

VWOA NEWSLETTER

Email Issue #54

Francis T. Cassidy Editor

2009



The results of the VWOA OFFICIAL ELECTION:
The Board of Directors had recommended a listing of Officers and/or Directors for the years 2010 - 2011.

The voting VWOA Membership elected all of those recommended.

We thank the Membership for their participation and assure you that we will continue our efforts and devotion towards achieving the goals of VWOA in our new term of office.

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VWOA Email Issue #54 Featured Author

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CHAPTER 6 Draft Submission

UNCLE SAM WANTS ME AGAIN

I tried several approaches to escape the draft boards outstretched clutches including joining the Signal Corp Army Reserve, but nothing worked. I was about to spend 2 weeks in the field with the Army unit I joined, when they found out that the Army was trying to draft me. They gave me an honorable discharge and let me keep my uniforms. Out of desperation one night, I mentioned to Ralph Cooper at the Palm Café, that I soon would be leaving his show to enter the Army. He wanted to know why I was leaving and so I told him the whole story. His reaction was that... "We have to see the man". In this case, it was U.S. Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., who was a close friend of his. True to his word, he arranged a meeting with the Congressman and I found myself face-to-face with him telling my whole story. When I finished, he agreed that I had not been treated fairly and acknowledge that he could have me released from the Draft Call. Unfortunately, at that time he was under surveillance by his enemies in Congress and he was afraid they might find out about his involvement to have me deferred. They were monitoring his every action on his travels to Biminis in the Caribbean. So instead of this chance, he opted to place me in any branch of the army that I desired. As radio broadcasting was my main interest, I requested the Armed Forces Radio Services as my choice. He then had his

secretary write a letter on Congressional Stationary to the U.S. Army instructing them to place me in this very same unit. The letter also requested that they notify his office when this assignment had been instituted. There were no copying machines in 1951 and I clutched this letter as close to me as I could and never let it get too far away.

I finally did have to go for my physical and was inducted in the Army. We were driven to Camp Kilmer, NJ where new inductees spent 4-days filling out forms and waiting for their basic training assignment. Each day, a new batch of draftees arrived while the 4-day veterans left for their fun filled assignments in such wonderful places like Camp Crowder, MO, Fort Jackson, SC and Fort Sills, OK, to mention just a few. I don't know why but everyone in our group had made up their mind that we were going to nearby Fort Monmouth for our basic training. We were in the Kitchen doing all the delightful chores that one acquires when on Kitchen police, (KP), when our assignment was posted on the bulletin board outside. Everyone abandoned ship at that moment (with the kitchen mess Sergeant hollering for us to stay). We of course were most anxious to see what delightful vacation spot we were going to enjoy. We could hardly believe it...the assignment was Camp Chaffee, AK. I looked quickly but did not find my name on the list and breathed a sigh of relief. That is, until someone turned the page and I was numero uno at the top of the page. Most of the guys

ran to get a map to see where Arkansas was located. I didn't have to look...I knew already that it wasn't what I had pictured!

There was one inmate who slept on the next cot to me, and stated that he was not going. We didn't really get to know the other 4-day wonders while we were at Camp Kilmer for indoctrination as they kept us moving around most of the time. When it came time to leave Camp Kilmer, this unhappy former civilian was true to his word. He had disappeared and was definitely not planning on traveling with us to Camp Chaffee, AK. We were lined up at the Railroad Station in Camp waiting to board this extinct coal-burning locomotive-driven cattle train from the 1930 era. I felt like a step back to the depression area. As a selected member of the Armed Forces, you have very little to say about your chosen transportation to the garden spot of the world...Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. We were all feeling bad enough at this turn of events when a siren wailing alarm on a jeep began to approach our train. There in handcuffs accompanied by four MP's was the missing GI who had defied authority, being placed bodily on our troop train. They had discovered him about 30 miles away still on the camp grounds, hiding behind a bush at the hospital. I couldn't say for sure but it sounded like he still was enunciating very clearly that he had no intention to arrive at our designated basic training campgrounds. Most of us took his threat as the mere ravings of an unhappy former civilian unable to accept the inevitable.

There were many things I did not understand about the army, but, the direction that our train proceeded still mystifies my imagination. Instead of heading directly West, we headed South for 12 hours and then backtracked North for another 12 hours. At this point we then headed in the western direction toward St. Louis. I do remember the hot muggy weather we were experiencing during his entire trip with our train windows wide open so that the soot from the coal burning engine found its way into each passenger car. By the 2nd day, we were well coated with this residue. I should remember that there were no showers or air conditioning on this ancient vehicle. At 3 AM on the second day of travel, we arrived in St. Louis at the indoor railroad station. We stayed there about ½ hour before leaving for Fort Smith, Arkansas. During our stay, that same gentleman who expressed his dislike of visiting Arkansas, slowly opened the window on the train and pushed himself through it landing on the platform of the station. He then picked up his small travel bag and brazenly walked out of the station to the freedom of the fall early morning air. To our knowledge, the army never did find him during our 16 weeks of basic training at Camp Chaffee. He already was assigned to our company, so the entire time at reveille when we lined up for inspection, we had 1 man AWOL (away without official leave), charged to our company of 200 men.

When we finally arrived at Camp Chaffee, I knew that I had to find some way of getting out of the normal pipeline. The Korean War was on in 1951 and most new recruits were destined to visit the Far East. I didn't like the idea, as it sounded hazardous for my health. I mean there were North Koreans and Chinese Red Army units shooting at you with real bullets. As we marched into the camp, I spotted a Radio Amateur Beam Antenna on a tower in back of a barracks. I made a mental note to investigate that area, as it was a MARS Station which is a military version of a Radio Amateur station. Primarily it exists to relay messages between the armed forces overseas and their stateside families and friends.

My next opportunity to visit this site took 3 weeks after arrival. They kept us hopping all the time and we never were on our own until that day when we had a few hours off. I visited the MARS Station and found the corporal in charge who was delighted to see me. He had been stuck at his Amateur Radio Station for 6 months and couldn't leave to attend Radio School in Ft. Monmouth until he found a replacement. He needed a certified Radio Amateur with communication experience and electronic background. As I met all the criteria for the position, he introduced me to his officer-in-charge and looked forward to me taking over his duties upon completion of basic training. I too was delighted to find an unexpected escape from the dreary and dangerous army pipeline to Korea.

The next 16 weeks of my sentence had me involved with 105mm howitzer guns as well as all other aspects of military life turning a civilian into an army fighting man. Not too many of these days were delightful. We were working day and night with these guns in the field. During this time, I learned that they had a training school for Radio Operators at the camp. The 105mm howitzer was an artillery piece, which required a "spotter" and radio operator in advance of the front lines to direct the targets for the gun crews. When we talk about advancing in front of the troops to direct the firing, it did not appear to be one of my most wanted experiences. However, training the troops at Camp Chaffee at the radio school was more in my line of comfort. In the army, nothing is ever completely sure until it happens. I thought perhaps, this might be a better direction to go in case that MARS station opening is filled before I finish my training. I went over to the school at the first opportunity and applied. They liked my credentials but really wanted instructors who had been over to Korea, so my chances were nil in this case.

I was still on the lookout for other opportunities to escape the inevitable pipeline to Korea. The next opening I heard of was the Post Army Band who paraded every day at Camp Chaffee during military formations. Hoping I could bluff my way into this musical world with my limited musical talent, I applied

for a clarinet opening which they had at that time. I must say these guys had a lot of nerve! They wanted me to audition on a clarinet they had to see the professionalism of my talent. In all fairness, I had not touched a clarinet for about 3 years and was no Benny Goodman when I had ended my practice sessions. Nevertheless, I picked up the clarinet to play the music given to me and I could see a major problem looming. The Sousa March had all those funny 32nd notes that were never my favorite even in normal times. I started to blow anyway and frankly even I wasn't impressed by my squeaks. It didn't take too long before they told me "don't call us, we'll call you". I wasn't too discouraged because at least I tried to the best of my mediocre ability. After all, I still had that MARS opening to fall back on if nothing better turned my way.

I should mention that before we started our basic training at this camp, all new arrivals were moved into an auditorium to hear a welcoming speech from Major General Ruffner who was the Camp Commandant. He started in greeting the troops, over 2,000 men, who were nervous in general not knowing what lies ahead. He was very direct when he said, "I'm going to set your minds all at ease by telling you what lies in store for you and where you're slated to go after finishing your basic training.", "You're all going to Korea". This was like a bolt out of the blue when he said Korea, because his mannerism and tone sounded like he had a special lucrative

assignment waiting for our special troops. Somewhere during his aggressive and pointed comments, I decided that I was not going to Korea no matter what everyone else did. Perhaps, my thoughts were developed in a similar pattern to the GI who went AWOL after deciding that he wasn't anxious to visit Arkansas.

After 12 weeks of basic training was over with only 4 weeks remaining, I still only had one option of escaping the normal flow of men to the Far East. What if that didn't come through? The thought of a 105mm howitzer as my favorite pal didn't warm my ones at all. That same week, two special events transpired that shaped my military career for the duration. A very smart looking officer immaculately dressed appeared in camp looking to induce a few volunteers to join his country club. This elite group turned out to be the famous 101st Airborne in Ft. Benning, GA. He was completely decked out in a custom fit neatly pressed officers uniform. The camaraderie and fun of jumping out of airplanes made his outfit sound like a vacation resort in full bloom. He did recruit one volunteer for his trouble...that was not me! One of my good friends who seemed completely normal in all other areas did volunteer and join these skydivers. I really was shocked to see him leave our company for those high flyers but I learned the true story about 18 months later when I met him in

Bremerhaven, Germany. I promise to relate it to you later in my subsequent adventures.

Time was growing short as the last 4 weeks of basic slid by when an unexpected development suddenly occurred. We had a first sergeant like they show in the movies. His name was Sergeant Paris and the army had been his home for 30 odd years. His favorite approach to humor was to line up the troops in the 115 degree heat, place his hands on his hips and ask "any questions?" No matter what was asked of him, he replied; "I don't know...any other questions?" You can guess that after a short time, it became evident that you shouldn't waste any time asking the Sergeant to clarify any of the army mysteries. He also took it as an affront, if you were brave enough to request a transfer from his majestic group. Thus, you can see how he felt about an announcement that he had to make for volunteers to join the Counter Intelligence Corp (CIC) of the army. Nevertheless, he followed orders and made that very interesting offer one day. All volunteers were to report to him at the office immediately. The idea was intriguing to me as it sounded like an escape from the dull army life and it felt like a role in a movie or TV show.

All in all we had about 10 members of our company report to our Top Sergeant. All were eager to escape his daily wrath and float off to greener pastures. The sergeant himself took this outpouring of men as an insult to his

jurisdiction and used scare tactics to diminish the group. "Do you know what the CIC is all about?" "You have to parachute behind enemy lines in civilian clothes. If you are caught...you are executed on the spot as a spy". About that time, 3 or 4 men suddenly started to walk backwards toward the company area. Their interest in the CIC was no longer apparent. About 7 of the adventurous gentlemen that applied to join the CIC were "goofballs" or trouble makers just looking for a way out. The sergeant kept trying to intimidate the rest of us with his war stories each time making it seem as a larger and larger risk to join this new outfit. He had cut our group down to 3 and approached each of us individually with his additional horror stories of their duties. When he came over to me, I listened to his entire message as he painted a more vivid picture of the dangers involved with CIC work. When he was finished, I looked him squarely in his eyes and said, "Sergeant, I thrive on danger...It's my whole life...I can't wait to get started". Sergeant Parris realized that he had met his match and gave me a 40-page application to complete. Two other GI's from our company were also finalist in this contest and also seemed eligible to approach the next step. About a week later, a Colonel from the CIC visited our camp and personally interviewed each of the lucky finalists. I remember that it was a pleasant meeting in which he would decide your possibilities of entering the CIC. His method of evaluation was to question you on world affairs, current

events, and our relationships as well as understanding of people. It lasted about 45 minutes and I felt that I had done a credible interview with him giving the answers he was looking for while exhibiting a positive attitude. His last word was that we would be hearing from his organization shortly. Another week went by when suddenly we heard that our orders were cut and we would be heading for the CIC compound in Fort Holabird, MD, which is just outside of Baltimore. All three of us felt that we had really accomplished a major victory and were elated to have been accepted to such a prestigious organization. You may wasn't to know why I volunteered for such a dangerous assignment as emphasized by the Sergeant in his eliminating role. Well, the truth of the matter is that I was completely familiar with the duties of the CIC and knew that he was completely lying as we were assigned to this flamboyant organization.

Our training at Camp Chaffee was finally over and 197 of the 200 men in our original company were assigned to active duty in Korea. The two other comrades of mine and I left for Ft. Holabird, MD. We were pleased with ourselves but had an anticipatory anxious feeling in the pit of our stomach of what lies ahead! It was new ground to travel and somehow we all had a fear of visiting a place that we never had been to before. When we arrived at the new Camp, we learned that there were two hurdles that we had to overcome before we even became a student and learned

the ways and methods of our new environment. The first lightening to hit was that although the new recruits entering Ft. Holabird were always given 1 week of KP drudgery to perform all the menial tasks required at that establishment. We were the first group honored by introducing a new phase of KP. Starting immediately, the KP sentence had been extended from 1 week to 2 weeks for all future recruits. The second shocker was even worse. We learned that although we were on Ft. Holabird grounds, we were not officially accepted into the CIC until we passed a more intensive interview with 3 officers of this command. This particular interview could last from 1 to 3 hours and you were then asked to leave the room while the officers decided your fate! Our sudden confidence shrunk while we questioned other members in our barracks about what they had experience in their interviews. The certainly was the most educated group of soldiers in the U.S. Army. Everyone spent every last hour of their time reading and studying TIME, US NEWS AND ALL THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE DAY. Current events were the main topic of the day and we were constantly checking each other out on their particular knowledge and interpretation of the latest happenings. One thing that we did learn was not to try and bluff the Officers if we did not know the answer. The correct response in this case was, "I do not know sir".

During this two-week exodus, we were all in an Alice in Wonderland setting. We continued doing our prescribed kitchen and maintenance menial duties but every second of our spare time was spent reading and discussing World News in all of its aspects and relationships. One by one, each of us silently with an uneasy feeling in the pit of our stomach. We were waiting for the individual call that would thrust us into the lion's den. Would we make a complete fool of ourselves? What would happen to us then? When your fate stands in the balance, it felt that we were walking as tightrope without any net underneath!

Well, it finally happened, when I least expected it. You see, I was gainfully employed in charge of a broom when my name was called. I froze for a second not wanting to leave the security of my janitorial duties. Nevertheless, I reinforced my determination and strength, tried straightening out my shirt, which was beyond that possibility and marched straight ahead. The foreboding room loomed deadly in front of me as I knocked on the door and was encouraged to enter. It was a medium size room with a large desk holding 3 Offices, a Colonel, Major and Captain. I believe that I was outranked for the moment as my arm had not found any stripes to wear at his stage of my army development. They made general conversation for a few minutes and then asked me a string of usual questions before getting into the world-at-large. The barrage started. "Who is the President of France?" "Why are

we at odds with the Russians?" Describe the Schulman plan! Forty-five minutes had elapsed and I had fielded all their questions without hesitation. Then they asked me the mind boggling one, "Describe the Schulman plan". In a split second I had to make a decision. I thought I knew the answer but was only 95% assured. "I don't know Sir", was my cowardly response. To this day, I am mad at myself for not coming forth with my thoughts on the subject! I just couldn't take a chance on bluffing my way through. Shortly afterwards they asked me to wait outside while they discussed my qualifications. Twenty minutes felt like 20 hours before I was called in again. Most directly, they told me that they had confidence that I would make a good CIC Agent and they were accepting me into the Corp. I guess I muttered thank you or some facsimile of that as I felt complete elation while my heart beat widely.

I was to start the 14-week program the very next week. 'There was one small kicker involved on entering this school. While you were attending class, the government was investigating you and your family from the day you were born. Should they find anything they considered negative, you would be removed from the school and returned to Central Casting at the army. This could involve something that someone in your family had done as well as yourself. Also, if you had any relatives living behind the "Iron Curtain", it was also grounds for expelling you. They also

would not tell you why you were being removed if it came to that path of action. I casually discarded that possibility confident that it would not happen to me! If you were given notice to report to G2, the intelligence section of the Army, you were on your way out of the CIC! I started the program that following Monday and was quite impressed with the caliber of instructors they had at this army establishment. We learned law with the Assistant District Attorney of Los Angeles. All other courses had similar expert teachers. The course of studies and students training were superior to most schools in the Armed Forces. We studied, had weekly exams and everything was proceeding very smoothly. Every week or two, one of our classmates was summoned to G2, the intelligence arm of the Army and found himself washed out.

There were two possible choices of assignment as a CIC Agent when you completed your studies. You could be chosen to interrogate prisoners taken on the front lines in Korea or you could be assigned in the States. In this case, you would be given \$300.00 to purchase civilian clothes and would have a new automobile. You would carry a 45 calibre pistol with a badge and interview personnel applying for sensitive government positions requiring a security clearance. The best part of that option was that you would be living as a civilian and being paid per diem for the length of your army career. Naturally, as fearless as I am, the civilian life while in the

Service appealed to me. In the end, we had to draw straws to see who would be awarded these few coveted duties. The man upstairs must of have been looking out for me as my assignment was the 108 CIC detachment in New York City. I would be wearing civilian clothes, driving a new auto, living in NYC, my social life would still be active and I would be completing my sentence in the army at the same time!

Maybe some things are too good to be true. Sometime during my 14th and final week of schooling at Ft. Holabird, a message was waiting for me as I returned from class. Up to this time, I had straight A's in all of my courses and my confidence in succeeding was undeniable. I reread the notice for the 4th time and the meaning had already sunken into my subconscious. I was to report to G2 immediately! The dreaded words that I had feared for 14 weeks were no longer happening to the other fellow! I had to face the music and as they indicated...immediately! I entered the G2 headquarters and reported to the Major sitting down at his desk. He didn't waste too many words in informing me that I would be terminated from the CIC because of something that was discovered during my background search. The worst part of his whole message was that he would not tell me what had caused this action. I soon left his office trying to picture what could have possibly presented my problem. It obviously all falls back to the petition my father once

signed back in 1933 to keep the Communist Party on the ballot. My father was certainly not a communist, but, a neighbor in his Apartment House had asked him to sign this petition and he had complied. Later on when I questioned him about that incident, his attitude at that time was let all parties have their name on the ballot and let the people decide whom they want! That certainly wasn't a radical point of view but the very signing of that petition caused innumerable problems for my whole family during our careers. I am positive that was the reason for being expelled from the CIC that day.

END OF PART ONE

-TO BE CONTINUED-

WENDELL'S NEWS CORNER

----- Original Message -----

From: John McGonigle

To: ftcassidy@optonline.net

Sent: Monday, October 19, 2009 9:34 PM

Subject: Re: VWOA 2009 Newsletter #53

Hi Frank:

Many thanks for that trip down memory lane. While I didn't attend that year's dinner I do recall reading through the year book with great interest. And having been a Boy Scout I especially felt proud that they were honored that year. Always enjoy reading the VWOA Newsletters, thanks for all your efforts in putting it together.

73, John McGonigle

----- Original Message -----

From: [Thomas Curtis](#)

To: [Wendell R Benson](#)

Sent: Sunday, October 18, 2009 12:02 PM

Subject: Re: Bing web site

GM Wendell,

The Inland Marine site was given to me by George Flanigan and when I visited it I saw they needed info and pictures on WLC Rogers City, MI where I worked in 1953 and then 1958-62 - so I got in touch with the curator and gave him the pictures and info.

I didn't work with Jonathan Eldridge but met him I think in the late 60s.

He was very well liked and a very talented guy also - he wrote plays that were performed on "Playhouse 90" a popular TV show at the time. I heard he really got shafted by ITT -- called back from vacation to be terminated. Bob McGraw was a good friend of mine and a top notch opr commercial and ham - he had a home-brew stn that was something to see and he could fix anything electrical or mechanical. He copied 60wpm code and a friend of his bet him he couldn't do again - so he promptly did exactly that.

I don't understand "transmit archives" I seem to have only a "sent msg" file and I have to delete it every once in a while -

my junk file and trash bin have an "empty" icon I can click on but the "sent msg" file does not and I let it get to over 11 thousand msgs and had some problems.

Great article on Ted McElroy - I worked with his brother Howard when I first started at WSL and he was a real character. My first time on IF I sat with Howard and Joe Pincus was on the other IF psn with Rodney Dinsmore. Howard gave me a real speil of what not to do. "Never answer a ship if he doesn't sign, I wouldn't answer the Pope if he didn't sign"

"Never answer the Coast Guard, they just have some ridiculous RQ"

I had a Blue Racer Bug I had used on TWA as it had a small frame and on DC-4s I would use a C-clamp to keep it on the edge of the very small desk. and Howard took a look at it and said, "Oh, west coast bug eh?" Howard's son (also Howard) lived in the area for a while and held some village office for a while - not sure if he is around yet or not - he had the ham call W2WSL I believe.

Thanks for the info cul 73
Tom

From: [Veterans Inc](#)

Sent: Tuesday, November 10, 2009 12:33 AM

Subject: Marine Birthday/ Chosin Trailer

Hello everyone,

Happy 234th Birthday to all of the Marines out there and Happy Veterans Day to all!

With both holidays coming up this week, I felt it would be fitting to thank those of you who served for your service to our country. I also wanted to thank all of you because you have each assisted Brian and I through your support of *Chosin*.

We have finished filming *Chosin* and we are now in the editing room with the project. We ended up interviewing 184 vets in 27 cities across 14 states, and our goal is to release the film in conjunction with the 60th Anniversary of the Korean War next June. This has been the first film and oral history project of such magnitude to capture this vital piece of Marine Corps and American Military History. It has been an honor to be a part of the project and we could not have done it without your support- many thanks to all of you.

We have posted a trailer for the film on our website: www.frozenchosin.com

Please pass it on to others-- the story of the Chosin Reservoir Campaign has been overlooked by many, and this month will mark

the 59th Anniversary of the battle. These brave men deserve to be recognized!

Semper Fidelis,
Anton

Anton Sattler
Producer
Chosin

www.frozenchosin.com

CONGRATULATIONS to WAYNE FLICKINGER, AE4WF, who was recently appointed to two AIR FORCE MARS Staff positions, and is now serving as Deputy Director for the South Eastern Area, as well as Deputy Director for Region 4. Wayne joined Army MARS in July of 2000, and then transferred to Air Force MARS in November of 2002. Soon thereafter, he became GA State Director, a position he held for two years. In addition to his work with MARS, Wayne has been an ARRL member since 1940, and over the years, he has served as an OO, a VE, and as a member of the Salvation Army's SATERN network. (info de WAYNE FLICKINGER, AE4WF)

I noticed his card in the file and very little info on it. It had him becoming a life member in Aug 2005

I looked on the web for some info and found the above on the Georgia Section ARRL Feb 2009

Wendell

Here's a Bob Marzen story.

True, too.

Storis conducted Alaska Patrol in October, 1967, and spent a quiet Sunday night and early Monday morning anchored in the Shumagin Islands. An intense fall storm worked its way across the Pacific when, at 0800, Monday morning, local time, we received a forwarded distress message from SS Panoceanic Faith, an old freighter U/W from San Fran to Asia.

Panoceanic Faith was in mid-Pacific between Midway Is and the Aleutians. Her exact position was unknown as she had had no accurate sun or star shots in several days. She had no LORAN.

Storis was ordered underway to Panoceanic Faith's estimated position as high seas and winds pounded the old freighter. Forward hatches breached, forward to aft, which allowed seawater into the fertilizer cargo. The ship's dewatering pumps clogged and failed. The process continued throughout the day as Storis chugged south at 14 knots into enormous swells, evidence of the weather disturbance.

Bob Marzen, RM-3 and others in Storis' radio room kept us apprised of Panoceanic Faith's fight for life, which became less certain as the day progressed. SAR aircraft finally found Panoceanic Faith, dropped rafts, only to see them swept away by enormous seas. Faith's

list impeded her own life boat deployment, with high seas sweeping away boats and rafts launched by Faith's crew. All this we heard through Marzen as he and the radio crowd stood by their various radios.

Evening chow on Storis' mess deck was subdued as we headed to an apparent recovery operation. As we readied to eat, Bob came down the ladder from the bridge, looking worn and pale. He looked at me and said, She's gone.

Panoceanic Faith's radioman's last words to us were, "Cutter Storis, Cutter Storis, we're going down, now, please hurry." Storis' normally rowdy mess deck got really quiet.

We arrived on scene at mid-day Wednesday in mild weather and light seas.

Another Coast Guard Cutter, several aircraft and commercial vessels searched for survivors. Our own search recovered several items that showed the violence of Faith's foundering: shattered hatch timbers, a life jacket with straps cut, and other debris but no survivors or even bodies.

One search vessel recovered a life raft with 5 persons aboard, all that remained of a crew of 45. The radioman was not recovered; he had gone down with his ship along with the master and most of the crew. We searched for couple of days then headed north to resume Alaska Patrol. We attempted but failed to offload a

generator at Scotch Cap light, then headed back to Kodiak, pretty discouraged at losing all those seamen and unable to accomplish a simple cargo offload.

Sometimes being a Coastie meant facing the fact that we had to go out but we wouldn't always accomplish our most basic missions. We weren't wired that way but sometimes it happened.

I will always remember my friend and shipmate, Bob Marzen, descending the ladder onto the messdeck, knowing he had to deliver a message no one wanted to hear. He has his own brand of courage, and I still admire him for it.

Author Bob Dick

USCGC Storis,

Reported aboard July 1966 as a boot seaman,

Rotated July 1968 as a BM-3

We sadly report that we have received notice recently of the following SK VWOA Member:

Joe D. Reed K7CJ

Silent Key as of November 6, 2009