarettes on deck. Everything was in planters peanut cans labeled cheese. We ate a lot of Coconuts and traded "T" shirts and socks for fruit with the natives, but soon our trading stock ran out too. Then we started to swipe "C" rations from the Marines we hauled up the slot. We also swiped meat & beans & stew. We got caught but were not convicted I suppose it was because we swallowed the evidence. After a strong lecture and warning, the Officer bawling us out asked in

apparent disdain, "why would you men do something like that ?" A young crewman, without a moment of hesitation, replied, "because we are hungry sir". The only reply from the quizzing Officer was a question, do you men prefer guns and ammunition or food?

Our mess cook was taken from the ship with some kind of sickness. His temporary replacement a F2/c was the next to go. Our PhM3/c said it was mal-nutrition. As for myself, my teeth turned to "chalk" during the next 9 months. I bought a set of teeth as soon as I got home.

The words Ber-i-beri, scurvy and mal-nutrition could often be heard in our conversations. So forgive me, but in my opinion, based on my having been there, the article " the LCI food Locker is just one heck of a lot of baloney".

William C. Stark , LCI 23

ODE TO THE LCI

You've heard of the Cans and the APD's and you've heard of the Cruisers too and you've heard of the roaring PT Boats, and some of the things they do. But brother, if you have a moment to spare and feel the need of a cry, then sit right down and my tale I'll share, of the terrible LCI. They're a helluva, horrible looking mess, neither ship nor barge it is true, they're a joke to the fleet I must confess, but not to the poor damned crew! She'll rock and she'll roll on the calmest day, she'll buck like a kangaroo, and pitch in the most peculiar way, tho all is serene in the blue. The engineers sit down in their hole, and can't even care or think, and the boys topside, as they sway with the roll have often wished she would sink!

The signalman on the Conn clings to his light while she reels over 50 deg. and the helmsman struggles to hold her on, tho it's blowing very little breeze. The cook in the galley sobs and moans as over the stove slugs the stew, and the crew sets up a terrible groan, and so by God would you.

For the Navy don't care if we never get fed, they don't even know we are here, you can't blame us



for seeing red when the rest of the guys get beer. The Army helps out with it's canned ration "C" but nobody else gives a damn, it's a hell of a life I'm sure you'll agree, we're pretty well fed up on spam.

They were built, I am told, of some rusty old junk and stuck together with glue and the whole thing was planned by a humerous drunk, an inmate of " bughouse 'U' ". Don't pity us friend, and dry that tear, tho we're thankful to you for our grief, but we've sailed in these things for nearly a year, so send us our boot camp relief!

Thanks to William J. Lee of the 517

MOMENT OF TRUTH

Our convoy departed Pearl Harbor on sept 11, 1944. My diary reads in part," the convoy consists of 30 LST's, 18 LCI's, 4 destroyers and about 12 subchasers. The convoy settled down to the speed determined by the large "work-horses" – the LST's. Our Group #16 of LCI(G)'s was in the port column. I had a feeling that we were heading into trouble. A check of material on deck showed that one hawser was in an "unacceptable condition". We had new material, why not use it. I wrote on the plan of the day to discard it the next day.

The next day was September 12 and as I was walking around the Conn I noticed that Bosun Leonard Wagner had discarded the old hawser by throwing it over-board.

Her was a ship out of formation and about two miles behind the convoy. The "blinker light" was from the LCI 560. The message from the C.O. to the group Comander who was on the LCI 558 which was directly in front of us. Our Quartermaster was recording the message: it read," Have hawser in port screw. Unable to keep convoy speed." OOPS.

A prompt blinker message to us read," Desig. 559 go to aidoo 560. To me it said," you caused the problem, you take care of it." We went back to the 560 and attached their bow anchor cable to our sterna anchor. We finally arrived back in our convoy position – four hour later.

Eniwetok had been taken from Jap control on 22 February, 1944. the anchorage was a beautiful place. We, the 559 and the 560 anchored about 300 feet apart – the 560 having been towed about 2,000 miles. A beautiful night and calm winds soothed the disturbing fact of a handicapped ship. I was hoping a repair crew would materialize but I soon saw blue lights under the 560. the crew had rigged under-water gear from air hoses and gas-masks and a hacksaw did the necessary cutting.

We crossed the equator on 1 October, 1944 and I was called a land-lubber and ordered to appear before the court of Neptunis Rex with three charges against me. I was guilty of all three charges and I will not ever tell the ceremony following the guilty verdict.

We continued to Manus, where our plans to take Yap were replaced by plans to take Dulag, Leyte (PI). Dulag was assaulted on 20 October, 1944 and the area was secured.

San Pedro Bay was an active place for all of our forces. Our "fog-generators" provided protective cover at night for the anchored troop and supply ships.

A 50th Reunion was planned for Group 16 at Cincinnati, OH in September 1995. this reunion brought together the three men involved in the "hawser " incident without malice. These 69 year old men had been boys of 19 and had accepted the challenge the same as all good sailors.

James M. Horner LCI (G) 559



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THE WAR DIARY
U.S. LCI(L) FLOTILLA TWO
From December 1942 To October 1944
To

The Memory Of Lorenzo Sherwood Sabin, Jr.
Vice Admiral, United States Navy

Editor's Note: - I had the pleasure of reading this complete 110 page Diary and wrote to Francis J. Mueller and asked for his permission to write the following article. He was an officer on the USS LCI(L) 212 & 216.

The Flotilla was organized as Flotilla One on December 12, 1942; but the designation was changed to Flotilla Two on January 1, 1943.

The Diary was a labor of love by several of the old-timers in the flotilla who had started gathering records, data, etc., most of whom passed away before anything tangible of any quantity had materialized until a few years ago when the current "historian" Peter Murray, took hold and eventually brought it into being and single handedly published it. He was a quartermaster on the LCI 215 from beginning to end.

Flotilla Two consisted of LCI's - 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 8 - 9 - 10 - 11 - 12 - 13 - 14 - 15 - 16 - 209 - 211 - 212 - 213 - 214 - 215 - 216 - 217 - 218 - 32 - 219 - 232

Flotilla One was formed in the Chesapeake. It quickly became a smart outfit manned by seasoned crews under the able leadership of Captain Sabin.

When the Flotilla was ordered to the Mediterranean it became Flotilla Two and as such made history at Bizerte, Licata, Salerno, Anzio. It suffered losses in ships & personnel but it led the front lines of every invasion. Its officers and crews have been awarded more decorations than any other Flotilla. It is known far and wide as a "Going Concern."

Then the invasion of France was imminent, Flotilla Two was picked as the best in the Mediterranean & once again saw service, this time in the biggest invasion of all times. Again it had regrettable losses but it performed its assignment missions with distinction. Flotilla Two lost (4) LCI's the LCI -1 - 32 - 219 - 232 - with 74 Killed In Action.

The Major Awards & Citations were as

follows as listed in the Diary.

PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION
USS LCI(L) 1

NAVY CROSS
Lt.(JG) Carl F. Robinson
QM2/c Stanley James Sharp, Jr.

LEGION OF MERIT
Captain Lorenzo S. Sabin
Cmdr Edwin W. Wilson
Lt Cmdr Robert G. Newbegin
Lt John D. Ogilby
Bos'n J.L. Palmer
SI/c Jimmy Wesley

NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL
Lt(JG) Gordon S. Brown
Cox Carl E. Cumby
CPhM Sidney Senter
Lt John D. Oligby
Lt Richard W. Caldwell
Y2/c C.B. Fletcher
GM/3c Samuel Rice

LETTER OF COMMENDATION
Ensign Francis J. Mueller of the USS LCI(L) 216 has been commended for heroism in the rescuing of survivors of the USS LCI(L) 232.

PURPLE HEARTS
Space does not permit the listing of the names of the officers and crews who were awarded the Purple Heart but there were (49) Purple Hearts awarded to Flotilla Two.

Editor's Note: - You may contact Francis Mueller at 18 Sandpiper Road, Tampa, Florida 33609 - Telephone - 813-286-2557 For Further Information if you desire.

World War II Memories

Lt. Cmdr. Wayne A. Simpson

On April of 1943. I wrote the Navy Recruiting Station in Los Angeles - informed them of my background, including having lived on the shores of Humboldt Bay (born there and remaining there until Bertha and I met and married.)

Shortly after writing the Navy, I was advised to report to the station to be sworn in as a Lt. (jg), and returned home awaiting orders, which eventually came, quicker than I suspected! My orders advised me to procure appropriate uniform and appurtenances and report to Cornell University, Ithaca NY, May 1, 1943, which I did as soon as we could close the house, straighten out personal affairs and be free to go. At that time, Bertha and Marilyn, 4 years old, and I entrained for her home in Corning, Sacramento Valley.

After 4 months at Cornell, our class graduated. We were ordered to sea, training at various stations from the Atlantic to the Pacific. My assignment was the U. S. Naval Amphibious Base at Solomon's Point, Maryland, where we trained, day and night, on amphibious ships until November, when we were classified for sea duty as commanding officers of LCI (L)'s. These were assault ships which carried 250 troops, a crew of 24, and 5 officers. We were ordered to Barber, New Jersey where we commissioned the ship, took a pilot aboard and headed for pier 92, New York.

During the next several weeks the final touches of outfitting were accomplished, and on December 13th we headed for open sea. When we reached the buoy outside the harbor, the pilot left the ship and, with a cheery "you are now on your own," boarded a pilot boat and faded into the twilight.

We, under my command, began Journey #1, headed South to the Chesapeake Bay for "shakedown." This is the time devoted to getting the ship and crew seaworthy and ready for action. By the time we reached our first marker, the forward deck was caked with 3 inches of ice, which the crew

chopped away as we sailed. The Atlantic coast was in total blackout and we were reminded that lights from the ship, or any other in the area, were also blacked out. We soon developed our night vision!

After our "shake down" we were ordered to proceed to the open sea and join a 115 ship convoy bound for the Mediterranean Sea. The 12 LCI (L)'s were ordered to the rear of each column and to follow the merchant ship ahead, each of which burned a faint blue stern light.

On the first night out, while still light, I was informed by the engineering officer that our water pump was broken and he was in the process of making repairs. By now it was dusk and we were losing distance between our ship and the convoy ahead. Our commander (flotilla) saw that we were not in station and signaled us that he wanted to know what was going on. We gave him our info and he sent back the message: "You are on your own - good luck." I swallowed - and prayed.

In due time, repairs were made and we headed for the convoy at utmost speed. We were so relieved to join up again. We followed a merchant ship named the "Stephen Vincent Benet" night and day.

On arriving at a previously designated area, the convoy broke off and continued on to the Mediterranean Sea, and we changed course and headed for the Azores. From the Chesapeake to the break-away position, our convoy was guarded by Destroyers and Destroyer escorts.

When we headed to the Azores, our escort became 4 ocean-going tugs, with very little weaponry. We sailed toward the Azores, and on arrival in the area went through a dense squall which soon subsided, and the island of Faial became visible. It was Sunday and we could see the parishioners trekking up the hill to the church which was ringing the bells to summon the faithful.

As we came into the harbor, we spotted an American LST at a dock, and almost lost composure when they played over the communication system, "Oh What a Beautiful Morning" - and it really was!

On the next day, we headed out to sea again on our way to England where we eventually arrived during a violent storm. And as we passed Land's End the entrance to the English Channel was extremely rough - and we had our introduction to weather in the British Isles!

We eventually moored inside the harbor at Falmouth and soon it was dark. It was now December and cold! On that very night we were treated to an air raid with suitable response from the ground forces, with powerful search lights to pinpoint targets. Some of the attack missiles were the famous unmanned robot planes carrying super amounts of explosives. Here we were, in a strange harbor at midnight - with a brilliantly lit sky - and our orders were to get underway and also to generate and disperse smoke. How we ever did that without smashing each other, I'll never know.

Our next weeks and months were spent in activities to sharpen our skills of finding and approaching the designated beaches and landing and discharging troops. All of these exercises were done on various beaches. All exercises were designed to be able to place our troops on shore and withdraw without losing any personnel or ships. Our exercises continued until we received orders from the Supreme Commander, Eisenhower, to stand by and await operation orders. The first order set the day (D Day) at June 4, but was rescinded due to a king size storm which caused great damage.

On the 6th, D-Day War activated - and we were off to the French Coast at Normandy. We left Southampton at 8 p.m. double summer time, June 5th. As we made our way to the silent water between Southampton and the Isle of Wight, the faster British ships would salute us with "Ahoy, LCI 509, Hip Hip Hooray."

As we rounded the Isle of Wight we could see the explosive bursts from the ships, planes, and shore batteries on the French Coast. As dawn arrived we could see that we had an immense array of war ships of all descriptions. As we approached the French shore, we could see the devastation from the pounding during the night, including ships and craft of all kinds - and bodies - so very many!

We were able to get to the shore, unload our troops and pull away from the beach. All the while, there was the sound of the Battle Ships, Cruisers, Destroyers, Command Center Ships, Rocket Launchers and others. Since we were near the beach, the salvos were going over us at targets ashore and at the cliff tops, and their shore batteries at the beachline, all of which we could plainly see, .

Ships on either side of us took salvos and remained on the beach. An explosive device, planted on the beach, pierced the ship bottom at the engine room. Fortunately the explosive didn't detonate, so we were able to retract and head out. All during the event, the damage control unit was pounding a wooden plug in the hole, thus making us once again seaworthy. In fact, we plied the waters of the Channel for 32 days until we could go to drydock at Dartmouth.

After a few days waiting for parts and repair work we were again on our way to an assignment to the "far shores" (French coast). We made 30 trips back and forth across the Channel - the majority of which were begun at midnight - ferrying Army and Marine Corps troops. Incidentally, in the Navy when no Command Officer was present among the ships selected to perform a given duty at sea, the oldest officer present automatically became convoy commander - to prepare an operation order for delivery to all units in the operation and to lead the convoy over and back.

After the assault and follow-up, we were called upon to do tug duty at the man-made harbor near Arromanche - at other times a contact point for coastal vessels, directing them to assigned positions. Since the main buildup, things for us "amphibs" became a bit more serene with very little heavy stuff going, and in due time we were reassigned to the states.

We left Merry Old England in better shape than we had found her. And in spite of their "stuffed shirt" presence, they really did appreciate all that had been done on their behalf. By now, I had become a full Lieutenant and later a Lt. Commander.

On arriving back in the states 2 days after Christmas in New York Harbor amid a snow storm, we were reassigned to the 3rd Naval District at New York and awaited orders, which soon arrived, and we were on our way to Solomon's Point whence we had come - so long before.

I was assigned to ship duty in the Chesapeake, teaching communications, navigation and ship handling. All of us at this base at that time were training or being trained to effectively handle a refitted and altered LSM-R (Landing Ship - Rocket). In size it was between the LST and LCI, and war rigged, indeed. For the first several minutes as a rocket ship, she had more fire power than a destroyer.

Then I was assigned to a position of operations officer of a flotilla of ships rebuilt for the assault on Japan. We were in Norfolk on the day that the atom bombs were leveled at Hiroshima and effectively ended the hostilities, as far as Japan was concerned. Bertha and I were at the Officer's Club at the Naval Aviation Base, Norfolk, for our anniversary dinner. When the news was announced the place literally exploded - a memorable evening! I never saw so many ecstatic Ensigns!

In due time, we received orders to head for California - which we were delighted to do - and had a memorable train excursion across the states. Since we returned to the U. S. (Marilyn and Bertha were with me) and while doing state-side duty, we had many good times, and many enjoyable activities. Bertha and I were happy, to be sure, to look ahead to what we expected to be, and turned out to be, a much more stable lifestyle. From then on, emphasis was on family, friends, job, and permanency - all of which, each in its own time, came to pass.

A transcription of a hand-written letter to a friend (Written 12/9/90 at age 79)

Combat action ribbon

Retroactive combat action ribbon eligibility for naval veterans from 1941 to 1961 announced.

Navy and Marine corps veterans who served in combat in or after World War II are now eligible to receive the Combat Action Ribbon (CAR).

Secretary of the Navy Richard Danzig has recently authorized this award for those who served in combat but never received their CAR.

In order to be eligible for the CAR, veterans must have participated in ground or surface combat after December 6, 1941 but before March 1, 1961 and cannot already have been recognized for the same participation. Under public law 106 - 65, Danzig can award the CAR to veterans retroactively.

The time period required for submission is being waived in all cases. Two blocks of time have been designated by Danzig for eligibility of this CAR; World War II: December 7, 1941- April 14, 1946 and Korea; June 27, 1950 -- July 27, 1954.

Navy veterans who served during these periods may write directly to the Navy Awards Branch for settlement at: Chief of Naval Operations (NO9B33) , 2000 Navy Pentagon, Washington DC 20350 -- 2000

OLD GLORY, THE FLAG OF OUR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

I can remember as a first grader in a one room school house, in a desolate region of Kansas, the first duty of the day was to say the Pledge of Allegiance and raise the flag over that little school house. I always said it the loudest, my sisters said it was to get attention.

I still remember the Fourth of July and Veterans Day parades in Hiawatha, Kansas, and looked forward to them months in advance. Maybe for the quarter I always got, or watching relatives, friends or others sneaking a little home brew in the dry state of Kansas. I still recall my days as a young lad viewing a parade in my hometown. The crowds would rubber neck by the curb as the first sounds of music came closer, followed mostly by horse drawn wagon or plain riders with their horses all decked out in finery and polished to a high gloss.

Even then as now I can still get emotional, feel by heart jump or my body chill at the sight of Old GLory. It was always a thrill to salute, or just hold your hand over your heart, as it passed by.

Sometimes at a baseball game, or anyplace a large group gathers, observe while they play the National Anthem and raise the Flag, you will see a lot of proud people.

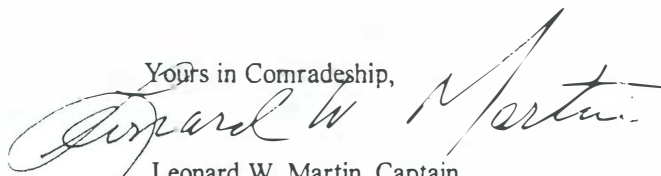
Sometimes I see more than Stars and Stripes and what they stand for. I remember friends who died at Iwo Jima, thousands of miles from home on a tiny island that two years before they had not heard of. I see country fairs, shopping malls and schools. I see television where the world is piped into your living room. Most of all I see a country where my children and grandchildren can play, laugh and live without fear.

Not too long ago people laughed at this kind of Patriotism. Some people even burned our Flags. They would not dare now.

Today we see a new birth of Patriotic fever, compatible with World War II crowds, who openly cheered our Flag and our returning soldiers and wept without shame.

Americans cheer our Flag and what it stands for: Freedom, Plenty, Pride, Individual Rights and Opportunity above all.

Yours in Comradeship,



Leonard W. Martin, Captain

9 January 1990

NW LCI ASSOCIATION

California is having it's reunion on June 23, 2000 in Eureka, California. Dr. Davis will have the 1091 on hand again this year. For any of you who haven't been to one of these they are a fun time and it is really an experience to get back on an Elsie again. It brings back a lot of memories. The meeting runs from June 23 to 25th. Jim McCarthy is the California State Director, and our representative on the National Association Board of Directors. Call or write him if you are interested in attending. His Address is: J.E. McCarthy, 349 Idlewild Lane, Oceanside, CA. (760) 439-5598)

Then there is our own meeting on Sept 20th and 21 in Astoria, Oregon. Hal Bleyhl the Oregon State Director is putting together a really fun time. He will be coming out with a memo to you all soon and I won't chew it twice. He has talked the owner of the 713 into bringing it to Astoria for the convention. It is still being put back together, but it will be interesting to see. Walt James the new owner owns a tug company and he is going to tow it over from Portland with one of his tugs. It is hoped that we can work out some kind of arrangement with him like they have with the 1091 in California.

IN MEMORIUM

Deceased LCI Crew Members

GIBSON, Robert D. -----	1
BENNETT, Earl J. -----	2
COLE, Richard F. -----	11
MILLER, John B. -----	12
PAULSON, Mahlon ---KIA-----	24
WILSON,*** -----KIA-----	24
EASON, Joseph ----- Pier	42
JACKSON,Thomas -----	68
HUNTER, David -----	68
OGERS, DR. Everette -----	68
CLEVELAND, Arnold -----	73
BURDY, Roger J. -----	219
EGGLESTON, Archie E. -----	226
RANDEL, Jess M. -----	231
KABRICK, Kenneth J. -----	234
RONDESKO, Walter -----	238
WARGO, George -----	336
ISAAC, Roger W. -----	346
IRVIN, Leon J. -----	355
PUCKETT, Nathan -----	360
GWIN, Raymond J. -----	362
SUKOW, Marland A. -----	362
TAKVORIAN, Arthur A. -----	372
LYNDE, George A. -----	412
JOHNSON, Leonard R. -----	447
SNELLENBERGER, Robert -----	455
MIGLORIE, John P.-----	457
CALLAHAN, John P. -----	509
SAARI, Weikko C. -----	560
PUCKETT, Nathan L. -----	566
BONES, Donald E.-----	575
MOBLEY, Charles -----	613
SMITH, Harold A. -----	624
ELZA, Mark M. -----	681
LANE, Leonard J. -----	704
GALL, Joseph F. -----	706
HANNIGAN, James -----	732
JOHNSON, Carl -----	742
CHAMBERS, Maynard -----	801
WYLIE, Cleyburn -----	808
HODGES, Paul -----	947
RUSS, Nelson -----	952

REUNIONS

Michigan State LCI Reunion
Alpena,MI Sept.12-13
Contact: Jim Erngren
Ph. (517)595-2220

USS Wm.Seiverling DE441
Niagara Falls,NY Oct.5-8
Contact: Frank Williams
203 S 16th St
Olean, NY 14760
Ph. (716)372-5980

Patrol Craft Association
Mobile,AL, Apr.28-30
Contact: Robert Lister
10546 Ferncliff Dr
Baton Rouge, LA
70815
Ph. (504)272-2886

USS Vesole DD/DDR 878
Baton Rouge, LA Sept.13-17
Contact:Ray Gorenflo
2313 Route 52
Hopewell Jct. NY
12533-5962
Ph. (914)227-5762

USS Wm.C.LAWE DD 763
Bufflo, NY Oct.13-16
Contact: Owen Turner
14 Gordon Terr.
Newton, MA
02458-1617
Ph. (617)969-8328

USS Abnaki ATF 96
Birmingham, AL Sept.20-24
Contact: Jack Bains
PO Box 416
Oneonta,AL
35121-0006
Ph. (205)625-5302

USS Corbesier DE 438
Winterhaven,Fl Oct.5-8
Contact: R.L.Jones
2800 E Manatee
Bradenton,FL
34208
Ph. (941)750-6950

FLORIDA State LCI Reunion
Lakeland,FL Nov.10-11
Contact:
Don Mc Granahan
1700 Waterford Dr Apt154
Vero Beach,FL 32966
Ph. (561)778-2816

BELOW IS A NEW LIST BY SHIP NUMBER AND STATE
OF MEMBERS THAT HAVE A E-MAIL ADDRESS

SHIP#1	LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	STATE	E-MAIL
0024	PLANT	LOUIS V.	MI	louis-plant@prodigy.net
0029	PETERS	LLOYD G.	OH	pete8924@juno.com
0036	FORMAN	DAVID	FL	fordav@aol.com
0036	KEYS	ROBERT	PA	keysfam1@prodigy.net
0043	SMITH	GORDON L.	WA	gsmitlci43@msn.com
0062	PIRTLE	J. C.	CA	pprittle@webtv.net
0068	POLUNSKY	SYLVAN I.	TX	spolunsky@alumni.utexas.net
0074	BENOIT	EDWARD N.	NY	edjob@aol.com
0096	GATTON	JOHN L.	KY	gattonj@yahoo.com
0096	TAUBMAN	ROBERT M.	MD	rmtrst@aol.com
0226	PUSATERI	JOHN J.	OH	lci226@aol.com
0326	SIEBECKER	ROBERT G.	IL	rsiebecker@webtv.net
0329	GANZBERGER	STEPHEN	MI	pat-ganz@home.com
0336	ROBINSON	VINCENT L.	CA	vencer@foothill.net
0338	MARKEL	PAUL M.	TX	cpmarkel@homemail.com
0342	MINNER	EARL R.	FL	ERMPEM@aol.com
0346	BUCKMAN	GEORGE D.	KS	janetbuckman@webtv.net
0424	TOMISON	DOUGHLAS S.	CA	doug82627@aol.com
0436	FERRARA	JOSEPH P.	NJ	ferarawillie@aol.com
0437	WEST	MAX J.	IN	westm845@aol.com
0445	KLEIN	STANLEY E.	GA	stan.kelt@netcom.com
0450	GOLDSTEIN	FREDRICK L.	MA	dusty450@aol.com
0461	MEYER	HENRY J.	IL	meyermd@csj.net
0462	BURTON	CLYDE A.	IN	JCB1981@AOL.CO
0471	WINGROVE	DONALD N.	IA	doar96@netins.net
0492	CLAIBORNE	JACK B.	TN	jneclai@ecis.net
0509	MC DONALD	LEIB	MD	leibmc@juno.com
0514	VIKEN	RICHARD	MN	dviken@deskmedia.com
0515	FITZ-GERALD	WILLIAM E.	MD	wfitz@webtv.net
0520	HARRIS	JOSEPH R.	IN	mk33modo@hotmail.com
0535	MAC KAY	RONALD R.	WA	debron@tx3.net
0554	DETTLEFF	JOHN H.	PA	mrdee55h@aol.com
0560	SARRI	RUSSELL	CA	poolboyus@aol.com
0566	FRICK	ROBERT L.	PA	ljenneywren@aol.com
0579	FAWCETT	THOMAS W.	OH	fawsettgap@aol.com
0585	HAILE	EUGENE J.	UT	bandito@pop.burgoyne.com
0622	SCOTT	WILLIAM H.	HI	bdscott@maui.net
0644	OGDEN	ROGER W.	MA	RogerCBS@aol.com
0685	MC CARTHY	JAMES E.	CA	mccarthyjemac@aol.com
0705	HACKNEY	ROBERT L.	CA	bomar313@peoplepc.com
0728	HOLLANDER	JACK C.	GA	jlholl@webtv.net
0791	LYNCH	EDWARD J.	FL	eddiehelen@aol.com
0801	KARPIK	PAUL "DOC"	OH	pkarpik@yahoo.com
0810	GART	ALBERT	FL	mgart997@aol.com
0866	HARTZ	EDWIN M.	NH	ehartz@aol.com
0872	KEENAN	RALPH M.	PA	pappylci822@webtv.net
0943	FOSTER	JAMES B.	NC	jbgolf@bellsouth.net
0955	LANDIS	ARMIN V.	KS	alandis@usd343.k12.ks.us
0980	CORBIN JR.	RAYMOND	MD	beebee01@aol.com
0998	CAPRI	RAYMOND	CA	rcapri5914@aol.com
1012	DIVERS	ROBERT V.	WA	vdivers@wwdb.org
1029	JOHNSON	LINCOLN V.	CA	linc78@earthlink.net
1079	FINSEL	TROY P.	KY	troyfin@mindspring.com
1079	CHRISTY	ARTHUR W.	MI	aseejsee@webtv.net
1088	WHIPPLE	RICHARD E.	FL	pastor1@okeechobee.com
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