

THE MEN OF THE "AMAZING A"

USS Allentown, PF 52, born March 24, 1944, died July 12, 1945.

This vessel of the U.S. Coast Guard had a short life span as far as U.S. war ships go. But the memories of the young men who served aboard her remained alive 20-30-40-50 years after her sad demise as an active American war ship. This has become the real story of the Allentown.

The frigate class ships were disposable type vessels, not as expensive, fast or warlike as the DD destroyers, but capable of doing the necessary work of escorting convoys, hunting submarines, giving anti-aircraft protection and performing many of the chores necessary to wage a successful war.

While there were about 100 frigates built, the "A" was unique in several respects. She was a group leader and carried a "Commodore" aboard. His responsibility was over four frigates in our group and whatever ships we might have under escort to their destination. Most of this activity was in the South Pacific in the area between New Guinea and the beach head at Leyte and Lingayen Gulf in the Philippines. Our "Commodore" was Commander and later Rear Admiral, J. A. Ryssy. He was an unobtrusive individual to most of us but he did his job well and did much to get us through many trying times. In another respect, we were unfortunate in the throw of the dice that gave us as Captain, Commander Garland W. Collins. He was a unique and amazing person. We really knew very little about this strange individual and he knew less about us as he was unapproachable. His treatment of the crew was equal to the enlisted men and the junior officers. Possibly we were a better than average crew due to his rigid training and demands. But his excessive demands on officers and crew took its toll of our respect for his role as captain. By the end of 1944 the situation was becoming intolerable and something had to give. It all came to a head in February 1945 when G. W. Collins was removed from the ship and he was replaced by Executive Officer, E. C. Cardwell. How do you spell "relief"? Captain Cardwell! A new spirit enthused the crew as we finished up our war duty in the South Pacific and headed back to the U.S.A. and eventually the decommissioning of the Allentown and its lend-lease exchange to a Russian crew. Shortly after, the war in the Pacific ended and the crew went on to other duties for a period of several months or were discharged in the latter half of 1945.

Some 99% of the crew returned to civilian life, to school, marriage, business careers and life in the atomic age. The next few years were a time of readjustment, of catching up, of starting anew. But the magnetism of the "A", the memory of Captain Collins, the memory of good and bad times kept the Coast Guard crew in touch with one another. Get-togethers of 2-3-4 men were taking place around the country. Then in 1959 such a get-together in upper New York of Frank Morstatt, Bill Lansley and Joe Micklas resulted in an attempt to contact a substantial number of the crew. The theory was - each of us knew the whereabouts of someone from the crew - contact them, then have each of them contact their old friends. With each person contacting at least one other person, eventually about 150 men became active in correspondence or as attendees at reunions which began in 1960 at Stoney Point, New York. These became annual events from that time on, with the meeting place moving around the U.S. north and south, east and west. This gave most of the crew an opportunity to attend except for the west coast members. What developed was a family of men, wives and children with a closeness able to survive life's pettiness, difficulties and social differences.

This attempt to immortalize the crew of the "A" had to have a basis in fact. The basic facts and dates used here came from the diaries of Russell Meyers and his father, and of James Godlesky and Mike Underhill. The occurrences from April 8, 1944 to September 20, 1945 are rather well substantiated from these written diaries. Further material came from the memories of crew members in more recent years, at reunions, by tape recordings, or by solicitation 42 years after the fact.

A biography of crew members willing to expose their past to the scrutiny of others is included in this tribute to these "amazing" coast guardsmen.

Time has taken its toll of this family. From the time of the first reunion in 1960, we began to lose some of our finest - starting with Marvin Carty, BM2c, the first of our original attendees to pass on. Others followed, one or two a year, leaving us feeling the void they left. As we began to know each other, the wives and children, the pain was greater. We only hope that these same wives and children will still feel as a part of the "Amazing A" crew and its reunions. Come and join us! In the same respect a number of men lost their spouses and in a number of cases, second wives have become part of our group and continued the reunion tradition. They are most welcome.

(Amazing Wreckord) November 8, 1944

THE FOURTH ARM OF OUR FIGHTING FORCES

The United States Coast Guard is officially the Fourth Branch of America's Fighting Forces, serving alongside the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. In peacetime, it operates under the Treasury Department; in wartime, or when the President so directs, it operates under the Navy Department. The United States Coast Guard was organized in 1790 by Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury. It was authorized by the second Act of the first Congress of the United States. Established as the Revenue Marine, it is the oldest of the armed forces in point of continuous service. During the early 1790's the ten cutters of the Revenue Marine were America's Navy. The first sea-going officer of the United States was Hopley Yeaton, commissioned in this service by President George Washington. The Coast Guard not only protects our coasts but is a fighting force as well. In this war men of the Coast Guard are seeing service in the seven seas and on every continent.

(Jim Godlesky)

This may have been typical of how most men joined the Allentown crew. A number of us attended radar school in Groton, Connecticut between November 20 and December 6, 1943. From there our next stop was Curtis Bay, Maryland for about nine days. Some of us in this radar class were Cunningham, Fockler, Godlesky, Harwood, Meyers and Stavis.

On November 30, 1943 we boarded a Baltimore Steam Packet and after an overnight trip, arrived at Norfolk, Virginia. We were quartered in E-23, Unit X, D19 and Quonset huts. Men were being collected here to man a new type of ship, patrol frigates, designated PF. On December 12, along with others I was assigned to PF 52, USS Allentown. We remained at Norfolk through a cold,

windy December, Christmas and into the new year. On January 14, 1944 we entrained for Galveston, Texas and arrived there January 17, 1944 after a pleasant trip by pullman coach, bunked 3-high. Our barracks was the Galvez Hotel, a former luxury hotel on the Galveston beach. We were bunked 5 men to a room. In February most men got a 15-day leave to go home. Most men from the northeast traveled via the International Great Northern R.R. to Longview, Texarkana, St. Louis and on to Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and points east. Fare to New Jersey was \$43.25 round trip. The stay at Galveston was generally pleasant with physical training on the beach and plenty of liberty in a nice town. Ace Emery, Lt. JG, was our training officer and we all became well acquainted with his ideals and outlook on life. (In 1985 we returned to Galveston for the 26th reunion of the crew. We had scheduled it for 1983 but Hurricane Elaine had partially destroyed the Galvez Hotel.)

A number of men departed Galveston February 26, 1944 and went to the Algiers Receiving Station at New Orleans. Many of the men had gunnery practice at Shell Beach, about 40 miles from Galveston. The barracks at Algiers had formerly been a U.S. Mint and later a prison. Then it was a coast guard barracks and then a prison again. It was a bit short of luxuries but we survived the inconveniences until boarding what was to become our new home for the next 15 months. Some of the men didn't leave Galveston until March 17 and so had a short stay at Algiers. I was one of those men.

December 1943

Some of the men who joined the nucleus crew at Norfolk were Danny Shea, Godlesky, Meyers, Cunningham, Frittito, Stavis, Fokler, Perfetto, Schultz, Bryant, Lincoln, Nichols, Tarquinio, Radle, Weinstein, Dean, Langley, and Smith.

January 15, 1944

Pre-commissioning personnel at New Orleans who helped fit out the ship with guns, equipment, etc. were: Hug, Perfetto, Sperduto, Panske, Maughn, Zloturha, Carty, Dugan, Lane, Hayden, Howell, Hoffman, Garlington, Collins, Miller, Horvat,

February 26, 1944

A large contingent left to go to the ship at New Orleans.

March 17, 1944

Last contingent left Galveston for the ship at New Orleans.

March 24, 1944

COMMISSIONING OF THE USS ALLENTOWN

The PF 52 was commissioned about 3:00pm on March 24, 1944, with a Coast Guard band and many guests. Commander Garland W. Collins, USCG was the Captain.

Two weeks before sailing were used to fill out the crew and learn basic duties and assignments, how to respond to General Quarters and all types of emergencies. We had to have sufficient training to work as a group, have assigned

work duties, and develop a routine that permitted operating the ship safely and develop the habits of seagoing sailors. The seagoing crew after shakedown consisted of 204 enlisted men, of which 12 were chiefs, 15 commissioned officers and Commodore Collins with his personal staff of about five.

March 26, 1944

Jesse Hayden says "Don't be too quick to say you never spent a night in jail, your Algiers barracks was a former prison and became one again after the war". Jesse is a born and bred Louisianan "Cajun".

ALLENTOWN SETS SAIL

Note: Star and Sun sights for location were from the height of the wheelhouse (28 ft) or the lookout bucket (33 ft).

April 8, 1944
(Godlesky)

The Allentown was cast adrift in the Mississippi and headed down river to New Orleans and Gulf of Mexico. The crew was at General Quarters for this passage. In the first few miles, a near catastrophe occurred - the "A" refused to - --respond to her rudder. As she rounded a curve she headed toward shore. Her bow almost buried itself into ol' Mississippi mud when some desperation seamanship using the engine and prop to bring her around saved the day. A close shave! The cause - when GQ was called, a valve used to feed power to the steering was accidentally shut off. Lat. 27° N, Long. $87^{\circ} 22'3''$ W.

April 9, 1944
(Godlesky)

In the Gulf of Mexico, right into the hell of widely separated swells that had 90% of the crew seasick in the first hour, including the Captain. I had the morning sea watch in the port bucket on the bridge. When I became seasick and had to puke, there was no way to do this except on the deck or in a bucket on the bridge nearby. Not daring to leave my lookout station, I reached over, took the bucket and puked. Immediately a stern voice barked at me "Seaman, go get your own bucket". It was the Captain - as sick as the rest of us. I stayed put and finished out the watch. 35 fathoms Lat. $24^{\circ} 40'N$, Long. $83^{\circ} 33''W$.

ALLENTOWN AT SEA

April 10, 1944
(Garlington)

In the Florida Straits, enroute Bermuda. Lat. $24^{\circ} 13'N$, Long. $82^{\circ} 53'W$.

April 11, 1944

Enroute Bermuda. Lat. $29^{\circ} 15'N$ Long. $72^{\circ} 'W$.

April 13, 1944

North Atlantic enroute Bermuda. Lat. $31^{\circ} 49'W$.
In heavy seas, much GQ and training. Sea sickness is prevalent with a considerable number of the crew.

April 18, 1944

Bermuda Area. Lat. $32^{\circ} 5'N$ Long. $64^{\circ} 10'4''W$.
Anti-submarine drill with simulated attacks on friendly subs are practiced regularly.

April 26, 1944

Bermuda Lat. $32^{\circ} 20'N$ Long. $64^{\circ} 37'W$
Seaman Passarelli is sick 24 hours a day and a watch is kept over him to see he doesn't roll overboard. Captain Collins refuses to put him ashore.

April 29, 1944
(Bill Harwood)

Bermuda Lat. $32^{\circ} 18'N$ Long. $64^{\circ} 37'W$
Captain Collins had the deck blocked off aft of his cabin on the starboard side and called it officer country. A seaman with a .45 stood guard. On a small ship with 230 men sharing the space, this was a presumption and the practice was short lived. But for a few days, he had his way!

April 30, 1944
(Jim Godlesky)

Bermuda Lat. $32^{\circ} 16.45'N$ Long. $64^{\circ} 50.32'W$
Most of our sea time in these waters was in heavy seas.

Refueling at sea is a tough, dangerous job particularly in rough seas. We had such an experience recently when the operation almost ended in tragedy. With the supply ship on our starboard side, with great difficulty, the hose was brought aboard and a 6 or 8-inch hawser kept the two ships in proximity to each other. When the fueling was completed and the hose disconnected, the tie line was tight as a fiddle string and could by no means be removed except by cutting. Lt. Dugan chose to do this with an axe. When he hacked through the line the remainder of the hawser began whipping through the hawse pipe at a high rate. The end of the line wrapped itself around Lt. Dugan's legs and drew him across the deck up to the hawse pipe. At the last split second the line fell loose releasing Dugan, throwing him to the deck. By a miracle he escaped a horrible death by being drawn through the pipe. He got up white faced and went below for the remainder of the day.

May 2, 1944
(Phil Garlington)

Bermuda Lat. $32^{\circ} 17'N$ Long. $64^{\circ} 51'W$
We went to General Quarters for anti-sub drills off Bermuda. The Captain took over the Con and yelled down the voice tube from the flying bridge to the helm. "Be alert, Tarquinio". Tarquinio had been delayed and Hans Kroncke was

still at the helm. "Not Tarquinio" he responded, "it's Hans Kroncke". "It can't be", rages Collins, "you have to be Tarquinio". "Hans", responded Kroncke phlegmatically. Collins stamped his foot. "Right starboard rudder, Tarquinio", he shouted, "and come to two seven 0". Shortly after, Tarquinio arrived and quietly took over the helm but for a few moments we had a mad Captain and a quartermaster striker running our anti-sub exercise.

May 3, 1944

Bermuda Area Lat. $32^{\circ} 21.3''$ Long. $64^{\circ} 32''$

May 4, 1944

Bermuda Area Lat. $32^{\circ} 3''N$ Long. $64^{\circ} 38.30''W$

Liberty was granted at least once in the city of Hamilton, a beautiful city. Flowers are everywhere. Streets are very narrow and most transportation is by bicycle.

May 5, 1944

Bermuda Area Lat. $31^{\circ} 53''$ Long. $63^{\circ} 54''$

The mountain behind Hamilton is paved with white concrete to collect water for city use. Also, building roofs are white tiled or concrete for water collection. Ground water is scarce.

May 8, 1944

Enroute Bermuda to New York Lat. $32^{\circ} 23.24''$ Long. $64^{\circ} 40.30''$

May 10, 1944

Bermuda to New York Lat. $32^{\circ} 23.24''$ Long. $64^{\circ} 40.30''$

May 11, 1944

Bermuda to New York Lat. $33^{\circ} 25'$ Long. $67^{\circ} 16'$

May 12, 1944

Bermuda to New York Lat. $36^{\circ} 8''$ Long. $71^{\circ} 33'$

May 13, 1944

Bermuda to New York Lat. $36^{\circ} 8'$ Long. $71^{\circ} 33'$
Anchored at Gravesend Bay, New York about 6:00pm.

May 14, 1944
(Jim Godlesky)

Moved to Brooklyn Navy Yard, arriving approximately 1430. Men living close by are permitted to go home almost nightly. Coming off the ship and walking up Sand Street on liberty was a memorable experience for young sailors just back from shakedown in the Atlantic. The shops catering to sailors tastes were numerous and visited. Young men wanting their first tatoo, replacing boot

camp clothes for "salty" bell bottoms, a beer or double header and other exotic enticements were available. From there, the "big apple" beckoned. Ah, it was great to be back from the wars!

An experience not forgotten by myself occurred in the vicinity. A ship move was made to a pier at Staten Island. I was sick with the flu and confined to the frontmost sleeping compartment in the bow of the ship, probably to keep from infecting others. I was asleep in the top bunk, alone, when it seemed we hit a stone wall. I was thrown to the deck in a daze. Almost instantly, damage control battened this forward hatch and the light had gone out in the crash. Needless to say, having been in high fever for some time and now on the deck in the dark, unable to see or get out, and my imagination working overtime, I assumed that we had been torpedoed or rammed a sub. What a suspenseful time! What really happened was that the ship under control of a pilot had rammed the pier to which we were to tie up. Our sub ramming bow sliced into about 6 feet of solid concrete and tore up the pier roof considerably. We suffered no real harm except the embarrassment and my own adventure in the dark, locked forward compartment.

The most famous ship of the pacific war, "MISSOURI" was in Brooklyn while we were there. Being tied up adjacent to her, we had ringside seats at her commissioning ceremonies. Little did we know that 16 months later, the Japanese surrender would be signed on her decks.

May 15, 1944
(Leo Beinfang - 1967)

Our Dog "Amazing"

As to our dog Amazing - I got permission from Commander Collins to have a mascot so I went to the Bide-a-Wee Pet Shop in New York City, while we were in Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs after shakedown. Tom Moseley was along. They gave me a white ball of fluff - one-half Spitz and one-half God knows what - for a mascot and all they wanted was a photo of him and a letter they could use for publicity. So White, our Journalist, took the photo, etc. and he was ours. He stayed with us through the Pacific war tour, to the Aleutians in May 1945 and back to the states in June '45. Most of us ended up in Alameda, California for reassignment. We agreed that the biggest group of "A" men to go on another ship should take "Amazing". So the last I saw of him was in August 1945. I believe that Bartlett, a Texan took charge of "Amazing" at that time.

May 17, 1944
(Maurice Lezell)

After shakedown, having been at sea about five weeks, I was on watch at about 2:00am. The order was "no liquor aboard ship". Along came a seaman whose name I can't remember and upon inspection he had two bottles of booze strapped to his legs. After he was told he couldn't bring it aboard, he amazed everybody by tilting his head back and polishing off both bottles. I couldn't believe it! Who was it??

May 20, 1944
(The Amazing Wreckord - Nov. 15, 1944)
Barry Rothstein, Ylc - ALL HANDS magazine

THE MIGHTY A'S SHAKEDOWN

The USS Allentown, one of the first patrol frigates commissioned on the East Coast, is now on duty in the Pacific. It's a fighting ship with a fighting crew. But once it was a green ship and a green crew.

When the ship left the muddy Mississippi and Algiers behind and headed into the purple waters of the Gulf of Mexico on its shakedown cruise, the crew, 80% of whom had never been to sea, wasted no time in heaving their "land stores" over the side. Most of them adjusted themselves after the first days, though some stubborn cases, like myself, took longer.

The heat was intense. There was a thrill of expectancy aboard. The guns had been fired in a preliminary test the day before, but otherwise everything aboard was untried and subject to wary inspection. The first day out we scampered madly about eight or ten times in answer to general quarters. Our skipper, Commander G. W. Collins, kept at it until he was satisfied that we could man our battle stations with a minimum of confusion. A shakedown cruise, and the weeks immediately preceding it, are a maze of chaotic action, countermanded orders, loading of supplies, and drills-drills-drills. We took on ammunition in a matter of hours, working at night like beavers. The cock handlers said it was the fastest job accomplished by a vessel that size. Our PF rode proudly at anchor the following day, the center of all eyes.

PF was an unfamiliar term to many of the sailors near us. They had never heard of patrol frigate, and were slightly skeptical. So it was a surprise to all when our Coast Guard manned PF was made the flag ship over two Navy DE's on our shakedown cruise.

Our five day trip to Bermuda was normal except for continual interruption of sleep by that little gong which reverberated throughout the entire ship, dragging us from sacks to quarters. We grew to hate it. Not because of its significance, but because the aftermath was uneventful. Then one night an unidentified object was picked up on a course parallel to our own. It shot off at right angles to us, picking up seven knots. One of the DE's fired a star shell and all on the bridge involuntarily ducked. Then a few more star shells were fired in an effort to ligh up the target. Our CIC instruments were working with beautiful precision. Finally, a message from the belabored target: "This is an American Freighter. For crying out loud, call off your ships. We thought you were German subs."

Only five days out but Bermuda rising out of the mighty Atlantic looked heavenly and made the crew act like shipwrecked sailors. Beautiful maidens were the top of discussion, and what wonderful rum was produced in the British West Indies. Most of the crew got ashore there, once, only for a five hour period.

We buckled down to hard, exhaustive work. Anyone aboard who boasted of more than four hours sleep per night was subjected to extremely caustic remarks. What sleep we did get was liable to be interrupted. The captain stood watch

on the bridge and by sheer will power refused sleep for days. His crew would be efficient or else. The fruits of our labor were rewarded when we tore daylight in huge chunks out of our gunnery targets. The gun crews felt pretty darn salty. The radarmen and soundmen strutted. It was their work they felt. Liaison operations between our ship, French DE's and Italian submarines worked smoothly. And our gunners really made a mark in shooting down sleeve after sleeve towed by British and American fighters. It was all play-acting but damn serious stuff. There was plenty of excitement and earnest endeavor when we picked up Italian Subs and depth-bombed the plates off with "bombs" made of cloth and dye to mark the spot where they would have exploded, had they been real.

Among other operations was the important refueling at sea, which was accomplished during a three-day spell of rough weather.

We pass Admiral's inspection in Great Sound Bay, and then it was back to the United States for post shakedown availability to correct existing deficiencies and improve and install more equipment aboard. But wait, our first convey duty - a tanker headed for Norfolk - needed protection. So it was our first chance to protect the supply lines that link our country with others. We took her into protective custody, and steamed about in long criss-cross patterns until she was safely within the limits of Hampton Roads. Then it was straight for our east coast destination and the country of our dreams and sleepless nights. It doesn't take very much to make a person value that which he left behind him and be thankful he has the good fortune to again see his loved ones and tread on free soil.

June 6, 1944
(Jim Godlesky)

D-Day - Invasion of France begins. I was home on leave while my oldest brother John was on the beach in Normandy this day. He survived. General Theodore Roosevelt, division commander, died there.

June 10, 1944
(Amazing Wreckord) Nov. 10, 1944

MEMORY LANE (No relation to Rigger we figger)

Remember when the Commish Detail was so "dull" (too much preliminary before the big event()) and Alma and Elma didn't help matters that were very confoozing but amoozing....remember that cute little red head down at the end of the passageway who was built like the proverbial brick outhouse with every brick in place and how the guys would go ga-ga over those dance of the seven veils outfits she wore... the sea duty we thought would be the only while riding between Algiers and Noo Orleans... Mac's.. The Blue Room... The Dixie Club... Tony's... The Court of the Two Sisters (who was caught in the Two Sisters - Capitalization makes it not vulgar)... there is a very pretty portrait aboard ship that will clarify matters.. if the shoe fits eat it.. The cows down around Burrwood, La. who are probably still giving sour milk since the day the A.A. turned amphib... The Captain's announcement "Set the sea watches - we are at sea" after we left the muddy for the green.. Brennan's twisted beakerola after playing the good Samaritan in Bermooda.. the madhouse that was Bermuda.. battle problems... problems in battle... how are your X hatches.. Passarelle

passing.. the HOVA trying to climb our fantail.. the Navy Yards (all fifty of them) that awful nasty bus ride thru the Brooklyn Navy Yard and that oh so nauseating living-in-barracks in Norfolk Navy Yard, my, my.. with those horrible awful watermelons..tsh, tsh. And after all is said and done, who would trade all those sleepless nights, heartaches, miseries, waiting and lots of hard work for this. Stumped for an answer, ain'tcha? Or are you?

June 15, 1944
Friar's Party (Jim Godlesky)

While in New York, the Friar's Club, a club of actors and entertainers, invited a number of crewmen to dinner and an impromptu show by its members. Quite a few "A" men attended the affair and met a number of celebrities.

June 27, 1944

Brooklyn, Long Island Sound - Lat. $40^{\circ} 9'N$ Long. $73^{\circ} 40'W$

July 10, 1944
(Jim Godlesky)

The City of Allentown, PA., our namesake, hosted the crew of the "A" to a party in their city. The affair was held at the Americus Hotel. All those not on duty or leave attended. Many civic leaders were there including the mayor and Miss Joyce Beary, who christened our ship. Girls flocked to the area to meet us and drinks were offered everywhere we went. It was a grand party! (Twenty years later, we returned to the Americus Hotel for our 20th reunion)

August 9, 1944

Enroute New York to Norfolk - Lat. $36^{\circ} 56'N$ Long. $76^{\circ} 20'W$ to repair engine and install water evaporation.

August 14, 1944

Norfolk to New York Lat. $37^{\circ} N$ Long. $76^{\circ} 10'W$

(Amazing Wreckord)

Weekly Biography

On the night of March 23, 1922 a great blizzard raged throughout the midwestern part of the United States. This blizzard is what brought Leo Elgin Bienfang to Eldora, Iowa.

His boyhood was not unlike that of most American boys, he fought a little, played a lot, and got into the typical mischief. He now denies emphatically that the first words his father spoke when he arrived were, "Why Bring That Up".

Little Lee grew and grew until he was big enough to go to reform school. (He says it was Marshalltown Senior High School). Upon his parole (or graduation) he entered Marshalltown, J.C (Reverse of City Jail). Upon obtaining his

JULY 15, 1944

**WEDDING RITES PERFORMED ON WARSHIP'S DECK
Norfolk Virginian-Pilot
Tuesday, July 18, 1944**

The deck of a sleek Coast Guard patrol vessel which only a few days ago resounded to the tread of Coast Guardsmen on watch along the North Atlantic convoy lanes, Saturday was the scene of the wedding ceremony of one of the ship's officers to his sweetheart from Texas.

In port for only a short time while repairs were being made, the ship's wardroom was transformed into a candle decorated chapel as Lieut. Adrian K. Lane of Noank, Conn., was married to Marian Elizabeth Donohue, Dallas, Texas, before the officers of the vessel and the bride's parents. Lieut. Walter Lebeau, (Ch.C.), USNR, St. Paul, Minn., officiated according to Roman Catholic rites.

The scene was a study in contrast as the strains of the Lohengrin Wedding March mingled with the noisy whams of hammers and chipping paint from the ship's hull and busy women scurrying topside. The chaplain intoned the wedding vows and a gunner's mate stood watch by a three-inch rifle which so many times had spit death at the enemy. Men in formal white summer uniforms stood at attention as the bride in a blue garbadine suit with white accessories was given in marriage by her father.

Attending the bride was her cousin, Mary Elizabeth Wehrly, seaman, first class, U.S. Navy, Women's Reserve, of Wethersfield, Conn., wearing the striped, grey summer uniform of the Waves. Ensign Philip S. Bell, USCG, Clayton, NY., acted as best man.